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Ladies' Home Journal

CONTENTS

VOL. LXXV NO. 1

January, 1958

JOURNALITIES



Elizabeth Land

One of our secret ambitions is to write an article about a writer writing an article about a *How America Lives* family. Perhaps the next best thing is to tell you about ELIZABETH LAND, who wrote *Rich One Year, Poor Another!* (page 101). "I met my husband in the middle of the Comal River," she says casually. "We were both sixteen and he looked good to me even wet." The Comal flows through New Braunfels, a small German-resort town down near Austin, Texas. They still speak German there and still bake strudel. The author and her husband are native Texans; he is a district landsman for Sohio Petroleum Company and she, like the subject of her story, is an "oil widow." "It has been a delight to write about people I know involved in a life which is my own," she says. "There should be some kind of little gold band encircling the third finger of the left hand of all males devoted to the oil business."



Hugh Beaumont

HUGH BEAUMONT's has been called "the face most often seen on television." "But," he says, "like a magazine writer's by-line, hardly anyone ever notices it. I'm a working actor, no special type." Besides bit parts and many supporting roles, he has been "starred" in more Grade-B motion pictures than he likes to recall. Nearly all of them have been televised repeatedly. Among his real-life roles, also varied, are those of writer and minister. "I am married to a former actress and minister's daughter (same girl), and we have three children—Hunter, Kristan and Mark. With our fat black Labrador retriever, we live happily in North Hollywood, and even more happily in the Minnesota north woods, our second home." Currently, Mr. Beaumont may be seen as the father in the family comedy series, *Leave it to Beaver* (CBS, Friday evenings). His second published short story, *A Thing to Remember*, appears on page 44.



Gladys Rockmore Davis

You would not expect a child to go through *The Ordeal of Lady Godiva*, but in GWEN WALKER's charming story on page 40, one does. The illustration is by GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS, and her sparkling green eyes become even more expressive when she talks of children. Paintings of her own son and daughter, when they were young, won her early recognition in the field of fine art. Now she often paints her three grandchildren. She says, "I feel children—even happy ones—are lonesome creatures, and I try to catch their expressions on canvas." She has painted ballet dancers at the Metropolitan Opera House and, more recently, Balinese dancers during a trip to that country in 1956. Her work is represented in the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art as well as in many other fine-art museums in the United States.

Printed in U.S.A.

Condensed Novel Complete in This Issue

CATCH AS CATCH CAN, *Frances and Richard Lockridge* . 36

Stories

THE GREENGAGE SUMMER (First part of three), *Rumer Godden* . 34
HUSBANDS ARE TO LOVE, *Mary Church* . 38
THE ORDEAL OF LADY GODIVA, *Gwen Walker* . 40
A THING TO REMEMBER, *Hugh Beaumont* . 44

Special Features

"SPEAKING OF OPERATIONS—" *Dorothy Thompson* . 11
A CHILD MUST FEEL HE BELONGS, *Benjamin Spock, M.D.* . 14
NO LONGER "THE TOWN WITHOUT A DOCTOR" . 23
YOU CAN DO SOMETHING, *Margaret Hickey* . 23
THE PRECIOUS HOURS, *F. Alexander Magoun* . 42
TODAY IT COULD BE YOUR DAUGHTER, *Goodrich C. Schauffler, M.D.* . 43
THE PEERAGE GAME, *Robin Miller* . 46
HOW AMERICA LIVES:
RICH ONE YEAR, POOR ANOTHER!, *Elizabeth Land* . 101
TEEN-AGERS AND SEX IN AUSTRALIA . 113
DOGS AND PEOPLE, *George and Helen Papashvily* . 118

General Features

OUR READERS WRITE US . 4
THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE, *Harlan Miller* . 18
UNDER COVER, *Bernardine Kielty* . 28
MAKING MARRIAGE WORK, *Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D.* . 30
FIFTY YEARS AGO • JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN . 33
THIS IS A SLOPPY DRESSER, *Munro Leaf* . 78
ASK ANY WOMAN, *Marcelene Cox* . 92

Fashion and Beauty

MEMO: ON PERMANENT HAIR COLORING, *Dawn Crowell Norman* . 47
WINTER-INTO-SUMMER FASHIONS, *Wilhela Cushman* . 48
CREATIVE WOMEN, *Nora O'Leary* . 52
HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!, *Bet Hart* . 70

Food and Homemaking

POTLUCK FOR GOURMETS . 54
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS: WINTER FRUIT DESSERTS . 56
HOME SAFE HOME, *Margaret Davidson* . 74
COOKING FOR A CROWD, *Priscilla Ricker* . 114

Architecture and Interior Decoration

AT HOME IN ANY NEIGHBORHOOD, *Carol L. Crane* . 82
PINOCCHIO QUILT, *Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland* . 108

Poems

FINDERS KEEPERS, *Dorothy Lee Richardson* . 58
POSITIVE THINKING, *Suzanne Douglass* . 68
TWO O'CLOCK TALE, *Carol L. Crane* . 76
IN REPLY TO YOUR QUERY, SINCERELY, *Elizabeth Graham* . 88
SPOON-FEEDING RHYME, *Georgie Starbuck Galbraith* . 96
I SCARCELY SEE BUT FEEL YOU NOW AT FIRST, *Polly Toland* . 99
VOLUNTEER NURSE, *Jane Merchant* . 112
LINES TO FOUR SMALL CHILDREN, *Janet Henry* . 116

Cover: Mark Shaw, Photographer
Tina S. Fredericks, Picture Editor

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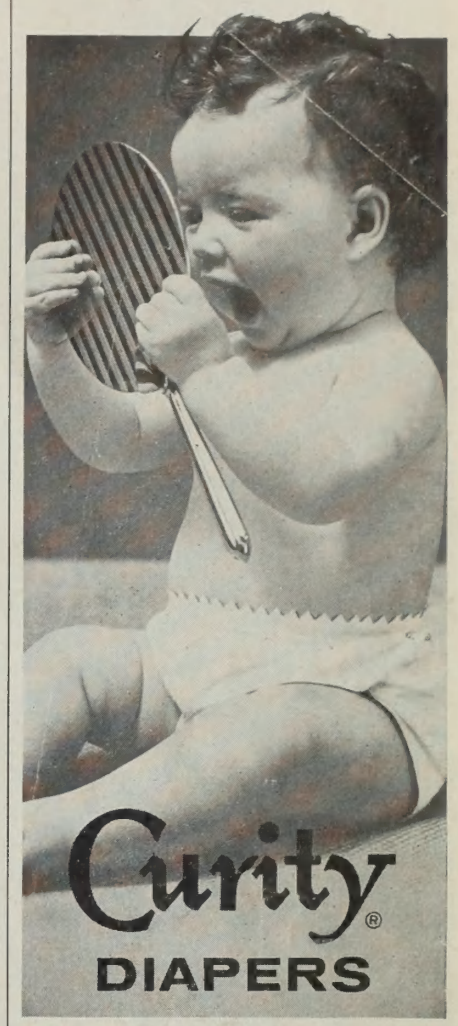
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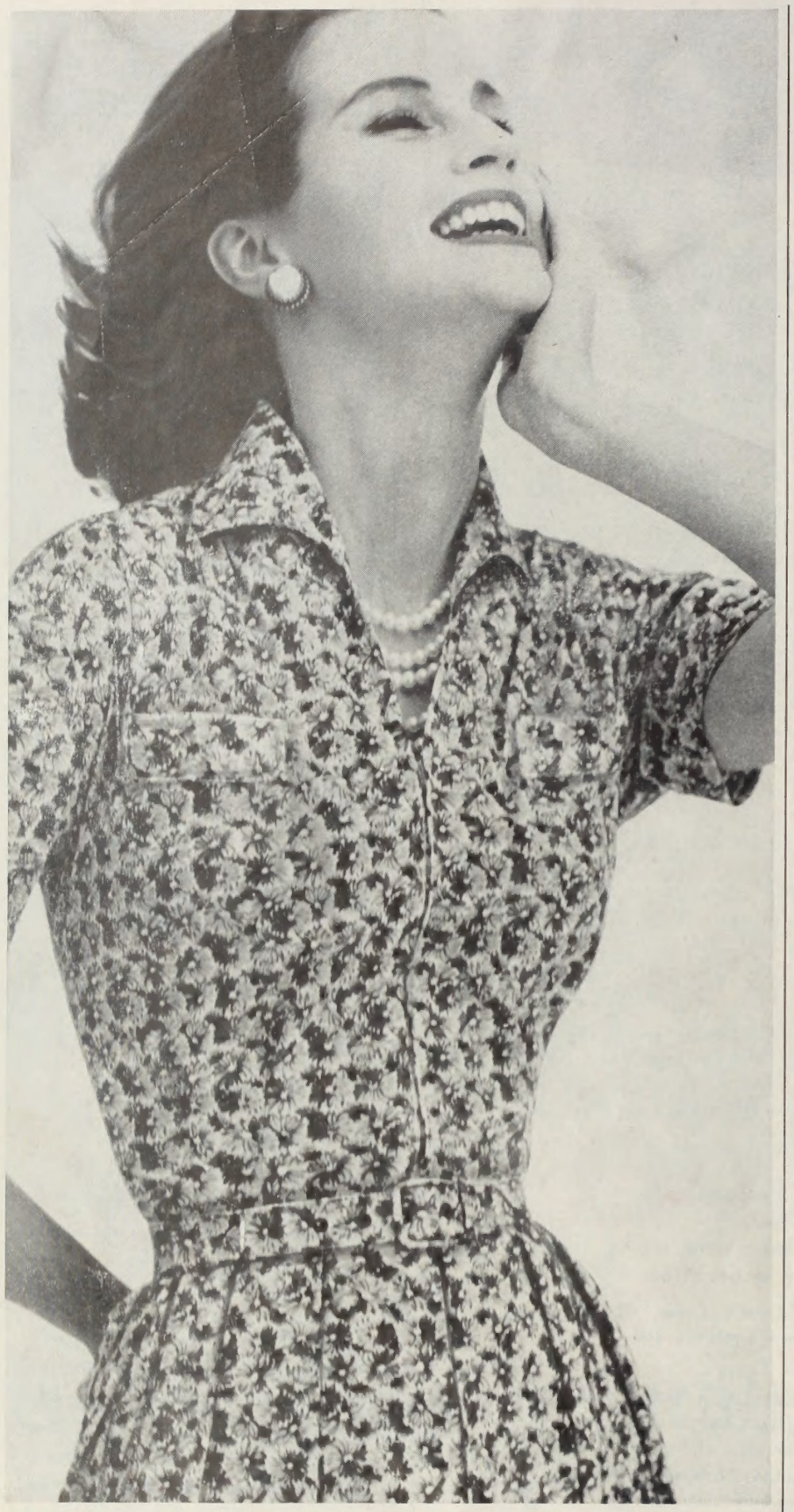
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OUR READERS WRITE US

Good-by Forever, She Began . . .

Decatur, Georgia
September, 1957

Miss Anne Einselen
Chief Explorer
Discovery Department

Dear Chief: If the September issue was directed at me personally, it was a direct hit, especially the blurb on unsolicited manuscripts and the tremendous odds against being admitted to the hallowed inner literary circles. I have about as much confidence in the American editorial system as I would in a dermatologist with the seven-year itch. It's a farce.

An unknown writer has as much chance of being published as he does of making a killing on a fixed roulette wheel. I have rejection slips from every first-class magazine on the stands, devoid of sound and fury, signifying absolutely nothing.

Three years ago when I retired from the shorthand set to await the arrival of my little boy, I decided to follow the suggestion of people who have been exposed to samples of my dubious prose and submit some material for publication. After all, I am supposedly a direct descendant of Ralph Waldo Emerson and made straight A's in English and Latin. At first rejection slips didn't discourage me. "Practice makes perfect," quoth I.

Eventually, this pastime retrogressed from a hobby to a compulsion. I began to regard rejection slips as so many high-handed personal insults. Oh, I played the game according to the rules—crackly white bond paper, double spacing, wide margins and inky black ribbons so as not to strain the jaded eyes of any editor upon whom I had the audacity to foist my pathetic efforts. I read Writer's Digest and "slanted" at every market in the business, paying heed to taboo and word limitations. I became bullheaded. A short course at Emory University brainwashed me with the "seat of the pants" theory. I have seen the light and now realize there is a wide path between perseverance and wishful writing.

I am sure that you editors in your well-oiled swivel chairs receive a large percentage of material from people who, like myself, are misdirecting their efforts. This must be painfully obvious to the trained eye. I wish you had the guts to come right out and say so. The time wasted in preparing such useless literature, if added up, would probably equal the lifetime of the entire population of a good-sized town. This is downright criminal, in my opinion.

I wish that three years ago when I first stepped onto the literary treadmill I had received an honest rejection slip stating simply, "This stinks." It obviously did, and still does if, after three years, I have made no progress. Although I appreciate the courtesy shown by your magazine in sending me two personal notes rejecting my two latest manuscripts, I would have appreciated even more a communication less courteous and more to the point, telling me that I was wasting my time. Waste is sinful, and I can think of nothing more deplorable than wasting the few hours we have on this earth.

I have wasted my last nickel on bond paper, fresh typewriter ribbons, postage and Manila envelopes. I shall find something more rewarding with which to occupy my spare time—conversational French, perhaps, and losing the ten pounds I have gained this summer. My rosebushes are covered with black spot, my windows need washing, my silver is tarnished and my closets are cluttered. This is as much your fault as it is mine, and you are supposed to be "The Magazine Women Believe In"! Hogwash!

From here on out, our relations will be strictly publisher-reader. I quit! And when we buy an old house and fix it up, I will not send you a single "before and after" picture or so much as fifty words on how we did it. I will keep my big typewriter case shut. Sincerely,
PATRICIA B. SIMS

P.S. I still love the JOURNAL. After all, no one is perfect.

▶ *Those stories that came back weren't good enough, Patricia, but they weren't stinkers either. But if they had been and we had told you that they were, you know in your heart that you wouldn't have believed us—any more than we believe that you're going to shut down that typewriter forever. The odds look long against unknown writers in the mass, but they aren't really long against those who have what it takes. And the prizes are big and getting bigger. Keep on trying—and loving—the* JOURNAL. *ED.*

Decatur, Georgia
October, 1957

Dear Chief: Since I swore off writing, I have felt as if my nose itched and I couldn't scratch it. I have tried various substitutes. I even took up bird watching, but the people directly behind us became nervous because I spent so much time peering in their direction with binoculars.

As you predicted, it didn't work, and I am wondering if some sort of injections are available to help would-be writers kick the habit. Until they are, I guess I will keep right on collecting rejection slips, attending courses to learn even more about the care and feeding of editors (editor husbandry), and hoping that in time either rejection slips or yours truly becomes more inspired. Sincerely,
PATRICIA B. SIMS

Journal Cake in India

Banjera Hills
Hyderabad, A.P.

Dear Editors: The JOURNAL, my favorite magazine, is a great pleasure to receive in India. Much of it is just inspirational here—but recently I did instruct some neighbors on how to make an American cake with Indian ingredients. One neighbor spoke no English (the directions were translated by her daughter and the recipe taken down); but the friend shown in the picture is a regular reader of the JOURNAL and has a file of several years' copies.



Friendly mix-up.

The day Mrs. Rao came to make the cake two back JOURNALS (still new for India) had just come. *A good time was had by all.* Yours truly,
LOLA DONAHUE

Our Romantic Birthday

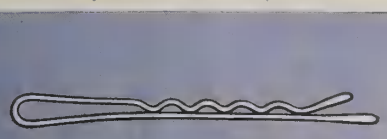
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Dear Editors: Don't tell *me* that candle on the November cover is a birthday

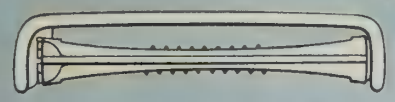
CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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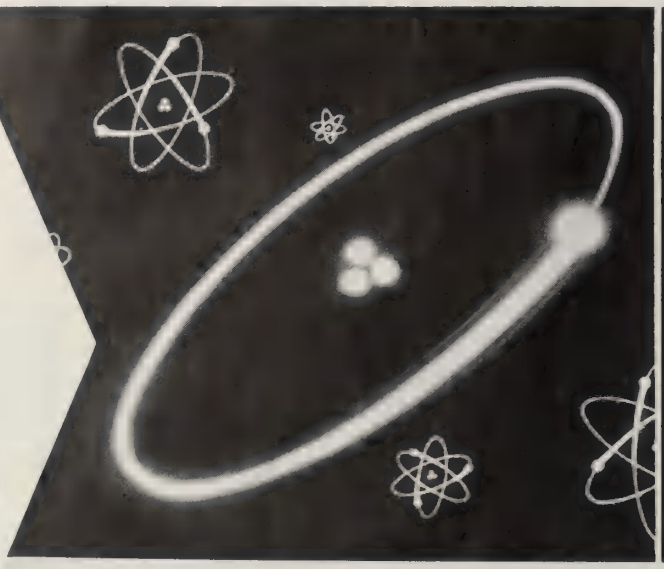


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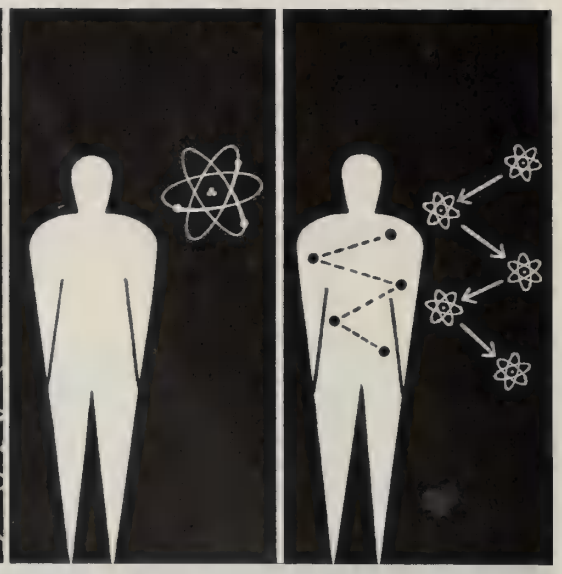
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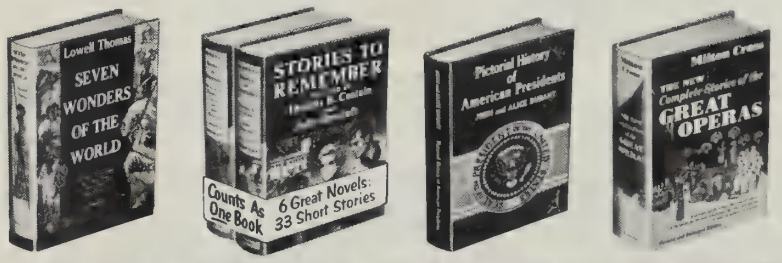
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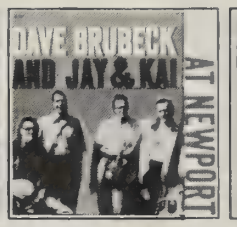
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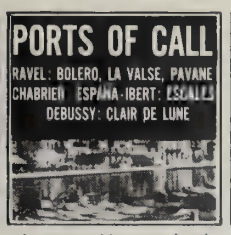
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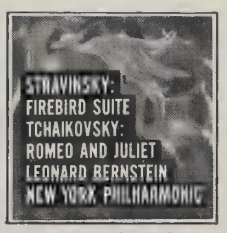
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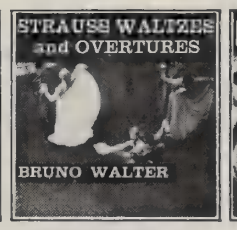
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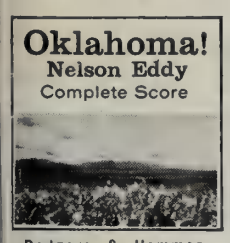
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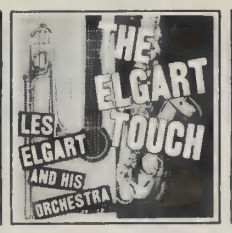
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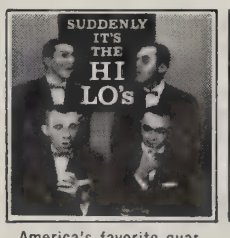
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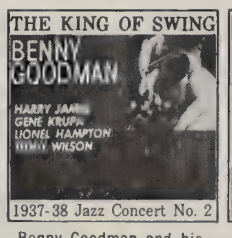
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"SPEAKING OF OPERATIONS—"

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Speaking of operations—I've just gone through one and am not quite convalescent. For the first time in years I thought there would be no contribution from me to this issue of the JOURNAL. Major surgery has been performed—on my life—chiefly consisting of removing an enormous number of adhesions, and scar tissue.

It began last spring when my husband and I returned from a long journey abroad to settle back into our four-story-and-basement house in New York, home for sixteen years. But for the past three years my husband has had recurrent bouts of lumbago or sciatica—"not serious," the doctor says, but very painful at times. His studio was on the top floor, and coming into the living room he let himself into a chair with a groan, saying, "I adore this house, but the stairs are killing me."

"Then," said I, "let's sell it."

He scoffed. "You love it. You've said you'd die in it."

"But I never intended it should kill us. Anyhow, it's too big. This house should have children. We have rooms we seldom use. It's hard to manage. We're in the country a third of the time and often travel. What we need is a small apartment."

Still, when we put the house on the market I half hoped there would be no bidders. Mistaken. It was snapped up, for occupancy in the fall, leaving us little time to find an apartment and move.

A "small" apartment had to have seven rooms unless we were to retire: a living room, a room which could accommodate a library, one for my secretary and files, one for my artist husband to work in and use as a dressing room, a bedroom, a kitchen and a maid's room. And we wanted to buy it.

We were going to miss the secret garden in midtown Manhattan, shared by twenty-two houses and otherwise inaccessible: a little private park with trees, fountains, and the coming and going of birds. The garden had sold the house to me years ago. Standing on the balcony, looking into it, I knew I would be happy there, and happy we have been. If we were to leave the garden it must be for rooms with a view, and not over skyscrapers but upon something more natural, and preferably moving and lively. It must be the river, we thought, the East River, ever-flowing and lively with craft.

In the next weeks we almost abandoned the hope of another home in the only big city that has ever been my home. There were many apartments for sale. But builders had been, apparently, prejudiced against *seven* rooms. We were offered nine, at smart addresses, with living rooms the size of a skating rink, dining rooms large enough to banquet Queen Elizabeth, views on brick and mortar, and a price your contributor couldn't dream of. Or we were offered six rooms in which one couldn't swing a duster. Then, suddenly, we heard of it.

Our reaction was what mine had been to the house, many years ago. I felt, "I shall be *happy* here. It suits us." And, friends, never buy a home unless it's love at first sight. Across the living-room window that filled the whole east wall there was nothing to block the view. On the river a double-decker excursion boat crowded with passengers was majestically passing, recalling my girlhood when sight-seeing on the waters around Manhattan was a passion. "This is it," we said, without hesitation. And it had just seven rooms and a foyer.

Folklore says great changes occur in every life every seven years, and this was a seven-times year for me. But, also, I have quoted in these pages that "there is a time for everything under the sun" and there is a time when one should reduce one's responsibilities and holdings. We had given big parties in the house, though less and less frequently. It was clear from even a cursory glance around the new dining room, which would have to be turned into a library as well as an eating place and thus diminished in floor space, that we could never have a sit-down dinner for more than six guests.

The thought did not appall me. We live in a different epoch from the prewar one, when excellent domestics were obtainable for a wage fairly well-to-do people could afford, and one didn't need to think much about grocery bills.

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I had been told that the reconstruction we began planning, either out of sheer necessity for our professional work or from determination to make as comely and convenient a last home as we could afford, would keep us in an uproar for months. "Firms will be weeks beyond schedule. Estimates will be enormously exceeded. Workmen will quit or fail to show up."

The kitchen, the heart of every home, *had* to be remodeled, for it was neither convenient nor attractive. The dining room-library presented some tricky problems, and we were to be our own designers. But none of the dark forecasts came true. Carpenters, electricians, plumbers, glaziers, upholsterers were precise, expeditious, and scrupulously fulfilled their estimates except where I added second-thought items. They co-ordinated their work with one another, often under exasperating circumstances. One month from the day we got occupancy we moved in with everything built and painted, and with every dish, glass and pot and pan washed and cupboarded, thanks to the energy of several women who had worked for me in the past and quickly responded to a petition for their services.

Two days later my husband arrived from the country where I had exiled him for the duration. For men are much more susceptible than women to nervous collapses, are driven frantic by domestic confusions, and loathe what they call "petty details." He looked around in astonishment. "What a wonderful job you have done," he said warmly, and it was honey on my heart.

But creating the new home had not been nearly so nerve-racking as leaving the old one.

One has an attachment to things one has long lived with, and it was clear that I would have to divorce myself from much inappropriate furniture and, first of all, my dearest treasures: books. My carefully selected library (or so I had thought) contained at least 4000 books, though now I had to think, not in numbers but in linear feet. Measurement of the new library space and even the 50"-high shelves that were already in the living room and were to line all but one wall of the foyer made it clear that I would have to part with what amounted to a whole wall. Some I could eliminate with little pain, but in the case of others it was a wrench.

Even the emperor has straw-sandaled relatives.
CONFUCIUS

And if you ever have to move a library, friends, don't leave it to a professional mover. Transport it in cartons, and be glad if you or any member of your family owns a station wagon. Pack it in cartons of not more than forty volumes and transport it in takes that you can manage. This job I had to do myself—not the packing and transporting, but the selection and reshelving. And if, along with all the other household paraphernalia, you have to deal simultaneously with several thousand volumes, you will be led away gibbering. Get every book disposed of before *anything* else is moved.

Furthermore, don't think you can rearrange your books in the previous order. Tall and wide volumes could stand side by side with normal-sized books in the taller, deeper shelves of the old library. In the new dwelling, such shelves were limited. And I do wish publishers would stop issuing outsized volumes, 10" or 12" high and 8" or more wide. They would if they wanted to encourage private collectors. Art books containing reproduction plates require large-page space, and we have many, with none of which we wished to part. But the ideal size for a printed work is 5" or 6" wide and not more than 7½" tall, that can be accommodated on a shelf 7½" deep. It is lovely to hold in the hand and, if well printed, easy to read.

Unhappily, few modern books *are* well printed, to say nothing of the poor quality of their paper.

I have books ten years old whose print is smudgy and paper already yellowed and brittle. In contrast, a small-volume edition of Anatole France published forty years ago has pristine pages and elegant printing, easy on the eyes.

The volumes of Mark Sullivan's Our Times, an admirable history of American cultural development, as printed in 1935, are of immeasurably better type and paper than the memoirs of Winston Churchill dated more than a decade later.

A curious psychological effect is induced by this physical senility of books. One thinks that if they are not manufactured to last even one person's mature lifetime, the publishers must believe their contents, too, to be transitory. I fear this is often true. I discarded many books that had greatly interested me at first reading, sure, however, that I would never open them again.

Apart from books—paper!

In nightmares I have dreamed of the extinction of humanity, not by H-bombs but under a smothering of paper. Every morning "information" arrives, printed or mimeographed, from industries, organizations, governments, put out by "public-relations counsels," all of it special pleading and all of it prejudiced. No human being could read, let alone digest, a fraction of such matter, yet some of it finds its way into files.

Other material goes into files for an originally good reason that later ceases to be valid, such as state papers, culled from newspapers but later available in library books. Or it is passed from file to file until the moment when half the steel cabinets *must* be eliminated. One's temptation is to throw everything out and begin from no past at all. In the dusty mess of weighing and judging one finds duplicates that can certainly be discarded and much that never should have been there at all. And from the top shelves of a storage closet untouched for years come albums of ancient photographs, schoolboy notes from one's son, aged nine, letters from friends no longer in this world—or worse, no longer friends—and even old love letters.

One browses over these, sometimes with grief, sometimes with delight, and finally neatly wraps, marks and catalogues some of them, to go back on the highest shelf and be reopened again—when? Ever? One leaves the question to one's heirs.

Linen closets! If you have a capacious one in your home, as I did, when did you last go through it? Clothesbaskets of stuff came out of mine: torn sheets I thriftily intended to mend or cut up and sew for cleaning cloths; remnants of upholstery material; boxes of broken things one intended to mend; silken shawls, rotted with age.

During the uproar at the house where workmen for the next owner were already on scaffoldings, and the walls were stripped of pictures, the windows of curtains, sculptures were standing on the floor and the whole house wore the aspect of a junk shop, my three-year-old grandson arrived with his mother. After one horrified look he threw himself flat on the floor and howled. "Gwanny's house," he moaned. "All gone!" And looking up with tear-smudged cheeks, he gasped, "And where's Mats?"

Max, his adored step-grandfather, was still in exile. There was no good telling him "Mats" would be back soon. The familiar environment of granny was gone, along with the man who went with it. I felt like a ghost attending my own funeral, and that the smile I had summoned was vanishing like the Cheshire cat's. There was nothing to do but take him to the new apartment, which, though barren of furniture (except books), was clean, tidy, and contained familiar human faces.

He climbed on the window sill and looked out at the river. "Boats!" he cried rapturously. "Boats!"

Granny came back to life.

Eventually, when nearly everything was in place, though there was still reupholstered furniture to arrive, my husband came and his praise was honey on my heart. But his first words were "What has happened to you? Haven't you been eating? You're a wraith!"

This was exaggerated, but I had been losing half a pound a day while eating normally.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117



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A CHILD MUST FEEL HE BELONGS

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



WIL BLANCHE

Generally speaking, a person becomes a psychopath because nobody loved him much as a child.



DR. SPOCK

"There are some important lessons we can learn— as citizens and parents— from the sad fate of psychopaths."

I promised months ago to tell about the types of sailors who were my patients during the war, because they help to explain certain needs of children. Most of the time I was in the Navy I was in charge of one or another "psychopaths' ward." This was an informal name for a ward in which the patients with certain psychiatric diagnoses were locked up. But these patients weren't locked up because they had a dangerous kind of mental illness but because they had broken the rules and were prisoners. Of course most of the sailors who were "A.O.L." (absent over leave) or who went "A.W.O.L." (absent without leave) never got to a psychiatric ward. They were fined or they were confined, and they learned their lesson. But if a sailor had repeatedly got into trouble, had been punished again and again with increasing severity, and still showed no sign of improvement, he might be referred for psychiatric examination, to see what was the matter with him. If the examination showed that this was a lifelong pattern which could be expected to continue, he would be discharged. Most of the men who got to a ward like mine had committed at least three offenses, of increasing seriousness, before they had been in service a year. Many of them on their most recent offense had been deserters for several months.

Not all the patients in the psychiatric prison ward would turn out to have the same kind of disturbance. Some of the marines had been in battle for long periods and had developed the chronic overwhelming terror which was called combat fatigue and which would occasionally make a brave man stay A.O.L. because he couldn't face the possibility of being sent back to a war zone. Some of these were rehabilitated and some were honorably discharged. A few of the patients in the prison ward would be conscientious but painfully sensitive, withdrawn young men who were driven close to breakdown by the teasing and hounding of their cruder fellows and by their inability, in crowded barracks, to find a minute of privacy or relief. They had fled to save their sanity. A few patients were mental defectives who had been eager to serve like other, brighter men and who had been "helped" to pass their induction mental tests by their pals or by the kindhearted petty officer who supervised the examinations. Once in, they didn't have enough judgment to be able to abide by the rules.

But the great majority of the men in the ward would be what are generally called psychopaths. Psychiatric terminology is often obscure. You can't always deduce from the derivation of a term what it means. You have to learn how it's used. The word "psychopath" might mean anyone who is suffering from any kind of nervous or emotional maladjustment, and it is occasionally used loosely this way. But to the specialist, a psychopath is the particular kind of maladjusted person who takes out his troubles on society by being a bad actor, in contrast to the psychotic, who has succumbed to his troubles and lost his sanity, and in contrast to the neurotic, who usually manages to keep going but suffers inwardly with phobias or compulsions or hypochondriacal symptoms.

Some psychopaths are real criminals or inveterate liars or other fancy kinds of scoundrels, but these did not often get into the armed services. The usual psychopaths in the Army and Navy were simply fellows who had always been irresponsible, impulsive and demanding, and who never learned from experience. They were not very bad, but they were no good to anybody either. In civilian life, the merely irresponsible psychopath is not the dramatic threat to society which the hardened criminal is. He is mainly a burden to his family, and he is a nuisance wherever he works. In the services he is much more of a problem because the requirements are more demanding, the rules are arbitrary, the life is not pleasant and the psychopath just hasn't got it in him to make the effort to conform.

When I first became a psychiatrist in the Navy I had had no close experiences with psychopaths, aside from the brief frustrations that every civilian has occasionally in dealing with them in ordinary life. They don't come to psychiatric hospitals or clinics very often because it doesn't seriously occur to them that they might do better. As a newcomer, I was completely green about the thousands of regulations which govern all procedures in an armed service. The thirty demanding prisoner patients whom I found in the locked ward when I was assigned to it took full advantage of my innocence and conscientiousness at first. They would demand to know what was holding up their discharge papers or the allotment checks to their families and I would walk through miles of corridors to make inquiries at the proper offices. They must make telephone calls to find out about sick relatives and had to be sent under guard to the telephone booth.

One day there was a loud knock on my office door and I found a delegation of indignant men who said they weren't getting enough to eat. This sounded to me like a serious complaint in a hospital, and I went with them to the galley crew who supervised the serving of food. They pointed out garbage cans filled with discarded

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

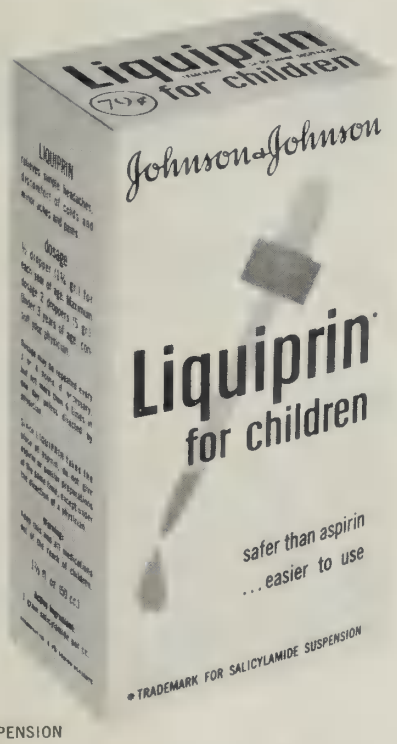
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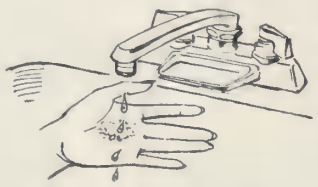
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

potatoes, vegetables, desserts and bread. I turned questioningly to the delegation, but they weren't embarrassed. "We don't like that stuff. We want more meat," they said. They wanted to be able to fill their stomachs with meat alone, at a time when civilians were being held to one modest portion a day.

They had to be confined within the space of the ward and a small exercise yard for a number of weeks until it was decided by a committee of doctors which ones should be discharged from the Navy and until their discharge papers were processed in Washington. This was a slow, boring business and it was difficult to maintain any kind of morale. The medical corpsmen were not proud to be serving their country by taking care of useless sailors, urging them to get out of bed in the morning, to make their beds, to clean up the ward and keep it clean, to stop their horseplay at night and go to bed again. The patients were often fresh or insulting to the nurses, who were sometimes left in tears. I secured volleyball equipment and the patients played loudly and argumentatively for one day and then lost interest. Very few could be interested in reading or in hobbies. They claimed that such activities made them nervous. They always complained that they couldn't sleep at night and demanded sedatives. On Sundays, through vigorous telephoning, they managed to get themselves visited by flashy-looking girls, with whom they sat publicly entwined in the locked corridor.



It used to make the corpsmen and me slightly resentful that the nurses obviously enjoyed the boldly affectionate manner of the better-behaved patients who were careful not to be offensive. "How can you like men who you know are selfish, unreliable, unprincipled, incorrigible?" we'd ask. "They're kind of cute," the nurses would answer. Of course men feel the same way about lady psychopaths. It's the psychopath's quick, easy, uninhibited forwardness and responsiveness that's appealing—at least up to a point. Beyond that point they have little to offer in the way of real love or devotion and they generally make very poor partners in marriage. Responsible men and women can't be so daringly flirtatious on first acquaintance because they want to know the other person better before becoming involved, to avoid the risk of disappointing or being disappointed, because they care about their reputations and perhaps because they are already committed to someone else. But none of these considerations worries the psychopath.

The psychopath is characteristically a very demanding person. If you could sympathize with him, you'd say he was pathetically demanding. He is wanting something all day, whether it is privileges, possessions or attention, and he wants it quickly—the way a hungry baby wants his milk. Yet it never occurs to him that he owes anything in return. This conviction that blessings should flow one way showed up in typical situations on the ward. When, in taking the medical history, I would ask the man why he had committed the offense, the commonest reply was, "I had to go over the hill. I asked for leave and they wouldn't give it to me."

After a man had been absent for several months, the red tape would finally catch up with him and if there had been a wage allotment to his family it would cease. When a sailor on my ward got a letter from home to this effect, he would come storming to my office and demand to know why this outrage had occurred. I'd explain that the Navy, like any other organization, doesn't keep on paying a person who has deserted his job. But the sailor would never blush with shame at being reminded that he had let his country down in wartime. He'd shout, "How do they expect my family to live?" After weeks of impatient waiting the patient would receive his discharge papers. It would not be too fine a discharge, but not a disgraceful one, either, because the medical report showed that he had been this way most of his life and couldn't have been expected to perform satisfactorily. He would come to me to complain. I'd remind him that in the olden days a man would be shot for deserting as he had, but this made no dent. He'd shout, "I know lots of guys who were over the hill longer than I was, and they got better discharges than this!"

How does a person get to be a psychopath? Not by heredity. Generally speaking, it happens because nobody loved him much the first few years of his life. The histories of the patients on my ward were, most of them, monotonously the same. One man's mother died when he was born and his father turned him over to a relative or to a neighbor who, he still remembers, didn't want him much. Another man's father died or deserted, his mother had to go to work, and she left him with someone who showed him no love. The result would be the same if a boy were placed very young in an old-fashioned orphanage where there was much too little affection to go around. It could also happen right in the boy's own family if nobody cared for him there.

By the time a psychopath of the neglected type reaches school he is most commonly a tense, restless, shallow child. He has little capacity to apply himself to any kind of work, and if he has been severely neglected, his intellectual function will be impaired. Never having been a real member of a family, he has no feeling of wanting to be a part of the group in his classroom. Never having known the joy of love, he doesn't try to evoke it from others and has little fear of displeasing them. (Nobody can really appreciate what he's never had.) Since no one ever gave him anything important, he has nothing real to give either. So in school he is apt to be among the pupils who pay no attention, are usually in trouble, and are really liked by no one. Most of my sailors had been left back two grades by the time they quit school at about fifteen. By then they were, of course, almost fully grown (head and shoulders above the thirteen-year-olds in the class) and unwilling to put up with the constant criticism of the teacher any longer.

One of the most consistent things about ordinary young psychopaths is their poor work records. It was rare for any of the sailors on my ward to have held a job as long as three months, and most jobs lasted only a few days or weeks. They didn't develop a feeling of belonging to the organization any more than they did in the service or in school or in their homes. So they had no sense of loyalty or obligation to it. Due to this and to their tenseness, distractibility and lack of purpose in life, they couldn't stick to the work or get it done. Yet their demandingness made them want a lot more than they were worth. The reasons they gave for changing jobs were, most often: "They didn't pay me enough money"; "The work made me nervous"; "The boss was always riding me."

You may at this point want to know whether the armed services did anything to rehabilitate the psychopaths or what society can do. A few rehabilitation programs were organized for some of the borderline cases, but the great majority (tens of thousands)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120



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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"Let me know when they're tired, and I'll put them to bed."

Some of our town's illuminati who dine out a lot insist on sitting in a booth or at a corner table, even if they must wait ten minutes. They seem to fear attack from behind, maybe by table hoppers or a waitress laden with a heavy tray.

We have five or six couples in town who retreat to the Southland during the holiday season to avoid (1) sending Christmas cards, (2) drinking Tom-and-Jerries and eggnogs, (3) family dinners and (4) an orgy of Christmas gifts. Smarties; but they miss fun.

Since Doc Spock has ruled in his new revised statutes that parents needn't any more let their young trample all over 'em, our cowed moms and dads hardly know what to do with their new-found freedom.

Our town's matchmakers are tempted to incite romance between tall girl basketballers and 6½-foot male players. "In twenty years," they say, "we might have quite a crop of seven-foot athletes for the state university."

When she wants to wheedle her husband, my nearest neighbor calls him by his top wartime rank, "colonel," to put him in a good mood. But when she wants to put him in his place she calls him "corporal," though he never was a corporal.

I notice my Dream Girl knows instantly when she opens a present whether she wants to keep it, turn it in or give it away. (Unconsciously she even arranges them in separate piles around and near our Christmas tree.)

Roadside signs offering "home cooked" food leave me suspicious; I've taken to carrying canned soups in my car. Most dangerous of the "homemade soups" in roadside cafés is "homemade chili." (When cornered, I tame it with an order of mashed potatoes.)

We've been invited by the young married crowd for a ski excursion to Sun Valley in a private day coach. We're torn between the high compliment and our fear of sleepless nights and a broken leg.

I've bet our Air Force son a small sum that the Naval Academy will raise from veterans the $2,000,000 it needs for its self-financed Memorial Stadium.* My modest check goes in memory of my favorite cousin killed at the Rapido River in Italy.

One of our outdoorsy neighbors who hasn't vacuumed her carpet in twelve years now spends two hours vacuuming her new swimming pool for every hour she spends swimming. "It tans you evenly," she explains; "better exercise than sun bathing."

When I hear our high-schooler memorize the same lines from Chaucer we memorized thirty years ago, the ones about "that Aprille with his shoures soote," I relish a sense of life's continuity, akin to immortality.

At our round-table luncheon in the basement of the cafeteria we agreed that heavy tweed or flannel suits are too warm for our overheated modern interiors. Three out of eight of us were wearing summer suits.

"Lately I've noticed the downtown store-window dummies are prettier than they were," muses Peter Comfort, scraping his windshield with a yellow plastic scraper. "Kinda intellectual, too, but more like Junior Leaguers. Girls you'd like to know better."

*The U.S.A. doesn't pay for it.

I'm under pressure to enroll in two "adult education" classes, via my goddess, who's under pressure from two restless chums. She offers me a choice: Square Dancing, Welding or "What Good Music Will Do for You." We may compromise: Flower Arrangement or Golf.

One reason the collegians and coeds are so gay during the year-end holidays might be that so many of them are away from their "exclusive dars" with whom they're shackled on the campus.

That wily youn grandpa across the street hired a huse trailer and installed it in his back yard during a visit from his aughter's two tiny infants. His neihbors forgave him: he explained it as only a temporary refuge for himself.

Our brave-newworld teen-ager has discovered there re 37 electric motors whirring away in our house. "Can you imagine," he asks awe-struck, "all the chores I'd have to do if we weren't so overmechanized

Another exhil against exclusive dating: A coed whook a blind date with a collegian to fly from their college town for a Coke in the next town. Now they're happily wed. Wo if they'd been stubborn "exclusive" dats?

My solicito wife pressures me to ease up on my loved snow shoveling, better exerci than skiing. But I argue the firs igma of a family's decay is unsh·led, slushy, slippery sidewalks.

Cornered a cocktail party, I often find myself fled by a nonstop talker on one side, a de·e lady with no small talk on the other. a lazy man myself, I find the nonstop ·er less wearing if I don't listen too inty.

Remembwhen people used to call 'em scdals? Three occurred in the next to this autumn, and most people me asked, "What on earth can they pibly see in each other?"

One of richer matrons has built her cozy rDream House: two bedrooms and three-car garage on four levels, with bars; an architect tossed it together her for around $100,000.

Our liigroup of critics of TV want on screen close-up faces of the athl·in big games—football, baseball, ketball. The face is the façade o· soul, and athletes have souls. Y· distant shots they look like rob·

In the club locker-room gossip an odd par comes to light: Tall girls win mo· the beauty crowns, but petite gi·n more than their share of desirabls bands. And shucks: the differen only a few inches.

Some ple in our valley scheme and pl· weeks to be at exactly the right with exactly the right person the midnight New Year kiss. friends even prefer their own hids or wives.

. . . our youngest convinces me I'm a ard member of a waning generatio·

. . my Dream girl pressures me about and duties I've neglected,

. . y daughter cuts her red hair again I've paid her $25 to let it grow,

. . Junior listens attentively to my advic decides not to follow it,

Eyn I conclude it's more fun batt but with them so affectionately than in a vacuum a bachelor's ghosgoblins.



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NO LONGER "THE TOWN WITHOUT A DOCTOR" ...Payson, Arizona



BOB TOWERS

First-born. Fifth child in the Bill Morris family, but to the brand-new Payson Clinic and the proud volunteers who built it, young Thomas Henry will always be "our first!"

You Can Do Something

By MARGARET HICKEY

"Why doesn't somebody *do* something?" is a question fast going out of date. With new communities mushrooming, old towns outgrowing their boundaries, there isn't time to sit around and wait for a mythical "somebody" to solve the problems. Instead, people are asking, "What are *we* going to do about it?"

This civic concern, interesting and a little amazing to the foreign visitor, begins sometimes in the home, often in the school, and many times at a meeting. In Payson, Arizona, for example, Junior Woman's Club members talked over the need for medical facilities and decided to do something about it. The story of their efforts is featured on this page.

In Beaverton, Oregon, several mothers who met at P.T.A. got together later because they discovered a common worry: their teen-agers were driving—sometimes in heavy traffic—into Portland, some ten miles away, for their fun and entertainment. This was to be expected, of course—Beaverton, though growing by leaps and bounds, then had only one tennis court, one bowling alley and two small movies.

Lacking money, but fired by determination, these mothers enlisted help from newspapers and community leaders, church members, housewives to form a new Tualatin Hills Park and Recreation Council. Two years of hard work followed—mass meetings, fund-raising and petition-signing drives. But it paid off when voters went to the polls to approve a new recreation district headed by a board of three directors.

Today twelve playgrounds serve some 35,000 district children; there is a brand-new swimming pool (financed by special bond issue); three new parks are being planned; a year-round recreation program for all ages operates in churches and schools under trained leadership.

In Denver, Colorado, problems of exploding population make it necessary for every neighborhood to deal with lack of schools and recreation facilities, rising crime rates and safety hazards. But citizens there don't need to work alone. A central clearinghouse—the Denver Area Welfare Council—helps make surveys and plan whatever project is in the offing, using experienced community workers.

Any community can have its own planning group by following these suggestions from the Denver Area Welfare Council:

Form a small steering committee of interested people.

Prepare a list of possible projects.

Contact organizations for a community-wide meeting.

Follow up with visits to these organizations, get their opinion on programs.

Appoint other committees to work on a constitution, get new members, work out a budget.

Now your council is ready for action! END

From his patrol car somewhere out on the 72-mile stretch of highway between the Arizona towns of Payson and Cottonwood, Deputy Sheriff Howard Childers' voice came into Payson headquarters over the two-way radio. "Get a doctor!" he demanded. "Put me through to a doctor on a telephone hookup. And make it fast. A woman is having a baby in a car forty miles from the hospital. There's nobody with her who knows anything about delivering babies. Get hold of a doctor who can tell me what to do!"

The answering doctor's voice sounded calm. He asked questions, gave answers. To one question, "What instruments are available?" Sheriff Childers' reply was, "A pocketknife and a piece of string." The baby was a healthy one, none the worse for his unceremonious entry into the world. On her belated arrival at the hospital the mother was pronounced "fine." The sheriff's reward: the grateful parents named their brand-new baby for him. To friends who congratulated him later on his emergency obstetrics he confided, "I *was* worried, real worried." Friends agreed that that was perfectly understandable. "Suppose the lady'd had twins?" Sheriff Childers went on. "I had only one piece of string!"

To the people of Payson, population 1200, the story was not a new one. For three years their town—high in the pine-clad mountains under the rugged and story-famed Tonto Rim—had been without a doctor, without medical facilities of any kind. Payson is 72 miles from the nearest hospital at Cottonwood, 90 miles from Arizona's major city of Phoenix. The drive to either place lies over winding, mostly unpaved roads that wash out when hard rains come, and where ridges sometimes lie buried under drifts of snow in winter. Quite a number of Payson babies have been born in cars or born at home without a doctor's help. Birth notices in the local newspaper often list as place of birth "highway between Payson and Cottonwood"—or "Phoenix." One three-year-old child had died of pneumonia. Many an accident victim had endured the pain of the long, rough ride to the hospital, or had been flown out if a small plane was available and the little airstrip was not mudded-in.

"We all had our accidents and emergencies," says slim, blond Hazel Owens. She says it quietly, but everyone in Payson knows how much feeling lies behind the words. Counted among those "accidents and emergencies" was the day Mrs. Owens' ten-year-old daughter Gwenna was seriously hurt in a fall from a moving car. Mrs. Owens credits Payson pharmacist soft-spoken Don Manthe with saving the child's life. Telephone-checking carefully with a doctor 72 miles away as he worked, Don applied emergency bandages, gave the frightened little girl a sedative to quiet her so that she might not injure herself further on the trip to the hospital. "Gwenna is fine now," her mother says gratefully.

Others will tell you of the times Don Manthe has given emergency aid to accident victims from mines, sawmills, ranches and farms in the rugged country surrounding Payson and nearby Pine; of the long day that Don and other volunteers spent working a tortuous way down into an almost inaccessible canyon to bring out a seventeen-year-old boy injured in a fall from a cliff while on a hiking trip. Again in telephone consultation with a doctor many miles away, Don was able to ease the victim's injuries enough so that he could survive the hospital trip. This same life-or-death telephone cooperation helped save a woman victim of a heart attack. But there were times and cases when it did not—when only immediate medical help would do.

"And I am not a doctor," says pharmacist Manthe firmly. "A doctor was what Payson had to have."

Payson's only doctor—elderly and semi-retired—died three years ago. No one came to replace him. Appeals to the state medical association were discouraging. The association hesitated to recommend a doctor for a town so remote that had no medical facility. Other problems stood in the way.

"A doctor isn't just a doctor, after all," says Walter Surrett, local manager for the Arizona Public Service (power) Company, who has gained considerable understanding of those problems during his town's doctorless years. "A doctor is a person, as well. We have to find a doctor who likes and understands the business of living in a small town. One who'll be happy to swap the pleasures of city living for the pleasures our mountain country offers—like hunting and fishing and horseback riding and getting to be part of a community that really needs and welcomes him. If he has a wife it's important that she like those things CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

NOW! MATCH YOUR TILE WITH DIAL!

Lovely New Colors IN Complexion Dial







Contains a wondrous new Skin Freshener for better than ever protection under make-up!

Complexion Dial's gentle new Skin Freshener — Super AT-7 — does what no ordinary soap, no drying synthetic, no greasy skin cream can possibly do! Sweeps away bacteria that so often spoil your complexion — without drying, without greasing your skin!

Then, Complexion Dial's new Skin Freshener *stays on* your skin. You can't see it or feel it. But it's there, protecting your complexion all day — even under make-up!

Today, buy Complexion Dial in colors — by the color of its gleaming new wrapper.



Pure luxury... sure protection for the beauty of your complexion!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

too." He grins as he goes on. "His kids—well, we don't worry much about the kids' liking this sort of life. I never met a kid yet that didn't."

"We've been without medical help long enough!" members of the Payson Junior Woman's Club decided. "To get a doctor we need a well-equipped place for him to work. So we'll get it, somehow we'll get it."

As Mrs. Owens puts it, "I guess you might say that the Payson Clinic was born along with all those babies born in cars because their mothers couldn't make it to the hospital in time—or couldn't afford to leave their families to go and stay two or three weeks in Phoenix or Cottonwood to wait near a hospital for a new baby's birth."

A fine new highway now being translated from the planning stage was due to make great changes in the small, isolated town of Payson. Finished, it would cut in half the rough, grueling five-hour trip to Phoenix. The new road would not eliminate Payson's need for its own medical facilities—even two and a half hours are too long in an emergency. It would, in fact, increase that need. Not only would the new road bring new growth to the town itself, but the whole lovely wooded area under the towering escarpment of the Tonto Rim would throng with summer people from May to October once that road was in.

"These summer people are going to need a doctor handy, too," Paysonites agreed. "More of them will feel at ease about coming to Payson if they know that they can count on medical help in case of accident or sudden illness."

From their first "indignation meetings" in the big cheerful meeting room of the Payson Woman's Club, the "Juniors," 30 of them, went out to raise enough money to build their clinic. "We know Payson isn't wealthy. We know it won't be easy for people to give money. But everyone knows how great the need is. We think people will back the clinic plan once they hear about it."

If there is anything that cannot bear free thought, let it crack.

WENDELL PHILLIPS

Their first effort—a style show, bake sale and raffle—brought in $414 and a lot of community enthusiasm for the plan. "We counted the money and the offers of help. We thought 'We're really under way!'"

A real-estate dealer donated a two-acre lot at the edge of town. The site looked perfect—close enough to be accessible, removed enough so that noise and dust from the town's sawmill would not be disturbing. A gently sloping, sun-splashed hillside surrounded with pine trees was marked off. "That's where the building will go. We could almost see it."

A second donated lot was raffled off and the proceeds went to swell the building fund. Other donated items raffled included "everything from a car to home-baked cakes to handmade quilts." There were card parties. News that donations were needed went out by letter and by word of mouth, reaching even to isolated farms, ranches and mines. After the first hard-working six months the Juniors were joined in their campaign by civic groups and local businessmen. The nonprofit Payson Clinic, Inc., was formed. Among its officers were Walter Surrett, president, and Don Manthe, vice president. Ann Perry, Doris Taylor, Hazel Owens and Alice Murphy served as treasurer, secretary and assistants. Board members included not only Paysonites, but business and professional people from all over the state who had been caught by the drama of Payson's struggle to build its clinic and find its doctor. For each dollar donated to the clinic fund, the donor got a "certificate of interest" plus a vote in the clinic's operation.

Through the Juniors' own efforts they had raised $2000. In the months that followed, the joint campaign raised $11,000; $5600 worth of land was donated, $1500 of lumber as well as other building materials. Contacted through volunteer efforts of the forest rangers, summer people gave generously to the clinic cause. Their opinion: "It's great! Much needed." Plans were drawn for the clinic building and checked for efficiency by medical authorities.

With cash, land, materials and offers of expert volunteer labor in hand, members of the Payson Clinic Board set out to borrow the additional $20,000 they estimated they would need to complete and equip the building as planned. Their clinic seemed almost an accomplished fact. One Junior, expecting a baby soon, joked about being "our first patient."

Then came a blow. Bank after bank, loan company after loan company turned them down. "They didn't think we could do it," says Walter Surrett. But at last they were fortunate enough to get their story to the ear of Jim Patrick, of Phoenix, vice president of the Valley National Bank. As Mr. Surrett puts it simply and gratefully, "He *did* believe we could do it."

Two years after the Payson Woman's Club Juniors declared, "We'll do it somehow!" the cream-walled $31,000 Payson Clinic stood on the site marked off for it, a reality at last. From its pine-paneled reception room through doctors' offices, examining rooms, operating room, wards, kitchen, laundry and all the other necessary features of a self-contained and efficient clinic, the building was bright, cheerful, functional. Both space and plans were at hand for future expansion as needed. Much of the clinic's basic equipment had been donated, like the ambulance (secondhand, but a great and unexpected bonus), the gleaming refrigerator, the automatic washer, beds—even the soft honey-toned pine paneling, a home product of Payson's own mills. Much had been bargain-purchased.

Pretty dark-eyed Betty McGoon, a Junior who volunteers two days each week for clinic work, points out such buys as $90 operating-room lights bought through war surplus for just the $9 handling charges. Of a $200 incubator she says, "Our board talked long and hard over this purchase. Perhaps we will never use it. But if we should need it to save the life of just one baby, we'll need it in a hurry. We all feel better knowing that it is here." The clinic has laboratory equipment, examining and operating tables, a glittering autoclave. "Our school nurse taught us how to sterilize hospital equipment."

Dedication ceremonies were held on December 23—"a sort of community Christmas present from us to us." Congratulated the guest speaker (that same Jim Patrick whose belief in the project had helped to make it possible), "All of you should take great pride in having worked so hard for something you believed in."

Hundreds of visitors toured the clinic. Those who had helped build it—wielding pick and shovel, hammer or saw, paintbrush or floor polisher—glowed with proprietary pride. Those who had not seen the building were generous with comments like "wonderful!" . . . "amazing!" . . . "exactly what we have needed for years" or "so good for the town and its future."

Several doctors were among the visitors. All admired the building and its equipment. "This is a real accomplishment for a town the size of Payson. Having a functional place to work is a real incentive to a doctor," said one. "Forward-looking" and "well designed" were other approving statements.

The only trouble was that all these approving doctors were busy men with established practices in other towns or cities. For all its realized dream of a fine and needed medical facility, Payson still had no doctor of its own.

"What good is the clinic without a doctor?" one Junior asked sadly as she dusted the empty, waiting desk in the cheerful room marked "Doctor's Office." Doctor or no doctor, the young women were still working hard at the clinic, keeping it spotless, raising money for more equipment, attending board meetings, completing plans to finance the nurse's education of a Payson girl, nineteen-year-old Betty Noth.

Doctors came to see the clinic and be interviewed by the clinic board. Some were not right for the job—some found the job not right

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

Germs Ride the School Bus

with your youngsters every day!



HOW LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED COLDS

Those who did NOT gargle Listerine twice daily had

- **89%** more severe colds than those who did
- **85%** longer colds, measured in days
- **73%** more sore throats
- **51%** more "ordinary" colds

Wise mothers have their children gargle Listerine before and after school

The common cold is much too common among school children. Here's something mothers can do to help youngsters fight infection. Before and after school, have them gargle Listerine full-strength. Listerine kills germs *by the millions.*

Tests over 12 years proved that those who gargled Listerine twice every day had fewer and milder colds than those who did not.

Look at the figures on the chart above and start your whole family gargling Listerine Antiseptic today!



Gargle **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

your No. 1 protection against infection!



only B&M bakes beans so good!

In the "down east" kitchens of B&M, carefully selected beans with generous pieces of tender pork are baked all day long in a golden-rich old fashioned brown sugar sauce. Once you've tasted B&M Brick Oven Baked Beans you'll know the flavor of honest-to-goodness "down east" baked beans.



B&M
brick oven
BAKED BEANS

They're Extra Good with B & M Brown Bread

SEALED OVEN-HOT IN BOTH GLASS JARS AND TINS

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO., Portland, Maine

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

candle! I've been watching that courtship, and anybody knows it's the first anniversary of the couple's meeting. Why, even the ring box and the purple violets from last March are there! Look again, Journalities editor. Sincerely,

MARJORIE P. JACKSON

▶ *Somebody was apparently in a romantic daze. But wasn't our groom* lucky? *Meeting his future wife on his birthday, that is! ED.*

It Burns Me Up!

Dorchester, Massachusetts

Why don't they sell baby foods in jars that are graduated, as measuring cups are, to make it easier for mothers to determine the exact portions they are feeding infants? LOUISE KORISKY

Mountlake Terrace, Washington

I like most modern furniture, but *why* are most chairs, couches and sofas made so deep that people as short as I am must either perch on the edge of the seat or slouch to lean back? More variety, please. If it can be done in Early American, why not in modern? OSTA W. SHERMAN

New Legislation Needed

New York City

Dear Mr. Gould: The How America Lives article which describes the widowhood of Fern Morlang (October JOURNAL) is a moving, graphic report, and happens to have been published during a period when the National Travelers Aid Association, along with other national health and welfare organizations, is spearheading a movement to abolish restrictive residence requirements. Many people in the quest for greater economic security who move from one community to another find themselves in the same predicament as Mrs. Morlang; and they become in fact second-class citizens to the extent that the social protections deemed necessary for others are not available to them.

The final solution will depend upon enlightened public opinion which recognizes an individual's right to live where his best interests dictate. Only then will necessary legislative changes take place which will result in adequate programs for people in need, whether they have lived in the community one month or ten years. Articles such as Suddenly a Young Widow will carry tremendous weight in promoting better understanding of these problems. Sincerely,

LAURIN HYDE
General Director
National Travelers Aid Association

▶ *Many, many* JOURNAL *readers offered help to Mrs. Morlang, and we are glad to report that she and the children are now living in a small town in North Dakota where they are "happier than we have been in any other place." ED.*

Note to Printers

Cadiz, Ohio

Dear Sirs: Last week I drove my neighbor and her lovely six-week-old baby to the local pediatrician. She is a very solicitous little mother, and is suffering the pangs of her first-born. This suffering consists of: the baby's ears are too big, feet don't seem to fit, eyes crossed once, doesn't burp on cue.

The baby was no sooner deposited on the examining table till my neighbor started giving the doctor a vivid description of these disturbances plus the cure for them. After each statement he would inquire how did she know what to do, and she would emphasize, "Why, I read about it in Doctor Spock's baby book." After patiently listening to her extoll the virtues and the theories of the good Doctor Spock for several minutes, he finally announced wryly, "My dear, one of these days there will be a misprint in that book and you will read it and die."

Name Withheld

Everyone Needs Praise

Old Bridge, New Jersey

Dear Editors: Some years ago I heard a speaker say, "No human being can live without praise." Whether or not this is scientifically true I have no idea; but I am sure no human being can live *happily* without praise—or without *giving* praise.

The other day I watched my nine-month-old son pull himself into a standing position for the first time. His efforts were enormous, and he fell back several times before he finally stood. Each time he looked to me, apparently undecided whether to cry or to begin again. I urged him on with a smile and a few encouraging words, and when he finally achieved his goal he laughed with very evident pride. Naturally I joined in and praised him; it was a wonderful moment!

Currently, our daughter is fighting a battle with jealousy of the baby. Neither of her symptoms, whining and a reluctance to eat at mealtimes, is praiseworthy. But praise in other areas has been of great value. She really enjoys playing with the baby, and when she makes him laugh with her antics, we quickly praise her and tell her she is teaching him to love her.

Getting dressed is second nature to an adult, but to a four-year-old it is an accomplishment. Or when a child does consistently good work in school, we unconsciously come to expect it. It may take real effort to examine each paper and take time for a word of praise. But the dividends are immeasurable in terms of a child's happy face and his eagerness to share other parts of his life with you.

There may be people alive who have never heard a word of praise. I am *sure* there are a great many who never hear all the praise they deserve, and certainly no one is as happy as he could be if he heard—and said—at least once every day the words "Well done." Sincerely,

BARBARA F. JACOBS

Champion Knitter

Newberg, Oregon

Ladies' Home Journal: Greetings! Several years ago, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL published a piece on knitting. Up to date, I have sent to Korea 301 pairs of mittens, and I think this is some kind of a record, for a man anyway. My wife taught me to knit while I was a policeman in Ohio,



Mittens have arrived!

where we knitted for the Red Cross. Then my boy joined the marines, my old outfit. When he got to Korea, it was in the middle of the winter and he saw the plight of the little children, so he thought I should take up knitting again. It was part time for me, and finally it grew into a hobby. My mittens have won ribbons at several fairs, and I plan to make fifty pairs this year. Very respectfully,

ARNOLD SHERBURNE
72 years

P.S. All my thumbs (which fit either hand) are rainbow thumbs in honor of the Rainbow Division of the great Northwest which fought so gallantly in Wars I and II.

Solving Problems Together

Inglewood, California

Dear Editor: A group of ladies in our town have formed a club to outwit their personal handicaps—visible and invisible. There are no set rules or obligations; we simply meet every week in one another's homes and discuss our problems. (We do not gossip or talk about one another.) We have no dues, but those who can spare a little money will give to a collection plate, and later this money will be used as needed or for some emergency. At present we have thirty active members.

We find strength and faith in a group and have been able to accomplish so many things! Sincerely yours,

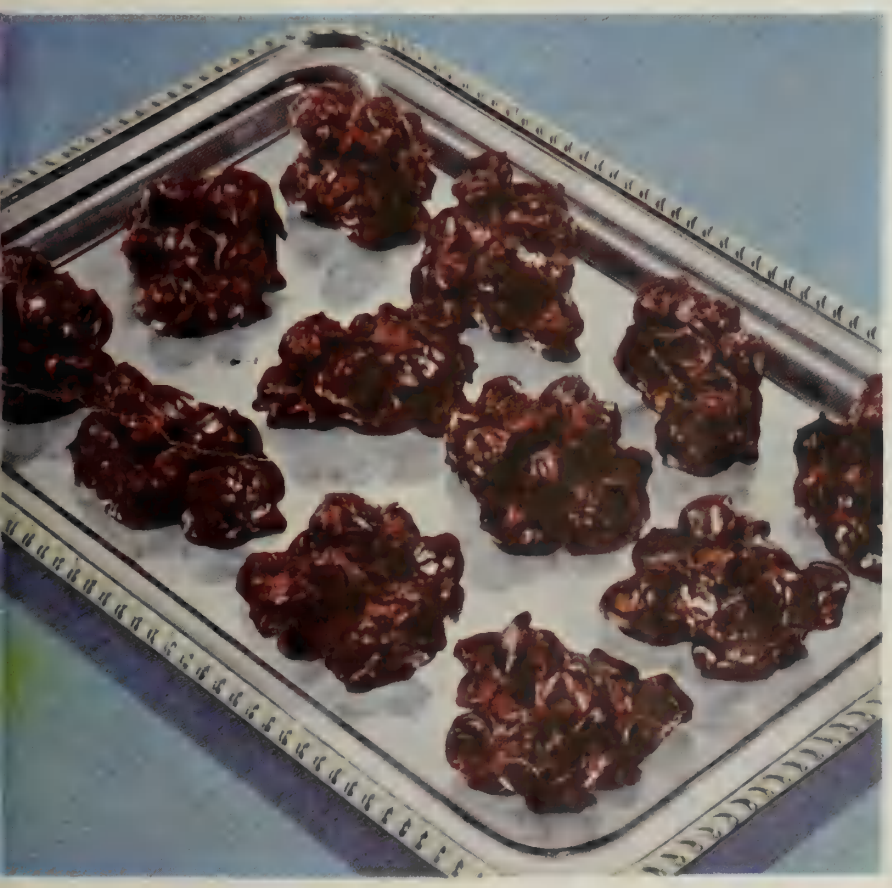
MRS. R. H. CUMBERLAND

Marshmallowy, Quick and Easy:





Kraft Recipe-size Marshmallows



You don't have to cut them up! Just measure out these tiny new marshmallows right from the bag. You'll rejoice in the new ease they bring to cooking, salads and desserts—and the way they *stay* fresh, fluffy and soft.

Float them on Hot Chocolate (use a ready mix, or cocoa, or just heat chocolate milk); mix them into a delicious Marshmallow Gelatin Dessert; and for a dandy candy treat try this easy recipe . . .

Chocolate Marshmallow Clusters recipe:

Melt one 6-ounce bag of semi-sweet chocolate pieces in double boiler. Gradually add 3 tablespoons milk, stirring until mixture is smooth. Cool about 5 minutes, then pour mixture over 2 cups Kraft Miniature Marshmallows in bowl. Toss lightly until marshmallows are coated with chocolate. Place, in clusters, on greased baking sheet. Chill until firm.

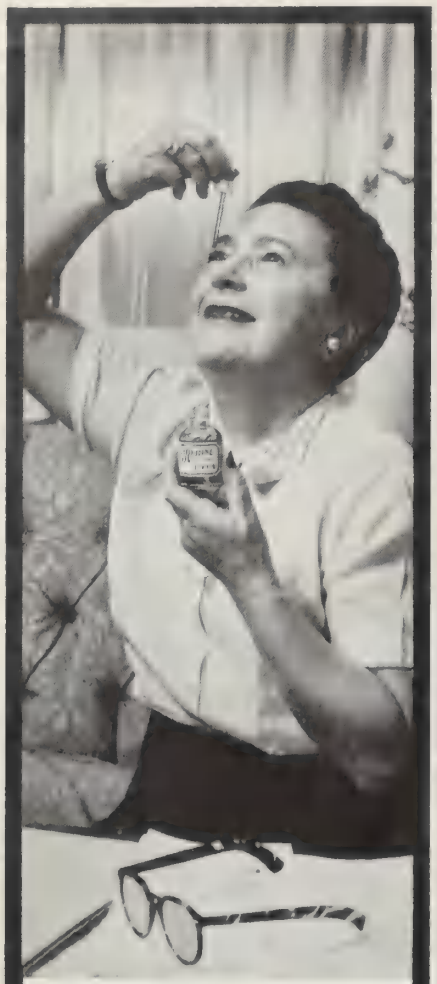
Free Recipe Booklet! Write to: Kraft Miniature Marshmallows, P.O. Box 1513, Dept. L1, Chicago 77, Illinois.



10 miniatures equal 1 regular size marshmallow



The only kind that stay soft!



"How I use Murine to rest my eyes"

Emily Kimbrough

Lecturer and Author, whose latest book is "Water, Water Everywhere"

"Whether I'm traveling or writing, my eyes are always on the go. Murine is such a pleasant way to relieve that tired, tense feeling." Your eyes, too, are always on the go . . . straining, working. Give them soothing comfort, pleasantly. Just two drops of Murine in each eye cleanses gently and refreshes. Keep your Murine with the *unbreakable* dropper handy. Use it *regularly* — to rest and comfort your eyes *any time* they feel tired or tense.

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*for your eyes**



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UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



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"You and your friends in the wholesale rope business!"

Anyone can yodel. You may not think so. But read the pamphlet: "*Inhale through the nostrils while counting slowly to twenty; hold your breath while counting to five; then exhale through the mouth while counting to twenty-five. . . . Stand up there in the mountains; sing your yodel; and listen to its warbling echo!*" **ANYONE CAN YODEL** is by Bavarian-Coloradan ***Magnus Bucher***, who runs a school of yodeling. (Big Mountain Press, Denver 10, Colorado.)

●

THE AMERICAN EARTHQUAKE is meat for the fifty-year-olders—a collection of ***Edmund Wilson's*** pieces written through the years 1923 to 1940, and much more personal than most earthquakes. Those were the years indeed! And here you get their immediate impact on an articulate off-center contemporary reporter. For the young they will be an eye-opener into the world of their parents' youth. (Doubleday.)

Going farther back, ***Dorothy Canfield Fisher*** has written a rare piece of Americana in **MEMORIES OF ARLINGTON, VERMONT** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce)—affectionate, affirmative, wise.

●

I suppose on the whole one's home expresses one's taste. At any rate, we read that top Nazis, when they got into the money in Germany, furnished their homes in super-duper style.

In **UNHEARD WITNESS** (Lippincott) ***Ernst Hanfstaengl*** says: "After all, these people came from nowhere and the only luxurious furnishings they saw were in the hotels in which they stayed, so they came to accept that style as the height of breeding and sophistication." He goes out of his way to indicate that although he might have been one of them politically, he was socially way upstairs.

Hanfstaengl (Putzi) tried many times to have Oswald Spengler, The Decline of the West *philosopher, meet Hitler and the Boys. When they finally did meet, Spengler's comment was succinct and to the point: "Just a lot of pinheads."*

At the opposite pole, in taste and politics, is **THE EARLY AMERICAN FURNITURE MAKERS**, by ***Thomas H. Ormsbee*** (McBride)—authoritative comment on the men, their times and their simple enduring products.

●

A novel of great importance to an unfortunately fast-growing number of people is **THE TWELFTH STEP** (Scribner), written by an active member of Alcoholics Anonymous, ***Thomas Randall***, about six persons with drinking problems who meet at a drying-out hospital. The author believes that these true biographical stories can be most honestly presented in fiction form.

●

THE PICTURE HISTORY OF PAINTING (Harry N. Abrams, Inc., $15.00) is a handsome, 11″x14″, 320-page book for both art lovers and those with a beginning interest in art history. In color and black and white, every period of painting, from cave to modern, is simply illustrated.

●

Van Wyck Brooks, in some easygoing informal jottings (**FROM A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK**—Dutton) tells us that although he has had to read on an average of six or seven hours a day for the past twenty years, he still has read fewer than 6000 books—less than a book a day. Yet Lawrence of Arabia boasted that he read 40,000 books while at Oxford; Thomas Wolfe intimated that he'd read a good 20,000; and Hitler was said to have read 7000 military books. "How tiresome!" mutters Mr. Brooks. "And how completely untrue!"

H. L. Mencken used to call such people "the bibliobibuli"—"drunk on books, wandering through this most diverting and stimulating of worlds in a haze, seeing nothing and hearing nothing."

●

THACKERAY: THE AGE OF WISDOM (1847–1863) is a magnificent portrait of that urbane, hard-working novelist—fond father, clubman, sometime social lion, true Bohemian; and a most diverting re-creation of London in those prosperous years of spreading empire. This is the second and final volume of ***Gordon Ray's*** fine biography (McGraw-Hill). Far far better than **THE TITANS**, ***André Maurois'*** new book on the three Dumases.

●

Weather: snow followed by little boys with sleds.

For those long winter evenings—should you be left home in a speculative mood—read ***Dorothy Thompson's*** **THE COURAGE TO BE HAPPY** (Houghton, Mifflin). This is a gallant, encouraging, wise book that has more to give to women, I'd say, than that (also very good) best seller of yesterday, Anne Lindbergh's *Gift From the Sea.* Like that book, it is addressed to women, but in a clearer voice and with a more immediate usable philosophy.

Or dip into **TALENTS AND GENIUSES** Oxford), *another delicious sample of* ***Gilbert Highet's*** *lighthearted scholarly humor, running this time from Bach to Buddhism, from Hadrian to Hollywood, from cave dweller to birds.*

And speaking of cave dwellers: New York City, long scoffed at as City of Cliff Dwellers, has been maligned. Statistics show that 40 per cent (by far the largest amount) of residential acreage in the city is occupied by one-family detached homes surrounded by lawn and/or garden, and that 15.1 per cent of the city is vacant land—not streets, or homes, or park!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



GALLIVAN

"Got into the wrong house yesterday—best meal I've had in months."

●

There are two books, out some months ago, that I cannot let go unmentioned. The first, **ISLAM INFLAMED**, by ***James Morris*** (Pantheon), is *the* book to read if you really want to know about the Middle East. The other is **THE WORLD OF JOHN McNULTY** (Harper) stories of the late and deeply lamented John McNulty—the voice of New York as he heard it on the old Bowery, in a ward at Bellevue, in a back hall. How warm these stories are! How understanding of the old codgers in Mat's saloon! How funny and sad and touching!

Slim figures

go with the Light refreshment



ROUND the rink or round the town, today's modern woman cuts a mighty pretty figure. Her trim, slim good looks tell you she's all for the modern trend toward lighter food and drink.

Pepsi-Cola fits right in with this sensible diet. For today's Pepsi, reduced in calories, refreshes without filling. Never heavy, never too sweet, Pepsi is the modern, the *light* refreshment. Have a Pepsi.

PEPSI-COLA

"Pepsi, please"

to refresh without filling

The danger in a "harmless flirtation"

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

THE MIDDLE-AGED "CRUSH"

As we all know, so-called "crushes" are common in adolescence. The bemused teenager may choose for an idol a classmate or football star, or someone totally inaccessible—a handsome teacher, the glamorous college roommate of an older brother or sister, or some celebrity still more remote. The object of all this adulation may be quite unaware of it, still less a participant.

We all know, too, that a man in or near his forties often becomes highly susceptible to the attractions of a woman other than his wife. But unless there has been some deep (though perhaps unrecognized) dissatisfaction in his own marriage, unless his overtures are accepted and encouraged by the other woman, and unless his wife makes an issue of it, his infatuation rarely amounts to anything more than a brief interlude of feeling himself a gay blade and a romantic figure.

Little if any attention is paid to wives' crushes. We are not speaking here of the extramarital affair, involving deep and lasting emotion, often physical intimacy, and perhaps the dissolution of the marriage. We are referring to a phenomenon which in its early stages is much more akin to the adolescent's infatuation. But crushes do occur among wives, as our research clearly demonstrates, and are far more likely to cause trouble among mature married women than among schoolgirls who often know in their hearts that what they feel isn't really love.

A wife's crush may start as nothing more than a mild flirtation, and usually she intends to limit the episode to just that. But too often it progresses to deeper involvement and perhaps ultimately to sexual intimacy. About one wife in three has been unfaithful to her husband by the time she reaches age 45. Whether or not the affair breaks up the marriage, her infidelity is apt to weigh heavily on her conscience, burden her with guilt and seriously disturb her serenity.

Most wives do not consider their extramarital activity an enduring alliance, since most of them do not expect to continue it. (Three fourths, according to Kinsey, and our findings point in the same direction.) Further, our research among several thousand college wives shows that a fourth of those who have had extreme crushes without sexual intimacy and half of those who have been physically unfaithful now regret that they ever became involved with another man.

Leaving aside questions of morality, ethics or religion, the wife who is toying with the idea of a "crush" may well ask herself whether she really wants to become or continue involved, and so invite a definite flirtation or a serious affair. She might check these points:

If you frankly admitted to your husband that you had a crush on someone, how would he react?

If he made the same admission, how would you feel?

If the crush becomes more than that, are you prepared to divorce him and marry the other man?

Would you want your children to know that you were interested in a man not your husband?

If the other man tired of the situation before you, would you retain your self-respect?

In general, do you strongly disapprove of infidelity or other types of involvement between a married woman and a man not her husband?

Does your ideal of the husband-wife relationship include a crush on an outsider for either?

Unless you can honestly say yes on each point, you'd better seek your satisfactions within the framework of marriage.

WAS OUR MARRIAGE A MISTAKE?

The case to be discussed here is not yet closed, but I have high hopes that it will be in a few months, with a happy ending. Had Mary consulted me while she was still single, our findings concerning her personality, attitudes and goals in life might have convinced her that she would be wise to postpone marriage, at least until she was better acquainted with the man who is now her husband. But because she is intelligent, opposed to divorce, and flexible enough to acknowledge and try to overcome her own shortcomings, I know she will make a sincere effort to achieve a successful marriage. Without extremely bad luck, and with the co-operation of her husband, she will do so.

Here are the personal statistics, as reported in her letter asking for an appointment. She is 26, a college graduate, with a good job as a teacher, which she continued to hold after marriage. Howard, her husband, is also a college graduate, and an engineer. His work takes him away frequently. They had been married four months.

When she came to see me, she said, "I'm independent by nature, and I like earning my own living. I'd really never thought much about marriage. I met Howard two years ago and we started dating. We had fun together, and wrote friendly letters while he was in the service. When he came back toward the end of last summer, I let him pressure me into getting married.

"I think I love him, and we do get along well sexually, but we have so many things *not* in common. He makes no effort to be nice to my friends, but sticks to his own—a hard-drinking crew, and I think he drinks too much himself.

"I can't discuss our problem with him—he walks out. He is as intelligent as I am, but he has no cultural interests, so we can't share much, since we don't like the same people. Sometimes he seems almost crude; for instance, his table manners annoy me to the point where he says I nag him—and I probably do. Maybe we're just plain incompatible. Maybe I don't really love him—I suppose if I loved him enough, I'd learn to put up with his ways and his friends. But I've told him I'd leave him if he kept up the drinking."

I did little during this recital beyond saying "I see," or offering to light the cigarettes which she chain-smoked. I did ask one question—how long had she lived in the same community and been free to date before they were married? The answer was a little over two months.

When she returned for her next conference, she asked for the conclusions drawn from the several tests we had given her. They were not very encouraging; in fact, they portrayed a woman far more likely to be an unhappy than a happy wife unless *she* made a special effort. She was dominant, set in her ways, far more interested in an outside job than in a home and children at present, not at all domestically inclined, and reluctant to compromise.

These and other findings painted a gloomy picture, but not a hopeless one. Further, as I pointed out, she has two assets in trying to overcome her handicaps (for that is what they amount to) and improve her marriage: she is willing to try, and her sexual relationship with her husband is satisfactory. This latter aspect can be enormously helpful, so long as she uses it to promote understanding, harmony, a sense of well-being, rather than as a punishment or reward (as she had done).

As we talked, she realized that she hadn't given their marriage a fair trial. The period of their acquaintance, courtship and engagement was so short that she really hadn't known her husband well when they were married. And now, after only four months of marriage, she was ready to break the most important contract of her life.

Marriage, by custom, ceremony and solemn agreement, is a contract "for better or worse." This means that each partner accepts the other for what he or she *is*. Unsuspected flaws will be discovered—but so will hidden virtues. Six months is the absolute minimum of time required before a marriage honestly undertaken can be reasonably evaluated—and a considerably longer period is necessary if the couple are frequently separated due to job requirements or other circumstances.

DO YOU AGREE?

Does infidelity usually mean that the person no longer loves the mate?

One instance, no; but continuing or repeated affairs, yes.

ASK YOURSELF:

Am I Invulnerable?

Few wives deliberately invite crushes, romances or other extramarital diversions, but the fact remains that many women do get involved every year. Answer the following questions with an honest "Yes" or "No" to see how crushproof you are. If you can't be sure, use a question mark.

Do You:

1. **Often feel tense and dissatisfied?**
2. **Consider yourself sensitive?**
3. **Find that time drags heavily?**
4. **Sometimes wish you were single again?**
5. **Need a great deal of praise?**
6. **Enjoy being with men more than women?**
7. **Feel released and warm when you drink?**
8. **Believe that mild flirting is harmless?**

Is Your Husband:

9. **Too busy to spend time with you?**
10. **Quite attentive to other women?**
11. **Temperamental, or hard to live with?**
12. **Critical of you on many counts?**
13. **Jealous or suspicious at times?**
14. **No longer very loving or appreciative?**

Credit yourself with 2 points for each "No" and 1 point for each question mark. If your total score is 23 or more, you are probably crushproof (the average happy wife scores 19 or 20). But if your score is 13 or less, and if you have been married seven years or longer, there is always a chance that if you meet the right man you might have a real problem. Wouldn't it be wiser to use your "Yes" answers as warnings to seek improvement in your marriage?



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Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know,
editors you like,
and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

In January, 1908, Georgia went dry and a handful of New York society women were seen smoking near the opera. The city at once passed an ordinance making it illegal for women to smoke. "Will the ladies rebel?" wondered the New York Times. People talked about the depression and the new "trial marriages"; I Hear You Calling Me was a hit, and America's great composer, Edward MacDowell, died.

Hundreds of readers wrote to the* JOURNAL *following an article urging that children be told "the mystery of life" by the age of six or seven. "Why not hold to the stork theory, on which so many of us were brought up?" asks a woman in the January, 1908,* JOURNAL. *"Because it is a lie," replied Editor Bok.

Mrs. Elizabeth Scott advises ministers' wives: "Keep out of the church kitchen. Keep out of church begging. Keep out of the church choir."

Health notes: "If you fear bronchitis, rub the chest with turpentine and sweet oil. Some skins can't take this."

"Lumbago: A good old-fashioned ironing with a hot flatiron works like magic. Several thicknesses of flannel are laid on the victim's back first."

"Angelica: You were indeed a foolish girl to bleach your hair. Do not add to your folly by dyeing it."

"The new short cuffed men's trousers revealing the ankles and flapping at every step like Mercury's wings are ridiculous," believes the* JOURNAL'S *fashion editor. "Remember, 'The higher the trousers, the fewer the brains.'"

"I am twenty years old and engaged to a man of fifty-five. Would it be proper to go to dances with his son, who is two years my senior?" writes Anxious. Answer: "Very ill-advised."

"A pretty bridal petticoat is white brocaded satin with deep flounces to the floor of white Spanish lace."

"Clothespins will keep the windows from rattling if they are split in two and used as wedges."

"Flour will clean the white bearskin coats that so many little children wear in winter."

Believes Mrs. Rorer: "A glass of whipped cream nicely seasoned finishes a dinner without taxing the digestion."



FRANK E. HALL

A beautiful labor of love, and some of the laborers (clockwise from lower left): Mrs. Frederick Chatfield, Jr.; Mrs. William H. Chatfield; Mrs. John F. Kraft, Jr.; Mrs. Augustus K. Oliver; Mrs. Bernard S. Horne; Mrs. Horace W. Reid; Mrs. Perrin March; Mrs. John Berdan; Mrs. Richard R. Deupree, Jr.; Mrs. Bennett Oliver; Mrs. George Ketchum; Mrs. John D. Evans; Mrs. John F. Walton, Jr.

The National Cathedral in Washington comes closer, perhaps, to being interdenominational than many places of worship in the U.S.A., and we were lucky to have a photographer there the day the High Altar rug was put in place and most of the women who helped to make it were there to stand beside it.

*We were tipped off by the woman who is carrying on the whole many-sided Cathedral needlework project, true to the Middle Ages tradition of the famous European cathedrals—**Mrs. George A. Garrett**, a friend of the **Goulds**. Just now we've been talking to **Mrs. John F. Walton, Jr.**, in Pittsburgh, who had charge of making the altar rug (10′ x 20′ in 22 pieces), which glows like a stained-glass window.*

"I just called everyone I knew in Pittsburgh who was good at needlework," Mrs. W. told us, "twenty-two women . . . a few thought the colors were going to be too bright . . . some never saw each other . . . only I knew how things were going . . . putting the pieces together was the hardest . . . no, three of the group were Presbyterians, I am myself. The rest were Episcopalians. Why, any church can do the same."

Somewhere behind the scenes of almost everything we deal with daily here in the affairs of fashion, beauty, food, furnishings, houses, gardens, a story can be uncovered. For instance, a vital ingredient in the tops of strapless evening dresses, play clothes, bathing suits, and the bras worn with these glamour fashions, are, of course, the stays. But did you know that these involve 2½ million turkeys a year? Well, neither did Ruth Mary Packard until she was visited here at the Workshop by Charles E. Whalen, president of the venerable firm which became, back in 1890, the first to fabricate a strapless bra with turkey quill, or featherbone, as they called it. They use 10,000,000 quills a year. Only four from a turkey, Mr. Whalen told Ruth Mary, are strong enough and long enough for the process that produces the featherbone fabric which helps adapt the feminine figure to changing fashions. "We have a few of those 1890 bras at the shop," he informed our fashion assistant. "But how different they seem today, in both size and silhouette!"

In their continual search for new things and ideas, somebody on the magazine by now must have stopped in at every shop, store, studio or bazaar of interest in town—none more endearing or rewarding than one ***Corinna Wildman*** found the other day, called the Elder Craftsmen Shop. Everything in it is made by men and women over sixty. A lady of ninety knits entrancing dolls; an ex-streetcar conductor makes exquisite inlaid boxes; a retired banker, beautiful leather luggage. Prices from 35 cents for party favors to $400 for violins by a seventy-year-old craftsman. But write to them: 850 Lexington Avenue, New York 21.

It seems we missed a trick when we were running Scent of Cloves, by Norah Lofts, which has now been published in book form, its jacket impregnated, you might have known, with the scent of cloves, in case you've noticed a queer odor in the bookstores lately. "If this starts a trend, they'll have to introduce a new standing for books," a friend of ours at Doubleday phoned to say: "the best-smeller list."

It is one of *Sandra Heath's* attractive assignments to arrange flowers in the Entertainment Room; so, learning last fall that one of the next day's visitors to the Workshop would be *Augusta de Zoeta*, tulip emissary from the Netherlands, Sandra produced an especially striking tulip arrangement, though the season for fresh tulip flowers could hardly have been less in her favor. Augusta turned up fresh and pretty as a spring tulip in her favorite Volendam costume, observing that Sandra wore her hair in a Dutch bob, too, and stopping startled at the door to the Entertainment Room to see such an unexpected tulip display. "Why, we don't even have them now in *Holland!*" she cried.

ABBOT MILLS



Holland's Augusta de Zoeta (left) and the Journal's Sandra Heath.

"How did you do it?" So Sandra explained about the artificial-flower department at our big Fifth Avenue 5-and-10. "The hardest thing to explain," Sandra told us, "was why in a five-and-ten-cent store tulips should be a dollar apiece."

Eugenie d'Arsi (left) displays Elder Craftsmen work to Corinna Wildman.



ABBOT MILLS



THE

Her face was serene,
with only the palest pink flush
in her cheeks
to tell of the excitement inside.
"I hope the children haven't bothered you,"
Joss said.



GREENGAGE SUMMER

BY RUMER GODDEN

Who has the advantage in a duel of love . . .
the practiced charmer or the one who does not even know
that he—or she—can be wounded? . . .
Beginning a new serial in three parts.

On and off, all that hot French August, we made ourselves ill from eating the greengages. Joss and I felt guilty; we were still at the age when we thought being greedy was a childish fault. Hester of course was quite unabashed; Will—though he was called Willmouse then—and Vicky were too small to reach any but the lowest branches, but they found fruit fallen in the grass; we were all strictly forbidden to climb the trees.

The greengages had a pale-blue bloom, especially in the shade, but in the sun the flesh showed amber through the clear green skin; if it was cracked, the juice was doubly warm and sweet. Coming from the streets and small front gardens of Southstone, we had not been let loose in an orchard before; it was no wonder we ate too much. Ever afterward, in our family, we called that the greengage summer.

"You are the one who should write this," I told Joss; "it happened chiefly to you," but Joss shut that out as she always shuts out things, or shuts them in so that no one can guess.

"You are the one who likes words," said Joss. "Besides," and she paused, "it happened as much to you."

I did not answer that. I am grown up now—or almost grown up.

"And we still can't get over it!" said Joss.

"Most people don't have . . . that . . . in thirty or forty years," I said in defense.

"Most people don't have it at all," said Joss.

If I stop what I am doing for a moment, or in any time when I am quiet, in those cracks in the night that have been with me ever since when I cannot sleep and thoughts seep in, I am back; I can smell the Les Oeillets smells of hot dust and cool plaster walls, of jessamine and box leaves in the sun, of dew in the long grass; the smell that filled house and garden, of M. Armand's cooking and the house's own smell of damp linen, or furniture polish, and always, a little, of drains. I can hear the sounds that seem to belong only to Les Oeillets: the patter of the poplar trees along the courtyard wall; of a tap running in the kitchen, mixed with the sound of high French voices; of the faint noise of the town and, near, the plop of a fish or of a greengage falling.

"But you were glad enough to come back," said Uncle William.

"*We* never came back," said Joss.

The odd thing was, when that time was over we—Joss and I—were still sixteen and thirteen, the ages we had been when we arrived on that stifling hot evening at the beginning of August. We were mother, Joss, I—Cecil—Hester and the Littles, Willmouse and Vicky. It must have been nine o'clock.

There had been no taxis at the station, but we found a porter who would take our suitcases on a handcart.

It was beginning to be dusk when our little procession left the station. The handcart bumped over cobbles that, even though we had not walked on cobbles before, we knew were unmistakably French.

Mother gave a small moan each time the porter turned into another street. It seemed a long way, and by the time we came to the hotel gates lamplight was showing in the houses and most of the doors were shut. At Les Oeillets every night at nine o'clock the dogs were let loose and the outer gates closed. We had to wait while the porter rang the bell.

It clanged. There was a deep barking. We did not know Rex and Rita then, but could tell it was a big dog's bark. Two voices commanded it to stop, a woman's, shrill, and a man's—or a boy's talking like a man; that was a good guess, for it was a large boy who appeared. He had on a white apron—we saw it glimmering toward us as he bent forward to pull the bolt; he held the gate open to let us pass. He was dirty and untidy and he did not smile.

Then we went into the hotel and, "Good heavens! An orphanage!" said Eliot.

Afterward he apologized for that. "But you were all wearing gray flannel," he said. "Why were you wearing gray flannel?"

Hester looked at him. "Perhaps you haven't been in England for a long time," she said gently. "Those were our school clothes."

In England we—except Joss—had been proud of them. There are two sorts of families: for one a school uniform is a step down, the feeling of being like everybody else; for the other that feeling is an achievement, the uniform a better, more complete set of clothes than any worn before. We belonged to the second category.

Of course a great many things happened before Eliot said that about the orphanage; he did not even come in until later; but it was Eliot whom we remember of that first evening.

"When he came, there was no more dreadfulness," said Hester, but I had to add, "Except *the* dreadfulness."

"What! Only two passports?" said Mlle. Zizi when I took ours to the office next morning.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

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CATCH AS CATCH CAN

She was the loveliest girl he had ever seen. She wanted his help. But was she truly in danger—or was she danger itself?

By FRANCES and RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

It started with little things, with things of no real significance. It started with a silk robe cut to mold the slender body of a size-ten girl, and with an unexpected salutation on a hastily written note; with a fall suit taken, or worn, on a hot summer evening; and with a telephone call abruptly ended. For Linda Parks, at any rate, it started with such things, all of them too trivial to mention.

For Linda Parks—twenty-two years old, with black hair and deep dark eyes and a face which tapered softly from broad forehead to delicate chin—it began at ten minutes before six on the evening of Thursday, the twenty-sixth of July. It began when, on the fourth-floor landing of a house in Morton Street (Borough of Manhattan, City of New York), she shifted a bag of groceries from her right arm to her left and tried a doorknob with her right hand. She found the door unlocked, which was as she had expected, and pushed it open and went into a hot, narrow room and said "Hi" in a clear, cool voice. When she was unanswered, she said "Hi" again, this time more loudly. It then became apparent she was talking to herself.

She went to a curtained recess in which a gas plate stood on top of an electric refrigerator, next a small sink, and put the bag—which contained four lamb chops, a package of frozen broccoli, a head of lettuce and a quart of milk—on top of the gas plate.There was no use saying "Hi" again, since it was evident that Joyce was somewhere else. This was not according to plan.

It had been Joyce who, when Linda went out that hot morning, had suggested they eat "home" that evening. For an instant the word "home" flickered on the surface of Linda's mind, because home was a long way off—home was a big house, with trees around it, on the outskirts of Centerview, Iowa. *No, it isn't*, her mind flickered back. "*Home*," *now, is right here. Be it ever so stifling.* "Something thinning," Joyce had said. "Lamb chops?"

"I'll bring them," Linda said, and went out into Manhattan's heat, a small and lovely girl who looked cool in spite of everything. She spent the day sitting in offices, in being told they were not casting; in hearing that there might be something next week; in lunching on a tuna-salad sandwich in a mercifully cool drugstore.

Linda had brought the lamb chops and the broccoli. And, apparently, Joyce Holbrook had changed her plans—had gone out without locking the door, which wasn't particularly like her. *Stood up*, Linda thought to herself. *With lamb chops.* But she thought this without resentment. Joyce would pay for her two lamb chops, her half of the broccoli and lettuce and milk, and beyond that there was no obligation. They shared an apartment to save money, not to join forces. They had known each other two weeks and three days. Nobody needed to check in, or check out. If something came up—date, audition, screen test (and would that be something!)—whatever came up came first.

Linda put the food in the refrigerator, got out a Coke and carried it to the living room, where windows looked down on Morton Street.

She turned on a small electric fan and sat in front of it, and the fan blew a sheet of paper into her lap. She recognized the handwriting. Joyce had, after all, checked out. She read:

"*Dear Lindy:* Gone to the country for the weekend with the Nicholses. Remember the Nicholses? See you Monday."

So that's that, Linda thought, *and a lucky girl she is.* Momentarily she thought of the country, trees and grass and coolness.

She thought, *Who are the Nicholses, that I should remember them?* The only place she and Joyce had been together during the two weeks of their acquaintance had been an amorphous party and it was not, she thought, a party given by "the Nicholses." Whoever they might be. Well, Joyce thought she knew the Nicholses. Probably she had met them at the party, where she had met so many, so casually. A wiry, sandy-haired man named Bowen who did something at the district attorney's office; a black-haired man named Jenks who was associated with an agent. (That came closer home.) Assorted males and females, with assorted names. She didn't remember anybody named Nichols of whom, now, Joyce seemed rather to be making a point.

Again she shook her head over the Nicholses, who seemed to have been lugged in. *And why*, she thought—but still half thought—*did she call me "Lindy"? Nobody does; she never did before.*

It was too trivial a matter to pursue. She thought of a shower, fresh clothes. The shower was wonderful. She toweled, went to the closet shared with Joyce and reached in for her robe—the robe of yellow silk, cut to mold the slim body of a size-ten girl.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

© 1957 by Frances and Richard Lockridge

CATCH AS CATCH CAN
is soon to be published in book form
by J. B. Lippincott Co.



Joyce was gone.

Joyce had taken a heavy tweed suit on the hottest day of summer.

"Something's wrong," Linda thought.

"Something I don't understand is happening."



Connie was pretty and witty . . .
but she wasn't very wise
until Mrs. Mullany taught her
the lesson of the lemon pie.

"Connie,
Connie,
Connie," he said,
as if I were warmth,
as if I were comfort,
as if I were love.



ANDS are TO LOVE

By MARY CHURCH

I think the loneliest morning in the world is the morning you wake up on the sofa bed in the study because you quarreled with your husband the night before.

I'd always thought it was supposed to be the husband who slept in the guest room, but after being perfectly horrid to me, Greg just went to bed in our bed in our bedroom. I had no choice but to join him, which I certainly wasn't going to do even though I longed to have him hug me, or take to the sofa bed, which I didn't want to get into all by myself, but I did.

So there I was on a morning in spring. The new-earth smell was coming in at the window. The romantic birds were turning my heart over with their singing, but no one sang any love song to me. What woke me up was the sound of my husband of less than a year starting our car in the carport.

I waited breathless, on my elbows, hoping he wouldn't leave, but he did. I heard the car slide out of the driveway and down the street. He hadn't apologized. He'd meant what he'd said the night before. He'd left the house without saying, "Connie, I love you." It was obviously the end of our marriage.

I put my head down into the pillow and cried until I was cold and hungry and as still as a dead thing. However, I didn't die, so there was nothing to do but get up.

I showered, put on orange tapered slacks with shoes to match and a striped jersey still new from my trousseau, and went out to our dream kitchen.

There it stood in all its glory—the built-in oven, the sink in the middle of the room with a faucet like a swan's neck bending over it, yellow tile counters, and all. I looked at it with loathing. The shine of it had bedazzled Greg, and turned him, in a few short months, from a romantic perfect husband into a married man who wanted a cook more than anything else in the world.

When we were first married and lived in his bachelor apartment and both of us worked, our life together had been exactly as I had dreamed that it would be.

We had paid almost no attention to domesticity. We'd gone to concerts and restaurants and danced. We were gay and happy and alive and in love.

And then we bought this house and Greg made me leave my job and little by little he had utterly changed, until last night our marriage had just blown apart.

"Why have a kitchen like this," he'd hollered at me, "if you don't intend to cook in it?" And this just as we'd finished dinner. "I'm hungry," he said.

"You're emotional," I said. "Let's go in the living room and listen to records."

You'd have thought I'd said something indecent. He became very angry, very unreasonable, very awful. Just thinking about that long, unlovely quarrel that had begun really from the very minute that he'd come home and continued on so dreadfully, I turned absolutely cold.

Quickly, before I could start crying again, I made myself some instant coffee, and mixed some frozen orange juice, and had wheat germ with skim milk—perfectly nourishing.

And so was the dinner I had last night—perfectly nourishing. I had tomato juice, chilled. Those turkey dinners that come all ready on a plate, with two slices of turkey, peas and potatoes. Also, I had nice cottage cheese and celery. For dessert, peaches and coffee.

And I'd been having dinners like it for weeks—months. Why he should go all apart over it, I couldn't think.

When Muriel Reeves, my best friend, and I were in college, we'd taken one course together in home economics—cooking. Our teacher was a woman who was everything Muriel and I wanted to be. Her name was Mrs. Cutler. She was thin and supple and fresh and crisp, and she sparkled with excitement and a zest for living. We were sure she had a strangle hold on love and joy.

The very first day in class she said, "Other domestic-science teachers may teach you to bake cake, pie and lumpy date puddings. I will not. Such monstrosities of culinary art will soon be as forgotten as gaslights. They make the people who eat them fat, and the women who bake them household drudges."

It was as if a clean wind had blown all the cobwebs out of cooking.

"I will teach you," she said, "to cook with a minimum of effort, to plan meals that nourish and that is all. Don't smother the nice young men you will marry," she said, "with fattening confections. Challenge them with the freshness of your personalities made possible by the leisure time you will have if you resist emotionally charged food."

Mrs. Cutler had to leave in the middle of the term. We heard that she had gone to Reno for a divorce, but we didn't believe it. The Mrs. Downey who took her place leaned to pie and roast beef with gravy and split-pea soup.

Muriel and I both dropped the course. We figured we knew all we needed to know about cooking, and we had other, more exciting things to do.

A year before I married Greg, Muriel married Johnny Hooper. They flew out to California to live. Johnny is a brain about jet planes, and I knew that he, at least, would not be old-fashioned about food.

As I finished breakfast, I decided to call Muriel. Unfortunately, I forgot about the time difference, and I called her at five o'clock in the morning her time.

When she finally woke up enough to know who I was, she became alarmed and emotional and stayed that way during the whole conversation. "Connie!" she screamed. "What's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

The Ordeal of Lady Godiva

By GWEN WALKER

"She is
too small,"
the Group said,
"she is too young,
she cries too easy."
Penny was willing
to do anything
to prove them
wrong.

"So this is the baby,"
people were always saying,
supposing she loved to be treated
like an outsized doll.
Penny despised their opinion.

I'm an egg, waiting to be hatched, Penny thought, lying in her bed, waiting for dawn. *I'm an egg. I'm an egg.* It made a lovely tune, smooth and secret, impenetrable. She held the covers very close beneath her chin so that not even a breath of air could get in and touch her awake, and she squeezed her eyelids closed against whatever light might be. In the warm dark hiding place of herself she snuggled, holding off revelation. But a singing joy of expectation started at the pit of her stomach and bubbled up through her little chest and swelled her throat so that she could not bear it, but must sit bolt upright, throw back the covers, open her eyes wide, and whisper the miracle which today would bring, "Godiva, the Lady Godiva."

The instant she had said it she was sorry, and clapped her hands over her traitor mouth while her big eyes scouted the room to see if her indiscretion had been noted. But Betsy was still asleep in her bed, a little round unstirring lump, and all the doors were closed—the hall door, the closet door, the folding bamboo screen which divided her room from Janet's at night. She was undiscovered.

In the dim light the clock on the dresser said five o'clock with its hands and numbers green as witches' eyes. Before Penny had learned to tell time she had been afraid of the night face of the clock, but now she could read it she conquered it each time she looked at it, and so held it at bay. Five o'clock meant nobody would be stirring in the house for an hour. Slowly, reluctantly she returned to her pillow, folded her arms beneath her head and stared at the ceiling. She thought of how Janet and Peter had argued about this betweentime of day. Peter said it was dark light, and that should have ended it because he was the oldest, a boy of twelve, and redheaded. Janet said light dark. Penny would have liked to agree with Peter, but everybody, even grownups, said Janet was exceptionally bright, so most likely she was right.

Would they never wake? She let her mind creep down the hall and peer into the bedrooms. First were her parents, Professor and Missy, in the big old mahogany four-poster, Professor looking very young in his sleep without his pince-nez, with the wisps that were left of his pale red hair sticking up like a baby's, and Missy quite alien with the gay smile wiped off her face and her brown curls tied up in a scarlet nylon sack. Next was the boys' room, with Peter hanging half out of his bunk and eleven-year-old Terry lying still as a statue, "keeping his secret," as Missy said, for his slim pale face was so dominated by his brilliant brown eyes that he had only to close them to be hidden. Peter was the bold one, always the first to walk the barn ridgepole or ride the wildest horse, coming home from school time and again with a black eye or a torn jacket. Terry was a dreamer, full of schemes and lovely fancies. Then there was Janet in her alcove beyond the bamboo screen, her soft brown braids always neat, her sweet round face grave and thoughtful, her quick little brown hands always doing things right, and Betsy across the room with a gypsy look and a gypsy's gay free laugh.

"*Omnia Gallsworthy divisa est in partes tres*," Peter had said last summer. He was joking, showing off the Latin he had learned from his private tutor, a college student the Professor wanted to help without hurting his pride. But he meant it, too, and Penny had seen the other children look at one another with their secret look. The Gallsworthy family was divided into three parts. There were Parents—Professor and Missy; the Group—Peter, Terry, Janet and Betsy, stairsteps, only a year apart; and then Penny, three years after the last of them, only six, the baby.

"So this is the baby," Missy's friends were always saying about Penny, petting her and dandling her, supposing she loved to be treated like an outsized doll. It wasn't true at all; Penny despised their opinion. She despised her fumbling plump hands and her short legs. It seemed to her utterly unfair that time, which kept making the others older, kept leaving her always the same distance behind. She wanted to grow, to catch up with the others, to become one of the Group.

Faraway Hill, where the Gallsworthys lived, had once been a farmhouse, but the pattern of living in the area had changed so that now, although still five miles from the nearest town, it was only a solitary country home. It was a big rambling house with shake sides silvered by time and the weather, and an old-fashioned slate roof which attracted more tourist attention than did the little monuments with which the local historical society had dotted the countryside. The meadow where the horses lived separated the house from the main road, and, neatly divided by a tree-shaded lane, sloped up gently to the yard where wide lawns, tall trees and hedged gardens half concealed, half revealed by contrast, the charm of the old house. It was a wonderful place for children to call home, with the meadow and the lane and lawns for playing, the secret nooks for children's dreaming, and the separateness of the house from neighbors to give them time and peace for dreams.

Professor was called "Doctor Gallsworthy" at Unity College, where he taught English literature, and Faraway Hill was built on books as surely as though its foundations had been all hard covers instead of fieldstone. Books marched around the walls of his study and sprawled on the living-room tables; they got up early enough to come to breakfast and stayed wide open and conversational until the last night light was doused. They attracted friends and innumerable students for evening arguments and colored the thoughts and the fancies of the children. Every evening—Penny supposed it had always been so, because it had always been so in her time—the Professor gathered his children about him and read to them. Before the fire in winter, in the wide embrace of the bay window in summer, the children listened while he spun out for them the sheer magic of books.

Tom Sawyer they knew, and Huckleberry Finn drifting and dreaming on the Mississippi; the Bruce and his companions slipping through the misty Scottish heather; Jim Hawkins trembling in the apple barrel; Alice shrinking and growing magically; Toad being mocked by the washerwoman; Rebecca defiant at the high tower window; hungry Oliver begging another bowl of porridge; little Nell among the waxworks; Jean Valjean rescuing the orphan girl; the devoted little mermaid, the cowardly lion, and uncounted more. The Professor was a wonderful reader. He could twist laughter into his voice, draw tragedy into a sigh, boom with fury, hiss like a snake. He made the world of books real to them, a world of high adventure, deep emotion and endless delight.

And so, because Faraway Hill was nearer to books than to neighbors, it was only natural that the children spent hours of their play in makebelieve, reliving their favorites. The lane became for them the Mississippi, the abandoned water tower a castle, the meadow the Wild West and the hedged garden the Globe Theater. Janet played Juliet and Betsy was Peter Pan, Peter swaggered as Lancelot and Terry loved any kind of part that let him be a deep dark villain. But Penny, whom Missy called "the biggest ham of them all," was never let be anything but a stupid lackey, or a guard outside the tower, or a scrubwoman. It was because she didn't belong to the Group.

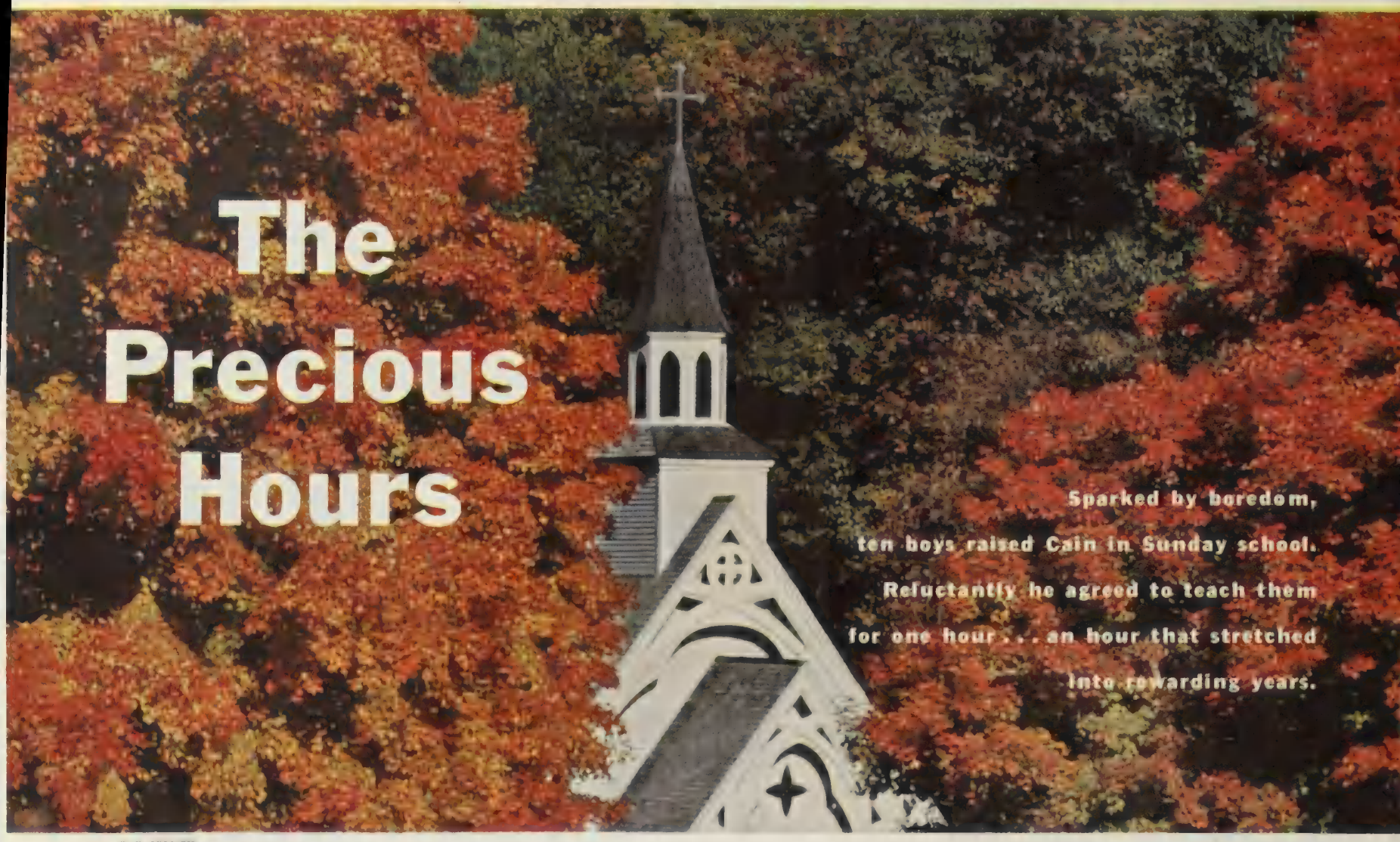
Like the reading hour, the Group was older than Penny; but unlike the reading hour, it was not open for her to join. It was a very select and secret society. They even had special names which were kept hidden until Penny overheard one time and spoke them aloud—Galahad and Geoffrey and Guinevere and Genevieve. The first time Penny asked to join the Group they said, "You can't. You don't have a name like ours." Penny thought about it a long time before she found a name beautiful enough. It was Jennifer. They all howled with laughter when she told them. "It's not like at all," they

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77



ILLUSTRATED BY GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS

The Precious Hours



Sparked by boredom, ten boys raised Cain in Sunday school. Reluctantly he agreed to teach them for one hour . . . an hour that stretched into rewarding years.

R. E. CHRISTIE

By F. ALEXANDER MAGOUN

It all began more than four years ago with a telephone call and I was asked: "Would you be able to take a Sunday-school class for us, day after tomorrow?"

"You want me to substitute for somebody?"

"Well, not exactly, but could you take a class of ten-year-old boys—just for next Sunday?"

"You are asking me to take a class just for Sunday, but I'm not substituting. What is this all about, anyway?"

By dint of much prying, little by little the facts came out. Boiled down into the bare essentials, the truth was that this particular class had exhibited enough combined deviltry and exuberance to dispatch with considerable finality a new teacher every week since the fall term had begun more than a month ago. Now a new lamb was needed for the slaughter.

"It's Friday night already and we must have someone. Won't you please take them—just for next Sunday?"

"Just for next Sunday," I answered with emphasis on every word.

It was not to be so, for as I came out of the church that bright October morning, God spoke to me out of the brilliant foliage of a maple tree as truly as ever He spoke to Moses from a burning bush, or to Elijah following the wind, the earthquake and the fire. I had taught college boys for more than thirty years in one of America's great universities. Long years ago I had been a Sunday-school superintendent in a big suburban church. I had even once been the dean of a school of religious education. These ten little rascals were also raising Cain in public school. Several of them were sons of the most prominent families in this delightful New England village. If somebody did not change their irresponsible verve into responsible enthusiasms, the end result was not pleasant to contemplate. Here was not only opportunity staring me in the face; here was obvious duty demanding my best effort.

I looked up into the maple tree, marveling at the beauty of its red and yellow leaves quivering in the sunlight, but what I heard was a command to return. It was no creaky suggestion. It was an authoritative "You must." God spoke to me out of that tree.

What has happened in the intervening years has done a great deal for me, even softening just a little the blow of my older son's death under which I had so recently staggered when the telephone rang.

In agreeing to take the class on a permanent basis, two conditions were laid down: 1—that I would be completely free of any scheduled lesson books (at that time I had never seen what I thought was a good one), free to devise my own program and to carry it out in my own way; 2—that instead of the boys' going to another teacher the next year (usually an excellent plan), I would go along with them as they progressed from grade to grade. I also gave the boys a promise and an ultimatum. They agreed that much of the deviltry was due to being bored. I promised they would be bored no more. Also, the riotous behavior was over, and no fooling. I believed in being fair and kind. But I also believed in being firm without weakness. If they wanted to find out who was going to be boss, now was a good time to find out. (They did.)

Boys love games. So we devised a game. On a hundred 3″x5″ cards were typed a hundred questions about the Bible, and immediately underneath, the answers. For example: "Where did Moses receive the Ten Commandments? . . . Mt. Sinai." "How did the twelve tribes of Israel start? . . . Jacob's sons." "Who was sold into Egypt as a slave by his brothers? . . . Joseph." "Who was cast into a den of lions because he insisted on praying to his God? . . . Daniel." "Who preached the Sermon on the Mount? . . . Jesus." "Where was the Last Supper held? . . . In an upper room in Jerusalem." "Who was the first missionary? . . . Paul."

Each boy got ten cards. Then, going around the circle, each in turn would ask the lad on his left a question. If the boy could answer correctly, he got the card. The game was to see who could capture the most cards. They loved it. Because in self-defense they tried to ask the hard questions, the tough answers soon were learned. Before the year was out, answers would often be given while the question was still in process of being asked.

We did other things which were collaterally important. There was, as I saw it, no value in gulping down raw the answers to these questions. Answers should be meaningful. So we would read the Bible story appropriate to some question on the cards, after which the boys would choose parts and act out the story as they wished. Their imagination and originality amazed me.

The day they did Moses tending his father-in-law's sheep near Mt. Horeb, Bill wanted to be the burning bush. Outdoors he acquired a handful of twigs. He took off his coat, wrapping it around his head and shoulders so only one eye showed. That one eye was to represent God. Then he shook the twigs to suggest flame, and peering through them, in his deepest diapason said, "Moses, Moses. Come over here and take off your shoes. This here is holy ground!"

Later we did Moses before Pharaoh. Dick made a marvelous Pharaoh: regal, handsome, commanding, magnificently determined. I went to Boston for a mechanical snake from a jokeshop. This was hidden under the edge of the rug, to be picked up and wriggled realistically when Aaron threw down his rod before the king, and it became a serpent.

Thus did one activity supplement, emphasize and illumine another. But not always. David was trying to capture a card by naming three of the parables of Jesus. The first two were easy. Hoping to encourage him, I said, "You know another. Remember, you took part in acting it out only two weeks ago." With accents of complete disgust he answered, "Yeh, but I was only one of the hogs." He just couldn't manage to remember the Prodigal Son.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

Are we entering a new era in our attitudes toward sex?

Today it could be YOUR daughter



RUTH PRIGOZY BUSHMAN



By DR. GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER

Dr. Goodrich C. Schauffler, of Portland, Oregon, graduated from Williams College in 1918; from Harvard Medical School in 1923. For the past thirty years he has specialized in gynecology and obstetrics in younger patients. He is the author of "Pediatric Gynecology" and has contributed to most of the major reference works on this subject. He has had two daughters and three sons.

My patient was a pretty, bright girl in her late teens. She was making good grades at a college noted for its high scholastic standing. Yet she was going to have a baby, and she wasn't married. I asked her how many girls at this college were intimate with men. She estimated, "Nine out of ten aren't 'innocent' any more by their senior year." This admittedly was *her* estimate, not mine.

I was interested in the sincerity of these liaisons. "Would you say most of them go steady? Or is there considerable promiscuity?"

Her answer was indignant. "There is absolutely no promiscuity! We have a strict code; cheating is strictly taboo. Any girl who starts *that* is spoken to by an influential upper classwoman, who makes it clear that she's just a mixed-up little kid."

"And the young men—do they observe a similar code?"

"Well, perhaps not so much. I am not so sure about them."

"What about love?"

"Oh, I don't think that's an essential. Most of the kids would be embarrassed to talk much about love. They are more interested in learning about *life*."

"Do they look forward to marrying the man they are involved with?"

After some thought, she replied, "I don't think that enters in."

"What about babies?"

"Perish the thought! It simply isn't considered! Why don't you *good* doctors teach us kids about contraceptives?"

In recent years we doctors have observed, and have documented, an impressive percentage increase in the number of teen-age pregnancies. Most of these pregnancies are among unmarried girls, an increasing number from so-called privileged homes. The girl who gets in trouble today is not necessarily the girl from the wrong side of the tracks, who "never had a chance"; often she comes from the very swankiest part of town. Illegitimate pregnancies occur far more often among college girls, as well as among girls who do not finish high school; in the families of our neighbors; and, possibly, in our own.

Doctors in private practice who nowadays see young girls in serious trouble are frequently impressed by the fact that they are not tough, designing little "operators" involved in rackets or out for money. Nor are they true psychiatric cases. The subjects of most of our case reports are sweet, nice, normal girls like your daughter and mine.

What explains this increasing number of pregnancies among "nice" unmarried girls? It may be because privilege, in a money sense, has spread so widely throughout our population that we scarcely have a lower class any more. But I think myself that it is because youngsters who were once sheltered and disciplined are now allowed an exposure to and experience of the seamy side of sex formerly limited to older groups and depraved settings.

An idea is prevalent that modern boys and girls receive a better and more realistic education in sex than did their parents. A considerable furor was aroused when I stated to a group of obstetricians that young girls today, at their first awareness of relationships between men and women, are confronted with the whole tree of sex, instead of the leaves and branches. I was asked whether I meant by this that families, or educators, attempt to teach too much about sex too early. I did not. Although I do not entirely approve of the conventional methods of "teaching" sex—especially to large groups—I believe that the very effort to do so convinces children that their adults desire to understand and to help.

I simply meant that children today are subjected to sex in its rawest forms before they have the faintest concept of its *total* meaning in life, and we adults furnish the example. We have only to look about us to realize that, as a nation, we are preoccupied—almost obsessed—with the superficial aspects of sex: you might say, with sex as a form of amusement. This is not true sex, with its corollaries of love, marriage and childbearing. It is an almost hysterical bandying about of sex symbols, coming close to fetish worship. (Consider the present overemphasis of the breast, the stressing of erotic qualities in perfume.) We find this unrealistic sex in movies, in magazine illustrations, in advertisements; we hear it over the radio and see it on television; it is splashed on the covers of paper-backed books and through the comic magazines.

Perhaps you and I laugh at the writhings of an Elvis Presley or the exaggerated posturings of the "hot dames" on the covers of pocket books and in the movies. We may laugh, or turn away in disgust, according to our natures. But to children these things are sex education.

Recently a high-school girl, smart, attractive and straightforward, came to me because she feared she was pregnant. I had been this girl's doctor for years; I knew her parents. I said, "Betsy, how in heaven's name could such a thing have happened?"

"Doc, you ought to know how it is," she said. "We came out of that torrid movie, and he had two cans of beer, and it just couldn't be stopped!"

This boy and girl had been going steady and petting heavily, as many high-schoolers are "privileged" to do. Already they were near the breaking point. They were "privileged" to view a sex exhibition which probably would not have required beer to send them over the edge. As strictly adult fare and in a certain milieu, such suggestiveness may be excusable: as a steady, reiterative pressure on our children, it is indefensible.

Another patient of mine, a delightful, level-headed girl of fourteen, brought me a copy of an exposé magazine the other day. She showed me three separate spreads in which nationally known entertainers were pictured in a series of sex orgies which left scarcely anything to be imagined. The incidents were described with a tough humor that held no hint of condemnation. It all sounded like good, rowdy sport. Of course such magazines are not aimed specifically at a teen-aged audience—but you would be amazed if you knew how widely they circulate among our children. My fourteen-year-old patient said, "My boy friend thinks this is the way sex ought to be handled in our crowd. What do you grownups think?"

In my office practice it becomes clearer every day that teen-age girls—mine and yours—have a lot more book learning about sex and more know-how of a certain kind than you and I have perhaps acquired by middle age. Frequently I must try to explain to my adolescent patients why their parents do not understand facts which, to them, are elementary. But to those of us who try to unravel the tangled stories of their personal tragedies, it is pathetically obvious how confused and shallow much of this know-how is, how divorced from true emotional and intellectual maturity. Dangerously and pathetically, these well-informed children lack perspective and the ability to distinguish between momentary thrills and long-range happiness. And so we find intelligent girls assenting to sex without love, without even

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112



There came a sound from the boy—
a frightening sound—
midway between a sob and a scream.

A THING TO REMEMBER

BY HUGH BEAUMONT

Every man wants his son to be proud of him. Whatever Doctor White said or did today would have a lasting effect on Frank.

"Of course I can't be definite as to time, Reverend White, but in my opinion you have perhaps six months to live. I felt you wouldn't want me to beat around the bush, so I've given it to you straight."

The doctor at the big university clinic had watched Doctor White carefully with tired, young eyes as he had spoken. And the minister, after years of experience in searching for the proper manner, the exact word in times of crisis, had sympathized with the other's problem and had smiled reassuringly at him. It was never easy to know precisely how to speak of death to a person confronted with the final, closed-door fact.

He had forced himself to keep an expressionless face and a calm voice when he had spoken. "There's no chance of a mistake, I suppose?"

The doctor had shaken his head regretfully. "I'm afraid not, reverend. This final test we ran was completely conclusive. Of course you'll probably want to double-check our findings with another lab and through your family doctor."

Dr. Edward George White, Doctor of Divinity, pastor of St. Mark's Community Church, membership two hundred and forty-seven, had thought of his inadequate salary and spoken firmly.

"No, I think not. Have to think of expenses now, of course." He had risen to his feet and drawn a big breath of air into his lungs. "Well," he had said, "that's that. Thank you very much, doctor." Then he had shaken hands with the medical man and stepped out onto the autumn-clad campus with a briskness he was far from feeling.

He glanced about at the familiar university buildings and was vaguely surprised that they looked no different to him than they had, a half hour before, when he had entered the School of Medicine building. It seemed to him that they should assume an unusual clarity, as though drawn into a super focus when seen through the eyes of approaching death. Either that or they should have a blurred, unreal quality. It disturbed him that they should appear so perfectly normal and unchanged. Slowly his mind began to fumble at his feelings to attempt an objective evaluation of his emotions. This was an opportunity that should not be overlooked. Sermon material here. He remembered a story told by a minister friend about having had to circle an airfield for forty minutes in a plane whose fuel was already perilously low. The friend had been able to turn the experience to account. He had, he had said, been able more than at any time in his life to sort through his beliefs and feelings and to determine, once and for all, the bedrock of his faith, to sift out his unshakable convictions. Doctor White was aware of no such inner clarity. Within himself he could find only emotional fuzziness and a desire to sit down. He moved to a stone bench a few feet off the sidewalk and seated himself.

Desperately, face drawn into a frown of concentration, he struggled for self-evaluation. He became aware of a half-nausea in the pit of his stomach. That and a queer sort of uncomprehending dullness in his mind seemed his only sensations. Shock, he supposed. The real feeling, born of realization, would come soon. He remembered the words he had spoken so often to others when they were faced with similar situations. Always such words had seemed so terribly inadequate to him, so pitiful in their smallness when squared up against the awful magnitude and mystery of death. But, he told himself sternly, it was the words, not the truths they strove to represent, that were inadequate. The truths were there, regardless of the fact that words so seldom did them justice. And they should mean something to him. To him, of all people, the truth should have ultimate and supreme meaning at a time like this. He probed within himself. Was he afraid? Did he really and deeply believe the things to which he had devoted his life? His mind answered *Yes*, but deep within his feelings made no response at all.

He wrenched savagely at his mind. *Later*, he told himself again. Later the feelings and inner conviction would come. Now he must think and think clearly. There were immediate and practical things to be considered. How should he tell Ellen and Frank? And when? Ellen he would tell at night. That would be the time. Close, both physically and spiritually, in the warmth and darkness of the bed, he could tell her gently, he could hold her close and help her to accept the fact and feel her way through the shock to adjustment.

But what of Frank? How did you tell a fifteen-year-old son that you were going to be with him six more months, at most? What was the time to tell, and what were the words? And what did one say and do afterward? How would the boy react? Doctor White drew a deep, apprehensive breath. He didn't know. There were so many things about his son he didn't know. So little about anything that he really knew. He thought of God. There, surely, was certainty, knowledge. He closed his eyes and prayed. Slowly, fumblingly, a small man, hunched on a stone bench in the autumn cold, reached out with words to eternity. After a time he straightened, and opened his eyes. He felt better. No nearer to rational conviction, but better in a wordless, inner way. Conviction would come later, he told himself again.

He rose and started again along the sidewalk to where he had parked his car, off campus. Now, he told himself firmly, he must think of practical, worldly things. What of money? He mentally calculated, as he had done so often before, the amount of pension that had accrued to him. It would not be adequate. Ellen would have to work. There was the insurance policy. Not much either, but they had struggled for years to keep it in effect. There was a double indemnity clause. For just an instant the thought of suicide crossed his mind. Then he shook his head and smiled faintly. No, even leaving aside the matter of ethics, he was not the kind of man for an act like that. Such a thing required a sort of negative courage, and he was no hero. Far from it.

With the thought, for the first time since his conversation CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

THE PEERAGE GAME



More than a thousand persons paid the half-crown fee the first day Harewood House, home of the Princess Royal, was open to the public "for maintenance." Harewood House had been open before the war, but proceeds then went to charity.



Lady Raglan personally greets "paying guests" and welcomes them to her home, Cefntilla Court, Usk, Monmouthshire.

By ROBIN MILLER



PHOTOS FROM EUROPEAN

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland in the Long Gallery of Syon House, which is open to tourists from May to October. A former monastery, the house stands on the site of a battle between Britons and Julius Caesar's Romans.



GILBERT WILKINSON, FROM THE LONDON DAILY HERALD

"Bye, darling! See you at the Impoverished and Destitutes' Ball!"

Harassed by heavy death duties and taxes. Britain's noble peers are cashing in on the only tax-free asset they have left—their titles.

When sociologists of the future look back on the first half of the twentieth century it is an even bet they will think of it as the Age of Revolution. The last sixty years have toppled more thrones and scattered more aristocrats than any other era in history.

Even Britain, stanch cradle of tradition, staged its own bloodless social revolution after the war. "Nye" Bevan and his cohorts of envious Left-Wingers "soaked the rich" and did their level best to extinguish the splendor of Britain's great families. Since they were backed up by half the electorate, the aristocracy looked all set for extinction.

The reason that these modern Cromwellians did not succeed is the fact that they—like Cromwell—overlooked two basic facets of the British character. One is the adaptability of the individual Englishman, be he peasant or peer. The other is the almost religious awe with which the British man in the street regards a title. In her more envious moments little Mrs. Jones may long to rush up and down Piccadilly with a duchess' head on a pole, but she will be the first in line when the duchess opens her home to the public. She will also use a cold cream that is sponsored by a viscountess, drink tea that is endorsed by a marchioness, and sit glued to her television screen if a countess is a member of the quiz panel.

Faced by crushing death duties (on one great estate the death duties were $14,000,000) and taxes, the members of Britain's aristocracy also faced the fact that something must be done. Custodians of a fine tradition, they were not going to part with their historic estates without putting up a good fight. Even though they were not businessmen originally they have now adapted themselves with all the vigor of their shrewd ancestors, capitalizing on the Jones' hero worship, and cashing in on their one tax-free asset—their titles.

As a result, only twelve years after the Socialists launched their campaign, the Peerage Game is big business, and things are now looking pretty chipper for what was previously referred to, by the Laborites, as "an obsolete institution."

For those who still possess one, the Stately Home is undoubtedly the most profitable source of income—a pleasant switch on the bankruptcy that faced their owners in the recent past. Before the war many of these great houses were kept up only by great financial sacrifice to bolster family pride, or to rent to millionaires of dubious nationality for the hunting season, and opened at the most four times a year for charity. Many owners prayed for American buyers, or for the National Trust to take over. This, however, presented still more difficulties, for the National Trust operates on slender funds and will not accept a house without a substantial endowment for its upkeep. But now the owners would not part with their new business assets for all the tea in Twinings.

The first Stately Owners to open up to the *paying* public timorously did so on summer Sundays, hoping that a few passers-by would drop in to see the pictures or the Haunted Gallery. They were quite unprepared for the staggering response. As drawbridges came down and portcullises went up, the camera-toting hordes poured in ("like *Tamburlaine!*" gasped one peeress), poking into every nook and cranny, picnicking in the park, hobnobbing with the duke, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

These are "before and after" pictures of model Margot Warner, showing her as a natural brownette, and then as a medium blonde. Some people will like the slightly artificial look of the new lighter color, others not. Margot has her hair coloring done professionally, needs touch-ups for the dark roots every three weeks, which is costly and time-consuming. Note the change in her make-up colors—the lighter eyebrow pencil, paler make-up base and powder, pinker lipstick. Margot purposely subdues these colors with the intention of making her new blondness seem as natural-looking as possible.



ROGER PRIGENT



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

TO: Journal Editors

MEMO: ON PERMANENT HAIR COLORING

FROM: Dawn Crowell Norman Beauty Editor

I have given considerable thought to the matter of permanent hair colorings for our readers, and these are my conclusions.

SAFETY IS A FIRST CONSIDERATION. There is potential danger in permanent bleaches and tints (dyes), if they are misused. Labels caution against using the preparations on eyebrows or eyelashes because "to do so may cause blindness." On the other hand, there are many household articles that could cause comparable harm if misused, such as ammonia, lye and flammable cleaning fluids. *Extra* precaution must naturally be used with hair preparations, since they are necessarily used near eyes. Reputable manufacturers are careful to abide by Government rulings which require suitable warnings to appear throughout the literature that comes with their products. (Home-permanent manufacturers caution users against "drinking" their product and to keep preparation "out of eyes, ears, nose and mouth." They also warn against using if "scalp is sore or tender" and add "Keep away from children and pets.")

Permanent hair colors should never be used until after a strand test (comparable to making a test curl before proceeding with a permanent wave) indicates that a woman's hair is in good condition and will take the color safely. Sometimes hair that has been previously colored or damaged, or for one reason or another is not in good health, will break off or discolor with the application of a bleach or dye. Allergy tests are also required with tints, to determine whether a woman is allergic to the product.

SOCIAL ACCEPTANCE doesn't seem, to me, to present a problem. Women nowadays rarely try to hide the fact that their hair has been artificially darkened or lightened. On the contrary, we find women are eager to talk about it with the idea of finding out which color might be best for them. Perhaps the thing most responsible for this relaxed attitude is that over the years hair-color preparations have been improved considerably toward the goal of achieving a natural look. In the old days henna shades, dense blacks and platinum blonds were heavy solid colors that blocked out all natural highlights and variations in natural hair shades. You occasionally see this kind of color job today, but it is one you can immediately spot, and it is not what most women want or get. Naturally, mothers would want to discourage their teen-age daughters from experimenting with hair colorings. No artificial formula can compare with the real-life beauty of healthy young hair (regardless of natural color), when it is kept clean, brushed and shining with highlights.

SUCCESS WITH GETTING GOOD COLOR. This is a big question, and it is impossible to come up with one answer to cover all women. Hair health, texture and natural pigment enter in. Some natural hair shades will take artificial colorings better than others. (Just as some heads of hair get beautiful, soft permanents—others frizz and look dried out.) In my personal experience of having hair color applied by a professional, I have been disappointed to discover that, no matter how subdued the original application of color might be, as time goes by and "touch-ups" are necessary, my hair gets lighter and lighter and takes on a brassy look, which I then have to have toned down with a product called a "toner," or with temporary rinses in drab shades. In one afternoon in the sun my hair (when artificially colored) can turn a shade lighter. By the end of last summer I was practically a "golden blonde"—not very convincing with brown eyes and medium-to-dark skin tones. But of course this doesn't always happen. I've known women who have had their hair artificially colored for many years without having any such problem. (It has been explained to me that the large amount of natural red pigment in my hair *combined* with the effects of the sun is responsible for the brassy look.)

I do definitely feel that bleaches and tints tend to dry hair and can eventually produce an unpretty strawlike texture. Fortunately, this can often be counteracted with the regular use of one of the many cream rinses which are applied after a shampoo. There are also excellent hair conditioners which are useful in restoring shine and highlights.

The times when women can get into real trouble and wind up with damaged hair are when they go to extremes of, for instance, bleaching dark brown hair to pale blond. This involves an extra process called prebleaching the hair of its natural color, and then putting the new color in. It is complicated, time-consuming, and potentially harmful to the health and texture of hair. Fortunately, most women are not interested in such extreme hair coloring. They are more apt simply to want to brighten their natural color by a shade or two, or to blend in or cover gray or white hair. Naturally the less dramatic the change in color, the less damage done and the more convincingly natural it will be. My experience points out to me that having a professional hair-coloring job done is *not* the answer to having the best job done.

Since many women ask themselves, "Should I change the color of my hair?" I believe it will be helpful to them, in making their decision, to have the above facts which are based on research, observation and personal experience.

Now is the time

for trips into the sun . . .

and for looking ahead

to glimpse, perhaps to plan

summer clothes.

By *WILHELA CUSHMAN*
Fashion Editor



A white pleated dress belongs in every vacation wardrobe. This is Arnel with a wool-and-cotton jacket, by Abe Schrader. Jewelry by Seaman Schepps. White pumps, Jean Bandler.

This green cotton rib-knit coat is a wonderful bright color addition over white, beige and neutrals. For Southern travel and summertime. By Jeanne Campbell—white calfskin bag.

WILHELA CUSHMAN

Winter into Summer Fashions

COLOR, color and more color is in sight for January and June. Sharp lemon-peel yellow to orange, bright blue-print blues, tropical pink. Reds range from flame to ruby, greens are olive and leaf tones.

With all the color, one must have a WHITE dress. Linen, raw silk, flannel, synthetic, often pleated. The easy, flat-pleated skirt is in beautiful contrast to the fashion of the

well-cut CHEMISE which touches the hips, leaves the waistline free. This dress is a natural for South and summer in cotton or silk, sleeveless or sleeved, cool and divinely comfortable.

SHORTER skirts are a fact, no longer a forecast—the degree dependent on height and becomingness.

The COTTON COAT (straight and well tailored) fills a new light-coat need. In ribbed cotton knit, linen or mixtures. The wool coat for vacations and next summer is often pale yellow or white, keyed to go over the new colors.



Citron-printed silk-shantung chemise with pleated sleeves, worn with or without a belt, by John Weitz. Chalk-white necklace by Joseph Bobley.



Important overblouse dress in citrous yellow rajah silk by Mollie Parnis.



Linen chemise, very slightly shaped by Vincent Draddy. Bag by Greta.



Silk-twill cardigan jacket worn over silk or linen, by Sydney Wragge.

Winter into Summer Fashions



The flower bathing suit in nylon with Lastex with a deep-cut back. Fringed rubber cap.



Charming printed cotton with a velvet sash by Nettie Rosenstein.

WILHELM CUSHMAN

The DRESS-AND-JACKET becomes the most important costume idea. Travel-beige silk or wool for take-offs, white and bright for casual wear.

PRINTS are at their prettiest for evening and late afternoon. Often with matching slippers.

BATHING SUITS come printed too.
Very, very low backs are the fashion
and two-piecers come back for the young.

The best SHORTS are white. Slim long pants return to patios and play scenes.
Both with overblouses.

SHOES are delicately shaped, slender and pointed.
Even cotton play shoes now have more-pointed toes.



Travel costume in beige tweed with a jersey blouse by Alvin Handmacher. Topaz necklaces by Nettie Rosenstein.

Left—Cashmere at its newest in peony red with a sailor collar and skirt of white silk in a shantung weave, by Frank Smith. For South or summer vacations.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.



Eternally fresh and in fashion, the beautiful shirtwaist dress holds its own with all silhouettes. This one in silk broadcloth by Lou Kornhandler. Worn with golden starfish jewelry by Seaman Schepps.

Slim linen trousers, brilliant fashion with printed chiffon sweater by Jeanne Campbell.



Pleated wool skirt and matching blouse in plain colors or new plaids, by Pendleton.





Mrs. Rodgers designed these needle-point butterfly squares set in shantung pillows. A small butterfly on one pillow was worked by Mary Martin in an evening spent with the Rodgerses.

This charming mirror frame, made up of lovely porcelain flowers wired to a wooden base, was designed by Mrs. Rodgers for her guest room. Another, with white flowers, is in her dressing room.





Believe it or not, this enchanting eyelet lamp shade was once a ruffle on a petticoat. Mrs. Rodgers gathered it evenly over a plain white shade and accented it with a band and bow of velvet ribbon.



This is an ingenious idea for adapting a wallpaper design to a painted commode. The design can either be painted on or be cut out from the paper and glued on.



This amusing clock face of Swedish origin is one of many painted by Mrs. Rodgers and is used on guest-room doors to indicate the time to be called in the morning.



The designs for this beautiful fireside rug were adapted by Mrs. Rodgers from designs on her favorite Chelsea plates. The rug was made in six separate squares joined by narrow bands, the border added last.

CREATIVE WOMEN—NO. 1

Mrs. Richard Rodgers

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor

Endowed with boundless ideas and energy, Dorothy Rodgers is never without a "creative" project. It might be redecorating her living room, designing and making a new dinner dress for a theater opening, or making a pair of needle-point slippers for a music "great." (Her husband, Richard Rodgers, composer of the unforgettable music in "Oklahoma!" "Carousel," "South Pacific," and many other shows, is still happily wearing his, made several years ago.) She is a perfectionist in whatever she does. Her bound buttonholes compare with those of the *haute couture*, her needle point is inspired and original and she is noted for the thoughtful and amusing gifts she makes for her friends.

Fashion to Dorothy Rodgers is becomingness. Her hemlines haven't budged in years (14″ from the floor) and her beautiful three strands of pearls (two natural and one black) are as much a part of her make-up as her distinctive hairdo. She is infatuated with beautiful fabrics and is famous for her unorthodox uses of them. The fabric in her lovely evening coat on the opposite page was most certainly intended to upholster a chair, and the fabric in her sheerest bedroom curtains was designed for summer dancing. It is this curious visual talent that has contributed some of the most distinctive things in her wardrobe as well as in her house. Having a problem, whether it is in decorating or fashion, makes for more excitement, she feels. For instance, when she was making a very special slacks costume of yellow silk linen, the piece intended for the sleeves had been damaged and no more fabric was available. What did she do? Knitted the sleeves. In redoing her house in the country, Mrs. Rodgers, having chosen a beautiful wallpaper for her large foyer and stairway, was stumped for a rug. What did she do? Designed an oval one embracing the actual flower shapes and the colors in the wallpaper.

Mrs. Rodgers believes that equipment and comfort are essential to good workmanship. Her sewing room is the essence of efficiency. Her dress form was made to measure and she has ingeniously marked her lingerie line on the bodice so that the shape and depth of a neckline can be fitted to perfection.

Besides working at these creative activities, Mrs. Rodgers is a charming hostess, an excellent cook and an enthusiastic gardener. Also, she devotes many hours of service to the Public Education Association and the American Red Cross.

If you wonder where Mrs. Rodgers finds time to do all these things, I will tell you. She *makes* time, as so many creative people do, for the things that are interesting and rewarding.



This magnificent turquoise-and-gold sari was given to Mrs. Rodgers as a present. "It's too beautiful to cut," she said, "so I wear it Indian fashion. I made my choli (close-fitting blouse underneath) from a silk scarf that matched the sari perfectly."



Mrs. Rodgers fell in love with this upholstery fabric at first sight. She designed her evening coat to wear over short dinner dresses and finds it looks chic over black as well as with bright shades. Flat collar is set away from the neck-line, pockets are in side seams. Vogue Design No. 9390.



This cocoa color good wool-jersey dress Mrs. Rodgers designed to wear day in and day out. The comfortable chemise cut, the away-from-the-neckline collar with the button detail, and the tortoise-shell belt are very individual. Vogue Design No. 9391.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



Mrs. Rodgers in her favorite costume photographed in her favorite place—her country patio. Her slim pink silk linen slacks and shirt she made two years ago. The long-sleeved shirt, slacks, Vogue Design No. 9381. Mrs. Rodgers believes that for best results each and every woman must adapt a good slacks pattern to suit her particular figure.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 64. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

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Potluck for Gourmets

"An exquisite scent of olives and oil and juice arose from the great brown dish . . . it was rich, it was tender, it was perfectly cooked."



Tender poached cod, encircled with green peas, is covered with a pungent-seasoned dill sauce, served with lots more of the same.

The boiled dinner is one of winter's most cherished traditions: a generous chunk of beef is simmered gently till the tender meat falls apart at the touch of a fork; its juices mingle with the vegetables which are cooked in the same kettle; a tangy helping of vinaigrette sauce complements the flavor of the beef. The steaming-hot broth left in the pot is served as a first course, in warm bowls—try floating on top a round of toast, buttered and spread with softened Cheddar and popped under the broiler.

One of these cold January nights, serve a platter of plump chicken fricassee, bathed in its own savory gravy, with onions and green beans cooked in the chicken broth, buttery almond rice—and more gravy! And, because it's the time of year it is, try a *hot* fruit compote for dessert—stewed apricots and sweet purple plums, heated with clove-studded lemon slices and a stick of cinnamon.

FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN

Into a large kettle put 3 cups canned chicken broth, 1 onion, peeled and stuck with a clove, 1 small carrot, diced, 2 or 3 peppercorns, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ bay leaf. Dust 1 large cut-up chicken (about 5 pounds or so) with flour and brown well in a skillet. Add your pieces of chicken CONTINUED ON PAGE 76



Robust slices of corned beef, with Brussels sprouts, beautifully firm and green, make the classic New England Boiled Dinner. A sharp curried horse-radish sauce goes with this one.



STUART-FOWLER

Menu

Fricassee of Chicken
with onions and green beans

Almond Rice Gravy

Green Salad
with hearts of palm

Hot Fruit Compote
of apricots and purple plums

Coffee



Succulent chicken fricassee with plenty of golden gravy, green beans and onions, rice with crunchy almonds. Serve a green salad with chunks of hearts of palm, extra gravy, and your guests will come back for more.

Collector's Items

Winter Fruit Desserts

FROM THE JOURNAL KITCHEN



STUART

Deep-dish orange pudding under a delicate fluff of a meringue.

A dessert should lift the spirits as well as tempt the palate. There is never a better choice than fruit. We here present a collection of interesting fruit desserts that are light, unusual, not difficult to make, and that are sparked with the essence that makes a meal memorable.



Cranberry Relish in Cheese Mold: Allow a container of pot cheese (1 cup) and a large (9-ounce) package of cream cheese to stand at room temperature until soft enough to work with a fork, or put them into a blender and whip to a fluff. Have ready 1 envelope unflavored gelatin. Soften in ½ cup hot water until dissolved. Add to the cheese to help the blending. If the cheese is too cold, the gelatin will not mix in well. Pack into a 1-quart ring mold and chill until set.

Meanwhile make the cranberry relish as follows. Wash and pick over ½ pound fresh cranberries. Wash and core 2 tart red apples, but do not peel them. Wash 1 seedless orange. Cut up and remove as much inner membrane as possible, but keep the rind. Use only half the orange. Chop the fruits fine, or put through the food grinder. Add 1 cup sugar. Stir and chill several hours before using. When ready to serve, turn cheese ring out on a platter and fill the center with relish. You can decorate the edge of the platter with greens. This cranberry relish will keep for weeks in the refrigerator. Besides its use as a dessert, it is delicious served with cold turkey, chicken, veal or pork.



Lemon Honey on Fruit: Cream together 1 cup sugar and 2 tablespoons butter. Add the juice and grated rind of 1½ lemons. Heat. When hot, add 3 well-beaten eggs and stir quickly for 5 minutes. Take from the heat. *To serve:* Place a ring of canned pineapple on each dessert plate. On this place a banana, sliced lengthwise. Spoon over all some of the warm lemon honey and decorate with shaved candied ginger. The lemon honey is good served on plain cake or over fruit heaped on spongecake, or on gingerbread too. Makes 4–6 servings.



Cuzco Oranges: This interesting dessert was discovered at a little inn high in the Andes in the old Inca capital of Cuzco, Peru. Select fine seedless oranges, one for each person to be served. With each orange do the following: Cut off the two ends of the orange, making two disks. Spear these disks onto a dinner fork with the two curved sides together. Push the disks to the base of the fork. This much is pure decoration. Now peel the orange and scrape off the white membrane. Spear the orange on the fork, pushing it down to touch the top disk (the flat side of the disk will touch the end of the orange). When you have all the oranges speared on forks this way, stand them on a plate and put in refrigerator to chill. When you are ready to serve them, have ready a plate on which you have placed a generous mound of confectioners' sugar (with no lumps) and a shaker of cinnamon. Quickly roll each orange in the powdered sugar and sprinkle with cinnamon. These are eaten like a lollipop, from the fork.



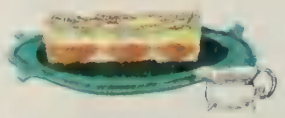
Date-Nut Meringue: This is a particularly delicious meringue. Mix 1 cup crushed graham crackers with ¾ teaspoon baking powder. This takes about 14 graham crackers; crush them with a rolling pin. Beat 3 egg whites until stiff but not dry and add slowly 1 cup sugar, beating all the while. Then fold the cracker mixture into this. Add ½ cup chopped, pitted dates, ½ cup chopped walnuts and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Bake in a buttered pie plate, 30 minutes in a moderately slow oven, 325° F. Serve with ice cream or 1 cup cream, whipped, in which 3 tablespoons brown sugar have been dissolved before beating. This meringue can be made the day before it is to be served.



Orange Pudding: Use well-flavored, fresh oranges for this dish, as the success of it depends on the flavor of the oranges. Beat the yolks of 3 eggs slightly with a fork and add ¼ to ½ cup sugar and the juice of 3 or 4 oranges. Cook this until the mixture thickens a little. Boil it hard, stirring constantly. Split a dozen ladyfingers open and line the bottom of a 1-quart baking dish with them. Pour the orange custard over the ladyfingers and let this stand overnight in the refrigerator. Next day make a meringue by beating the whites of the 3 eggs until stiff but not dry and adding slowly ¼ cup sugar. Spread this over the ladyfingers and brown in a moderate oven, 350° F. Cool this again before serving with cream that has not been whipped.



Coconut-Walnut Delight: This is a delectable surprise, unusual and of an interesting consistency. Soften ½ cup butter and add slowly to it 1 cup flour, blending to a smooth paste. Spread this in a 9″x12″x2″ buttered glass baking dish and bake it 10 to 15 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Meanwhile, mix ½ cup shredded or flaked coconut, 1½ cups brown sugar, 1 cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup finely chopped candied cherries, 2 tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Spread this over the cooked paste and bake 20 to 25 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F., then cool. Leave in pan. When cool, frost it with a mixture of confectioners' sugar and lemon juice in a proportion to be right for spreading. Serve in slices.



Fruit Crunch: Apricots or peaches, canned or dried, may be used for this dessert. Or you can use a combination of the fruits. If canned fruit is used, drain the fruit, reserving ½ cup syrup. If dried fruit is used, soak the fruit overnight, then cook it over low heat in the water in which it was soaked until tender, usually only 10 or 15 minutes. Use no sugar; the slow cooking brings out the natural flavor of the sugar in the fruit. Butter a baking dish. Arrange the fruit in it. Pour over it ½ cup of the juice from the fruit. Have ready 1 cup sugar mixed with ¾ cup flour into which you have worked 7 tablespoons butter until crumbly. Sprinkle this over the fruit and bake 30–40 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Serve with plain milk or cream.



Individual Fruit Cobblers: Cream 2 tablespoons butter with ½ cup sugar. Add 1 cup flour which has been sifted with 2 teaspoons baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt, alternately with ¼ cup milk. Fold in the whites of 2 eggs, beaten stiff. Butter 6 custard cups. Fill one third full with almost any canned fruit or a combination (blueberries, crushed pineapple, cherries, raspberries, blackberries, peaches, and so on). Sprinkle each with a little lemon juice. Drop a large tablespoonful of the batter on the fruit and bake or steam in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

DRAWINGS BY ANNA JOHNSON

souper special

BUDGET BEATERS



Budget Beater:

SOUPER BURGER!

Imagine making chuck even *thriftier*. (And out of this world for goodness!) *Vegetable Souper Burger.* Brown 1 lb. ground beef and ½ cup chopped onion in heavy skillet; stir to separate meat. Add 1 can Campbell's Vegetable Soup, 2 tbsp. ketchup, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, dash black pepper; simmer about 5 min. Serve on toasted buttered buns. Enough "filling" for 6 buns . . . and for six happy people including the cook. It's a cinch to make!



VARIATIONS: Prepare your favorite hamburgers. When brown, remove from skillet; add can Campbell's Tomato Soup to drippings (about ¼ cup), or can of Cream of Mushroom Soup (2 tbsp. drippings); heat and serve over burgers.



Budget Beater:

SOUPER SANDWICH!

Cost: pennies. Time: about 6 minutes. Taste: terrific! *Souper Cheese Sandwich with Tomato Soup sauce.* Butter 4 to 5 slices of toast; place a slice of process cheese on each. Broil or bake until cheese melts. Heat 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup — made from sun-ripened Campbell tomatoes; pour on sandwiches. Season sauce with 1 tbsp. chopped pickle or ¼ tsp. ground oregano for pizza lovers. Hint: makes a quick hot lunch for schooldays!



SOUPER SANDWICH VARIATIONS: Ham with Cream of Celery Soup sauce ▪ Beef with Cream of Mushroom Soup sauce ▪ Chicken with Cream of Chicken Soup sauce



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For other Budget Beaters ask your neighborhood grocer or write to Campbell Soup Company, Camden 1, N. J.



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THE GREENGAGE SUMMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

"Joss, my sister, has hers, the rest of us are on my mother's." I hated to have to say that. I had fought about that passport. "Why should Joss have one and not I?"

"She is sixteen," said mother, and added, "You forget how young you are."

Three years separated each of us children—father's expeditions usually lasted three years—but Joss and I had always been the Big Ones, as Willmouse and Vicky were the Littles, with Hester in a no man's land between. Our surname was Grey; I wished it had been Shelmerdine or de Courcy, but it was, simply, Grey. "Better than Bullock," said Joss. We had not quite escaped that; Uncle William was a Bullock, William John Bullock, and Vicky, Hester and I were as unmistakably Bullock as he, short, bluff, pink-faced, with eyes as blue as larkspurs.

Why could I not have been born to look like Joss, or be Joss? Joss and Willmouse were dark and slim with such an ivory skin that their lashes and hair looked darker. "Like Snow White," said Hester with the only trace of envy I ever heard in her. They were, too, delicately unusual; Willmouse had the peaked look of an elf while Joss' eyes had the almond shape that had given her her nickname. "Because Chinese people have slant eyes," said Joss.

"Are supposed to have them," father had corrected her. "Most of them have eyes as straight as anyone."

"They have them in paintings," said Joss, who knew all about painting. She and Willmouse were equally vain—and clever; Joss was a serious painter and Willmouse had what we called his "dressage." It was years before we found out that that had to do with horses, not clothes. Willmouse's scrapbooks and workbox and the dolls that so distressed Uncle William—"Dolls! Gordon's ghost!"—were part of it: the books held a collection of fashion prints, designs and patterns of stuffs; Willmouse needed his scissors and pins for draping his designs—"I don't *sew*," he said; "that will be done in my workrooms"—while the dolls, his models, Miss Dawn and Dolores, were not dolls but artist's lay figures carved in wood with articulated joints. They had been given to Joss by Uncle William to help her in her painting, but to mother's bewilderment she would not touch them, while Willmouse had annexed them. Mother could deal with us little Bullocks. Though we were often rude or obstinate, "That is normal," said mother, but with Joss and Willmouse it was as if, in our quiet farmyard, she had hatched two cygnets.

It had never been fair but now, I thought, it was growing more unfair, for Joss had blossomed; that was what people said of young girls, and I saw it was the right word: she was like a tree or a branch where every bud was breaking into flower.

She would not undress with me any more and I was glad, because my pinkness was still distressingly straight up and down while she had a waist now, slim and so supple I could not help watching it, and curves that tapered to long slim legs, while her breasts had swelled. She was restless, too, as if she were always excited, which was odd because her face was serene and withdrawn, almost secret, I thought, with only the palest pink flush on her cheeks to tell of the excitement inside.

"Is Joss beautiful?" I asked with a pang.

"Just now," said mother, "just now."

I tried desperately to keep up with Joss. At the moment I was more like a chameleon, colored by other people's business, and now I burned when I saw Mlle. Zizi's lips twitch as she read out our names from mother's passport.

"Where is your father?" asked Mlle. Zizi.

"In Tibet," said Hester.

"Ti-*bet?* What is he doing in Tibet?"

"Picking flowers," said Hester.

"*Picking flowers!*" Mlle. Zizi repeated it in French, and Paul gave a short guffaw which made me rap out, "*Il est botaniste.*" I added, in English, that he was on an expedition. "He usually is," said Hester.

Mlle. Zizi and Mme. Corbet looked at each other. "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Eh quoi?*" said Mme. Corbet.

They began to talk about us in French as if we were not there. "They have not been in France before," said Mlle. Zizi, looking at the passports.

"They have not been anywhere," said Mme. Corbet.

"We have," I began hotly. "My sister Joss was born in India. Mother's old passport expired, that's all," but they did not listen.

"And they don't speak French."

That was wounding because, up to that moment, I had believed that Joss and I, particularly I, spoke French very well. "You ought to," said Joss, "you learned enough." That was not kind, for learning French poetry was a punishment at St. Helena's.

"We cannot be expected to look after them," Mme. Corbet was saying.

"We can look after ourselves," I said with dignity, "We are not little children."

Mlle. Zizi picked up Joss' passport. "Sixteen," she said, "a child," and asked me in English, "Have you no relative, no one at all who could come?"

Before I could stop her Hester had answered: "Uncle William."

Uncle William was mother's brother, ten years older than she—"Though it might have been a hundred," said Joss. Most grown people are like icebergs, only a little showing, the rest submerged—that is why a collision with one of them is unexpectedly hurtful—but mother was like a child transparently aboveboard and open, "To any scallywag," said Uncle William.

I sometimes wondered if he ranked father as a scallywag, but he did not say it and Uncle William said most things. "If you had listened to me," was his favorite. I do not think mother had listened to him when she married, but all the same, when she brought Joss back from India—babies cannot go on expeditions—he had met them and brought them to Southstone.

Uncle William spent money and time and effort on us children, "And words," said Hester, "heaps and heaps of words," while father came only at long intervals, yet we loved him and longed for him to come home; we ran our legs off on his errands and were proud of belonging to him. "Oh well," said Hester, "I will look after Uncle William when he is old."

Did we need Uncle William? I could never make up my mind, just as I could never make out if mother was very silly or very wise. Take her dealings with Willmouse. "He says he won't wear it," she had said, handing back his new school cap at his school.

"Then he must leave," said the headmaster.

Mother consulted with Willmouse and, "He would rather leave," said mother and Willmouse left, until Uncle William heard.

"Why can't I go to a girls' school?" asked Willmouse. "They don't have caps and perhaps I could wear my muff."

"Gordon's ghost!" said Uncle William.

The muff was white fur lined with satin; Willmouse had bought it with the money Uncle William gave him for his fifth birthday.

"What did you buy, boy? A cricket bat? A train?"

"A muff," said Willmouse.

"Gordon's ghost!" said Uncle William. We never discovered who the ghost was, but Willmouse often made Uncle William say things like "Gordon's ghost!" and "The only boy amongst them and he isn't a boy!"

Willmouse was little then, but I think we ourselves sometimes wished we had a proper boy. "He is Willmouse," said mother. That was what she understood about him, about us all, in our different ways. Perhaps if she had been left to deal with us alone there would not have been the discontent and rudeness.

I think now that the discontent was because we were never quite comfortable in Southstone and the rudeness came from the discontent. For one thing, we were much poorer than the people we knew, poor to be Uncle William's sister, nieces and nephew; and we had this curiously absent father while other girls' fathers went to offices and caught trains and belonged to the Sussex Club. Mother, too, was not like other mothers, nor like a grownup at all; she patently preferred being with Vicky or Willmouse or any of us to playing bridge, or organizing bazaars. We were odd, belonging and not belonging, and odd is an uncomfortable thing to be. I know now it was not good for us to live in Southstone. We should not have been so odd somewhere bigger, in London perhaps.

"In London," said Joss dreamily, "you can be anyone. You never know whom you are sitting next to. He might be a beggar or a duke."

"Or a thief," said Uncle William, who had decided views on London.

"Southstone ——" I began.

"Is where you live," said Uncle William.

"It's all middle, middle, middle," I said in despair. It was. No beggars and no dukes. "Just middle."

"My dear child, that is the world."

"The world is *not* all middle," said Joss.

"Most of it is. Why should you be different?"

We could not think of any reason, yet we knew we were; every heartbeat told us that. "How shall we ever get out of Southstone?" I asked Joss in despair.

Then we were rude to mother again and she took us to Les Oeillets.

I do not know what it was that drove her to it. Probably Joss and I had been more than usually difficult and unkind, for I had followed Joss in this new bullying of mother, of being horrid to Hester and snapping at the Littles, of criticizing: "Oh, mother! You are so slow." . . . "Do we have to have that *disgusting* old tea cozy?" . . . "*Must* you wear that hat?"

FINDERS KEEPERS

By DOROTHY LEE RICHARDSON

In Wissahickon woods one winter day
We found, encased in ice, a dollar bill,
Thawed it and spent it; and I have it still
In the soft old wallet of my memory,

From which, when feeling poor, I take it out
And buy again a ticket to the creek
(Half black, half frozen), buy, to paint your cheek
Bright red again, the wind's rude slap and shout,

And buy our supper at the Valley Inn,
Whose gable blessed us with a shaken shock
Of snow as we went in to spend our luck
On food, fire, shadow where your hand brushed mine

With tentative touch; for that was long ago
In time of reticence, when, like path and hill,
The heart awaited thawing under snow—
And melted in your hand like the dollar bill.

We did not go away for the summer holiays—"Or any holidays," said Joss discontentedly—but spent long days on the beach, cnicking. "Must we?" asked Joss.

"I thought you liked it," said mother, but oss shuddered.

Our picnics were even more family ones an most; we had baskets and bags bulging ith bathing towels and vacuum flasks, and dreadful aluminum food container, brought ome by father from India, that was always oming apart in the street. We had to wear hat we called our scarecrows, old faded-out atched cottons. "I can't help it," said mother, I can't let your good clothes get covered ith salt and oil."

"We haven't any good clothes," said Joss.

Mother was gentle, but that day we went o far. I do not remember what we did, but e lost her temper. "You are abominably lfish," she said.

When she was angry she did not go white as oss did; she went pink. "You never think of nyone but yourselves."

We stared. Whom else should we think of?

"Everyone tells me you are badly brought p and it's true."

"You brought us up," said Joss.

"It's true," repeated mother.

"What are you going to do about it?" I sked as insolently as I could, and Hester ole a hand into hers.

"I shall do something."

"What?"

Mother took a deep breath. "I shall take ou to the battlefields of France."

"The *battlefields* of *France!*"

We were still speaking rudely, but it was eble, the last intermittent gunfire before surender. "Why?"

"So that you can see what other people have iven," said mother, "given for your sakes; nd what other people will do in sacrifice. erhaps that will make you ashamed and ake you think. And Saint Joan," said nother, "Saint Joan at the stake. We shall op at wherever it was and see where she was urned."

"Oh, *mother!* Not in the middle of the summer holidays!"

"Holidays or not," said mother, and shut er lips.

"Pooh! You haven't enough money," said oss, but she sounded a little frightened.

"I shall use the legacy."

"The legacy is for college," said Joss.

"This is college," said mother; "it is education. You need to learn . . . what I cannot each you," said mother, her voice quivering.

She did not ask Uncle William's advice. he went to Mr. Stillbotham.

Mr. Stillbotham was an elderly theosophist who spent his winters in the South of France; ve admired him for that and thought him distinguished with his silver hair, pince-nez, lue-and-white-striped shirts and bow ties. ltogether he seemed a suitable person to adise us.

"You wish to visit your dead?" he asked hen mother told him about the battlefields. They are not dead but liv——" But for the urpose of our visit mother needed them dead nd she cut him short.

"Can you tell us of a hotel, not too expenive, and near the cemeteries?" she said.

"Les Oeillets at Vieux-Moutiers." That was he first time we heard its name. "You will ind plenty of motors at the station."

Saint Joan had been burned, it seemed, at Rouen. "But you can break your journey here if you go by Newhaven-Dieppe, which will be cheaper," said Mr. Stillbotham, "or if ou preferred it, you could spend the afternoon in Paris."

Spend the afternoon in Paris! Saint Joan ad not the slightest chance after that. "I hall see the Louvre," said Joss.

"I shall see the shops," said Willmouse nd, as always when he was stirred, his face ent white.

"Do you remember those strawberry tarts, ittle strawberries in syrup, that father once rought back?" asked Vicky. "They came rom Paris," she said reverently.

Hester and I, as usual, were far more ordinary; she would be happy buying post cards nd taking snapshots with her box camera, while I, the chameleon, would be with them all in turns. We were all equally excited.

"If you listen to me ——" said Uncle William, but nobody listened.

"Very well," said Uncle William. "When you get into trouble, don't ask me for help."

"We shall not need help," said mother, dignified; but the day before we left she was bitten on the leg by a horsefly. "A little fly," said Hester, "to do all that!"

When mother took down her stocking in the train from Dieppe, the leg was swollen and the skin looked purple, green and blue. "Like a bruise," said Hester. "Did you bruise it? All over?" she finished uncertainly.

Mother shook her head. She fumbled with her handbag as if she could not control her hands and she shivered, although she was hot.

"You are ill," said Joss accusingly, and mother could not deny it.

It was altogether a disappointing as well as a dismaying day. In Paris we did not see the Louvre, nor the shops, nor eat strawberry tarts. We did not buy a single post card, nor take a photograph; we waited in the waiting room for mother to get well. "Why didn't you go to Cook's? The American Express? Any of them would have helped you." Uncle William has asked us that often, but Joss and I had then only one idea: to get mother, ourselves and our suitcases to Les Oeillets.

There was a train at seven. I remember I went to a food wagon and bought rolls and sausage. I did not know what else to buy and Joss would not go. "But you are the eldest," I said.

"You are the best at French," said Joss.

Like a herd we drew together and sniffed the sausage; we had not smelled garlic before and we gave it to the attendant; we ate the rolls.

I remember when Vicky touched mother's leg, mother gave a little scream and quickly bit her lip. "Don't worry," she said in a moment, "one is not sent anything one can't bear," but she had to bite her lip again.

I do not remember the train, only that Mr. Stillbotham had been wrong and there were no taxis at the station.

"But mother can't walk," said Hester.

"She must." A terrible hardness had come upon us. We took her by her arms. She moaned and stumbled, and Hester wept. At last we came to the gates.

As we waited after the porter rang the bell, I moved away from the others. Through the gates I could see a courtyard with gravel round a square of grass in front of the house. To the side, paths led away into the trees. I could smell a summer smell of cut grass and, near me, some flower scent that was heady and sweet; a white flower, I thought, jessamine or syringa. After the city and train my skin was cinder-dry and the air was gratefully cool against my face. I was filled with a sense of peace. This was the Hôtel des Oeillets, real, not the mirage; we had arrived.

"*L'hôtel n'accepte pas les malades*," said Mme. Corbet.

"Does that mean she won't take sick people?" I asked Joss.

"I think it does."

The office at Les Oeillets was off the stairs. There was just room behind the counter for a safe, a keyboard with pigeonholes for letters, and Mme. Corbet's desk with its telephone and account books. Now we—Joss, Hester, Willmouse, Vicky and I—stood in front of the grille; Willmouse's eyes were just level with the counter; only the top of Vicky's hat showed.

The staircase was paneled in pale green, riddled with curious holes, but the holes did not take away from its elegance. The hall was elegant too. The banister rail was dark polished wood, the banisters thin and white; in the wall were crystal wall lamps that matched the chandelier in the hall. We looked at that, amazed, for we had never seen a chandelier in a house. The hall had a squared marble floor; its chairs were gilt with faded brocade cushions.

In that hall our fiber suitcases looked cheap. We had other luggage even more vulgar: a basket, a brown paper parcel of the Littles' Wellington boots, an untidy heap of raincoats with their belts hanging; and we all

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



Will you "weather the winter" in good health?

During the stormy, disagreeable winter months, the usual seasonal illnesses . . . especially colds, pneumonia and influenza . . . may strike with increasing frequency. And this winter brings another variety of influenza—"Asian flu."

The symptoms of "Asian flu" are much like those of other "grippy" colds . . . fever, marked tiredness, and aching, especially in the back and legs. Should these symptoms occur, call your doctor, go to bed . . . and stay there until he tells you that the likelihood of complications is over.

According to the Public Health Service, "Asian flu" has thus far been a relatively mild disease of short duration. Barring complications, doctors recommend home care rather than hospital treatment.

"Asian flu," like a severe cold, can lead to pneumonia. Medical science, however, has become increasingly skillful in treating pneumonia with antibiotic drugs. Today, all but a very small proportion of pneumonia cases are saved. But treatment must be started promptly by your doctor to bring pneumonia under control quickly.

How you combat any respiratory disease depends a lot on your physical condition. While it is wise to maintain your general health in every way, it is equally wise to take preventive measures which may help guard against all respiratory infections.

Keep away from crowds as much as you can.

Guard against chilling and dress warmly.

Avoid people who have respiratory disease.

Cover your coughs and sneezes with paper tissues.

Dispose of used tissues immediately.

Wash your hands thoroughly before eating.

Wash eating utensils in hot, "sudsy" water, scald them in boiling water and let them drain dry or use disposable cups and dishes.

Isolate any member of your family who has cold or flu-like symptoms.

Your doctor may also advise vaccination against "Asian flu."

Be sure to stay in bed as long as your doctor recommends. If you stay "out of circulation," others will be protected from your infection.

Since sickness may occur at any time in any family, someone in every household should know the principles of home nursing. Metropolitan's new Home Nursing Handbook explains what you can do for a sick person's comfort, contentment and recovery. Use the coupon below to get your free copy by mail.

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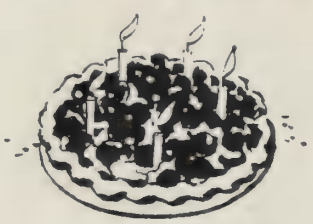
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

carried treasures. Joss', of course, were neat, a drawing board strapped to her wooden paintbox. Hester had her camera, Willmouse his scrapbooks and workbox packed up with Miss Dawn and Dolores, while Vicky had Nebuchadnezzar in a basket. Nebuchadnezzar was a pig made out of a potato, with matchstick eyes and legs; she had made him at school and carried him about ever since, though he was beginning to shrivel a little. "When he is quite shriveled I shall eat him," said Vicky. Mother, sitting on a chair, leaned her head back and shut her eyes and her face seemed as mottled now as her leg. As for us, we were crumpled, untidy and dirty. I could see that we were not at all the kind of family that would be an ornament to any hotel.

"I expect a doctor will come and take our mother to hospital," Joss said in English.

"*L'hôtel n'accepte pas les enfants seuls.*"

"She won't take children by themselves."

"But if we *are* by ourselves?" said Hester.

Mme. Corbet sat behind the grille with the hotel books spread out round her. On this hot evening she was wearing a black high-necked blouse; a black crochet shawl with bobbles was crossed on her shoulders. Her hair was in two black snakes coiled in a knot on the top of her head and she had a mustache of heavy black down on which Willmouse, straining to look over the counter, had instantly fixed his eyes. All the time we were talking I saw him examining it.

Joss was desperate. I knew that by her white face and the bigness of her eyes. "*S'il vous plait, aidez-nous,*" she said. I knew how difficult it was for her to humble herself, but Mme. Corbet only shrugged so that the topknot and the bobbles of her shawl danced.

"*Et qu'est-ce que je peux y faire, moi? Je ne suis pas la patronne. Je suis Mme. Corbet, c'est tout.*" She said that as if to be Mme. Corbet was something derogatory.

"If it is not your hotel, where is"—Joss consulted the paper Mr. Stillbotham had given us—"where is Mlle. de Presle?"

"Mlle. Zizi? *Elle va dîner au château de Méry.*"

Joss and I looked at each other. Did she say *going* out to dinner? In Southstone we had supper at seven o'clock; now it was nearly ten.

"*Au château de Méry,*" repeated Mme. Corbet impressively.

The maid who had helped with our luggage and who was now waiting on the stairs rolled up her eyes and crossed herself; she was pert and Mme. Corbet spoke sharply.

"*Y sont des amis ——*"

"*Amis* means friends," I told Hester. "Mlle. de Presle is going to a big house, a château, that might mean a castle, to friends."

"*Des amis à Monsieur Eliot,*" said the maid. Why did she say "Mr. Eliot's friends" so meaningly?

Mme. Corbet ignored her. To us she said, "They say the president of the Board of Trade is to be there," and I thought, *So! She can speak English.*

"Then we can't see Mlle. de Presle?" asked Joss.

"Naturally not."

"But what can we do?"

Mme. Corbet shrugged. "*Vous feriez bien d'aller au commissariat.*"

Commissariat? What was that? We looked at one another mystified. "Police," said the hotel boy Paul from his place on the landing, "go police."

Joss' face flamed as though Mme. Corbet had slapped it. "Come," she said to us.

We left the counter and followed Joss across the hall, walking round the two big Alsatian dogs that lifted their dark furred faces; one wagged its tail: it was the first sign of friendliness Les Oeillets had given us.

The porter had gone and I do not know how we should have managed, but at that moment a white door on the landing opened and Mlle. Zizi and Eliot came out.

It was the first time we had seen anyone in "tails." Uncle William had a dinner jacket, of course, but our vision had gone no further than that. I say "tails" because it was at Eliot we looked. It seems strange now that, seeing a man and a woman both in full evening dress, we looked at the man first, but there was no question about it. Hester gave a little gasp.

"Were you ever a sailor?" Joss asked Eliot afterward. I knew what she meant; he was tall and brown and lean, as were sailors in magazine pictures. His eyes even had lines at the sides as if he had wrinkled them looking at the sun. "Were you a sailor?"

"Probably," said Eliot.

"Don't you know?" asked Hester, incredulous.

"I know that I was a soldier," said Eliot. "Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man ——" but Hester interrupted him.

"You can't have been everything," she said.

"I pretty well was," said Eliot.

We took it for granted that his eyes were blue. His hair was brown, a little grizzled. His face had curious high cheekbones. "From my Chinese grandmother," he told us solemnly. We believed him and it still seems to me now that his hands and feet were so small as to be Oriental. "I am descended from Genghis Khan," he was to tell us, and Hester asked: "Who was Genghis Khan?"

"A fearful Tartar," said Eliot, smoothing her hair.

His clothes were so impeccable—that was a word I liked and had taught to Willmouse—that they looked as if he had just bought them. He had a carnation in his buttonhole, a dark red one, and it seemed to symbolize Eliot for us. We could smell its clove scent and it was heady.

Behind him came Mlle. Zizi. When we looked at her we were struck dumb with shyness because Mlle. Zizi was . . . "bare," whispered Hester. Arms, neck and shoulders, "and back and front," said Hester reluctantly. We did not know what little puritans we were until we saw Mlle. Zizi.

Privately I thought her very beautiful with her heavy dark red hair and eyes that seemed almost too enormous—like a sunflower. They were blued—"on the *lids*," said Hester, surprised—and her mouth was very red. What there was of her dress was gauze, black.

They came down the steps from the landing, stopped at the sight of us, and it was then that Eliot said, "Good heavens! An orphanage!"

Joss was too angry to notice that he spoke in English.

"Don't worry," she said bitingly, "we are not staying." To us she said sharply, "Come on. We will take the luggage first and come back for mother."

She walked past Eliot to the door; she had picked up two suitcases. The rest of us followed. Paul went to open the door, but Eliot stepped forward.

"Where are you going this time of night?"

"To the police." Joss' nostrils were pinched with temper.

"The police? Why?"

"Because of you *French*," said Joss furiously.

"I'm not French, I'm English," said Eliot.

Mother must have heard that. She gave a moan and said, "Please."

Eliot looked past us to her, and his face changed. "Zizi," he said, "she's ill."

He went quickly to mother, bent down and took her hand, feeling it as he questioned her, but after that "Please" mother did not speak again, and her head rolled against the chair.

"She's ill, Zizi," he said. "We must help."

"But . . . our dinner." Her English was pretty and clipped.

"All the same."

"But we shall be late!"

"All the same." It sounded like a command. "Irène," he called to Mme. Corbet, "ring Doctor Giroux," and to Mauricette, "Open the rooms."

I heard Mme. Corbet pick up the telephone; the maid shrugged and went to the keyboard. Paul took the suitcases from Joss, but Mlle. Zizi stayed where she had been, at the foot of the steps, her beautiful dress held up.

To wake for the first time in a new place can be like another birth. I think that to me it was perhaps more startling than to most people because, for as long as I could remember, I had woken each morning in the same bedroom in Belmont Road, that essentially English bedroom with its wallpaper faded to a gray-blue pattern; to the same white curtains and blue linoleum, the brown rug worn in places so that the white showed through the brown; to the same white enameled iron beds.

This morning my ears were filled with a high clear sound broken into small sharp edges; it was a little while before I knew it was from birds. The room was filled with dim light; the ceiling was high and the walls far away, for it was a big room. I made out the top of a green shutter and then saw that the shutters ran from the ceiling to a floor of plain polished boards without a rug. I was in an immense bed, and beside me lay Willmouse.

I swung my legs over the edge of the bed and slipped down; the boards were cool under my feet as I walked to the window. After a few moments I found how the shutters opened and threw them back.

I was looking into the tops of the trees; at first I thought the house was ringed with them, then I saw that it was only a poplar in front of the window. I could see farther away serried rows of fruit trees, some of them heavy with fruit. Perhaps it was this first sight that made me always think of the garden at Les Oeillets as green, green and gold as was that whole countryside of the Marne where, beyond the town, the champagne vineyards stretched for miles along the river, vineyards and cherry orchards, for this was cherry country, too, famous for cherries in liqueur. Mother had been thinking of the battlefields; I am sure she had not meant to bring us to a luxury corner of France where the trees and the vines changed almost symbolically in the autumn to gold.

We were not to see that, nor did I know anything about it as I stood by the open window; yet, from the garden, I had a foretaste of that green-and-amber time and a sense of the countryside in the haze that lay around the town. I could not see the town behind the trees, only a glimpse of houses climbing a hill that had a building on it, a ruined castle or château with ramparts and a tower. The houses were yellow-white, jumbled below the ramparts. I guessed they spread down to what must be a river, for there was the chugging sound of a boat. The river, I thought, must be on the other side of the orchard.

Our rooms were on the second floor, and if I looked directly down I could see a flight of iron steps with a scrolled iron railing leading from a terrace along the house into a garden that seemed to be made of gravel and small flower beds. Beyond it a low box hedge bounded a wilderness of grass and shrubs and trees. Beyond the wilderness was what seemed to be an orchard, and in its high wall a blue door. As I looked at the door, a barge hooted from the river.

The garden was light, but it was a young light without sun, clear and stained green by the shrubs and trees. The peace I had felt at the gates of Les Oeillets filled me again and I could have whistled like the birds for well-being and joy. Then, as I stood there in my pajamas looking down, a man came down the iron steps. He was an old man with white hair and a small white beard; from above he looked nearly square. He wore blue cotton trousers, a white coat and a beret—men wearing berets still looked strange to me. He was carrying many things: something that looked like an easel with long legs, a camp stool, a case, and a bulging white cotton umbrella. He seemed in a hurry; I watched him scurry across the gravel, disappear in the wilderness. Then he was at the far blue door where he had to put everything down to open it.

"That was Monsieur Joubert," said Eliot when I asked him, "Monsieur Joubert going out to catch the first light."

"Who is Monsieur Joubert?"

"A painter."

"A very famous painter," said Mlle. Zizi. "Even an ignorant little English girl should have heard of Marc Joubert."

"He didn't look famous," I said in defense. "He was wearing funny clothes and he looked"—I tried to think how to express his scurrying haste—"anxious."

"He probably was," said Eliot. "It's only for a short while that the light stays like that. I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64





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PEACH BASKETS

1 loaf pound cake or unsliced white bread
1 can (15 oz.) sweetened condensed milk
1½ cups shredded coconut
6 DEL MONTE Peach Halves
12 gum drop leaves (if desired)

Cut 6 slices (¾-in. thick) from cake or bread. Cut off crusts to make 3-in. squares. Scoop a shallow 2-in. circle in top of each. Spread top and sides with condensed milk; dip in coconut. Bake on well-greased cooky sheet in moderately hot oven (375°F.) about 10 min. or till toasty brown. Take from pan; cool on rack. At serving time, place peach halves in hollows. (Add gum drops rolled flat between waxed paper and serve with whipped cream, if desired.) Serves 6.

Del Monte® Peaches

Halves or Sliced



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

have a belief," and I remember Eliot sounded defiant, as if a belief were a strange thing to have, "that as soon as a human goes out into the morning it is spoiled—except a Monsieur Joubert or," and his eyes looked at us thoughtfully, "perhaps children."

"Do you like children so much?" asked Mlle. Zizi.

"I don't know any," said Eliot.

Now I watched M. Joubert without knowing his name. The blue door shut with a distant bang and I heard another sound close beside me, in the next room, and I knew what had wakened me. It was Joss in the little room off our bedroom—she had chosen it, though they had meant it for Willmouse—the sound was Joss having an attack.

"Nerves," mother used to say of these, but Uncle William said they were bilious. Probably both were right. The attacks came at the most inconvenient times, and as I listened the day began to foreclose on me; it must, I knew, be a difficult day, and now Joss was useless. I went in, and she was as I knew I should find her, retching, her skin a curious green-yellow, her eyes looking as though they were bursting with pain. Now she would have to be in a darkened room for days, and I would have to be responsible for everything.

"Perhaps it was the soup," I said as I held her head.

"I . . . didn't . . . eat the soup."

"Shall I get mother?" I asked Joss.

"Don't be silly. There is a nun in her room."

"A *nun?*" Prickles of superstition swept over me. "Then . . . is she dying?"

"Don't be *sil*-ly," but Joss' voice was fainter. "Lots of hospital nurses are nuns—especially in France."

"How do you know?"

"The madame told me—I went in last night," but she had sunk from the washing stand onto the bed and could not talk any more. In a moment she had to struggle up again. I helped her and when it was over she lay back, her skin clammy, her eyes closed. "If you could get a basin or a bucket," Joss whispered, "I could manage in bed."

"From where?" I said, appalled.

"Downstairs. There must be one. Go and look."

"In someone else's house?"

"It isn't a house. It's a hotel."

I shrank from it, but I had to go. "What is the French for bucket?" I asked.

The stairs creaked as I came down, though I crept carefully. I remember the surprise of the bullet holes; in the daylight I saw that the pale green paint was pocked with them. "Of course," Mlle. Zizi often explained. "They machine-gunned the stairs."

"And the marks are still there!" the visitors used to say in wonder.

"As you see," and Mlle. Zizi would smile with pride.

"If it were my house," Joss said, "I should have filled them up at once."

Now I came down cautiously because of the two dogs, but when I saw them I felt a coward. They knew I had been accepted the night before and they lifted their faces and moved their tails.

I had had another timid idea that Mme. Corbet would be in the office, but the grille was locked, the counter bare, and the hall was empty. Next to it on the right was a large open room with a bar and, at the garden end, what must have been a conservatory, leading through glassed doors to the terrace. The big room had small iron tables, and chairs painted green. The bar was covered with white dust sheets. On the left of the hall were doors and a sign that said "Restaurant." At the back was a baize-covered door that must, I thought, lead to the kitchen.

When I had pushed it open I did not have far to go. At the end of a short passage was a table stacked with flower vases and bowls. I took a bowl and, almost before the door had stopped swinging, was back into the hall where I patted the dogs. I had turned upstairs when the white door on the landing opened and a man came out. He was wearing a silk patterned dressing gown—like an actor's, I thought—leather slippers, and was smoking a cigarette. It was Eliot.

We both stopped abruptly. I knew how I must look, my raincoat bundled round me, blue-and-white-striped pajamas showing, bare feet, and my hair tied back with a blue ribbon like a baby's. Then I forgot about myself, staring at him. This was another Eliot than the kind Englishman of last night; someone cold and . . . ruthless, I thought. That was a strange word to come into my head when I did not know the meaning of "ruth." "Eliot's eyes are not blue," Hester was to say. "They are green-gray, like pebbles." Now, close to him on the stairs, I saw they were gray and coldly angry. "What are you doing down here?"

I showed the bowl. "Joss, my sister, is ill."

BOTTLE

Herdsmen of ancient times developed a splendid way to store liquids. Using the whole skin of a goat, they learned a fine container could be made when it was sewn so that one open leg would serve as a spigot. Such gear was widely used in the Near East, then adopted by Greeks and Romans. Among the latter, the device took its name from that of the thick hide from which it was made. Metal and glass containers were known to Egyptians, but did not become common until modern times. As a result, any narrow-neck vessel of whatever composition is given the name of its leather ancestor and called a *bottle*.

WEBB B. GARRISON

"Children!" he said. He put his hand behind him and closed the door, leaning against it. Then he was more kind. "Eaten too much?"

"She is not that kind of sister," I said and went on upstairs.

It was a day or two afterward that, when for some reason we wanted Eliot, I said, "I shall fetch him," and crossed the hall to the landing and the white door.

"Where are you going?" asked Hester.

"To his room."

"That is not Eliot's room," said Hester. "That is Mlle. Zizi's."

"Who let that man into my room?" asked Joss.

It was after tea on that first strange day—"Only there wasn't any tea," said Vicky; we had not learned about the French children's *goûter* yet—it was what should have been after tea, that Eliot looked at us sitting forlornly round a table in the bar and asked, "Shouldn't there be one more of you?" Then he had asked me to take him to see Joss.

She lay stiff and flat in the bed while he was in the room; her hair was spread on the pillow, and in the gloom of the closed shutters her sick face looked small as a turnip goblin's. She might have been any age and he was as familiar as he would have been with someone as young as Vicky.

"Are you a better girl?"

She answered him in monosyllables. "Yes."

"Is there anything you want? You can have it, you know."

"No."

I think Eliot did not know quite what to do. "You were not worrying too much about your mother? We are taking care of her." No answer. Presently he went out and Joss reared up on her pillow.

"Who let him in?"

"I . . . did."

"How dared you?"

"But . . . he is in charge of us."

"Cha——" She looked at me in astonishment. "Who said so?"

"Mother. She asked him."

"She always was an *idiot!*" said Joss.

The sickness had started again. I waited while she retched miserably into the bowl by the bed. At last she lay back exhausted and, wearily accustomed, I brought her face flannel and wiped the sweat off her face and hands and dried them. As soon as she could speak she croaked, "You must . . . tell mother."

I stood by the bed holding the towel. "I can't tell mother," I said. "Joss, they—they have taken her to the hospital."

Joss had been too ill to know. As soon as I was dressed I had gone and knocked softly on mother's door. It had opened and Joss had been right, the nun was there. I had not been close to a nun before and gazed at her, startled. She put her finger to her lips and shook her head. Pinpricked all over with fear, I tiptoed away.

Then Hester and Vicky came in asking for breakfast. "There isn't any," I said, quailing, but they insisted there was plenty downstairs and in the end I had to take them and find the dining room. Willmouse had gone there already. In the big room I tried to be as traveled and self-contained as even Joss could have wished, but there were Hester's clear unabashed voice and Vicky's obstinacy about food.

"I want breakfast," she said. I gave her coffee and a *croissant*. "This isn't breakfast," said Vicky. "I want a negg."

"You can't have eggs for breakfast in France."

"Of course you can," Eliot was to say. "Lots of people ask for them." Vicky, as usual, got her way and I had to ask not only for an egg but for milk and jam.

It was Paul who brought them—I soon learned that Mauricette would seldom bother herself to wait on us—Paul was a tall, thin, dirty and greasy boy dressed in blue cotton trousers and a ragged shirt. He wore the white apron and the gray-white canvas shoes he had worn last night. His shirt had the sleeves rolled up. He had lank, yellow hair with a lock falling over his forehead, and his face had hollows in the cheeks. I did not know about Paul in those days, but even then, in my carelessness and ignorance, I was worried by his face. We had come to see the battlefields and, though we did not know it, this face was a part of them.

Who was Paul? Nobody knew. Paul could have been English, German, French, Austrian, Russian. His mother, Mme. Corbet said contemptuously, had "gone with the soldiers."

"Gone where?" asked Hester, but nobody answered that.

"Our father's a botanist," Hester told Paul. "What's yours?"

"*Un troufion*," said Paul, and when we looked mystified he pretended to march and salute.

"Oh, a soldier!" I said.

"What was his name?" asked Hester, but the father did not seem to have had a name.

Paul had been found in the American camp when it was broken up; the soldiers themselves had found him and been kind. When they went home to America he was taken to the almshouse, where they put old people waiting to die, and lunatics and badly treated children from the courts. "That doesn't *sound* good," said Hester doubtfully.

Mme. Corbet did not seem disturbed. "Where are they to go in a little town like this?" she asked. She added that Paul was bad and ran away, the police brought him back and "Mlle. Zizi, out of her kindness, let him work here."

It did not seem very kind. Paul worked from six in the morning—or before, if there was a party for breakfast—until midnight—or after if there were dinners. He had plenty to eat—everyone near M. Armand, the chef, had that—but Paul's sleeping place was in a cupboard under the stairs, and had not even a window; the bed was planks with a straw mattress, there were a dirty pillow and the kind of blanket given to dogs.

The first morning we knew none of this. I spread Vicky's *croissant* with jam and poured out her cup of milk; then, copying a big Frenchman in the corner, I dipped my own *croissant* in the dark bitter coffee. It tasted nasty, but at least it was French.

After breakfast I sent Hester, Willmouse and Vicky out to explore. I watched them as they scampered down the alleys of the orchard and my legs itched to run, too; still, in spite of my teens, that urge to run and scamper and roll like a colt would rise in me, but with mother and Joss ill I felt as weighted with cares as Uncle William. I went out onto the terrace and stood at the top of the iron steps, holding the rail that was already warm from the sun.

I could not feel an Uncle William for long. All around me rose the sounds of this, my first real French morning. Overhead the voices of two women talked. They were the daily maids and now they flung mattresses over the sills upstairs, shook dusters and brooms.

A typewriter clacked in the office. I looked over the garden to the green dew of the wilderness and orchard, the sun haze beyond, and I could stay in no longer; slowly I went down the steps, across the gravel and through a gap in the box hedge. Stepping in dew, my head in the sun, I walked into the orchard and, before I knew what I had done, reached up to touch a greengage. It came off, warm and smooth, into my hand. After a moment I bit into the ripe golden flesh. Then I ate another, and another, until, replete with fruit and ecstasy, I went back to my post.

There was no sign of Mlle. Zizi, but presently Eliot came out. He was aloof and unapproachable. How did I know then that he had these times? I do not know but, as if the first greengage had been an Eden apple, I was suddenly older and wiser and did not try to speak to him. He passed me as if I did not exist and went out into the sun. He was wearing linen trousers, a dark blue open-necked shirt. Mauricette ran out with a deck chair for him, but he was curt with her. How wonderful to be as curt in French as in English! The ecstasy faded. I was suddenly depressed again. How inferior we were; our family had never been anywhere at all and did not know anything.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 53

Vogue Design No. 9390. Coat: 10–20 (31–40). 75c.

Vogue Design No. 9391. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress; 10–20 (31–40). 75c.

Vogue Design No. 9381. Slacks suit: 10–18 (31–38). 75c.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

Then Paul came out and jerked his thumb ver his shoulder for me to go to the office. Ime. Corbet sent me to fetch our passports nd Hester bobbed up and told about Uncle Villiam.

M. William John Bullock, wrote Mlle. Zizi n a slip of paper; then she opened the grille nd the flap of the counter and came out. She an upstairs and her heels sounded very deter- ined as she crossed the landing to mother's oom. My heart sank and I pushed Hester way in disgust and went up too.

Mother was a prisoner in the bed; a cage ad been put over the bad leg and she lay on er back, her eyes looking this way and that, ast Mlle. Zizi, past the nun; then she saw me nd beckoned. I slipped past the foot of the ed and knelt down. Mother whispered, but ne whisper was so thick and blurred that I ould hardly understand it. "Get the English- an, that man who was English."

Mlle. Zizi's ears were sharp. "No! You are ot to," she cried, but I had slipped out.

When Eliot came I knew how good he was. "Not good," said Hester, who was exact. "A ood person would not have done it. Not ood—kind," which was nearer our hearts.

He came in looking tall in that room of omen.

"*Mais, Eliot, je t'en prie* ——"

"Wait, Zizi." He bent down and mother aught his hand. I knew how hot hers were rom when she had held me, and her eyes were ull of pain. "Is there anything I can do for ou?" asked Eliot.

"Don't let them." It was the same thick hisper. "Mr. Eliot, don't let them."

"Eliot, this is nothing to do with you."

"Please, Zizi." He bent down lower. "Don't et them what?"

Mother could look very like Hester. "Don't et them send for William."

I saw his lips twitch. "But ——"

"He will say 'I told you so,'" whispered nother.

"I see," said Eliot. "Yes. I understand."

"But she has to go to hospital," cried Mlle. Zizi. "*Bon Dieu! Et si elle allait mourir?*" She ent on so fast that I could not keep up, but Eliot, while the stream of French went on, ept mother's hand.

"But what can I tell Irène?" said Mlle. Zizi. I think she and Eliot spoke in English ometimes because they did not want the ervants to understand, but they mixed it: ometimes one would ask a question in Eng- ish, the other answer it in French, or the ther way round. "What can I tell Irène?"

"That you can put two into a single room nd charge for both."

"Eliot, you are laughing at me."

"Not laughing, predicting."

"But, can they pay?" asked Mlle. Zizi. "They do not look as if they had much."

"If they can't, I will."

"Have you so much money, Eliot?"

He did not tell her. "It comes and goes." Eliot said something else, something odd nd . . . not pleasant, I thought: "Those chil- dren can be useful."

"How useful?"

"Stop people talking."

"Let them talk," said Mlle. Zizi.

"Don't be silly, Zizi. This is a little town nd you have to live in it. The children will give me a reason for being here—I'm their guardian. They can be camouflage."

I did not like our being camouflage and he was right about the rooms. Hester and Vicky slept one each end of a single bed, and Joss was in our dressing room, which was not really a bedroom at all. We were not allowed to use the bathrooms and our only lavatory was the one we called the Hole, because it was in a cubbyhole opening off the stairs. Mme. Corbet charged us for towels and soap; when I went that first morning to the desk to ask for some lemon water for Joss, Mme. Corbet already had two pages on the ledger marked 15, 16 and 16A and there were several entries in her spider-fine writing. The lemon would be written in at once.

Paul kept the bar in the afternoons and Mme. Corbet called to him to get it. "*Alors vous restez?*" he asked, looking me over.

"Yes, we are staying," I said coldly. I added sarcastically in French—I was determined to speak French to Paul—that I hoped it would not derange him.

He shrugged, and Paul's shrug was indescribably rude. "*Les enfants trouvés, y faut b'en s'en occuper, hein?*" he said, and turned to take the slip for the lemon to the desk before he gave the glass to me.

I had caught "found children"; *That means "strays,"* I thought . . . strays! and as he went he pulled my hair.

There was no one in the hall but ourselves, no one to remind me I was big, almost grown-up. Suddenly I had had enough of Paul. I ran after him and hit him as hard as I could on the jaw. He was so surprised he almost fell; the lemon water went spinning across the hall, and his apron slipped as he clutched at the newel on the steps leading to the landing; then, holding to the post, he bent forward and looked at me; the lock of hair had fallen farther over his eyes and they gleamed through it like an animal's. "So," said Paul, "so."

"Yes. So," I said.

He came at me, but I was waiting. Paul was tall, but he was gangling, while I was a Bullock and all Bullocks were solid and strong. I got one more hit in on his chest, then his arms were like a flail hitting me and he knocked me over; in a moment we were both on the ground, rolling and scratching. I remember him pounding my head on the marble, when Mme. Corbet screamed and people came running. I saw Mauricette's legs, black skirt and apron before my own blood blinded me as I dug my thumbs into Paul's throat until we were taken like kittens by the scruffs of our necks and shaken apart.

It was the chef. I could smell the grease on his white clothes and had a startling view of his fat cheeks, polished black mustache and high white cap.

Eliot's voice came. "Let them go," he said, and the chef dropped us—again like kittens—and we stood in the middle of them all, breathing hard and glaring at each other. Eliot looked at us amused and passed me his handkerchief; I was very much ashamed.

I thought he would say something about my being a girl, even a young lady, but he did not. I suppose that to him we were two young animals. "Next time," he said, "fight in the garden. This is a lady's house," and he said it in French for Paul, "*Vous êtes ici chez une dame comme il faut.*" Paul made a rude noise. "*Chez une dame comme il faut,*" repeated Eliot, "*et vous tiendrez comme il faut.*"

Late that evening I met Paul again. At dusk the garden greenness took on a richer light, as if the rays of the sunset stayed there prisoned by the walls. The dogs lay out on the warm gravel, voices came more gently from the house, everything was filled with peace. I had come to find Vicky—I guessed she was with M. Armand, whom she had instantly adopted—to put her to bed.

Paul was sitting on a stone step outside the kitchen. I did not know whether to pass him or go back through the house; that would have looked a retreat and I decided to pass him, though I was trembling. As I came nearer he stood up.

All right. If you want to fight, I thought, but . . . "Please, mees," he said and pulled out a crumpled paper packet of the horrible-smelling cigarettes he smoked, and held them out to me.

I expect I blushed—no one had ever offered me a cigarette before—then I saw it was not condescension; he was offering them as to an equal. I took one. I did not know at all how I should smoke it, but was immensely flattered. Paul struck a match for me; I took my first puff and choked; he patted me on the back, and then we were sitting down together on the steps.

When I went up to Joss, she drew away across the bed and said, "Whew!"

"It's a Gauloise, a French cigarette." I tried to sound careless, but Joss' look remained cold and she said icily, "You seem to have settled in here very quickly."

We had settled. After that first disrupted day we might have been in Vieux-Moutiers all our lives. This old French town was so small that one could not get lost, though it had a maze of tiny cobbled lanes around the *place* where the market was held twice a week in front of the Hôtel de Ville, as we learned to call the town hall.

The Hôtel de Ville was sixteenth century and the upper town was crowned by the monastery whose ramparts I had seen from my window; besides a monastery it was a prison and held the old Donjon St. Pierre. There was a gate through which Saint Joan had ridden with Charles VII and I heard an American visitor read out from his guidebook, "'She had probably heard Mass in the chapel, and the horse block from which she mounted her horse still stands in the courtyard.'"

It was altogether a poet's town. M. Joubert made us see that; he was working on two canvases, a morning one and one that he began after four o'clock when the light turned more gold. Looking at those paintings, watching as they slowly came to life, we saw the colors of the houses along the riverbank and up the hill, the faint varyings of the shabby plaster, the pink and gray-green of the paint as it blistered on doors and shutters; I do not think there was a newly painted house in the whole town. We saw the shadows of the river, the black, white and scarlet reflections of a barge eddying in the water, reflections of houses, trees, fishermen, children.

In Vieux-Moutiers we were foreigners, which was more comfortable than being odd; the town was accustomed to tourists and nobody stared at us. We were as insignificant as grass under trees, under the light and shadow of the grownups.

We had, too, been chiefly with girls and women, and had been ruled by mother, who made a private child's world for us; now suddenly we were surrounded by a public and almost rude life. Mme. Corbet told us not to go beyond the gates at night because on the bridge into the town sometimes there were drunken men; we often heard their uncertain singing. M. Joubert was painting a picture—a picture to hang in a public gallery—of Robert's wife, suckling her baby. In the kitchen we saw Paul pull Mauricette down on his lap and then M. Armand would turn round and give Paul a box on the ear and pull Mauricette to him and kiss her himself. "With those mustaches it must prick," said Hester, which was a little girl's view, while I had become as stretched and as sensitive as an Indian with his ear to the ground, or the needle in a compass, to these doings. The sound of those loud kisses seemed to go on and on in my ears; but that was nothing to the way I watched how Mlle. Zizi would catch at Eliot as he went by, and how he would kiss her hand or her arm or her neck, sometimes her mouth. Eliot and Mlle. Zizi—and Mme. Corbet—made an intense drama for me.

It was Paul who told us about the drama. We could speak little French, he had no more than a word or two of American English and yet Paul, as he sat with us on the kitchen steps those summer evenings, was like a flood lamp, illuminating everyone at Les Oeillets in the most garish possible colors.

When I say "us" I mean Hester and me. Willmouse and Vicky had other interests. France and Mlle. Zizi had given Willmouse new ideas and he was busily making a new collection; his atelier was a grass bank in the orchard under a cherry tree. Vicky had attached herself to M. Armand, who gave her titbits from morning to night. If Joss had not still been ill we should not have seen so much of Paul—"I do not talk to kitchen boys," she said—but her bout of sickness would not stop. "It is the shock," said the doctor. It was more than shock; she had one of her womanly times; "Eve's curse" we called it. The doctor came to see her twice and talked of moving her to be with mother; in French hospitals, it seemed, there was a bed for a relation in private rooms. "But your mother is too ill," said Mme. Corbet. She added that we were all a great nuisance.

There was little we could do for Joss. I made her bed and brought her barley drinks; Toinette took her cups of thin soup called bouillon; Eliot looked in on her every night for a moment; for the rest she lay in the darkened room and told us to leave her alone. It was an odd world without Joss or mother; every day Hester and I wrote notes to mother, and the Littles collected bunches of flowers which we all carried over the bridge to the hospital, passing a café called the Giraffe where Eliot often went for a drink. I do not know if mother read our notes, but not much of ourselves went into them; it was not that we did not care—at moments every day we

WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU?

By WILLIAM E. FINK

A person who will break his stride to allow someone else to pass at right angles to him will, in driving, thrust out ahead of another car or a pedestrian in the same circumstances.

A person who is considerate of and concerned with his wife's sudden attack of dizziness at home will show no concern for her nervous tremors while she is a passenger in his speeding car.

A person who will, in the spirit of good fun, squeeze into a small space on the bench of a football stadium will park his car in the spaces provided for two cars.

He will protect his family and himself with safety devices, accident insurance, and so forth, but will risk passing a car at a blind spot going uphill.

He will step aside to allow a woman—or, for that matter, a man—to precede him through a revolving door, but he will use every means to jockey out of position a luckless motorist who finds himself in the wrong lane going around a traffic circle.

He will make a fast start to retrieve a lady's dropped purse, but will let loose a terrifying blast of his horn when the same lady is unfortunate enough to stall her car when the light turns green.

He is cautious in business expansion and installment buying for his home, but will crowd the car in front of him at a reckless rate of speed.

He will self-consciously walk on the curb side of his wife during a heavy rain to protect her from the splash of passing cars, but will drive like mad through rain-swept gutters, cascading water on the sidewalks and pedestrians alike.

cared abominably and were often frightened and lost—but mother seemed to have become remote from us. That was just as well; sometimes I was a little uneasy and thought, *If mother knew what we talk about* —— but she did not know and I crushed the uneasiness down.

Hester asked Paul most of the questions. "Why does Mme. Corbet hate us?"

She did hate us. She even wrote the figures into our account as if the pen could poison the paper. "*Pourquoi est-ce qu'elle nous déteste?*"

"*Parce-que c'est Eliot qui a tout arrangé.*"

"Eliot?"

"*Si.*"

"Then does she hate Eliot?"

"*Si.*"

Paul's "*Si*" seemed to steal into my bones and stay there; it was sinister but exciting.

"*Hates* Eliot? *Elle déteste Eliot?*" I said while Hester's calm, little-girl voice went on, "Why does she hate Eliot?"

The answer came back, "*Parce qu'elle en tient pour Mlle. Zizi,*" and seeing I did not understand. "She lov Mlle. Zizi."

"A lady love a *lady?*"

We did not believe it, but "*Si*" said Paul.

Every evening we sat there on the steps—Paul with his Gauloise, his thin knees pointed under his apron—and from the garden, where twilight was falling, came that flower-sweet scent.

Evening after evening Hester took up the saga. "Does Eliot love—*aime*—Mlle. Zizi?"

"*Pas lui,*" said Paul and laughed. "Not him."

If his "*Si*" had stolen into my bones, the laughing woke them up. "They should never have let you talk to that boy!" Everyone said that afterward; it was not Paul who was at fault, but my own thoughts. I was like a young novice horse that jumps too high, while Paul had been born an imp of the world, the real world. To him all this was entirely natural. "*J'avais quatorze ans quand j'ai fait l'amour la première fois,*" he told me. At fourteen! I looked at him suspiciously, but he was not boasting. He was far more interested in lorries. "Renault, Berliet, Willème," he said as if they were unimaginably beautiful names, and looked away across the garden, his face soft with his dream.

He could not know that when he told me, small prickles seemed to be breaking out all over me and the backs of my knees felt hot. I had to persist. "You mean . . . you made love? When you were *fourteen?*"

He laughed and tapped my nose as one would a little animal if it were too eager. There was no doubt about it. It was I, not Paul, who was bad.

I could not help it; it was a stain spreading through my bones. I began to wonder about bones; Vicky's, I thought, must be like a chicken's, pearly-pink and blue with a little clear red. M. Joubert's, for some reason, seemed to me the same as Vicky's—perhaps they would not take a stain. "Well, he is busy," said Joss when I expounded this to her. Paul's and Hester's seemed red, too, clean and honest; Joss I did not know about and would not have dared to inquire. I wondered guiltily about mine and passed hastily on. "Mlle. Zizi's are purple," I said.

"No, mauve," said Joss.

Mme. Corbet's bones I saw as black and green, gangrenous with wicked thoughts. "And Eliot's?" asked Joss.

We were both silent. We had not the faintest idea what Eliot's would be.

One of the oddest things about Eliot was that he had nothing that helped us to understand what kind of person he was. Everyone else had things. Mlle. Zizi had her bottles and jars, her scents and dresses; Mme. Corbet had her crucifix and beads, I had seen them on her chest of drawers; Paul had his pictures of lorries pasted up in his cupboard, just as we had our treasures. "*Mais Monsieur Eliot, il n'a rien,*" Paul said, not even a photograph or a paper; and even in Eliot's drawers, Paul told us, were only clothes folded up.

"You mean you look in other people's drawers?" we said, shocked.

"*Si,*" said Paul cheerfully. Eliot had nothing, nothing to tell about himself.

"He has books," I objected, "I cut them for him." I liked doing it, it was a labor of love to cut the interminable pages of those paper-bound French novels. "But when he has finished them he throws them away," I had to admit.

"I cut them too," said Hester and she added, "but he has something, his beautiful paper knife."

I had never seen a paper knife like Eliot's. We thought it was silver, but I suppose now it was steel, thin, about twelve inches long. "Thirteen," said Eliot, "my lucky number." Its blade was sharp-pointed with beveled edges. "Be careful," said Eliot when we cut the pages, "don't let the Littles have it, it's sharp." It was. I remember once I dropped it point down on the grass; it went in and stayed upright.

It had a ring at the top with strange lettering. "Chinese," said Eliot.

"Where did you get it?" asked Hester, and Eliot said dramatically, "From my ancestor, Genghis Khan."

When we were with Eliot all that Paul told us disappeared—or was confirmed, confirmed as a part of life; we no more thought and wondered about it than we should have wondered about Eliot's brushing his teeth.

POSITIVE THINKING

By SUZANNE DOUGLASS

I'm mad about injections
And beg for penicillin.
I'm cheerful in the dentist's
chair,
Especially when he's drillin'.

I lick my lips for castor oil.
Think vitamins are dandy,
Enjoy the sting of iodine,
Eat vegetables like candy.

But I'm no hypochondriac,
Although the signs are ample;
I'm just a mother, martyred
To set a good example.

He had us in excellent order, even Vicky. Though we were often a chorus, following him, we kept our distance when told.

The hotel had its own bathing place, a cove in an inlet of the river made by a small island a few hundred yards along the bank; it was screened by bulrushes and hazels and shaded by big willow trees; when Eliot had lunched in the hotel he would sun-bathe in the cove afterward, lying on its sand. He would not strip but let the sun soak through his clothes, his head and eyes shielded by an old yachting cap. Then we stayed respectfully at a distance, which is what he meant us to do.

Paul gave us our food and at four o'clock had taken to coming to the kitchen door and whistling. We were beginning to eat as much as the French themselves. Paul would take one of the long thin loaves called *baguettes*, chop eight or ten inches off it, split that, spread the split with butter and clap in ham or jam or a slab of chocolate from the showcase in the hall.

"But won't Mme. Corbet ——"

Paul made a rude noise and pretended to write with his hand; it was true, Mme. Corbet behind the grille was entering the chocolate in the ledger.

Four o'clock was M. Armand's rest time; the lunches were finished, the kitchen was tidy and it was not time yet to begin dinners. Then he sat at the table by the window, and read the newspaper, and drank a bottle of wine. He was very comfortable, his shoes off, his cap on the dresser; Vicky sat on the table by him, and the kitchen cat, Minette, curled herself in the patch of sun at his feet. It always amused M. Armand to hear us talk—he thought English an excruciatingly funny language—and he had taken to making me, every day, translate some passage in the newspaper. I learned more French in the kitchen at Les Oeillets than even in the punishments at St. Helena's.

That kitchen was a pleasant place; its white-washed walls were made green near the window by the vine, and orange gold near the fire; the light caught reflections in the rows of copper pans that hung down the middle of the room. There was a spit over an open fire at the end of the room, a red-bricked floor, and always a good smell of cooking onions, new bread, coffee and wine. In the afternoons Toinette and Nicole would be talking gently in the scullery as they peeled potatoes or cut beans. Mauricette would wander in from the garden while Paul would pause in his work to tease her, or they would both listen gravely to my reading. I do not know what newspaper M. Armand read, but the bits he gave me were always sensational. "*Que veut dire 'belle-mère'?*" I would ask.

"Wife mother," said M. Armand.

"Oh, mother-in-law!" and I would read "Mother-in-law hits husband with hatchet"; or "Baby girl found dead in trunk in . . . *'grenier'; qu'est-ce que c'est?*" but they could not make me understand and I had to look it up; the baby girl had been found in the attic.

M. Armand seemed to think these horrors were good for me, which was odd, because he was very particular what Paul said when we were near, and if Paul used swear words M. Armand would smack his head. But when I read, "Thieves entice young wife while accomplice takes twenty thousand francs' worth of rings and brooches," or "Soldiers tie schoolgirl on bed," he would chuckle with delight.

Sometimes we chafed because we knew when we raced back to the cove Eliot would be gone. He liked to walk along the bank undisturbed—perhaps to get away for a little while from his female admirers—sometimes he would walk downstream into the town and cross the bridge to the Giraffe. We would go back to the house and wait faithfully to see if he wanted us when he came in.

"I like that man," said Vicky, which was surprising, because Eliot never gave her anything to eat and she was allowed to trot round after M. Armand, who gave her plenty. She did not trot round after Eliot—none of us would have dared to do that—but when he noticed us, as he did quite often in an absent-minded way, she would give up the kitchen, the slivers of chicken and spoonfuls of cream, and stay where he was likely to be.

"And I like him," said Willmouse. "He is the only person I know except mother who has never laughed at me."

That was the first time I knew Willmouse minded being laughed at. Then he was brave, this odd little brother of mine; it was strange how having a stranger added to the family made one look at its members with different eyes.

Eliot treated Willmouse with particular seriousness. He would look at Miss Dawn's and Dolores' new dresses, examining them and criticizing carefully. He brought Willmouse a book from Paris, not a fashion magazine but a big book of old masters. "Study them," he told Willmouse, "especially the primitives; they will give you a sense of drapery and color."

"But books like that cost a fortune!" cried Mme. Corbet.

"Not a fortune, just a bit," said Eliot.

"But for a child!"

"This child needs it."

Hester did not say what she felt, but she had used up the last film in her camera on Eliot. Too shy to ask, she had crept up on tiptoe and taken a snapshot of him as he slept in his deck chair and spent the last of her traveling francs on having it developed. She had shown the photograph to no one, but stuck it on cardboard, with a cardboard stand, and made a frame of the dried white shells we found along the river; it stood on her chest of drawers, though she hid it while Toinette cleaned the room, and, in a chipped liqueur glass begged from Mauricette, a tiny bouquet of flowers was always put in front of it.

With Eliot, as if under a spell, we accepted everything, trusted everything, but when he went to Paris, as he often did, we became su picious and very critical indeed.

If Mlle. Zizi had known that gallery of har young eyes was watching her I wonder if sh would have been different. From morning t night at Les Oeillets we sat in judgment o her, and the judgments were severe. "Wel none of it is *true*," said Hester.

That was not quite fair. In everything ther was a grain of truth.

Take her name. Zizi, we knew now fror Paul, was a little girl's name. "And she is no a little girl," said Hester. She told lies abou Les Oeillets too. "It was my father's house my grandfather's and great-great-great-grand father's," Mlle. Zizi used to tell the visitors "The de Presles have lived here since 1731."

"Is it as old as *that?*" asked the visitors.

"It has seen ten wars," said Mlle. Zizi. I had been the headquarters of the American Army; the holes in the staircase were from machine-gun bullets; in the cupboard in my room was a stain on the floor—the stain was blood, from an American soldier who had been shot there. On our second day Rita and Rex dug up a skull in the garden.

"Poor house!" Mlle. Zizi would say pathetically. "After each war it has healed, but now I am the only one left. I never thought to see my home a hotel!"

When she said this, if Paul was near, he spat. He beckoned me and showed me a date under the wisteria above the front door. The date said 1885. "*M'sieur Presle était boucher,*" said Paul.

"*Un boucher?*" I said, disappointed. It did not seem possible that Mlle. Zizi was the daughter of a butcher, but Paul went on, "The butcher bought Les Oeillets with money he got from selling bad meat to the soldiers."

The bullet holes were real, but when the staircase was painted they were not closed up but picked out again; the stain in the cupboard was made freshly every now and then by Paul with blood from the kitchen; and one day, when a charabanc party was coming, he beckoned me out into the garden and showed me what he had in his hand, the skull. It was gruesome, with its eye sockets and long cheek-bones. Paul laughed and made the broken jaw move so that it looked as if it were talking. He had to shut Rita and Rex in the kennel or they would have dug it up at once; he buried it under the urn in the middle flower bed, and with it put a piece of raw liver. "*Le pourboire,*" he said and laughed again.

I did not laugh. I was thinking how impressed we had been the first day, how war and death had seemed so close that we had felt almost as mother had wanted us to feel—ashamed and . . . holy? I thought. Now I felt a fool and I did not like Mlle. Zizi or Mme. Corbet or Paul; they made Les Oeillets horrid, I thought; but the skull was a man's skull, probably a soldier's, that had been found in the garden. There was a grain of truth.

It was, oddly, Mme. Corbet who came out best under our scrutiny, "Because she doesn't pretend," said Hester. There was no mistaking Mme. Corbet; the sound of her voice, perpetually raised in scolding, haggling, objecting, had at least the sound of honesty; with Mlle. Zizi, even more than with the house, nothing was what it seemed.

She had a habit when Eliot was away of leaving the door of her room open and talking across the landing to Mme. Corbet in the office while she, Mlle. Zizi, was dressing. We could see in and, "Her face is mostly powder," said Hester.

"And do you know," said Vicky in astonishment, "Mlle. Zizi's eyelashes take off!" We did not believe that was possible until, spying, we saw it with our own eyes.

"She does that with bosoms too," said Willmouse. "I saw them lying across a chair." He was calm, but the rest of us were shocked.

It was all very odd; Les Oeillets was Mlle. Zizi's hotel, yet she asked Mme. Corbet for money. "*Mais il faut que je m'achète une chemisière*"—Hester might have pleaded like that—"*une petite chemisière.*"

I translated that for Hester. "A little blouse."

"*Pour lui.*" Mme. Corbet spat out the word. We had long since learned that *lui* was always Eliot.

dvertisement

The Picture of Health for January



by MAXINE DAVIS

Winter may be a zestful time of skis and skates for some people, but it is also sneezes and sniffles-time for colds, flu, pneumonia, and those vague virus ail-nts our parents used to call "la grippe".

Respiratory illness afflicts 83 people in each 0 in January but only 19.3 in July. How ne? Almost everybody kept well in the tarctic! Doctors agree there's nothing wrong h cold weather, and for the normal healthy son sharp changes in temperature are not rmful. Many experts believe that disease anisms live in our bodies all the time but are ublesome only when our resistance is lowered.

We're often below par when it's cold because body loses heat more quickly, burns food ter, needs more oxygen. So chilling, fatigue, t feet, etc. throw our built-in heat control of kilter. Kerchoo!

Nobody has yet developed a thermostat for human body but medical science has ved the value of good nutrition as a guard inst trouble. I've learned—the hard way, confess—to make absolutely sure that my ily takes BEXEL vitamin-minerals every y. There's a member of the BEXEL family of amins to meet the needs of every age and member of our family—all invaluable when ded as a dietary supplement in keeping children bouncing, the adults efficient and ll nourished.

One of the best insulating materials Nature vides is fat of course. That's why you have h an insistent bread and butter and pie petite now. But excess fat does more harm an good, overloading a heart already work-g to capacity. So my doctor suggested the ESSAMIN PLAN 14. Its menus are a pleasant ue-print for thinning, and KESSAMIN Tablets, ntain essential nutritional vitamins and iron well as a neutral food additive, to keep me ntented with smaller portions any season.

We all need enough of the right foods, how-er. Many people using dentures find eating fficult when their dentures slip. Well, ORAFIX lds them in place so firmly it's possible to t fried chicken or peanut brittle with ease d comfort. Afterwards, ORA will cleanse them oroughly in twenty minutes.

I'm prepared to deal with minor troubles, so ey won't become major. For in spite of all recautions, the odds are against a winter ithout a single sneeze or sniffle.

So, when my husband comes home on a old blustering evening after a long day in ne of those smoke-filled board rooms, I'm ot surprised when he croaks "Hi fellas" in dry scratchy voice. I get him a package of EO-AQUA-DRIN lozenges. We both know from xperience that they will soothe his raw irri-ated throat rapidly and he'll soon talk and eel much better.

If seven year old Jamie has a little cough and beginning cold, I give him NEO-AQUA-DRIN oo. Its mild local anesthetic eases his hurt-ng throat and its antibiotic action attacks he germs before they begin to multiply nd make real trouble. I always keep a sup-ly of NEO-AQUA-DRIN handy.

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"I wonder why he chose that hotel".—Uncle William wondered that afterward—"it seems so unsuitable." Then he answered himself, "But was it? Comfortable, enough foreigners to make him inconspicuous, midway between Paris and the border, and a silly woman who would do anything for him."

"He is ruining the business." Mme. Corbet often said that to Mlle. Zizi. "Always you tell every client we are full up."

"Not always," said Mlle. Zizi.

"And this is the season. All those empty rooms!"

"I do not want to have strangers here with us."

"You are mad."

"Because I do not want to have talk?"

"Talk! The whole town is talking. In the end we shall lose our star."

I knew what star she meant, the star before Les Oeillets in the guidebook. It seemed to be very important, but Mlle. Zizi only shrugged.

"Ten years," said Mme. Corbet in a low, thick voice as if it were choked with anger. "Ten years I could have been a nun, but no, I have worked here, to get that star, to pull this hotel up, put myself aside for you. And you will not listen. You throw it all away."

Once we saw Mme. Corbet slap Mlle. Zizi. The sound of it rang across the hall. It was a slap in the face and Mlle. Zizi stumbled against the desk, holding her cheek with her hand.

It was very quiet in the hall after the slap and we held our breaths; presently there was a new sound, of sobbing, but it was not Mlle. Zizi who sobbed; it was Mme. Corbet.

Mlle. Zizi took her hand down and knelt by Mme. Corbet, holding her, rocking her. Little words, in French, broken, reached us, whispered words. "*Chérie. . . . Jamais, jamais. . . . Oubliez ça. . . . N'y pensez plus. . . . Chérie*——" We tiptoed away.

It was not often we went away; in fact, I do not think we should have left the house at all if we had not been turned out.

That was Eliot's doing. "It's very well for you," I heard Mlle. Zizi say to him. "You go off to Paris. I had fifty-eight people for lunch today and these children to see to as well."

"Don't see to them," said Eliot. "Give them some food and turn them out."

"Can I?"

"Of course you can. Children like picnics."

We should have liked it, even preferred it, had it not been for what we missed.

Most of the visitors were American; we became used to seeing the faraway place names in the desk book, Illinois, Wisconsin, California, but there were Canadians, Australians, people from South Africa, and some, not many, from England. In the few times we met any of them, on the landing or on the stairs, they would ask us in French the way to the lavatory; they took it for granted we were French, which flattered us.

Just when things were getting interesting—and at Les Oeillets they are interesting indeed—we were sent away. In the mornings everyone was busy. Mme. Corbet would put on a black apron; if Eliot was in Paris, Mlle. Zizi would attend to the bar, but if he was with us Mme. Corbet had to do that as well; Mauricette would be in the dining room spreading clean tablecloths, polishing glass and silver; Paul would wipe the little tables under the vine arbor outside and open the umbrellas on the terrace.

Everyone shouted. M. Armand shouted to Nicole and Toinette to hurry up and finish the rooms, Mlle. Zizi shouted to M. Armand not to shout, while Nicole and Toinette shouted downstairs that they could not do everything, that they had only two arms each and two legs. Sometimes Mauricette, if she was in a good mood, let us count out rolls or pleat napkins; but when the first people were almost due to come Mme. Corbet would march into the kitchen, come back and set out, on a table in the hall, the packages Paul had made ready. If we were not there she would send him to fetch us, and would needle looks at us if we did not collect our picnics at once and go toward the door.

It was strangely ignominious; we had to keep out of sight. "And will they remember to give Joss anything?" asked Hester. "I don't



Is this the breakthrough in your battle against minor pains of Arthritis, Rheumatism, Muscular Aches?

We live in an age of medical wonders. One by one, the dread names are disappearing—diphtheria, tuberculosis, even polio. As you read this, dedicated men and women in laboratories and clinics the nation over, are striving to conquer the dread diseases that remain. Among these is the ailment we loosely call "arthritis," but which encompasses a broad range of rheumatic and muscular afflictions.

Even though the cause and cure of arthritis still remain riddles, medical science is making triumphant progress in alleviating minor pain.

The Goal—Help at the Point of Pain

Doctors had isolated the effective pain-relieving medications. The problem still remained to bring more of the effectiveness of the pain-relieving medicines to the point of pain—and to keep pain-relieving medication working as long as possible. What was needed was a powerful vasodilator and counter-irritant—medical agents that would dilate the walls of the blood vessels and stimulate an increased flow of blood.

So a choline derivative was introduced in combination with sufficient amounts of pain-relieving methylsalicylate in an ointment that would bring medication into the skin, into the blood stream—to help alleviate the pain. Hopes were high that this would place relief in crucial areas.



New Medication Tested Clinically

Next came exacting, clinical tests for this new ointment at a medical college in connection with a great New York hospital. The patients were those with chronic conditions of rheumatoid arthritis, osteoarthritis, and myalgia or muscular rheumatism. The ointment gave remarkable relief of minor pain to 73% of the patients, when used regularly!

It brought quick local relief. It increased circulation bringing a stepped-up flow of blood and oxygen to pain areas. It was noticed that patients could move about much more freely. Painful muscles relaxed. Patients were more comfortable. Many were able to live and sleep more comfortably once again without the use of sedatives.

Medication Carried by Blood-Stream

The reasons behind this relief were established in further tests. Blood tests showed that the medication was present in the blood stream, even locally, *where* the ointment was applied. Fluorescin tests showed that the ointment is slowly absorbed, not moving too fast, so as to prolong effectiveness. Urine tests proved that the medication was eventually carried throughout the body's system. There was no burning, irritation or discomfort to the skin.

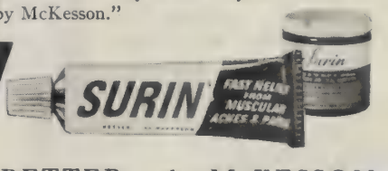
Called Unexcelled for Purpose

Here was good news! The new ointment was powerfully effective to bring blessed temporary relief indirectly to the point of pain in arthritis. It could be used as often as needed, without injury to thin, tender skin, and its ingredients were not habit-forming. The ointment often made it possible to do without upsetting internal medication. It could be called unexcelled for this purpose.

Available for Use without Prescription

The name of this ointment is SURIN. You can now buy it from your own local drug store, without prescription. Surin is a product of scientific McKesson laboratory research. It's guaranteed to bring the results described here, or your money back. So try Surin at our risk. The active members of your family will also value Surin for severe muscle ache. It's a unique formula, exactly effective for its purpose, and one more product we are proud to say is "Better . . . by McKesson."

SURIN



(AVAILABLE IN CANADA)

BETTER . . . by McKESSON

want anything," Joss said each day, but I felt she should have been asked. This was the time when we missed mother most and hated Mme. Corbet, Mlle. Zizi, Les Oeillets, hated them all. "But not Eliot," said Hester.

"He does not know what it's like," I said. "He isn't here."

Though we were sore, I think now it was those hours by ourselves that kept us sane; they restored us. All the hectic kaleidoscopic bits of this new life, broken up vividly by Paul, came together again in those hours when we had, willy-nilly, to be alone.

We were told not to come back until four o'clock and the boundary we were set was the box hedge. On one side lay the house and its happenings, a shifting and changing pattern of Eliot, Mlle. Zizi, Mme. Corbet, Paul, M. Armand, Mauricette, the carloads of visitors; when we were away from it, it was as unreal as the cocktails they all drank or as the top garden with its flower beds of plants Robert brought in boxes.

On the wilderness and orchard side was an older, more truthful world; every day, as we passed into it, I caught its older, simpler scents: the smell of box, of mint, syringa, roses, dew on the grass, warm ripe fruit smells of every summer. There was peace in the overgrown grass walks and heavy bushes, in the long orchard alleys; here everything was itself, exactly as it seemed.

When we went through the blue door we were on the margin of the river and here we would sometimes encounter M. Joubert, though soon he would get up and go in to lunch because the light had grown too hard and brilliant. We went to the cove or farther along where the inlet joined the main bank by a plank bridge, and the towing path ran between the river and the fields. Skiffs were moored to poles dug in the bank and now and again there was a barge tied up. Other barges passed all through the day. When a barge passed we sat down on the bank to let the wash splash up on our bare feet and knees, wetting our scarecrows.

A simplicity had descended on us. Coming to France for only a short time, we had few clothes with us; our coats and skirts hung in the wardrobe with our more respectable dresses. We wore our scarecrows which mother had brought in case we went picnicking or on a beach and, because we could not be bothered to clean our shoes, we went barefoot.

I do not suppose it occurred to Eliot that we had no money or that we needed any. Mme. Corbet had taken mother's travelers' checks and cash and our finances had been lifted into a region far over our heads. "And you are not to bother your mother with anything," said Eliot. "Just write and send your love." Being unable to have anything, mysteriously we did not need anything except, "How I wish we could bathe at the *plage*," Hester said often.

The *plage* was the Plage des Saules between Les Oeillets and the bridge where another island made a narrow reach of water that was almost a canal.

The *plage* had three swimming enclosures; the green water looked cool and inviting and there were diving boards and chutes; red-and-white cabins were let for dressing rooms and there was a kiosk that sold ices and syrups. On hot thirsty days we could read the painted letters on its boards: "*Glaces—Fraise, Vanille, Citron, Moka et Chocolat.*" "Oh, well!" said Hester.

There was nowhere else to bathe except the *plage* and the cove. The Marne had dangerous currents and at the cove a notice said: "*Interdit aux baigneurs qui ne sont pas forts nageurs.*" Neither of us was the strong swimmer required and all we dared to do was undress in the hotel bathing hut, put on our salt-stained bathing dresses and lie in the shallows.

When the clock on the Hôtel de Ville struck one we would come out and open our food. It was a moment to wait for. Paul put up our picnics and he would filch things we were not supposed to have.

M. Armand told him to put aside yesterday's dinner rolls for us, last night's meat, now cold, sardines and eggs out of the hors d'oeuvres, but Paul would switch the rolls with fresh ones, and steal chicken legs, éclairs or jam tarts. To us who were used to picnics of hard-boiled eggs, potted-meat sandwiches, apples and milk chocolate, Les Oeillets' picnics were banquets.

Every day I asked Hester, "Where shall we go?"

"Nowhere," Hester would say, and we would lie in the cove or on the bank and watch the fish, the sun on our backs and heads. In this short time our hair had begun to look bleached, our scarecrows more faded. The time would pass until at last from the Hôtel de Ville the clock would strike four and we would sit up and sigh.

The odd part was that, though we chafed at being sent out, when the time came we did not want to go in. Seen at a distance and in perspective, I flinched from it. Mlle. Zizi, Mme. Corbet, Eliot, Paul, they seemed too much. *But at least*, I thought comfortably, *they are nothing to do with us. We are just watching.*

Then on the eighth day—it might have been the seventh or the ninth, I had lost count—when we went in and upstairs to see Joss, her shutters were open and she was sitting by her window dressed in a respectable cotton; she had washed her hair and was drying and brushing it over a towel in the sun.

"Are you better?"

"Quite better," said Joss. "Mauricette brought me up some lunch."

"*Mauricette!*"

"She is the maid, isn't she?"

We did not now think of that haughty queen, Mauricette, as a maid.

"Did you ask her?"

"I rang," said Joss simply.

We stared at our sister. Even Vicky seemed to come out of her private shell to take in Joss' unperturbed face with its cool paleness.

"You have washed your hair," I said.

"Yes." She looked at us. "You must wash yours." She did not say what she thought of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

Midwinter Color

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

June in January *can* be true (at least fashion-wise) even without a midwinter cruise. Barbara J. plans to stay right here—to capture the mood of sunshine and gaiety in spite of gray skies and the usual nine-to-five routine.

With a brand-new year and a brand-new season in view, Barbara plans her fashion strategy for the future very carefully and only *thinks* about her big investment of a suit or coat. Meanwhile, she dips into a few light and very bright fashion $'s and buys silk separates to wear under her red winter coat. On slightly warmer days, they will be seen under her beige spring coat from last year . . . or they can stand ever so well on their very own. The purchase, a sunny morale booster for midwinter days, is an investment with definite plans for the future as well.

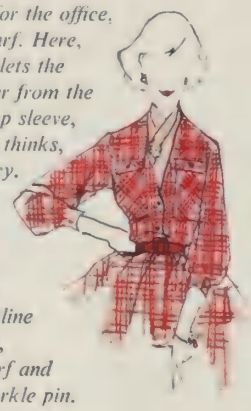
By BET HART



Barbara wears her new separates. Together they have the look of a soft one-piece dress. The blouse has three-quarter sleeves, button-down pockets and a neckline that welcomes pretty accessories. Checked in bright pinks and reds, the fabric is as practical as it is pretty. The silk is mixed with rayon to make it completely washable. Barbara wears the skirt's own bright red belt. Accents the round neckline with pearls. The price for all—less than $19.00.



Barbara likes her separates for the office, especially with her pink scarf. Here, she tucks it into the neckline, lets the ends appear two buttons lower from the front opening. The rolled-up sleeve, narrow black belt, Barbara thinks, add to its look of efficiency.



The same separates, the same pink scarf, but with a touch of after-five glamour. Barbara folds the neckline of the blouse into a deep V, fills it with the pink scarf and fastens with her brightest sparkle pin. Here she wears the red belt.



Barbara invests a few (three and ninety-five cents more, to be exact) fashion $'s in a cherry cardigan to match the red of the check. The sweater and skirt would be a gay winter twosome, but Barbara has further plans. She wears the sweater over the blouse—lets the plaid show through almost to the waistline.

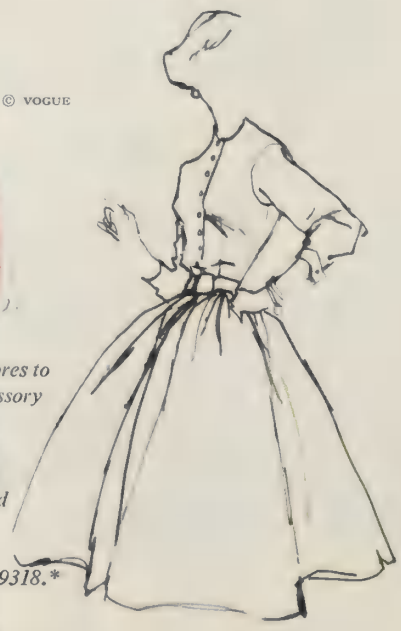


Barbara also plans to wear the skirt with her white cardigan or her black pull-over from last year. A touch of color on a January evening: she wears her new skirt, white jersey wrap-around blouse from September, her bright pink cummerbund and two very real flowers. It could easily be June in January!

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Another one of Barbara's own "custom" additions is initials embroidered in pink on her bright cherry cardigan. This addition costs 50 cents for the pattern and the time in the making—Barbara thinks it's worth every minute of it. Vogue Design No. 9238.



*There are many similar separates in the stores to choose from where exactly the same accessory changes can be made—perhaps you will discover even more variations. If you're a sewing enthusiast (or someone who would like to sew), choose Vogue's separates and make them in the fabric of your choice. Skirt, "Very Easy to Make" Design No. 9217. Blouse, "Easy to Make," No. 9318.**

*For back views, sizes and prices, see page 86.

DRAWINGS—MARIBETH
PHOTO—PRIGENT
SEPARATES—MONA ROSET



"talk about soft"

ust about the softest word in a girl's vocabulary, hat's Kotex. The new Kotex napkin has Wondersoft overing—so kind and gentle it won't rub, won't chafe. .otex won't ever fail you, either—for Kotex absorbency s both instant and complete.

And what comfort you experience with the new Kotex elt. A special kind of self-locking clasp holds the napkin ecurely, molds itself gently to your body.

No wonder more women
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Mama to Mothers: Every year more than 100,000 girls begin to menstruate before they are eleven. So it's not too soon to tell your daughter at ten. Our free booklet "You're A Young Lady Now" helps give the facts she needs to know. Write Miss Jones, Kimberly-Clark Corp., Neenah, Wis.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

our dirt and we were silent. Beside us Joss looked as delicate and fresh as a flower.

Vicky said suddenly, "Mlle. Zizi's hair isn't red. They make it red in a shop."

"I know," said Joss.

"You *know?*" Hester and I said that together.

"I knew the first time I saw her," said Joss, leaning forward to look at herself in the looking glass; she had moved to the dressing table.

"How did you know?"

"It was a little bit black at the roots."

"It looks like a bundle," said Vicky. I knew what she meant. Mlle. Zizi's hair looked dry and heavy.

Joss did not answer. She picked up her brush and began to brush out her own hair that was soft and impeccably its own black.

That was one of the evenings when Eliot came home. "He likes to get out of the heat and dust of Paris," said Mlle. Zizi.

"Ninety kilometers!" said Paul caustically. Ninety kilometers. Eliot had taught us to put them into miles: "Divide by eight, multiply by five." Fifty-five miles was as near as I could get and that certainly seemed a long way to come but, "He comes for her," I said.

"*Quatre-vingt-dix kilomètres!*" said Paul.

When Eliot came, the house was completely changed. Every evening, toward five o'clock, Mlle. Zizi dressed herself in one of her pretty dresses. She redid her hair, rouged and powdered, put her eyelashes in and blue-shadowed her eyes. "Then she takes a pencil and draws her eyebrows," said Hester. "How funny to pull them out and have pencil ones instead."

If the telephone rang Mlle. Zizi would fly into the office, but usually she would go and wait in the little salon, which was behind the bar. We were not allowed to go into it, but could look through the glass panels of its door; we admired the little room with its pale carpet that had loops of flowers, its walls that were inlaid with panels of blue brocade, and the gilt chairs with backs and seats of yellow satin arranged stiffly round the walls.

Mlle. Zizi should have been working in the bar, but she sat in the little salon, we knew, because from it she could watch the drive for the first glimpse of Eliot's car.

No one else had a car like Eliot's. It was a Rolls-Royce, old, a little battered, but its blue-and-silver length always looked handsome among the French and American cars. "Why choose one that stood out?" Uncle William asked that. "Unless he wanted to stand out," said Uncle William.

Eliot sometimes changed his plans. Then toward dinnertime—and dinner was late at Les Oeillets—Mlle. Zizi would leave the little salon and come slowly back to the bar, and presently she would follow Mme. Corbet into the dining room and to their table by the private screen. On the nights when Eliot was there he often sat at their table and then, we noticed, Mme. Corbet always ate very quickly. She would have dark spots of color in her sallow cheeks and she would always finish and get up while they were still at the second course. Eliot stood up for her as she went, but she never gave him a glance, and in a minute we would hear the typewriter keys rattling in the office.

When she and Mlle. Zizi were alone, Mme. Corbet stayed in the dining room until after everyone had finished. A quiet would be over everything. M. Armand, unless special visitors were there, left the cooking to Paul; Mauricette waited on the tables in her slippers, even the dogs stayed out in the hall, their heads on their paws; no one but Eliot dared give them scraps.

We, of course, had finished long ago; we had our dinner when the staff had theirs, but we stayed on at our table, playing cards with old packs from the bar, Racing Demon or Pelmanism or Snap, and we would watch Mlle. Zizi's head with its coils of red hair sink lower and lower as she listened to Mme. Corbet; then she would go into the bar and begin to drink.

"Oh, well. We might as well go out," said Hester.

"Out" meant hanging about in the orchard and the garden, eating greengages, until Paul was free to come out on the steps. Then we sat and smoked with him—even Hester would have a puff. Once Eliot had come home unexpectedly and found us there. We were afraid he might be cross, but he only ruffled Hester's hair and said, "You little gossips."

Usually he came for dinner. The dogs would hear his car; they knew long before we did that he was coming and they would stand up, shaking themselves and wagging their great tails. I think we did much the same thing. Hester and Vicky would rush to clasp his legs, while Willmouse stood and smiled. "You see," Mlle. Zizi said once to Mme. Corbet, "see how the children and dogs love him. That is the test of a good man." Mme. Corbet sniffed.

With a flounce of her apron, Mauricette would take Eliot's cap and gloves; M. Armand

To have a low opinion of our own merits, and to think highly of others, is an evidence of wisdom. All men are frail, but thou shouldst reckon none so frail as thyself.

THOMAS A KEMPIS

would peer through the kitchen door and start something sizzling on the spit or stove; Paul, if he was there, would mutter under his breath about the extra washing up, and in the office Mme. Corbet would be still, her topknot craned to watch Mlle. Zizi meet Eliot.

On his side there was nothing that anyone might not see. Because of the visitors, if there were any, or for us he would say something quiet, "*Bonjour, mademoiselle,*" or "*Ça va?*" but she seemed not to care for anyone, the visitors, or us, or Mme. Corbet: she would run to him and hang on his arm; it was as if she could not help it, even though, I thought, it annoyed him; when she looked at him, after he had been away, her eyes were so alight with happiness that even I, silly and romantic as I was, thought it would have been better not to let us all see she loved him as much as that. Sometimes Eliot seemed extraordinarily tired; then he had a strained look on his face, a nerve twitching by his mouth. "Well, I expect," said Hester afterward, "he had often been up all night." Then Mlle. Zizi fussed. "You must have a drink," she would say, her eyes searching his face. "I will get you a drink. Have a comfortable chair; not that one. Let Mauricette get you some other shoes." Until he would say, "For heaven's sake, Zizi!" Then those wide, constantly hurt eyes would fill with tears and her face would quiver. It was surprising a grown person could be so stupid; even I knew that the best thing was to leave him alone until he had been quiet for a while, and then say something casual, even rude. That would make him smile and say, "You little tyke!"

That night of Joss' being better there were visitors: a young American with a red sunburned face, three American ladies, and a French colonel with his wife and child; before dinner we all sat at different tables in the bar.

When anyone was speaking French directly to me I could understand, but when they spoke to one another I could not be sure. Now I knew the French family were talking about us; I saw the wife gesticulate admiringly at Willmouse—women always found Willmouse charming—at Vicky's fall of flaxen hair, at Hester's eyes and curls. These were the family good points and we were used to their being noticed, but I thought I heard Eliot say something that surprised me.

"*Soeur* is sister, isn't it?" I asked Joss afterward. "It couldn't be anything else?"

"How could it?" asked Joss.

"Then Eliot said mother was his sister."

"He couldn't have, because she isn't."

"No, but . . . he said he was our guardian."

"I suppose for the moment he is."

"Yes, but —— He said he always took us to the seaside, but this year he had left it too late. He could not get away to see us in England and so he brought us here."

"Was this in French?" asked Joss.

"Yes."

"Then you got muddled."

I was sure I had not. Those sentences kept coming back in my mind and "They were lies," I said.

Eliot talked from our table to the French people, he did not join them. We were all round him; Hester and I were playing Racing Demon at the next table with automatic silent swiftness, our eyes and ears really on him; Willmouse was hunched up in the chair beside him, his nose in his big book. Vicky was on the floor by Eliot's feet where Nebuchadnezzar was grazing in a field fenced with Eliot's matches.

We did not usually cluster round him when he came home, but kept a respectful distance, but this evening we were on a different plane. "What is the matter with you?" he had said, looking at us. He looked more carefully and then said, "You are clean."

With Joss up, we had changed for dinner. This evening we waited for Joss. Mlle. Zizi was not there; she was in the office with Mme. Corbet waiting for a telephone call.

At that time of day, the sun sinking behind the trees struck through the landing windows and turned the staircase into a funnel of light; even the treads of the stairs seemed barred with gold, and through the round window came the sound of trills and flutings, the birds singing their evening song in the garden, before it dropped to silence. The staircase might have been Jacob's ladder, stairs to heaven.

I had been looking at it—no, not looking, almost melting into it—and had turned my eyes away because of the brightness when I became aware of Eliot's stillness.

Eliot had been going to drink, but his glass was quite still in his hand; the colonel was wrinkling up his eyes, the young American leaning forward. They were all looking.

They were looking at the staircase. Then I saw they were not, or not exactly. They were looking at Joss coming down.

As if those days of sickness and shock had made her clean and delicate, she looked pale and . . . pure, I thought, as a snowflake or white blossom, while I was my ordinary brown and pink. She had on the twin of the cotton dress I wore, but it was graceful on her; she was wearing the sandals she had bought with her birthday money, white, open-toed, while I wore our clumsy brown school sandals. She seemed to have grown more dignified, taller, and her dress was a little too tight; the shape of her bosoms—forever after I was to think of them as bosoms—showed and the sun gave points of light to the darkness of her newly washed hair.

When I was jealous of Joss, mother used to say, "Jealousy is ugly. It hurts no one but yourself. Don't be jealous," but if one is, how does one help it? It is wrong to be jealo but ——

"It isn't wrong," said Eliot when afterwa I asked him this in despair.

"Not wrong to be jealous?" That w against everything I had heard.

"No," said Eliot firmly. "It's what you with jealousy that can be wrong."

I think I knew that for myself. That nigh could have said cruel, unkind things to Jos wished her any harm; the cards seemed swim in front of my eyes and I felt bitter ar angry as she came quite naturally up to u

"It's only Joss," I wanted to cry. There w a pause and it dawned upon me that Eliot d not know who she was. "It's only Joss." Th time I said it aloud and, as he still looke puzzled, "Joss, the one who was ill."

"One of *you?*" It was an unflattering disb lief. I had to remember he had seen her befo only as a schoolgirl in an ugly hat and, in be as a tousled sick child.

"*Et c'est votre niéce, cette ravissante jeun personne?*" said the colonel from the ne table. "*Adorable! Adorable!*" Eliot's fac looked hot with embarrassment. Did Jos know, I wondered, that she had been calle his niece? *And ravishing, adorable,* I thought smarting, but she did not seem to have hear and took the chair Eliot pulled out for he and sat down. As he did not speak she said "I'm better, but you must think we are a mos unhealthy family."

She spoke so calmly that, unwilling thoug I was, admiration filled me. I knew she wa shy, for there was pink now in her cheeks, an that telltale front of her dress moved quickl up and down. Eliot did not answer, which wa difficult for Joss. The pink deepened and sh tried again: "I hope the children haven't bee bothering you."

That was too much. I said loudly, "W don't bother," and Eliot started as if I had . . . wakened him up, I thought.

"Will you have a drink?" he asked Joss.

"Could I have a still lemon?"

"He never asked us to have a lemon," whispered Hester as Willmouse was told to go and order one.

It was Mlle. Zizi, her telephone call finished, who brought the drink. She was puzzled. "Eliot, Willmouse says you want a *citron?* Is that true?"

As she came Joss stood up. She need not have done, under the circumstances, but her schoolgirl habits were strong upon her. She stood up and Mlle. Zizi looked at her as surprised as Eliot had been . . . but, I thought, not at all in the same way.

She and Joss were standing side by side and now I saw Eliot look down; his glance stayed down for a moment as if it were arrested, and I moved my chair to see what he saw. He was looking at their feet. Mlle. Zizi was wearing sandals, too, open-toed black ones with high heels; they showed her toenails painted deep red but the toes were brown and twisted, thickened with corn marks, the big toes turned inward with an ugly bump. If I had been Mlle. Zizi I should have hidden them, and once again her stupidity gave me a pang, for beside her Joss' feet seemed to rest lightly under the white cross straps of her sandals, pretty, slim feet, straight-toed, unblemished. Mlle. Zizi had followed Eliot's eyes too. Abruptly she put the lemon down and walked round the table.

"*Merci bien, mademoiselle,*" said Joss and hesitated. "I have to say 'good evening,' " she said uncertainly.

Mlle. Zizi did not answer at once; she only looked at Joss. Then, "I had not understood."

"Understood?" asked Joss.

"That any of you were . . . so big," said Mlle. Zizi.

(To be Continued)

THE PRECIOUS HOURS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

Usually, after acting something out, we discussed what could be learned from the incident which would make sense in their own lives, or at least in their own thinking. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength," sang the Psalmist. He should have tried small boys! Without a premonitory qualm, I asked their opinions about the Prodigal Son. In my simple ignorance I expected the usual answer. Had not our clergyman just preached the old, old sermon deducing the grandeur of a father's love despite a son's foolish ways! But not these lads, now age twelve. For two years they had been encouraged to think for themselves in what had become for me the week's most precious hour.

"I think," said Delcie, in a voice which had not yet begun to change, "that the older brother had it all wrong. His father didn't kill the fatted calf to honor the prodigal—I guess that's the right word. The father threw a big party because he was so happy his stupid son had learned something and was home to make a new start. The old man just had to cele-

ite. And besides, he thought the boy was
id."

—who not only had spent my professional
in the field of human relations, but had
ually lost a son—I was brought up with
at the Navy would call a good round turn.
As the years went along we tried to climb
t of childhood's games and play-acting into
ne real thinking. One result was they did
t want to be called a Sunday-school class
y more. They wanted to be "The Young
en's Class."

Please do not protest to me that such ques-
ns as, "What makes you think there is a
od?" are too profound for a thirteen-year-
l. We have insulted the intelligence of
ungsters. Delcie (affectionately known to
intimates as "Drop Dead" because his ini-
ls are D. D.) usually sparked the discussion,
ght-eyed and alert, but they all participated.
ey said there certainly were a lot smarter
ople in the world than we, but nobody smart
ough to create matter. They said that boil-
g water would kill any living thing, and the
rld had started as a mass of hot gases shoot-
g off from the sun. When this magnificently
rilized object cooled off, where did life come
m? They said there was order in the motion
the heavenly bodies, and order is the result
intelligence, not chance. Whose intelli-
nce? They said the laws of the government
nature are completely consistent, and that
s not just chance either.

I do not mean that these conclusions were
ickly arrived at. I do mean that we took the
ne to think, and to discuss, and to wonder,
til they came up with some penetrating con-
sions. As I see it, the teacher's responsibil-
is not to tell them what they ought to think,
t to ask thought-provoking questions about
at they do think.

If there is a God, then what is God like?
ey made a little research into what the
reeks, the Romans, the Norsemen and the
merican Indians had thought about God—
rather the gods, both good and evil. (Some
them declared that if there are gods and
ddesses they preferred to worship the god-
desses. We laughed. I told them older men had made that same mistake.)

Finally, we discussed the amazing contribution of the Jews some three thousand years ago. With what lucid radiance and penetrating logic those extraordinary people had concluded that God is one, that God is a spirit we cannot comprehend, and that God is love. The discussion of the last point included an examination of the violence with which most animals meet their end. Is this love? What do you mean by love? Is keeping a cancer patient alive as long as possible a loving act? There was disagreement. If God is love, does it make sense to suppose we are born evil and have to suffer to achieve salvation? Does suffering build character, or does it only show whether you have character . . . is suffering the load that tests strength, or the food that builds strength?

This year, among other things, we have been discussing science and religion. Is there a conflict between them? Nine young heads nodded, "Yes." Homer (nicknamed "Homely," but with no taint of unkindness) said, "No." So we listened to his arguments. There is, he said in effect, a conflict between the scientists and the clergy, which is quite another thing. But the same Creator who devised the laws of physics, and chemistry, and astronomy, and electrical engineering (his father is a television repairman) also set up the moral law. We try to find out what these laws are, but never understand the whole thing, so of course there are conflicts in our beliefs. But if the truth in science were in conflict with the truth in religion, or vice versa, then God would be inconsistent, and Homer didn't think God is.

Shades of Albert Einstein, who said, "Science without religion is lame, and religion without science is blind."

We talked about the amazing progress science has made in their own lifetime, say nothing of mine: atomic fission, television, jet propulsion, the Salk vaccine. Did this progress mean we need a parallel and equally vigorous improvement in religion? Much disagreement on this point. Well, what do you mean by religion anyway? A system of worship? Reciting a creed? One's philosophy of living?

Whenever you find agreement in a Sunday-school class, either the subject is being taught in a wholly dogmatic way or no one is doing any thinking. Youngsters yearn to think, if we old fellows will only let them. When John (the quiet one) says, "I don't agree with you that a man's religion is really his everyday way of living," I rejoice and ask for his opinion.

We argued the point for three weeks. (Whoever conceived the idea that good teaching is covering a given area in a set period of time!) Some said that scientific progress compels religious progress. For example, the church has had to admit that the sun does not go around the earth, that the earth is not flat, and that we are not the center of the universe. But does that have anything to do with the average person's way of life? Somebody else said of course it did because to knock out any superstition is an improvement.

So we came back again to asking, "What is religion?" and that led to asking, "What is sin?" Is it disobeying the rules? Jesus broke the law. So did Washington and Lincoln. After a while Bob said that sin was doing anything against yourself. Some of the others objected that this would be selfishness. I said, "Suppose you wanted to become a musician and your father insisted on your becoming a lawyer. Would becoming a lawyer be sin if your heart and ability lay in music?" Dick thought it would make you hate your father, and that would be sin. But what about hating yourself for living an unhappy, unfulfilled life; for not doing what God intended you to do? And what about the difference between sin and making a mistake? Did they know that the old Greeks had no word for sin? Their expression was "going too far," which could be in either direction. In the end, the boys came up with something I shall always remember: "Sin is anything that makes you uncomfortable with yourself."

The following Sunday I asked them what the average person fears most. Bob did not want to express an opinion, but every one of the other nine, in his own words, said what amounted to one of two things: we fear ourselves most, or we are afraid of other people. I submit that a group of college seniors would do no better. Well, in the light of that conclusion, do we need improvement in our religion? The scientists have not changed the laws of nature, they have improved their ability to understand and to use them. Is the parallel activity necessary in religion? They were never all agreed.

This led to our discussing religion and ethics. What is the difference? After all, does a moral man who conforms to standards that are right and good need anything more? It is a point concerning which I was not too clear myself. We were floundering in our discussion when Leonard said, "Why don't we try to act this out?" My expectations were modest. What a surprise I had!

They divided into groups and went into a huddle. One group presented the difference in reaction to a cruel guard in a concentration camp of the man who is merely moral, and of the man who has an unshakable belief that there is purpose in the universe and that God is love. The first has far more difficulty realizing that a disagreeable person is only someone who has himself been abused. He was not born that way. The tyrant is to be pitied more than hated because his tyranny stems from having himself suffered from a tyrant. The second group chose a situation in which two equally capable young men were in competition for the same promotion. They acted out what they believed would be the difference in the way the successful candidate would treat his disappointed colleague.

Soon these lads will be men. Some of them will be going off to college, some to serve their hitch in the Army, some to work in the textile mill, the box shop or the match factory. But I shall stay with them as long as they will stay with me. I shall keep on loving them for the precious hours they have given me. And when at last my time is come, I want those ten to bear me to my grave. END

Always a special need...now a special laxative



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Sure, gentle, more normal relief . . . even after childbirth and during menstrual periods

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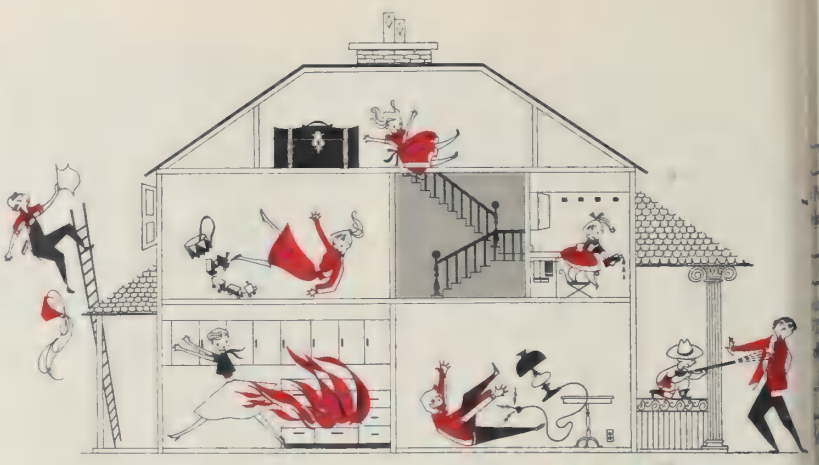
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Compare the calories in one serving:	
Rice Pudding	249
Cupcake (*with white icing*)	229
Orange Water Ice	177
D-Zerta Pudding (*with skim milk*)	54
D-Zerta Gelatin (*all 6 flavors*)	12



Made by the makers of JELL-O desserts...so you know it's good!



HOME SAFE HOME

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Edi

Home isn't necessarily safe—
every house we know about can be safer.
Accident-prone people and houses usually result from some hazard or oversight that could have been corrected if only we had recognized "danger" in advance. Our check list is to help you eliminate hazards wherever you dwell.

Nationally, about 4,000,000 people are injured at home each year—three times more than in traffic accidents. An average of 27,000 die as a result.

EVERY HOME **THE NEW HOME**

STAIRWAYS

- ☐ Are stairs well lighted top to bottom? Would a light set into a wall or under handrail help remedy the faults?
- ☐ Is handrail firm and steady? If not, could new design be substituted?
- ☐ Do treads offer slipproof footing? Would continuous carpeting be safer?
- ☐ Are there extra phone extensions to prevent stairway racing?
- ☐ Do stairs ascend at a slope betwee 30° and 36°? Stair treads at least 1(wide? Risers no more than 7¾″ high?
- ☐ Are handrails continuous from hea to foot? Balusters no more than 4 apart to keep children from fallin through?
- ☐ Are landings wide and safe?
- ☐ If stair is 44″ or more wide, is there rail on both sides?

In many cities, home accidents of all kinds outrank every other form of fatal mishap.

FLOORS

- ☐ Have you tried nonskid waxes, nonskid paints?
- ☐ Is carpeting rubber-backed or otherwise securely installed?
- ☐ Are kitchen-laundry floors nonski tile or otherwise slipproof?
- ☐ Is basement floor outlined in contra color where last step ends?

Falls account for about 50 per cent of home accidents; burns and fires, another 30 per cent.

LIGHTS AND ELECTRICAL WORK

- ☐ Enough outlets so cords don't dangle? Would strip outlets help? (Inexpensive, they go along baseboard or over counters, give you a choice of plug-in spots.)
- ☐ Night lights provided for?
- ☐ No electric cords under rugs?
- ☐ Once-a-year check—or oftener—to replace any worn, frayed cords?
- ☐ No oversized fuses, or pennies in back of blown ones?
- ☐ Automatic circuit breakers in plac of fuse boxes?
- ☐ Are lights and switches arranged fo a path of light through house?
- ☐ Enough power to back up presen and future appliances?
- ☐ No electric outlets too near tub o basins? (Never touch anything elec trical unless you're dry!)
- ☐ Indoor outlets with safety covers Outdoor outlets waterproof?

In one study of 2000 deaths at home, 25 were caused by electric shock.

EVERY HOME THE NEW HOME

KITCHEN

- High or lockable cupboards to hold poisons out of reach of toddlers? ishes, disinfectants, detergents, metal ners can be fatal internally.)
- Do you know danger signs in gas appliances—time to call qualified serv- an? (1) When there is a smell of gas. When flame burns yellow instead of .
- Is there an outdoor place to work with dry-cleaning products if used ll?
- A smooth-cutting can opener rather than a piercing kind?
- Protective storage for knives? (Racks on walls or in drawers.)
- Polishing cloths disposable or stored clean in metal containers?

- ☐ Do gas appliances have safety lighting arrangements that turn off gas if pilot fails?
- ☐ Is cooking area free from bang-open doors, away from main path of traffic?
- ☐ Adequate lighting over stove, sink, all work counters?
- ☐ Counter on handle side of refrigerator door?
- ☐ Range top with counters on both sides? Burners away from curtains?
- ☐ Ventilated space for oil mops, cleaning tools, waxing aids?
- ☐ All appliances labeled approved by Underwriters' Laboratory or American Gas Association?

In a recent Southern survey, the kitchen rated the most dangerous room of the house. Women 35 to 64 suffered most of the injuries.

DOORS AND WINDOWS

Doors hung so their swings don't conflict as traffic moves through rooms?

Entry door chain-locked, windowed, or provided with speaking tube?

- ☐ Upper windows protected in house with children by jalousie glass or set-in guards?
- ☐ All windows easily, safely cleanable?

In 1955, 14,000 people were killed falling at home.

STORAGE FACILITIES

- ☐ Is there lock-and-key precaution wherever firearms, power tools, medi- es are kept?
- ☐ Enough closet or basement room to house toys, garden implements or other stumble hazards?

An average of 1000 people a year die by firearm accident at home—most of them 5 to 14 years old.

WALKS, DRIVEWAYS, AND OUTER AREAS

- ☐ Barbecue area lighted, free of fall or fire hazards at night?
- ☐ Porches, paths, steps illuminated for late-arrival guests?
- ☐ Safe place for trash disposal?

- ☐ Driveway large enough to turn in without backing into road?
- ☐ Walks and driveways easily clearable in winter? Electric snow-melting cables set in if needed?

Going up: deaths from burns and fires at home. In 1955, 5400 died—a steady rise since 1949.

PLUMBING

- ☐ Tub made safe with rubber mat?
- ☐ Stools or pull-out steps so children can use basins?
- ☐ Nonskid mats or rugs for floor?

- ☐ Hand grip built in near bathtub?
- ☐ Corrugated tub bottom for extra protection?
- ☐ Controls and mixers so water will not come out scalding at faucets?

Over 1000 children were poisoned fatally at home in a recent year.

FIRE PREVENTION

- ☐ Small, portable fire extinguishers on hand on all floors of the house?
- ☐ Screens for all fireplaces?

- ☐ Ceiling sprinkler system installed if desired?
- ☐ Roof fireproof? Chimney well flashed?

Dwelling fires are on the increase—have been running to 60 per cent of all fires recorded.



...and Campfire adds the crowning touch!

Ever see a more luscious looking molded dessert? Well, wait till you taste it! That crowning touch of EXTRA GOODNESS comes from CAMPFIRE Marshmallows. They're the softer, lighter, fluffier kind. Delicately flavored. Always fresh — four individually sealed Packettes in each outer-sealed pound package. See for yourself—try this new CAMPFIRE glamor dessert. Tonight, maybe?

Marcia Camp's Recipe Book has dozens of wonderful ideas. Send for FREE copy.



cherry crown dessert

1 package Cherry Jell-O*
2 tablespoons sugar
Dash of salt
1 cup hot water
1 cup cherry juice and water combined
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup (17 ounces) pitted canned black cherries, drained
¼ cup whipping cream
1 cup CAMPFIRE Marshmallows, quartered—or CAMPFIRE Miniature Marshmallows

Dissolve Jell-O, sugar and salt in *hot* water. Add cherry juice and lemon juice. Chill until slightly thickened. Cut cherries in half and fold into one cup of the Jell-O. Pour into 1-quart mold. Chill until almost firm.

Meanwhile, place bowl of remaining Jell-O in ice and water. Whip with egg beater until fluffy and thick. Whip cream. Then fold marshmallows and whipped cream into whipped Jell-O. Spoon over layer in mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve with more whipped cream. Serves 6 to 8.

*Jell-O is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corporation.

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MARSHMALLOWS

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POTLUCK FOR GOURMETS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

to the stock, cover and simmer until tender (about 1 hour). Remove chicken from stock and put in a very slow—200° F.—oven to keep warm. Strain chicken stock, return to range and bring to simmering. In the stock cook 12 small peeled white onions about 45 minutes or until tender, 2 packages frozen green beans about 10 minutes, until tender. Remove vegetables from stock and keep warm in oven. In the top of a double boiler, melt 3 tablespoons butter and blend in 3 tablespoons flour. Slowly add all the chicken stock and heat over boiling water, stirring constantly, until thickened. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon each rosemary and marjoram and a pinch of saffron, if available. Remove from the heat. In a small mixing bowl combine 2 egg yolks and 3 tablespoons light cream. Add a small amount of thickened stock to the eggs and blend in well. Then add eggs to stock, return to heat (over boiling water) and cook slowly, stirring constantly, for 2 to 3 minutes. Remove from heat. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Arrange chicken pieces on a large platter, garnish with clusters of green beans and onions. Pour some of gravy over chicken, serve remainder separately. Makes 6 servings.



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One of the best things about winter is a truly superb New England boiled dinner—this one with corned beef and tender vegetables cooked together, lending their flavors to one another. A curried horse-radish sauce is magnificent with this, as you will see. And dessert almost has to be an apple pie, doesn't it?

NEW ENGLAND BOILED DINNER

Put a 6–7-pound fine-grained corned brisket of beef into a large kettle. Cover with cold water. Bring water to a boil, then drain and rinse beef. Repeat 3 times. Once more cover the corned beef with cold water. Add a piece of salt pork, 6 peppercorns and a stalk of celery. Simmer beef 3 to 4 hours or until fork-tender. Peel 8 to 10 small white potatoes and 5 carrots. Cut the carrots into chunks 1½" to 2" long. Add the potatoes and carrots to the broth. Cook until tender. About 15 minutes before serving, add 2 packages frozen Brussels sprouts to the broth. Cook until crisp-tender. Serve corned brisket on a platter garnished with potatoes, Brussels sprouts and carrots. Makes 8–10 servings.

CURRY-RADISH SAUCE

Whip ½ cup heavy cream until thick and glossy. Blend in 2 teaspoons drained prepared horse-radish, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, 3 tablespoons chili sauce and 1 teaspoon curry powder. Crush 1 clove garlic, or use ⅛ teaspoon powdered garlic. Add this along with the juice of 1 lemon and ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Season with a good dash of cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Makes 1 cup sauce.

"Bacon would improve the flavor of an angel," wrote Mark Twain. He was thinking, when he wrote, of lazy summer breakfasts cooked outdoors, but his words are no less true indoors, in January. This delicately seasoned stuffed veal roll is flavored with bacon and herbs, and simmered tenderly in chicken stock. Lima beans go in the broth, too, toward the end of cooking time. Here, though there will not be enough broth left when the meat is done to serve separately as a soup course, the delicious chicken-and-veal stock makes a wonderful base for a soup next day. Add a can of tomatoes, whatever leftover vegetables are handy—and there's a savory vegetable soup for tomorrow's lunch.

STUFFED VEAL

Buy a first cut from the top of a leg of veal. It should weigh about 3 pounds. Have your butcher leave it in one piece and pound it thin as for scallopine. In a saucepan, melt ⅓ pound butter with ½ cup water. Add 2 cups prepared packaged stuffing mix, 2 eggs, lightly beaten, ½ cup minced onion, ⅓ cup finely chopped parsley, 8 bacon slices, cooked and crumbled, 1 clove garlic, minced, ½ teaspoon salt and good pinches of dried dill and pepper. Mix well and spread over the surface of the veal, leaving about 2" of veal along each side unspread. Roll up the veal as you would a jelly roll, tucking under the ends and securing firmly with toothpicks. Wrap in several thicknesses of cheesecloth (tie together at the ends) and simmer 1 hour and 40 minutes, in a large kettle, in four 13¾-ounce cans chicken broth and 1 can water. For the last 20 minutes of cooking, add 3 packages Fordhook Lima beans. Makes 8 servings. Serve with this delicious mushroom sauce:

MUSHROOM SAUCE

In a saucepan, lightly brown 3 tablespoons butter. Add 3 tablespoons flour and few drops onion juice. Slowly add ¾ cup broth that the veal was cooked in, stirring constantly, and ¾ cup cream. Sauté ½ pound sliced mushrooms and add to the sauce. Season with 1 teaspoon each beef extract, salt and paprika.

Now for a big piece of cod, poached till the tender meat of the fish flakes off the bones practically at a glance, and served with a luscious, lemony dill sauce that you'll want to keep in mind to serve with other fish—salmon, for instance, and broiled swordfish steaks. Sweet green peas are perfect with the piquantly seasoned fish, and here's a thought for dessert: big canned peach halves, heated

TWO-O'CLOCK TALE

By CAROL L. CRANE

Up flies the window shade!
Down falls the chair!
Whoosh!—that's a Teddy bear
sailing through air.
Blood-chilling shriek, then a
thundering clap!—
Susan is taking her afternoon
nap.

Chattering muffled behind a
closed door;
Flutter of bare feet across a
bare floor;
Bedsprings resisting the run-
and-jump test—
Susan is settling down for a
rest.

Little by little the riotings
cease;
Silence attends an enveloping
peace.
For one precious hour the
quiet will keep—
Susan, thank heaven, has
fallen asleep.

in the oven, with a tablespoon or two of mincemeat in the hollow of each.

POACHED COD WITH DILL SAUCE

Put a 6-pound piece of cod on a rack in a large kettle. Around the fish pour 5 cups water and 1½ cups white wine vinegar. Add 1 teaspoon thyme to water. Sprinkle 1 chopped onion and 2 teaspoons salt over the fish. To the water add another chopped onion and 2 teaspoons more salt, 2 bay leaves, 1 stalk celery and 1 sprig parsley. Cover kettle and simmer the fish until tender (allow 10 to 15 minutes per pound). Baste fish occasionally with the broth. Remove fish from kettle and skin it. Top with dill sauce and serve on a platter with cooked frozen peas plus lemon wedges. Makes 10 to 12 servings.

DILL SAUCE

Melt 3 tablespoons butter in the top of a double boiler. Blend in 3 tablespoons flour and 1 teaspoon salt. Add ½ cup liquid in which the cod was poached, and 1 cup light cream. Heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add 1½ tablespoons dry dill or 3 tablespoons chopped fresh dill. Remove sauce from heat and cook slightly. In a separate bowl, beat 2 egg yolks. Stir yolks into sauce and return it to the heat. Stir for about a minute and cool slightly. Season with 5 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon onion juice and ¼ teaspoon hot red pepp sauce. For prettiness, stir 1 cup of yo cooked frozen green peas into the sau before serving.

The classic boiled beef is a particular delicious case in point. A generous-sized pie of beef brisket is simmered with vegetabl and noodles cooked in the broth. A sauce serve with the hearty slices of beef might b "salsa fria," a spicy relishlike concoction chopped tomatoes, onion and hot pepper or if you can't get good fresh tomatoes this time of year, try vinaigrette sauce wit the beef—it's delicious! Noodles go with th beef, and dessert might be chilled cut-u orange and pear sections, sprinkled with little cinnamon and a touch of powdere sugar.

BOILED BEEF WITH VEGETABLES

Lightly flour a 4–5-pound piece of fres brisket of beef. In a skillet, fry a 2" piece suet, cubed, until all the fat is cooked ou Discard the suet. Brown the meat lightly all sides. Drain fat. Lay the beef in a kett and add boiling water just to cover, 1 ve knuckle, 1 tablespoon salt and 1 tablespoo gravy browner. Add the following herbs whic are tied loosely in a piece of cheesecloth: cup minced celery tops, ½ teaspoon drie thyme, 2 large sprigs parsley, ½ teaspoo dried marjoram, 10 peppercorns and 1 onio chopped. Cover, bring to a slow boil and ski once. Simmer for 3–3½ hours or until t meat is tender. The last half hour add small peeled white onions. About 12 minut before the meat is done, add 1 box wi noodles and cook until tender. Remove me and vegetables from broth. Butter noodl and add salt and pepper to taste. Serve me surrounded by the noodles and onions. Serves

SALSA FRIA

Chop very fine 4 large ripe tomatoes, medium-sized onion and ½ (4-ounce) ca peeled green chili peppers. Add 1 clove garli minced, 2 tablespoons olive oil, ¼ teaspoo ground pepper, ½ teaspoon orégano, and sal and red wine vinegar to taste. It should b fairly tart and salty. Chill for several hours

Here's the alternate, just as good and per haps more to some people's taste.

VINAIGRETTE SAUCE

Finely chop 4 tablespoons Bermuda onion, tablespoons sweet pickle, 4 tablespoons gree pepper, 3 tablespoons parsley, 2 tablespoon chives, 2 tablespoons pimiento and the whit of 1 hard-cooked egg. Add 1 cup salad oi ⅓ cup vinegar, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1½ tea spoons sugar, 1 teaspoon finely chopped fres tarragon—or ¼ teaspoon dried tarragon—½ teaspoon red pepper and few drops garli juice. Mix well and store in refrigerator.

BOILED BEEF TONGUE AND VEGETABLES

Soak a 3–4-pound smoked beef tongue in col water overnight. Put the tongue in a larg kettle. Cover it with cold water and add *bouquet garni*, a leek, 1 onion stuck with whole clove, 1 clove garlic, 4 peppercorns an 2 teaspoons salt. Bring to a boil and simme tongue, covered, for 2 hours. Peel 8 to 1 small whole potatoes and clean 8 small arti chokes. Cut the stem off close to the leaves If artichokes are prickly, trim them with sharp knife or with the scissors. Add the pota toes to the broth and simmer them for 1 hour The artichokes should cook in the broth fo about 30 minutes. When the tongue is tender remove it from the broth, skin it and arrang on a hot platter with boiled potatoes an artichokes. Makes 8 to 10 servings. Serv melted butter with the artichokes, and thi delicious mustard sauce with the tongue:

MUSTARD SAUCE

Mix 1 cup brown sugar, ¼ cup dry mustard 1 teaspoon flour and ¼ teaspoon salt. Dis solve 1 beef-bouillon cube in ½ cup hot water Add, with ½ cup vinegar, to dry ingredients Mix well. Add 2 beaten eggs and cook in th top of a double boiler over hot water until i is the thickness of a soft custard. Cool Serves 8.

THE ORDEAL OF LADY GODIVA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

id. "You're just too ignorant to associate ith us." Missy didn't often interfere with the ildren's play, but she was sorry for Penny nd so she whispered that Jennifer didn't start ith the right letter as in Gallsworthy and roup. Penny thought again and settled on wendolyn. "It won't do," Peter said sharply. It sounds too much like Guinevere. We'd be tting all mixed up."

Poor Penny. It was a very lonely thing to e the only child who didn't go to school, aiting all day for them to come home, and hen being treated like a second-class citizen hen they did come. And so she cheated a ttle. She asked the Professor for a name that as elegant enough to go with Galahad and eoffrey and Guinevere and Genevieve. And he Professor cheated a little back. He told er, with a twinkle in his eyes and a twitching t the corner of his mouth, that he had always ancied the Lady Godiva. The Group was stounded when she brought them that name. here was no denying it was quite suitable nd it looked for a while as though they would ave to accept her until Peter said, "Let's have formal vote."

The Group retired to the second-floor play- oom and closed the door on Penny, and after lot of talking and shuffling about they called er in. They had pulled down all the shades o that the room was gloomy and shadow- illed, and they were seated on the floor in a ircle around a single flickering candle. Penny tood still just inside the door, suddenly a ittle frightened at the strangeness of the oom, at the mystery of the candle and the weird diabolic shadows it traced upon the amiliar faces. Then Peter said, in a new deep oice, "Let us vote." He stretched his left hand into the center of the ring, over the candle, although not too close, and he said, "She is too small." Terry reached out a hand and laid it over Peter's. "She is too young." Then Janet, "She cries too easy"; and Betsy, "She can't even read." There was a long pause while they all stared at her with animosity, which, with the weird shadows and the solemn ritual, made her feel quite cold, except for her eyelids, which were hot and prickling. Then Betsy put her right hand over her left and said, "The Lady Genevieve. No," and they followed in turn, the Lady Guinevere, Sir Geoffrey and Sir Galahad, all of them "No." And when they had all voted, and she still stood, rooted to the spot, they said all together, "Get lost!" and she turned and ran into her own room and threw herself upon her bed and cried.

There was no appealing the verdict of the Group. Neither the Professor nor Missy had ever encouraged the running to parents with the "Mother, make her ——" or "Daddy, make him ——" gambit of turning the parent into a cat to pull the child's chestnuts out of the fire. Child affairs were left to child government, and individuals were expected to abide by majority rule. Short of giving up her ambition to join the Group, there was nothing for Penny to do but overcome their objections. She was too small, they said, she was too young, she cried too easily, she could not read. In the night she set her little chin and determined that in a year everything would be changed. In another year she would be in school, she would be bigger and older, she would learn to read, and she would practice never, never crying again. And so she entered upon the ordeal of the Lady Godiva.

They were all hard tasks which had been set her. Although she disliked being called "the baby" or treated like the baby, there were certain prerogatives of the baby which she had enjoyed, like being fussy about her food or letting a gentle pathetic tear trickle down her cheek to get what she wanted. Now she abandoned both practices. She drank her milk at every meal and ate her vegetables, even string beans, which she detested and had used to push about her plate artfully so that they were concealed, at meal's end, under a chop bone or the silver. She gave up crying, even when the other children vexed her deliberately. One would have supposed the other children would see how improved she was and admire her, as Professor and Missy did, but not the Group. When Missy cried, "How well Penny is eating these days!" or the Professor joked, "What! The little one's getting quite big!" the Group would look at one another with compressed lips and murmur, "See Penny. Oh, oh, oh!"

The expression was a sort of secret language of the Group, an utterance which conveyed complete boredom. Sometimes it was varied to, "See Mary. Funny, funny Mary," or "See Fred. Oh, oh, oh!" but it was always delivered in a dull monotone, devoid of expression, and since the whole family, even in ordinary conversation, employed their flexible voices colorfully, this one leaden phrase had a most depressing effect upon Penny, reminding her of her many shortcomings and the long way she had to go to become eligible for the Group.

It was a hard job to give up crying, for she had a talent for tears and the forlorn child had been the one role the Group had let her play. They found it very diverting, the effect she had on visiting grownups when she let one fat tear well up in her blue eyes and course gently down her cheek. There was almost always some material evidence of sympathy slipped into her plump little hand, a reward which was divided evenly five ways at the end of the performance. But then one summer day when the Group had carefully set the scene and she was working on the college president in the hedged garden, the Professor had caught the show and that was the end of that. Penny had not liked being suddenly nobody, with her one acknowledged talent useless and no chance to develop any others, so she had turned her tears against the Group. They were not amused. Even when she really cried they said, "Faker, faker!" and left her. But now she had to give up crying altogether, even when she felt like it, and it was not easy.

But the most important thing of all, Penny realized, was learning to read. In a house that was built on books, as Faraway Hill was, where every member had his favorite reading nook for a launching field for the flying carpet of the mind, the one who could not read was a pariah. The Professor smoked his pipe and looked calm; Missy, the next page always half turned, twiddled it absently; the roof could have fallen in without disturbing Peter's concentration; Terry alternately read and dreamed with distant eyes; Janet liked to keep a pencil handy to underline things she liked; Betsy giggled or wept as though she were at a show. Penny had to content herself with sitting on the floor, looking at the colored pictures in her big books and trying to remember what the other members of the family had said the printing around the pictures meant. She lived for the day when she should go to school.

She waited through the long summer and the longer winter, through a dragging spring and a sullen summer, waited like a young squire training to be a knight, watching the older children gather in the upstairs playroom for Group meetings, and dreaming of the day when she could join them. Then had come the first day of school, a day of betrayal, for she had supposed that the moment she walked into the schoolroom the teacher would entrust her with a book, tell her the magic phrase, and she would be able to read. She had been the first one up, the first one dressed, the first one through with breakfast. As the children gathered their jackets and their lunch buckets and set off down the lane toward the country school, Peter had laughed at her. "Look at the sprout beam. How could anybody look that happy about going to school?"

Penny, who had used to be bothered by his teasing, answered serenely, "I'm going to learn to read today."

Terry said derisively, "See Mary. See Fred. Oh, oh, oh!"—the Group's pet expression of complete boredom.

Penny's face flamed. "I will so," she cried, stamping her foot in the dust. "I will so too!"

They stopped laughing then and stared at her with pity. It was Janet who told her gently, "Not today, Penny. They don't let you read for weeks and weeks." And it was true.



But now the waiting was over. The single letters of the alphabet were past, the flash cards with their single words had been drilled and put aside. Today, this very day, Miss Jones had promised, today without fail, the first grade would be given books. Today Penny would know how to read and tonight she would join the Group at last, the Lady Godiva.

At last the light crept into the house strong enough to trip the alarm clock down the hall, and Penny was on her feet at once. No need today to remind her to wash her face and straighten her socks and tie her belt. Even before Missy reached the stairhead, sleepy-eyed, clad in her long flowing housecoat, Penny was there, shining and breathless. Missy stared at her youngest child with astonishment and called the Professor, and he came running from his shaving, looking immodest in his undershirt, with his face still half frothed with lather. He felt Penny's forehead with mock alarm, and doors popped open all down the hall and small heads thrust out curiously.

"What is the matter here?" Missy puzzled. "Have I forgotten something? Is there a party today? Or is this Sunday, by some chance? Maybe the millennium has come. Maybe I'm dreaming."

Penny giggled. She would not tell them her lovely secret yet.

The boys came out into the hall in their pajamas. "She's flipped her stack," Peter said.

Janet called, "She's got a crush on some boy. Jimmy What's-his-name that threw a spitball at her yesterday."

Betsy tossed her gypsy head. "It's disgusting. She ought to be made to go back to bed till she gets over it."

Penny let them rave. She knew what the day would bring, and it was wonderful. All the way to school she hummed to herself a tune whose silent words were, *Godiva, the Lady Godiva.*

And so at last the moment came for Penny, the moment toward which all her life and heritage had pointed, the moment when she should be entrusted with the key to unlock all the riches of all the minds that ever were. Like the knowledge it contained, Penny's book was brand-new, and her fingers touched it reverently. She felt a promise she could not put into words: that she would always respect, always treasure this morning's revelation. And then Miss Jones was seated in her little chair and they were all opening their books together to the first reading lesson.

There was a colored picture first of a boy chasing a girl. She hardly glanced at it. She was tired of pictures. On the opposite page were the divine first words. She recognized them from flash-card practice. They were, "See Mary. See Fred. Oh, oh, oh."

Penny sat still and stared. Was this reading? Was this the door to the magic world of books? Was this what she had worked for, waited for, this leaden "See Mary. See Fred. Oh, oh, oh."?

In an instant she understood that they had always known, Peter and Terry and Janet and Betsy. They had always known that after she had struggled so hard and dreamed so much she would find only this. They had told her over and over, in their dull depressing monotones. They had told her derisively, laughing at her. Sick with disappointment, she put her head down on her desk. Dimly she heard Miss Jones talking in her bright voice, and then calling names. "Alice." Alice read, "See Mary. See Fred. Oh, oh, oh." Jane read, "See Mary. See Fred. Oh, oh, oh." Hugh read, and Freddie, and Barbara, and all their voices had the same words, the same monotonous tone. Their voices were like echoes of the voices of the Group, scorning her, laughing at her for wanting this thing so badly and finding it to be so little worth the wanting.

This was not the magic password to the Group. They would vote again. They would say, "She can't read. All she knows is 'See Mary. See Fred. Oh, oh, oh.'" They would say their names, Galahad and Geoffrey, Guinevere and Genevieve, and then they would all say together, again, "Get lost!"

Miss Jones said, "Penelope," and looked across the room at Jimmy What's-his-name, who was surreptitiously forming another spitball. Suddenly Penny flamed with anger. She would not stand for it. They could not do this to her. She would revolt against a fate so unkind, so unrewarding. Nobody in the world could make her suffer the indignity of mouthing those leaden words. She stood up. Her head turned slowly and she peered down at the floor beside her desk. "See Mary!" she whimpered.

Every head in the room lifted and thirty small necks craned to catch a glimpse of the suggested body in the aisle. Penny turned and her arm lifted toward the darkest corner of the room where shadows lingered behind the hall tree which supported Miss Jones' coat. "See Fred!" she cried, with a hint of fear in her voice. Not for nothing had she been the lackey or the scrubwoman all these years watching the Gallsworthy Group prance and mime in make-believe. Thirty first-graders rose to their feet and stared into the shadows, trembling.

Miss Jones, startled by the strange tone, abandoned the spitball and turned her attention on Penny, but too late. "Oh!" Penny gasped. "Oh!" she repeated with mounting horror. "Oh-h-h-h-h!" she screamed, her register mounting toward hysteria, and then fell across her desk in a mock faint.

Thirty first-graders, their backbones icy, abandoned their places in panic and fled like chicks threatened by a hawk to the hen teacher. Pandemonium took over.

The first grade was dismissed early, and Penny went home quietly and alone, the other children avoiding her as though she had just revealed the possession of an evil eye. She changed her clothes without being told and sat in her room, playing with a kitten, until dinnertime. She did not care any more. There was no magic key in reading. There was no wonderland in the books she could have. They were dull, dull, dull. Her disillusionment was ashes in her throat. She did not want to eat at dinner, she would not talk. She sat silent under Missy's anxious glances, not even a trace of a smile touched her lips at the Professor's teasing. She did not care if the Group looked at one another questioningly. And then the telephone rang.

Professor got up to answer and they heard his voice from the hall. "Yes, Miss Jones," and then again, "Yes, Miss Jones," his voice growing stranger and stranger. Peter and Janet exchanged looks, Terry stared at the youngest one speculatively, Missy's eyebrows went up as though she were putting out feelers to test the atmosphere. The Professor came back. His face was carefully controlled. "Penelope," he said, "Miss Jones has lodged a complaint."

Penny hung her head. "I'm sorry."

The air was charged with the electricity of curiosity. "Penelope put on a disgraceful exhibition this afternoon," the Professor explained. "She read with such fervor that she stampeded the entire room. Miss Jones was knocked down and trampled. Her feelings, and I think her back hair, suffered considerable injury."

Missy's cheeks were as gaunt as though she were sucking them in, and her eyes were wild. "What did you read?" she asked presently in a barely audible voice.

Penny's eyes were on her plate. She would have to tell them, and then they would all know the ghastly joke. "See Mary. See Fred. Oh, oh, oh," she answered in the proper monotone.

Professor cleared his throat and she could feel his eyebrows going up. "That stampeded them?"

Penny nodded and confessed, "The way I did it." Head down to hide her scarlet face, she pushed her chair back and fled, without even asking to be excused.

Nobody called after her, and nobody came near. They left her alone in her room all evening. She had disgraced the family and they were letting her know. She heard the other children go down the hall into the upstairs playroom. She heard the doorbell ring, and the voices of grown-up company in the downstairs hall. Penny was listless and tired. Her fingers were wooden as she unfastened buttons and slipped into her white night robe for bed. Turning, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and thought, impersonally, she looked like a candle with her long white gown and her mop of soft apricot-colored hair, but thinking of a candle made her think of the Group, and of Lady Godiva, who —— She shut her mind and climbed into bed.

She was wakened, she did not know how much later, by the Professor's voice—"stampeded in panic and swarmed the schoolmarm under, dignity and all"—and a burst of adult laughter. Penny felt the burn of humiliation possess her. Then she shook herself fully awake. How could she hear him with the door closed as she had left it? Cautiously she raised her head and saw that the door was standing open and Betsy was tiptoeing toward her. "Get up, Penny," Betsy whispered. "Come with me."

"Don't want to," Penny answered, burrowing her head in the pillow. She had stood enough for one day. She was not going to listen to the Group go over her sins.

Betsy twitched the covers off. "Get up," she repeated, "or Peter will come."

Reluctantly Penny crawled out of bed and followed her sister down the hall. She stood dull and sleepy, watching and listening as Betsy gave the secret signal, one sharp knock, then two soft ones, upon the playroom door, and then pushed into the room. The children were seated on the floor around the candle, waiting, their faces mysterious in the upflare of yellow light.

"Who comes?" Peter challenged.

"The Lady Genevieve," Betsy answered, "and the Lady Godiva."

Penny could not believe her ears. She stood utterly astonished, unable to move.

"Has she been through the ordeal?" Terry asked.

"She has been through the ordeal this very day," Betsy answered.

Then Peter said, "Let her join our circle," and Terry and Janet nodded, smiling.

It was like a dream to Penny, being led forward, and finding the circle was large enough now for five, and she was one of the five. She knelt in their ring, trembling, her eyes enormous. Peter said, "Let us vote," and put his hand out over the candle flame. "Sir Galahad, yes." One after another, the hands moved into the center. Sir Geoffrey, yes; Lady Guinevere, yes; Lady Genevieve, yes. There was a solemn pause. Janet whispered, "Put your hands on Betsy's and say your name." Penny's plump little hands topped the heap. "Lady Godiva," she whispered wonderingly.

Betsy's right hand covered Penny's warmly. "I find her brave," she declared. Janet offered, "I find her of proper age and size." Terry said, with just a slight twinkle in his eyes, "She reads better than most."

A flower of wonder opened slowly in Penny's heart. They had accepted her, she was one of them at last. Dimly she saw that what had happened to her had happened to all of them. They, too, led by the magic which the Professor had displayed to them, had dreamed and waited for their day of revelation, only to find, as she had found, the dull monotony of the primer. They, too, had endured the ordeal, and, living through it, found their way into the magic land of reading. Warm and secure and beloved in their midst, she would someday join them in that wonderland.

Sometime, when she had grown much older, she would know this moment to be one of the great ones of her life, the moment when she recognized the common experience. All over the world it was being lived by countless dreamers like herself, the future virtuoso weeping over scales, the fledgling pilot fumbling with gears, the girl who would become a great hostess burning her first pan of biscuits, the lovers who would inspire poets blushing at their first contact, the poets who would celebrate them twisting out limping lines, the great athlete falling over his own feet, the youthful statesman trembling before a uniformed doorman. It was the moment when youth's bright reach first takes the measure of its own small grasp.

But Penny was only six and the truth still years away. It was enough for now that she had won the right to be the Lady Godiva, that they found her brave and proper in age and size, that they admired her reading. And then Peter, who was Galahad, crowned her with the greatest compliment man can pay to woman. "I wish," he said in benediction, "that I had done it myself." END



CATCH AS CATCH CAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

The robe was not where it should be; it was t anywhere in the closet. And that was ange.

She looked, then, at the surprisingly few thes hanging on Joyce's side of the closet. yce had taken both her evening dresses, all summer dresses and . . . her tweed suit. Un- s the Nicholses (whoever they were) lived Maine, it was odd to lug along an autumn t. The suit hadn't gone to the cleaners, be- se it had just come back from the cleaners.

Linda shrugged slender shoulders. It was concern of hers what Joyce took for a ekend. It was her concern what had become the yellow silk robe, which she knew she d hung in its fixed place the night before. e obvious answer was that Joyce had bor- wed it, although Joyce had a really lovely usecoat of her own.

Joyce wasn't a girl to borrow things without king. And Joyce could not wear the robe if e did borrow it. Joyce was five feet nine ches tall, and weighed a hundred and thirty. autifully distributed the hundred and thirty unds were, and beautifully carried the five et nine, but they would not go into a robe ich was snug on a hundred and four pounds, st long enough for five feet two. "H'm-m," nda said, and looked in such other places as e robe might be, and did not find it, and oked under the bed—the bedroom was yce's, the day bed in the living room Linda's. e looked because of an increasing curiosity. Joyce had taken her big bag, as well as her ernight. The big bag was certainly big for a eekend. Linda stood up a little uncertainly. as it possible that Joyce had walked out on r? Left her, not with lamb chops and frozen occoli only, but with an apartment lease? *I n't believe it*, Linda thought. From Joyce's riting, Joyce had left in a hurry. Probably ith just time to catch a train. Joyce had cked hurriedly, had put the yellow silk robe ith her own things, by accident.

Linda put clothes on and it was a quarter of ven when she went down three flights of stairs, d through Morton Street to Sixth Avenue d up it, on the shady side, to Eighth. She uld look up Eighth and see that the movie dvertised at the Playhouse looked all right, d went on to Bigelow's, and ate a roast-beef ndwich and drank iced coffee. She was in od time for the seven-thirty showing, and if e picture was not what the critics had said it as, it was agreeable enough and now and en exciting.

She rented two books at the Washington quare Book Shop across the street. She car- ed them home to an apartment which asn't any cooler.

It was twenty minutes after eleven when the lephone rang.

"Miss Holbrook," a man's voice said, that appointment you wrote about. It's fixed r tomorrow at ——"

"Wait," Linda said. "Miss Holbrook isn't ere. This is—I share the apartment with her."

"Oh," the man said. There was, Linda ought, an odd note in his voice. "Do you appen to know where I could get in touch ith her, Miss ——"

"Parks," Linda said. "I'm afraid I don't, xactly. She's gone to the country for the eekend."

The man said "Oh" again, and she thought here was surprise, and perhaps uncertainty, n his voice. "You're quite sure?" he said then. "Because ——" She waited for a second, but e did not go on with that.

"Why," she said, "she left a note. Took her hings. Why do you ——"

"Never mind," the man said. "You don't now where?"

"All she said was somebody named Nichols," Linda told him. "But I'm afraid I don't know the Nicholses."

"All right," the man said. "We'll get in ouch with her later."

And then—abruptly, Linda thought—he ung up.

If the appointment Joyce was missing was bout a job—well, Joyce would shoot herself when she heard. It was all very well for the man, who might have gone to the trouble to identify himself, might have left a message, to say "they" would "get in touch with Joyce." Less than a month in New York had taught Linda several things. One of them was that "We'll get in touch with you" was to be counted among famous last words. One was there at the right time or one wasn't. It was that simple and that frustrating.

It was an odd time for somebody—talent agent? TV casting director? Advertising agency?—to call about a job. But people like that worked all hours and thought nothing of it. And, appointment "you wrote about"? That was a little odd, also. One didn't write. One went, as fast as high heels and quick legs and subways would carry one.

There was no use lying there on the day bed in the living room, book ignored in lap, and trying to work out something she didn't know anything about. On Monday, probably, it would all come out in the ——

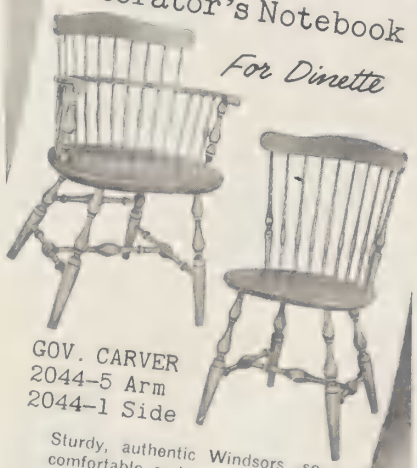
Linda went to sleep. Sometime in the middle of the night she awakened thirsty, and got water from the tap, and went back to sleep again. But this time she dreamed.

She dreamed about meeting Joyce again; Joyce tall and slim and very blond. Joyce had run crying, "They're after me, after me, after me——" so that the words seemed to float out behind her like a veil. And Linda was running behind her, and then there was no Joyce anywhere, but Linda was the one who was running and crying, "They're after me!" and, "Of course you know the Nicholses," a sandy-haired man was saying, in a quick, clipped Eastern voice. "You've got an appointment with the Nicholses. Don't you remember?" Linda wrenched herself awake. "Remember!" the sandy-haired man said, angrily, just as she woke up.



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It was after eight and very hot. She remembered the dream only as an unpleasant phantasmagoria, and then, as its outlines faded farther from her mind, as merely something unpleasant in which Joyce had been afraid. And then, as she stood under the shower again—thank God for running water in heat like this!—her mind asked an unexpected question. The question seemed to come out of nowhere, and it was: *Was* Joyce afraid of something?

There was no ready answer. As she drank orange juice, made coffee, put bread in the toaster, Linda tried to understand why her mind had asked that question. There must have been something. A final misty exhalation from the dream, and merely that? Or was the dream itself a reflection of some unknown knowledge in her own mind?

It came back slowly as she nibbled toast and drank coffee. Had Joyce during the past few days seemed . . . *wary?* If "wary" was the word for it?

Linda could not be sure. "Mind taking it?" Had Joyce used those familiar words more frequently in the past few days when the telephone rang? "See who it is before you let them up, will you?" Hadn't Joyce said that several times when the door buzzer sounded? And hadn't Joyce spent an inordinate amount of time standing by the living-room windows and looking down into Morton Street, in which there was seldom much of interest to look at?

Linda thought, *I'm making something out of things which were nothing.* She washed her cup and saucer and juice glass resolutely, and went to the door to pick up the newspaper which ought to be outside it—and found she had forgotten to lock the door. And then she remembered quite vividly that on Tuesday night, after they had both gone to bed, Joyce had called, "Did you lock the door?" and, on getting "Sure" for an answer, had not accepted it, but come out herself to test the door.

But, when she had gone away for the weekend, Joyce had herself left the door unlocked. She had left the door unlocked, and taken a fall suit on the hottest of summer days, and a robe which did not belong to her, and had used a salutation she had never used before and mentioned—dragged in, as if it were almost certain Linda would remember it—the name of people of whom Linda was now quite certain she had never heard. *Was she,* Linda thought—sitting by the windows, with the newspaper on her lap—*was she trying to tell me something?*

But as soon as her mind reached this second specific question, her mind rejected it, almost violently. *How silly can you get?* Linda asked herself, and censored the answer. Mountains out of molehills, and no real molehills to start with. She turned her attention to the paper, which gave her real things to worry about.

At nine o'clock or thereabouts, Linda Parks finished dressing, having taken time about it, since how she looked was important—was one of the things she had to sell. Linda, prepared to take her wares to market—the way she looked and the way she spoke, a mobile face and one season of summer stock—stopped, for no reason at all, to look from a window down to Morton Street.

Across the street, on sandstone steps down from the entrance of an apartment house, a man was sprawled. He was rather well dressed, and rather young, and most obviously drunk. People passed him and paid no attention to him and he, apparently, paid no attention to anything. *At nine o'clock in the morning,* Linda thought. As she watched, the man's head fell back so that he appeared to be looking up at her. But it was evident that whatever he looked at, he was past seeing.

Linda went uptown to an advertising agency which was supposed to be seeking a girl who could dance, and sing a little, and open a refrigerator without falling into it. The agency had been, the day before, she was told. But the agency would keep Linda Parks in mind.

"Don't call you. You'll call me," Linda told the good-looking young man in the gray suit and he grinned, and said it came to that, but then, "Don't worry. You'll make it."

Since it had never occurred to Linda Parks that she would not, she said merely, "Of course," and went on to try a TV studio, and a manager's office and a talent agency. It was then after one, and she had not thought of Joyce Holbrook all morning.

She had a chicken-salad sandwich and a chocolate malted and decided to go back to the apartment. In New York in summer, Saturday afternoon often seems to begin with Friday's lunch.

But she did not hurry back. She stopped to buy stockings; to look, with longing, at pretty things which she could not afford. She rode downtown on a bus, loitered through Washington Square, where there were trees, but no coolness.

It was after three when she climbed the steps to the entrance of the apartment house in Morton Street. The man who had sprawled on the steps across the street was gone—sobered or moved on by a policeman. She climbed to the fourth floor and unlocked her door and went in, and was it hot!

I wish somebody would invite me to the country for the weekend, Linda thought. *I could be sitting in a shady place, cool. In New York there is never that feeling. Of course they say the winters* —— "Wait till you go through a New York winter," Joyce had told her. "The wind around the Empire State—br-r-r. Wait ——"

She had been getting ice cubes out while she let water run from the tap. She stopped suddenly, holding the tray of cubes.

But—*how did Joyce know?* Joyce herself had come to New York only a few weeks before Linda had come; it had been part of it that they were both new in the city, knowing nobody in the city, learning the ropes together. It had been part of it that neither had been there before, and that so they were starting even. But Joyce had talked about winter in New York as if she knew winter in New York, knew where the wind blew coldest.

Linda got cubes out of the tray and into a glass, and filled the glass with water. Carrying the glass, she walked to the living-room window. She tried to remember exactly what Joyce had said. Perhaps she had said "they say" New York freezes you in winter; that a cold gale blows around the Empire State. But she could not remember that Joyce had said it that way. Linda thought, *It's another thing that doesn't fit.*

She looked down into Morton Street.

The man was back. Only he wasn't sprawled on the steps now. He was standing beside them, leaning against the house itself, reading a newspaper. And he did not appear at all drunk. He looked up suddenly from the newspaper, and at her. He looked down again quickly, folded the newspaper and began to walk off, not hurrying.

It was then that the door buzzer sounded.

It was a man selling brushes. He had a salesman's smile when he reached the landing; he held a sample brush ready. He said, "Miss Holbrook?" having, of course, got t name from the mailbox in the vestibule. H face told him. "Miss Parks, then. I'm the bru man."

"I'm afraid not," she said.

"How do you know till you look?" he ask her pleasantly. "Lots of things besides brush Toiletries? Er—insect exterminators? We got a new thing for roaches."

"I'm afraid not," Linda said again. "I w just going out." Sometimes that worked.

"Miss Holbrook, then?" he said. "I take you share the apartment with her. May s[h]e'd be ——"

"She's not here," Linda said. "Away for t weekend. I'm awfully sorry. I'm reall afraid ——"

It wouldn't do any good, she thought, ev as she tried to get finality into her words. Pe sistence was the word for a brush man. S would end, probably, by buying something.

"Well," the man said, "thanks anyway."

And with that, still carrying the case of sar ples, he turned and went down the stairs. T case banged on steps as he went. She heard banging all the way to the street floor. *Not very persistent brush man,* she thought. *didn't even try the people on the lower floors.* H wouldn't sell many brushes that way.

She looked down into the street again. H was putting his sample case into the back of car. He got into the car and slammed the do and the car started up. *Given up for the da* she thought. *I must have been the last straw.*

But then she could feel herself frownir When she had last looked down at the stre the car had not been there. So he had not be canvassing the block. It was almost, s thought, as if he came here to make this o call. As if *this one call were all that matter*

And it was then, for no real reason, becau of an accumulation of things of no appare significance, that Linda Parks felt nerv tighten at the back of her neck. *Too mar things are wrong,* she thought; *too many litt things. Something's happening,* she though *something I don't understand is happening. ought to tell somebody.*

But as soon as that thought entered h mind, it seemed to shrink. *Tell someboc what? What have you got to tell? Your apar ment mate goes for a weekend and leaves note; there is a drunk on the steps across th street; a brush man knocks off early; th girl you share with gets something of your mixed up with hers.* It fell apart when yo touched it. The police would be tolerant an patient and, figuratively, pat her shoulder an tell her not to worry, and think she was a gi from the sticks imagining things.

If only she could talk it over with some body—somebody less official than the polic If she were at home she would go to Judg Hopkins—who wasn't a judge any longer, b the county prosecutor; who was an old frien of her father's. If only there were somebod like that, official, but at the start merely som body she could talk to.

The sandy-haired man she had met at th amorphous party and not thought of sinc but had incongruously dreamed about—h had something to do with the district attorne which was probably the same thing as th prosecuting attorney at home. He was a lon way from Judge Hopkins, but he was the nea est she could think of in this city of which sh knew so little. It was absurd to think of impos ing on him with this—this cobweb of trivia things. He would not remember her. He had square brown face and moved and spok quickly and when he looked at you he reall looked at you. His name was Bowen.

She went to the telephone and put her han on it and then took her hand away. It was to ridiculous, too embarrassing. She woul think about it for a while.

So it was not until 4:20 on the afternoon o Friday, the twenty-seventh of July, that Lind Parks dialed the office of the District Attorne of New York County and asked if she coul speak to Mr. Bowen.

At 5:04 Geoffrey Bowen, lawyer, an assist ant district attorney among many, was on hi familiar way to the 5:10 New Canaan Express He was thinking about the girl who had calle him up, and trying to place her.

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY

(or: Some Curious Echoes)

My daughter tells me everything.
Mother thinks I'm still a child.

My husband would never do a thing like that.
My wife lives in a dream world.

My kids think I can do anything.
I wish pop wouldn't try so hard.

My son used to be so affectionate. I wonder what's happened.
That mushy stuff is for babies. Guys don't like it.

We're staying young for the children's sake.
We don't want the folks to be fuddy-duddy, but—gosh!

PATRICIA MARTIN

Name: Linda Parks, which struck no spark. Dark and not tall, she said. But there had been half a dozen girls at the Folkeses' swarming party who had been dark and not tall. There had been one who was as lovely a little thing as he could remember having met, but the party had snatched her away from him and if she had a name he could not remember that anybody had mentioned it. There was no point in getting up his hopes that she was the girl who had called.

She had got through to him at 4:25, when he had ten minutes of cleaning up still to do, and a vacation stretching ahead. She had wanted to talk to him about something that was worrying her, something about a girl who had disappeared; something about a "lot of little things." She had not known, really, that they added to anything, but she was worried. She had to talk to somebody. If only he could give her half an hour.

It was one of those intangible things which came up every so often. People got suspicious; people got scared. People, in short, imagined things. One listened, because, too often, the things were not really imagined. But sometimes one had no time to listen. He explained that to the girl, who would not turn out to be the lovely one. (Although she had a clear and charming voice.) He explained that he lived in the country, and had a train to catch; he suggested that she let it go until Monday, and he would arrange a man for her to talk to, since he himself would be on vacation ——

And then she had said "Oh" in such a dimmed voice that Jeff Bowen's conscience made faces at him. He stared his conscience down. He said that he was being met at the other end of the train ride, in New Canaan, and this was not true. He said again that Assistant District Attorney Reggie Cunningham would be just the man for her to talk to. On Monday.

She said "Oh" again, her voice dying away. But then, in a different voice, she said, "The country? A place called New Canaan?" and, before he could respond, "Is there some sort of hotel there? Where I could stay overnight? To get away from the city?"

"Well," he said, "of course. But ——"

Then couldn't she meet him on the train? Tell him about what was worrying her, get his advice? If he would tell her what train?

He did, feeling somewhat trapped. Then, she would wear a red hat on the train and sit—where? In the last car? The smoker?

Jeff Bowen said he would look, on the 5:10, for a small dark girl wearing a red hat and that he was a middle-sized man with sandy hair.

"Oh," she said, "I remember you, Mr. Bowen." He could hear the words again, two quick strides from the open mouth of Gate 23.

"—— at Track Thirty-nine," a very different, loud and metallic voice said, in his ear—in the ears of all in the station. "Attention, please. Will Mr. Geoffrey Bowen please come to the stationmaster's office at Track Thirty-nine? Mr. Geoffrey Bowen, please. Come to the stationmaster's office."

Geoffrey Bowen stopped. His moment of indecision was brief, and then he knew he'd had it—as he had always had it since he accepted appointment as an assistant district attorney and became a sworn officer of the state. He didn't suppose that "the state" was what was having him paged. But all the same, he'd had it. And the girl wearing a red hat, waiting on the train probably, had had it too. Unless—unless it was the girl herself who had arranged the paging? To tell him she couldn't make the train? Or that the missing roommate had come home after all? Or ——

He walked fast, although there was no real use in walking fast. He could kiss the 5:10 good-by.

"Yes, sir?" a uniformed young man behind a counter in the stationmaster's office said.

Geoffrey Bowen said he was Geoffrey Bowen, and the man nodded; he said, "Yes, Mr. Bowen. Your office wants you to call. You can use that phone."

It seemed a long time before a voice said, "District attorney's office, good afternoon."

"Jeff Bowen, Sally," he said.

The girl at the switchboard in the office said, "Yes, Mr. Bowen?"

"You wanted me," he said. "Somebody did. Had me paged at Grand Central."

She said, "Paged?" as if the word were new. "I don't know, Mr. Bowen. Almost everybody's gone. I was just going."

"That was the message," Bowen said. "I was to call. The chief, Sally?"

"Gone twenty minutes ago," she said. "Nobody called through the board. But—I'll see."

He waited. He heard her try—heard humming silence, heard her clear, modulated voice. She spoke again to him. "Nobody knows anything about it, Mr. Bowen. I'm sorry."

"So am ——" Bowen said, and caught himself, and said, "Not your fault, Sally. Have a good weekend."

He was thanked for that; he was told to have a good vacation. He put the handset back in the cradle and looked at it, and walked two steps to the young man and said, "You're sure it was my office?"

"That's what they said. The district attorney's office. Something wrong?"

There was. There obscurely, but still decidedly, was. "Not your fault," Bowen said, as he had said before, and walked quickly out of the stationmaster's office. At Track 23 the gates were closed; the 5:10's announcement board was down. Two tracks away, the 5:34's board was up—"New Haven Local-Express" and, in the station strip, "Connection for New Canaan."

Linda Parks had put the telephone back in its cradle in the Morton Street apartment and had moved as fast as a nimble girl can. She tossed enough things for a night or two into a bag; ran down the three flights of stairs and trotted to the subway station. Now that she had found someone who (reluctantly, but that would be all right) would listen to and advise her, there was adventure in the rest of it. And for a night—perhaps for two nights if the hotel wasn't too expensive—she would be out of the city. New Canaan, she thought, would be a quiet, shaded town, like Centerview.

She found the 5:10 New Canaan Express and reached Gate 23 just before it opened. Now she sat, red hat and all, on the right-hand side of the last car and waited for a man named Geoffrey Bowen, the quick, sandy-haired man she was sure she would remember. She looked at her watch and saw that it was time for the train to start. A man with a brief case ran along the platform, and after that there was no one. She watched the door at the end of the car, anxiously, and when the door stayed shut she half stood and reached for her bag. But then the train started.

She sank back in the seat, and the red hat—with a feather sticking out of it—was the only gay thing left about Linda Parks. He had missed the train. Or he had never planned to catch the train. He had agreed, to get rid of her—get rid of a bothersome ninny from the country, scared out of her wits. The train began to pick up speed; then it was in a tunnel, the walls closing in.

Then the door at the forward end of the car opened, and she looked quickly. But the man was not the man she remembered; the man she had talked to; the man who had promised. The man who came into the car, and looked down it, was a big, soft man, with a round, rather friendly and red and perspiring face. He wore a tweed jacket, and he was beginning to grow bald. He came down the car looking at her, and stopped. "Miss Parks?"

She merely looked at him.

"Cunningham," he said. "Reggie Cunningham. Geoffrey Bowen got tied up at the last minute. Asked me to talk to you instead." He looked at the overnight case, and then reached down and picked it up and put it in the overhead rack. "Said to tell you he was sorry," the big man said, and sat down beside Linda. His heavy body pressed against hers, wedging her against the side of the car. "Now," he said, in a heavy, pleasant voice, "what's all this about your roommate? About Miss Holbrook?"

At first, she felt only let down—disappointed. She had time to think that odd, since all she wanted was to talk to somebody, somebody who would know what to do. Geoffrey Bowen on the telephone *had* said something about a Mr. Cunningham. Another assistant district attorney, she supposed.

She looked up at the big man, who smiled encouragingly.

"It's just that ——" Linda began, and stopped, her lips still parted for the next word.

Something was flashing in her mind; flashing as lights flashed in the tunnel the train sped through.

I didn't tell him her name, Linda thought. *I know I didn't tell him her name. So how does this man know?*

What it came to, Geoffrey Bowen decided—*what it comes to, whoever called was a crank. There are plenty in town, and you can never tell what they may be up to.* Three years in the district attorney's office had taught him that. The vast, uninquisitive city is a haven for cranks. Some of them liked—well, to tease the animals. Particularly the police animals, the law-enforcement animals, the district-attorney animals. "Show them how smart they are," the cranks said, and went to trouble to do it. Like calling up with a story about a disappearing roommate, arranging to be met on a train, arranging that the teased animal misses the train. Probably stood and watched, somewhere in the crowd, and laughed like crazy when Geoffrey Bowen heard his name on the station loud-speaker, and turned from the train gate to answer it.

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He should have got over being surprised at what the cranks did, Bowen thought, making his quick way across the Grand Central concourse. All the same, he was surprised. She hadn't sounded like one of them. There was nothing to be done about it.

I got off easy, Geoffrey Bowen thought, making his quick way through the open gate to the 5:34. Half an hour's difference didn't matter; it wasn't as if he really had anyone meeting him at the station, or as if anybody waited impatiently in the sprawling white house. He opened a newspaper and relaxed into the normal world.

There was no change in the man when Linda abruptly stopped speaking. He looked at her and waited. After a few seconds he said, "It's just what, Miss Parks?"

Her mind hurried back. *I didn't say*, "*My roommate, Joyce Holbrook*," Linda thought. *I just said*, "*The girl I share an apartment with.*" *Then, how does this man know her name?*

The man said, "Why don't you go on, Miss Parks? You wanted to tell us something." And, this time, his voice was changed—this time his voice seemed to press on her, as his heavy body did; seemed to push against her mind, as his body against hers.

Who is this man? she thought and then, *This is another of the wrong things. And this time it is directed against me.*

She tried to slow her mind, make it sensible. The sensible thing was to ask this big soft man to identify himself. He would have an official card. A badge or something? But another thought tumbled over that, because her mind would not slow. *If I ask for that, and he is not what he says at all, then he'll know I know and* ——

The train raced on. Lights flashed past the window and the car swayed. The air in the car seemed to thicken. *I've got to get out*, she thought; *I've got to* —— And then she thought, *There's a way.*

She parted her lips as if to speak again, but then, with a quick gesture, put her hand over her parted lips. She shook her head, and pressed hard against her lips. She looked up at the man, and her eyes widened; she willed sickness into her eyes, tightened the muscles around them. ("Learn to use your eyes," drama coaches had told her. "You can do a lot with eyes. Practice.")

"What's the matter now?" the man said. "Don't tell me ——"

She nodded her head. She took her fingers from her mouth, as if there were great risk in the movement. She barely opened her lips. She said, "Carsick. I'd better ——" and, convulsively, covered her mouth again. The man looked down at her. She moved, started to stand up. For an instant he hesitated, and she made her eyes command, "*Hurry!*"

The big man got up rather quickly, and she pushed past him, into the aisle.

"Up front," he said, and she went the short distance to the front of the coach, pressing her hand still against her mouth. She would lock herself in; somebody would come—the conductor ——

The train shot into daylight; now, as she reached for the door marked "Toilet," the train hurried on elevated tracks; ran high between tenements. The train began to slow.

She tugged at the toilet door, and it was locked. She looked back. The big man was still standing in the aisle, looking at her. She tugged at the door again, willing desperation into her movements. ("Remember," they had told her, "you'll always have to exaggerate a little.") The train went much slower. The train was stopping.

She turned quickly, pulled at the door to the vestibule. A metallic voice filled her ears—"Five-twenty express," the voice said. "Stamford the first stop."

The trainman swung off the steps to the platform. Instantly, it seemed, a crowd formed at the bottom of the steps. She moved down the steps. For a second she seemed trapped by people who surged toward her, blocked her escape from the train. She broke free and began to hurry along the platform, away from the coach in which the big man—she hoped—still awaited her return. She found a flight of stairs and ran down it, thinking, *It's a miracle the train stopped so soon.*

(The 5:10 out of Grand Central is the 5:20 out of 125th Street. Carrying an overnight case, a big man ran down the coach steps as the train started, and swung off to the platform.)

She ran now. She pushed through swinging doors and was on the street and there was a cab waiting. She ran to it, and tugged the door open. Inside the cab, she was for a moment too breathless to speak. The cab driver said, "Where to, lady?"

"Downtown," she said, and the city—the city she knew so little—seemed to swirl around her. She looked back through the rear window of the cab. A good many people were coming out of the station. She did not see the big man. "Grand Central Terminal," she said.

The 5:34, New Haven Local-Express, came out of the Park Avenue tunnel to the elevated right of way, and ran, slowing down, between tenements—tenements with open windows, with women leaning from windows, their elbows on pillows. As the train slowed, Geoffrey Bowen could have looked into many windows. Two months ago he had looked often, fascinated by framed vignettes of different life. He didn't any longer. The train stopped at 125th Street at 5:44. People got on it.

One of the men who got on at 125th Street, and found a seat a little behind Geoffrey Bowen, was a tall, rather heavy man, who wore a tweed jacket—who had a round, friendly face, flushed by the heat of the afternoon. He put a weekend case in the rack.

Jeff did not look at the large man with the somewhat flushed face. It would have made no difference if he had, since he had never seen the man before.

The big man lighted a cigar and leaned back in his seat, and opened a newspaper. He did not, however, become engrossed in it. There

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

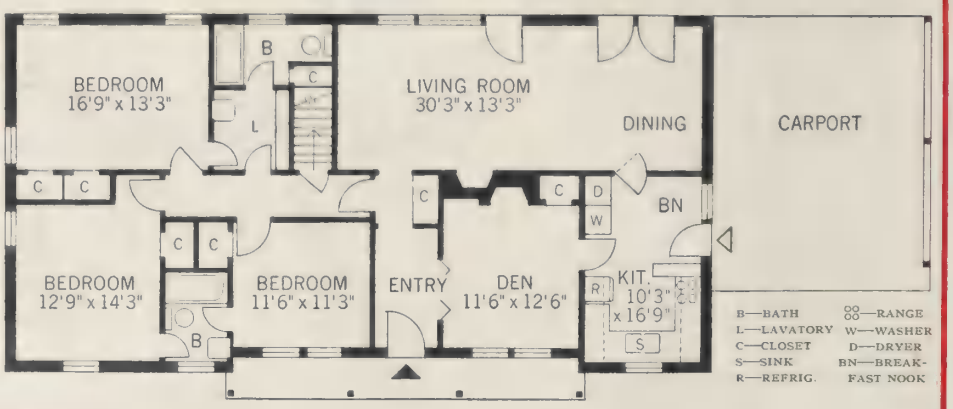
ARCHITECT: KNOX A. GRIFFIN; PHOTOGRAPHER: RODNEY McCAY MORGAN



At home IN ANY NEIGHBORHOOD

Modern planning and time-tested style are judiciously combined in a three-bedroom, one-story house

By CAROL L. CRANE



This comfortable home owes its livability to an ingenious plan, and its gracious air to early colonial forebears. See how the white-columned entry porch adds interest to a simple rectangular plan; the roof extension shades unusual floor-to-ceiling double-hung windows flanking a handsomely paneled door. Further accent is added to the entry by the sparkling white-painted vertical siding, contrasting with the pink tones of the used brick, and the crisp black of shutters and carriage lanterns.

Once inside the doorway, one sees that the house is planned for all the convenience and comfort that modern living implies. The central hallway bears the burden of through traffic, and provides an effective barrier between the living-entertaining area and the bedroom wing. The den, to the right of the entry hall, isolates children's TV viewing; it also accommodates occasional overnight guests. Ideal for grown-ups' entertaining is the really grand-scaled living room, with a portion set aside for formal dining, and access to the rear terrace from either area.

The bed-and-bath arrangement is unusual and very practical: a compartmented master bath, more likely to be tidy than the children's bath, doubles as guest powder room, and is accessible from master bedroom or hall, while the children's bath is carefully hidden from view, sandwiched between their bedrooms.

A partial basement beneath the sleeping wing is unfinished except for utility and storage rooms; future plans include a playroom which, taking advantage of the sloping site, will have direct access from out-of-doors, and windows above grade.

Construction estimates for this house range from $21,000 to $26,500, depending upon regional variations in costs of materials and labor.

Sorry, no plans available.



As modern as a new kitchen – milk in Pure-Pak!

Suddenly, as you use the convenient Pure-Pak carton, **all other methods of milk packaging are outdated.** Pure-Pak's the modern milk container that is so convenient, sanitary and safe—*easy as a pitcher to use.* Because so many of you have asked for it, dairies nearly everywhere offer this improved service.

Have you asked your milkman for milk in Pure-Pak?

Pure-Pak
YOUR PERSONAL MILK CONTAINER

25 MILLION TIMES A DAY, SOMEONE BREAKS THE SEAL ON A FRESH PURE-PAK CARTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

was no point in letting the same thing happen twice. Having let it happen once had not increased his popularity. He was a man who liked to be popular. Things were set now as far as Stamford.

In the taxicab, Linda asked herself questions. *What's come over you? What on earth are you afraid of? Why are you running around like a chicken with its head cut off? And, if you must act like a hysterical ninny, why don't you just step out of it? Because nobody's after you. Why should anybody be?*

These were sensible questions. But there were no sensible answers. *The big soft man was probably just what he said he was, a friend of Mr. Bowen's, from the same office. You did give Joyce's name and just don't remember it. Ninny!* Linda remembered very carefully, went over it very carefully. The cab went faster.

Linda was again quite sure. She had *not* given Joyce's name to Mr. Bowen when she talked to him on the telephone. This man who knew her name had not learned it from Bowen. Then he had not been sent by Bowen. Then—*he was part of it.* (Part of what?) She was frightened. And now she was frightened for herself. Now "it" had turned toward her.

"Here we are, lady," the cab driver said, and she paid him and went into the Grand Central Terminal. It was enormous and there were many people. She was safe here. Perhaps she could merely walk out of "it." *It's none of my business. I can close my eyes and ears, as city people close them. I'm not in Centerview now, where anything that happens to anybody is—is part of everybody. I've stumbled into something. I can jump out of it. What's Joyce to me, really? A girl I hardly know.*

But you can't walk out on people. Not if you know things—even things that form a cobweb only—which nobody else knows. And then Linda thought, *He didn't miss the train on purpose. He's not like that. I'll go to this New Canaan and find him. It will be a little place—like Centerview, probably—and it will be easy to find him.* She walked to the information desk and asked when the next train left for New Canaan. The man said, "Six-oh-five, Track Nineteen."

At Track 19, the gates were open. As Linda started through, a man who had been waiting to meet someone—a young man, tall and broad-shouldered, tanned and hatless—looked at his watch, and shrugged. *Giving it up,* the shrug said, and Linda thought, vaguely, that he gave up easily, since there were still five minutes before the train was due to leave. The man went down the ramp a few steps behind her. She went into the last car and found a seat. She was vaguely conscious that the hatless man came into the coach after her and found a seat on the other side of the aisle.

The train started. Just before it stopped at 125th Street, Linda took the red hat off and tucked it down out of sight. She also powdered her nose, keeping the hand which held the compact in front of her face. But the big man with the flushed face was not one of those who got on at 125th.

Nobody was meeting Geoffrey Bowen at the station. At the house in Pound Ridge, the hundred-and-fifty-year-old house, nobody was waiting for him. He might as well get something to eat in New Canaan. Jeff walked the length of the station yard, checking as he passed on the presence of his Volkswagen which nestled undisturbed in the small space it needed. He crossed Park Street and walked to a restaurant.

One of the fifty or so who had got off the train was a partly bald, heavy man with a red face. He walked in the direction Jeff Bowen had taken. He did not follow Bowen into the restaurant. He sauntered on, looking in the windows of attractive shops—a man with time to kill on a pleasant late afternoon in a pleasant, immaculate town.

"Change at Stamford," the conductor had said, as he punched Linda's ticket. "Stamford!" a trainman said loudly now. "Change for the New Canaan branch."

She went down steep steps to a platform and hesitated and saw a sign indicating the way to the New Canaan trains. She did not look back at the man behind her—at the tall, tanned, hatless young man, with a pleasant face and the commuter's brief case.

A train was waiting at a platform marked "Train to New Canaan." She was not the last to climb on the train.

New Canaan, she had vaguely thought, would be rather like Centerview—a little town, with quiet sun-swept streets, small enough so that she would stop in some store or other and ask where a Mr. Bowen lived—a Mr. Geoffrey Bowen. But, standing on the station platform and looking from it into the town, she realized it was not at all like Centerview. The idea that she would merely have to ask someone where Mr. Bowen lived was, at once, absurd. Nevertheless, she asked one of the taxi drivers waiting at the edge of the platform. He shook his head. He said, "Live here in town?"

"Why," she said, "I suppose so. That is—he was coming here."

The taxi driver smiled at her; most people smiled at Linda Parks, although she had never particularly noticed that herself. "You see," the taxi driver said, "people from quite a ways around use New Canaan station. Pound Ridge, over Wilton way, even come down from Lewisboro and Ridgefield. This Mr. Bowen might live anywhere around here."

She said "Oh" and the taxi driver was impelled to pat her shoulder, and resisted the impulsion. "Probably be in the telephone book," he said. "Stamford book. Divided up by places."

She went into the station, which was deserted, and found a telephone directory. She found: "Bowen, William, TrntyPass." But his first name was not William. Still ——

She dialed the listed number. The telephone rang, and rang unanswered. She went out of the station. The cab stand was empty now. Trains come; trains go back. She went to the trainman and asked about that. He looked at his watch. "Next trip in nineteen minutes."

Again, she thought, *I could just step out of it, run away from it. I could get back on the train and go back to the city. I could ——*

I can't, she thought. *What shall I do?* And then, quite prosaically, she decided she would go someplace and get a sandwich and, after allowing time enough, try again the telephone of the Bowen who lived at (or in?) something mysteriously called "TrntyPass." After she had eaten she tried the number again. And again she got no answer.

She walked back to the station; the train had gone. A taxi was backing up to the platform. The driver was the one she had talked to before; he got out of the car and came around it and smiled at her and said, "Find your party?"

"I don't know," she said. "There's a Bowen in Pound Ridge. On something called"—she tried to make it sound as it looked—"Trnty-Pass" and then spelled it. "Only it's a William Bowen. The man I want is ——"

"Wait a minute," the taxi driver said. "I've heard about that Bowen. And that's Trinity Pass. Wanders all over that neck of the woods, Trinity Pass does. Big corporation lawyer, Mr. Bowen is, only he and his wife have moved to Florida. Got the house up for sale. That's what I heard, anyway. And his son is living in it trying to sell it. Show people through it. Know what I mean? He's a lawyer too."

"Can you take me there?" Linda said, without, this time, stopping to think at all.

"We'll find it," the driver said. "Get in."

She got in.

A man who had been standing behind a car, on the other side of the station yard, watched the cab start off. He swore softly.

Jeff's dinner had taken longer than he planned. It was almost eight o'clock of the warm summer evening when he walked back toward the station. A cab from the station yard started up, turning north and climbing the hill.

The woman in the back seat of the cab wore a red hat. That was all he could see of her—a red hat. He stood for a moment looking after the cab. It went on up the hill. So—any woman could wear a red hat, if her own coloring allowed. He was done with the crank, the stirrer up of animals, the interrupter of routine. But what, he wondered, crossing the station yard, got into them? What did their disturbed minds get out of it?

The little Volkswagen, long in the sun, was now a small furnace. He opened windows, slid the roof panel back, and air came in. He backed the little car from its nest, and drove slowly across the station yard.

The heavy man with the amiable red face crossed to the platform. He still seemed in no particular hurry. As he reached the station, a tall young man, bareheaded, with a commuter's brief case tucked under arm, came around it from the far end.

"Well," the younger man said, "imagine running into you here."

The other man took off his hat and rubbed sweat from his forehead with the palm of his hand. "They gave you the girl, eh?"

"Very pretty girl," the younger man said. "Seems a waste, doesn't it? They're not too pleased with you, by the way."



"What would be a good practical pen for a small girl who will lose it within a few months?"

"So I gathered," the heavy man sai
"When I called in. One of those things, No
man. She's taken off again, I gather."

"And," the young man said, "me witho
my roller skates. Yours?"

"Likewise," the big man said. "Going hom
probably. And she after him, wouldn't yo
say? Or, do you know?"

"She made a couple of calls," the ma
named Norman said. "Talked to the ta
driver. Got bright-eyed, the lady did, and o
they go. Yes, I suppose she went after him.

"Persistent little thing," the big man sai
"Got her wits about her too. Made me thin
she was about to lose her lunch. As you say,
very pretty girl. It does seem a pity. But ther
it is, isn't it?"

"There it is," the younger man agreec
"You're calling in?"

"Yes." The big man was gone some te
minutes. He came back mopping his fore
head with a handkerchief. He said it was ho
in the booth. "They'll pick us up," he said
"They know where the place is, but they'll sto
by for us on the way. The restaurant down th
street looks all right. Have just about time, I'
think."

They went down the platform, side by side
toward the center of New Canaan.

"By the way," the big man said as the
waited for the light, "the other girl died."

"I thought she might," the younger mar
said. "The prognosis was never good, was it
Any last words?"

"Not, so far as they could find out, in th
wrong places," the big man said. "Except t
our little friend. A pity, as you said."

It was much cooler out of town; with th
Volkswagen opened wide, it was hardly hot a
all. The little car turned contentedly left into
Trinity Pass, as if of its own accord. The road
curved and there, with a kind of suddenness,
was the house.

It was white and had many roof levels, and
from the road it did not look at all like a large
house. It looked still like the nestling farm-
house it had been for its first one hundred
years. There was a white slat fence in front of
it. Jeff drove the Volkswagen up the steep,
short drive and into the garage.

He did not go at once into the house, but walked behind it to look at the river. On this side, the house seemed to be on a hill; the wide lawn sloped down to the river, which sparkled in the slanting light. The sun was dipping below the hill beyond the river—their hill. All the hills around were theirs, and all the woods. "It's beautiful land," William Bowen had said many times. There was something over two hundred and fifty acres of Bowen land stretching around the house.

But all the same, Jeff's father and mother had decided to sell all of it.

His mother told Jeff, "We want to try something different. And you don't really want all this."

He didn't, of course. He loved it, but he didn't want it. Not to live on, to be tied to. Which was, apparently, the way his parents had decided they also felt. Well, there wasn't a man at sixty-three younger than his father, or a woman at sixty younger than his mother. Living from autumn to late spring in Florida, they could play tennis all winter.

The sun had gone behind the hill. He turned back toward the house. As he neared it, he walked between two of a row of round white stones, set into the lawn, marking the New York-Connecticut state line.

The area around New Canaan, Connecticut, and Pound Ridge, which is in New York, is rolling and wooded. Narrow blacktop roads go through the valleys and twist up the hills in all conceivable directions. The roads bear names, but often keep their names to themselves, to the confusion of strangers. But the roads are not meant for strangers, only for those who live on them in pleasant houses, some old and of clapboard, others new and largely of glass.

At 8:50, the driver of Linda's cab said, "You know, I'm afraid we missed it back there a ways," generously including his passenger in his confusion. "Could be I turned off Trinity Pass back there someplace."

Linda made a small and not very happy
nd.

"Don't worry," the driver said. "We'll find
Just circle back," he said, with hearty confi-
nce.

He came to a nameless fork and turned left
d to another and hesitated and turned right.
What'd I tell you? Trinity Pass."

It was Trinity Pass. A weathered road sign
omised that. It was narrow and winding as
roads had been for (it seemed to Linda
rks) an incalculable time. They crept along
e narrow road, the lights needed now; the
hts picking up mailboxes, lettered with the
lders' names. But none of the names was
owen." They went very slowly—distant, it
emed to the girl, from everywhere; lonely in
e beginning night; far from the lighted city,
e noisy city; farther yet—how incredibly
r!—from Centerview and things that she
ew.

He would read a bit, Geoffrey Bowen
ought, and turn in. The doorbell rang. The
an at the door was elderly, not tall, heavy.
e wore a dark gray suit. His face drooped a
tle, pulled down by years. He wore rimless
eglasses. He might, Jeff thought, be a pro-
ssor, a doctor. He was, of course, another of
ose who had lost their way; Trinity Pass was
icky. A big car stood in the road, edged
f it.

"Mr. Bowen?" the elderly man said, and his
ice matched the dignity of his appearance.

"Yes?" Jeff said.

"Mr. Bowen," the man said, "did my
ughter find you? Is she here?"

Jeff Bowen felt himself blink. He said,
Your daughter?"

"My name is Parks," the elderly man said.
Dr. Robert Parks." He paused for an instant,
s if awaiting recognition of the name. "My
ughter's name is Linda."

Jeff said "Oh" to that.

"Then," Doctor Parks said, and now there
as regret, unhappiness, in his tone, "she did reach you. It is"—he paused and shook his dignified head—"it is distressing," he said. "To disturb a stranger. I wonder if I might come in, Mr. Bowen?"

"Why," Jeff said, "sure. Come in."

Inside, in the living room, Dr. Robert Parks seemed to hesitate—as, nerving to drink a bitter medicine, even the most resolute may hesitate.

"My daughter," he said then, and spoke slowly, as if with an effort, "my daughter left a note. At her apartment. Her . . . companion found it. It was addressed to her. It said ——" He paused and shook his head. "It is difficult to explain," he said. "My daughter is . . . disturbed, Mr. Bowen. I'm afraid that she did reach you on the telephone? As she said in the note?"

"A Miss Linda Parks called me," Bowen said. "She said that she had something to tell me."

"Yes," Doctor Parks said. He hesitated again, and said, "You may as well read it," and took a fold of gray note paper from his pocket and held it out. The handwriting was round and a woman's.

Jeff read: "I know what you are trying to do. It won't be any good. I've talked to a man at the district attorney's office, ■ Mr. Bowen. He won't let you do what you're trying." It was signed "Linda."

Jeff Bowen looked up.

"She imagines things," Doctor Parks said. "Probably you noticed it when you talked to her. She—we are very worried, Mr. Bowen. I suppose she told you—but it is really hard to guess what she might tell you. That there was a conspiracy against her? Or something of the kind? The child lives in a world of fantasy, Mr. Bowen. Even that there was a plot against her life?"

Jeff Bowen hesitated this time. And Doctor Parks nodded understandingly. He said he realized he was a stranger; that he was asking information that Mr. Bowen might not feel free to give. He said, "For what it's worth," and gave Jeff ■ card—"Robert Parks, M.D.," with a Park Avenue address. He said, "I realize this is all—I suppose you might say an impertinence. But I have to find her. What may happen if I don't ——" He did not finish.

"Your daughter is under the care of a psychiatrist?" Jeff said. "And there is a . . . companion?"

"Yes," Parks said. "A . . . roommate. A Miss Holbrook. A psychiatric nurse, although of course my daughter doesn't know that."

"On the telephone," Jeff Bowen said, "your daughter spoke of someone being missing. She wasn't explicit. Very guarded."

Doctor Parks sighed. He shook his handsome, dignified head. He did not need to put in words what the sigh, the gesture said—the sad acceptance they conveyed.

"I gathered," Jeff said, "that it was her roommate who had disappeared. I was just leaving the office. I was to have met her on the train."

"And didn't?"

"I missed the train," Jeff said. "It was arranged that I miss it." He told how. Parks sighed.

"This," he said, "is the worst thing that's happened. We've tried ——" He spread helpless hands. "I hoped that she might somehow have come here. Your office said you lived near New Canaan and I put two and two together." Once more he shook his head. "A fruitless trip," he said. "I've disturbed you to no purpose. Probably she is still in New York. I can only hope that she'll go back to the apartment. To Miss Holbrook."

"I'm sorry," Jeff said. "I'm very sorry. There was no truth in it, then? That her roommate is missing?"

"Oh," Parks said, "none, of course. She lives in a world of dreams, Mr. Bowen." He stood for a moment and looked at nothing. "I may as well go back," he said.

The doorbell rang. Jeff crossed the room, his movements quick, and opened the door.

The girl who stood at the door, the light from the room on her, was very small, and she wore ■ red hat. She was the very lovely girl of the party.

"Your father's here, Miss Parks," Bowen told her, and saw her eyes widen in sudden terror.

"*My father?*" she said, and in the voice which, for hours, had echoed faintly in his mind. "*My father's dead.*"

Parks was beside Jeff Bowen then.

"My dear," he said. "Linda. Don't you ——"

The girl shrank back, turned and started to run. A large man came out of nowhere, and she ran into his hands. Jeff said, "*Hey!*" which meant nothing, and started out. And walked into a flash of blinding light and pain, and fell into darkness.

It had been a relief to find the name "Bowen" on a mailbox, finally, and ■ relief, too, to find the house lighted and people there—people visiting, apparently, with their car dark and empty and pulled off the road. It had been ■ relief, again, that the girl had not wanted him to wait, even until she had made sure that this was the Bowen she was looking for. Michael Peroni, taxi driver, wanted to get home and get to bed.

He had, nevertheless, waited to start up until he had been sure she was all right. He had watched her walk to the house, and wait until the door was opened by a man who looked all right, and he heard the man say, "Your father's here, Miss Parks." That cinched it. Peroni had driven off, thinking about getting home, and that the girl—Parks was her name, it turned out—was a nice kid.

A lot of people would have been sore that he had got them lost, and taken an hour and a half—more than that, really—to get to a place which was only fifteen minutes from where they had started. She might have made a fuss about it. And hadn't. Peroni put the cab in the company garage and walked home.

Question:

Why does Barbara Ann Scott crave Orange Juice after she leaves the rink?

Answer:

Her Body Wisdom tells her she needs extra Vitamin C and quick energy!



Barbara Ann Scott, star of Ice Capades, former World's Olympic Champion



If you're busy, active—on the go from morning till night, you use up Vitamin C and energy as fast as Barbara Ann Scott, or any athlete. And since Vitamin C is one vitamin your body can't store, orange juice with breakfast is not enough. You need a *second* glass later to replace the Vitamin C you've used up, and for a refreshing energy pickup.

Fresh-Frozen Orange Juice from Florida is the delicious and convenient way to get the orange juice you need, breakfast time and *any* time.

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FRESH-FROZEN ORANGE JUICE *from* **FLORIDA**

How often should you replenish your store of Vitamin C and energy?

A special health message from the Florida Citrus Commission

THE HUMAN BODY is a remarkable mechanism—more complex than any electronic computer, more agile than any mechanical instrument and a marvel of dynamics. In addition, the body is a storehouse unlike any other in the world.

Day upon day, meal after meal, our bodies store up the things we need for vibrant good health: proteins, carbohydrates, antibodies, precious vitamins. They are all stored away until needed. But there's one element vital to good health which the body *cannot* store: Vitamin C. And on this score, nutritionists are taking a second look at Vitamin C and ways the body can get it.

Vitamin C from Orange Juice

Most of us know orange juice is one of nature's richest sources of Vitamin C. It provides quick energy and other health benefits. That's why so many Americans drink a glass of orange juice with breakfast to supply the minimum daily requirement of Vitamin C. But recent studies show that the minimum requirement is not enough for busy, active people. They use up their supply of Vitamin C faster. And the more active they are, the faster they use it up.

Coaches, trainers and athletes know this. But the rest of us are just learning that we, too, use up our energy and Vitamin C faster every time we tackle a tough job. This includes expectant mothers, businessmen, housewives, children . . . *anyone* under stress or strain.

You Need a Second Glass

These people need a second glass of orange juice during the day, in addition to a glass with breakfast. This extra orange juice not only serves to replenish the supply of Vitamin C the body has been using up, but also acts as a refreshing pickup.

How about *you?* Do you keep "on the go," always busy with one thing or another? Then you, too, probably have experienced that craving for ■ quick, refreshing pickup. That's your "body wisdom" telling you it's high time you replaced used-up Vitamin C and energy. So, take time out for that second glass of orange juice—at midmorning, after school, after work or just before bedtime. Let your "body wisdom" tell you when.

It was dark when Jeff Bowen woke up with his head hurting. He was on a sofa, in his own living room. After several minutes he stood up carefully and found the light switch, and the light was a sharp pain in his eyes. It was almost as if he had been struck again. But the pain lessened and he went to a downstairs bathroom and ran the water cold and soaked a cloth in it, and held the cold, wet cloth to his head. Gradually he came out of it enough to think about it.

He had been hit on the side of the head, and there was an increasing lump to show it. He went back into the living room and looked out toward the road. The big car was no longer there. He went through the house, lighting it as he went. He moved cautiously at first but then more quickly, as the conviction grew that there was no one else in the house. But he continued his search, from room to room, to the attic, finally to the shadowy reaches of the big basement, because it might be only that there was no one else in the house who was still alive. He ended quite certain that there was no one else, alive or dead.

He tried the telephone, then, and found it dead and was not surprised—was not, at any rate, more surprised by that than by everything else. That the telephone wires should be cut was logical; if he was to be left in the house certain precautions would obviously be taken to slow down his movements, to ensure more time. Time for what was anybody's guess. Probably something hindering would also have been done to the Volkswagen; the distributor head, most probably.

He got a flashlight and opened the front door, and, before he went out into the night, threw the beam of the light around the yard between house and road. He saw nothing. He went to the garage and went through the formality of making sure the Volkswagen's distributor head was missing. Whoever was doing whatever it was that was being done was following the procedure to be expected.

He walked the quarter of a mile to the nearest house, and used their telephone to call the state police. He told the desk sergeant, briefly, what the trouble was. He did not attempt to go at all thoroughly into the trouble, since what he knew of it added only to confusion. He said that he would stand by.

Geoffrey Bowen went back home to try to work things out—as an officer of the court and as a man who has been hit on the head while standing in his own front doorway, looking at a pretty—how *very* pretty—young woman in a red hat; a girl who had been described by her "father" (who almost certainly was not that) as "disturbed." And been thought of by a man to whom she had turned for help as "one of the cranks."

It made his head ache the worse to use the brain in it, but he tried to re-create the happenings of those few violent seconds at the doorway.

Doctor Parks—the name would have to serve for the moment—had been beside him, and a little behind him. The girl had been a step below them, on the flagged path. Her eyes had widened in fear when he had said her father was there. Or had the fear leaped in her eyes when she saw the man beside him? He had no way of knowing.

She had turned, tried to run away. A man had suddenly been there. Probably the man had been behind the pruned-down hemlock on the left of the doorway. There might have been several men.

The girl had been seized. Then—had he stepped forward, out of the doorway to the path? He thought he had. Had the girl struggled when the man grabbed her? He could not remember; probably he had been hit before he had a chance to see.

There was, Jeff's lawyer mind told him, no point in speculating as to what it was all about until he had facts to put together. Nevertheless, when he first heard a distant siren, he was speculating.

The most probable thing was that the girl did have something to tell him, and that all that had happened was made to happen so that she could not. Finally, the girl had been forcibly removed, and he had been put forcibly—if temporarily—out of action. Why temporarily? There was no use in guessing.

Obviously, then, the man who produced the professional card of Robert Parks, M.D., was one of those out to stop the girl—probably, at a guess, the leader. Then, almost certainly, he was not "Doctor Parks," and the girl not his daughter.

The siren came closer. But it seemed to Geoffrey Bowen to be coming very slowly. *What's happening to the girl? The little, pretty girl in the gay red hat?*

The siren wailed a final complaint and died, and a sergeant and a trooper of the state police hurried up the walk.

He talked fast and they listened well, and did not need to be told their job, and did not try to tell him his. But it took time, even so—time to say he had seen the car only as a dark shape, but thought it was a big car; to agree that the girl, since she had come later, probably had come separately and might well have come by cab; and that a place to start was with the cabs which worked the New Canaan station. It took time, too, to describe the girl as well as he could describe her: small, five two or three at a guess; a face which narrowed down from wide brow to delicate chin—heart-shaped, if they wanted to call it that; large eyes dark hair almost black; a red hat with a feather stuck in it.

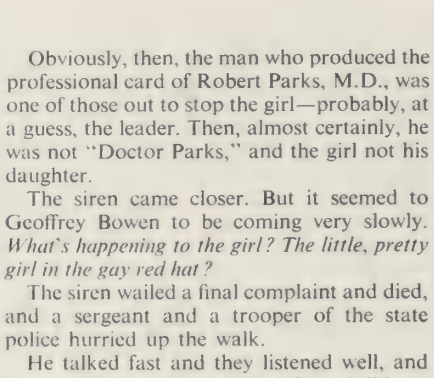
OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 70

Vogue Design No. 9318. "Easy to Make" blouse; 10–18 (31–38). 60c.

Vogue Design No. 9238. Transfer embroidery alphabets for monograms; 50c.

Vogue Design No. 9278. "Easy to Make" blouse; 10–18 (31–38). 60c.

Vogue Design No. 9217. "Very Easy to Make" skirt; 24–32 waist measure. 60c.



"You want to have a doctor look at that head of yours?" the sergeant asked, and Jeff shook the head, which didn't help it.

"I want to get back to town," he said. "Things started in town."

The man on her left in the rear seat of the big car was the man who had been on the train—the man who had said he was Cunningham, the man from whom she had fled at 125th Street. His heavy body pressed against hers now, as it had in the narrow seat of the train. He was the man who had grabbed her as she shrank back from the lie, the trap behind the lie. She had run to find a man who would help her, she had searched for him on dark roads, in strange shadows. She had found him and he had lied—had said her father was there; her father dead these ten years.

The man who had told her that—stood in the lighted doorway and told her that—was Geoffrey Bowen. There was no doubt in her mind about that.

On her other side, now, was the older man who had stood beside Geoffrey Bowen in the doorway, been part of the lie. She had thought him older, quite old enough to be, in fact, her father. He was a dignified man.

She had turned and the big man had caught her and held her while she struggled against him—struggled long enough to find out that struggling was useless. She had heard movement behind her and a strange, wordless sound as if someone had made sudden physical effort. Then she had been whirled around by the man who held her and forced down the path away from the house, into the dark car. A heavy hand had been held over her mouth, so that she could not cry out.

Three other men got into the car—a man in a chauffeur's uniform; a tall, square-shouldered, youngish man who got in beside the chauffeur; and last, the older man. The older man said, "All right, John. We'll go back now." The car started. After it had gone a quarter of a mile or so, the older man said, "Let Miss Parks breathe, Clyde." The big man took his hand away from her mouth.

She put her own hands over her face then, as if she could hide behind her hands. She could feel herself trembling, and tried to stop her body's betrayal, and could not.

"Don't be frightened, my dear," the older man said, in the soothing, quiet voice. "There are just a few questions we want to ask you. Questions I'm sure you can answer quite easily."

Grand Central Station never sleeps, but at one o'clock in the morning it may be said to doze. Most of the big trains have gone by then, tired men push big brooms across the acres of concourse flooring.

Jeff Bowen, with his head aching, started with the Manhattan telephone directory, started with Parks. There was no Robert Parks, M.D. He had not supposed there would be. There was no Parks, Linda. He looked at a list of people named Holbrook. "Doctor Parks" might have made up the name. He might not. He could, Jeff thought, spend a night waking up people named Holbrook, asking each if he knew a girl named Linda Parks—a little, dark-haired girl with large and frightened eyes.

He looked up a number he knew he would find, dialed and waited. He waited a long time. The chances were that the Folkeses were out. A voice full of fog said "Hello."

"Bernie," Jeff said, "Jeff Bowen."

Bernard Folkes said, "I was asleep! We were both asleep."

"I know," Jeff said. "I'm sorry. Bernie, I'm trying to find a girl. Her name is Linda Parks. She was at that party of yours last week. Wednesday."

"There were a dozen girls at it. Big girls, little girls. Two dozen."

"Small," Jeff said, as patient as with any discursive witness. "Dark hair. Big eyes. Pretty. This is official. Not fun and games."

"Was she with a blonde?" Folkes said. "Aspiring young actresses?"

"I don't know, Bernie. Possibly."

"Tall blonde," Folkes said. "Little dark girl. Name of dark girl, Linda Parks—hey, wait a minute. The blonde was Joyce something."

"Holbrook?"

"Could be. Friend of somebody and somebody brought her and she brought the little girl." He sighed. "Little girl was named Linda."

Jeff said, "Listen, Bernie. Where does she live?"

"Tried the phone book?" Folkes asked, and was answered by patient silence. Folkes spoke off the telephone then, to his wife. He came back on. "Myra thinks somewhere in the Village," Bernie Folkes said. "She says, something happen to the girl?"

"Yes," Bowen said. "Where in the Village?" he asked.

Bernie conferred again. "Myra says, is there a Mortimer Street?"

"Not that I ever heard of," Jeff said. "Not in the Village." He thought. He said, "Morton Street?"

Bernie conferred again. He said, "Myra says it could be. If there is one."

"Thanks," Jeff said. "Go back to sleep."

None of the Holbrooks or Parkses in the telephone directory lived on Morton Street. He turned to Information, disabused Information of the notion that it could give none without a known address; disabused a chief operator of the notion that the address listed for a new telephone could not be given out; got telephone number and street address, and rang the former, and got no answer. Then he got a cab.

There were two names in the slot next a doorbell in the dark vestibule. Jeff used a match to read them: Joyce Holbrook; Linda Parks. He pressed the doorbell and got no answer and tried the door and found it locked and went out into the street and looked up at the building. On the third floor front a light was on. He went back, worked out the probable button, and pushed it. Almost at once the lock on the door began to click angrily. Jeff pushed.

Above him, up the stair well, a man leaned on the rail and looked down.

"Forgot my key," Jeff said. "Thanks."

He was told not to mention it. He climbed stairs. The fourth floor, almost certainly.

Joyce Holbrook. Linda Parks. Neatly lettered on a card, set into a plate arranged for it.

Jeff knocked, and was unanswered. He tried the doorknob, and it turned. He said "Hello?" and nobody said anything and he went in. The light switch would be by the door. It was. He flicked it up and said "Hello?" again.

A slender blond girl, wearing a pale silk dress, was lying on her back on a day bed. She looked entirely comfortable.

She had, Jeff Bowen decided after he gently touched her bare arm, been dead for some hours.

The big car pulled up to the curb sedately, and the elderly man said, "And here we are," in a tone of satisfaction. He got out of the car and crossed the sidewalk to a narrow, three-storied house set shoulder to shoulder with other houses like it. "Come on, Miss Parks." She slid across the seat, suddenly very quick, but the broad-shouldered man who had sat beside the driver was on the sidewalk before she could reach it.

They took her into the house and the elderly man turned on lights in a room opening off the hall. "If you'll just come in here, Miss Parks." There was nothing violent in his tone, or, now, any violence in any of them. One might have thought, from their manner, that she needed only to say she would rather not go in there to have one of them say, "Whatever you'd prefer, of course." But it was not like that; not at all like that.

They had said little to her during the drive into the city. She had said, "Where are you taking me?" and had not been answered. She had said, "What did you do to Mr. Bowen?" and the older man had said, "Don't worry about him, my dear."

The older man sat down too. The tall, broad-shouldered young man (who was the man she had seen waiting at the gate when she went to get on the 6:05) stood at the door to the entrance hall. The other man—the soft man of the earlier train, the man called Clyde—stood near another door which led into another room.

"Now," the older man said, "what did Miss Holbrook tell you, Miss Parks? That you wanted to pass on to Mr. Bowen?"

"Tell me?" Linda said, and though there was fear in her mind there was, at the same time, complete bewilderment. "What do you mean?"

"About the place where she used to work," he told her.

"I don't know what you mean." Linda managed to keep her voice steady. "I don't know what you mean at all. Who are you—all of you? What do you want? Where is Joyce?"

"She's gone away," the man said. "With the Nicholses. Don't you remember?"

"You've done something to her!" Linda said and started to stand up. The soft man of the train shook his head slowly, without emphasis. She sank back into the chair.

"That's the way," the man who asked the questions said. "Now, what did she tell you that you wanted to pass on to the district attorney?"

"She didn't tell me anything," Linda said. "I don't know what you're talking about." She leaned forward. "Really I don't," she said. "Let me go. Please!"

"After all the trouble we've gone to?" the man said.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

There was nothing at first to make the theory of suicide untenable. The detectives from the Charles Street Station agreed to that; and the detectives from the Homicide Squad, and the assistant medical examiner. Jeff Bowen, who was official now, whatever he had been before, agreed also.

The tall blond girl, who had appeared to be so comfortable on a day bed in the Morton Street apartment, had died of an overdose of a barbiturate. A glass on the floor, within easy reach of her hand, held a swallow—a final swallow, never needed—of Coca-Cola and barbiturate. The assistant medical examiner, being careful not to touch the glass, dipped a tongue depressor in the liquid and tasted it and said absently, "Bitter enough." Dorsal lividity, checked for briefly, showed that she had lain as she was found for some hours after she had died.

The picture was obvious. Joyce Holbrook—prints of her photograph, backed with her name and address, found in a drawer of the bedroom chest, identified her beyond immediate question—had decided she wanted to die. She had poured barbiturate into a glass and filled the glass with Coke. She had lain down on the day bed and sipped death, and lost consciousness before she quite finished. She had left no note.

"They don't always, you know," the homicide man told Jeff Bowen.

She had been dead a minimum of twelve hours; perhaps a maximum of eighteen. So Joyce Holbrook—mid-twenties, blond hair—had died not later than 2:30 on the afternoon of Friday, the twenty-seventh. ("Not a real blonde," the assistant medical examiner said absently. "Redhead before she thought better of it.")

"Nothing to indicate she was moved after death?" Jeff asked. He was told that there was not. "But it's not impossible."

It was not, of course. Joyce Holbrook had lain on her back for some time after her death. Lividity showed that. She was lying on her back when Jeff found her. A question was possible; nothing raised a question.

The photographer finished and went; the fingerprint men went at it—rolled slender dead fingers on a pad and on blanks, dusted surfaces. The formalities are required, even when the facts are obvious.

"You're sure this other girl—this Linda Parks—was in the apartment when she called you?" one of the squad men asked Jeff Bowen. "Because, if she was, she was selling you a bill of goods. The girl she said had disappeared—right there she was." He pointed to the day bed, to the girl on it. "And—right dead she was."

"I'm not certain," Jeff said. "I gathered she was. I suppose she said something to make me think she was. She may have been someplace else."

"She better have been," the squad man said. He regarded Jeff Bowen. "You're pretty sure she was snatched? That it wasn't a put-up game?"

"I don't get ——" Jeff began, and then stopped, because he did get it. It would have been pretty elaborate, but—"Killed her roommate," Jeff said. "Got her to drink the stuff somehow. Called me to report the girl missing. Then showed up with some pals and got them to kidnap her, so it would look like somebody was after both of them."

"And," the squad man said, "show up later, having got away from the bad boys, and find her roommate all dead." He considered. "I don't," he said, "know that I'd buy it offhand. On the other hand, the doc's probably right about the time. So?"

Jeff Bowen thought of the girl with the light on her face—her very lovely face—and fear in her eyes as she stood just outside the door of the house in Pound Ridge. On the other hand, she was an actress. Or wanted to be. If Bernie Folkes had got it straight.

The fingerprint men were methodically at it, still. Now one of them blew powder from the glass out of which Joyce Holbrook had drunk what killed her and looked at what he had brought up. He looked casually, to confirm the obvious. And then he looked more carefully and said, "Hey!" and got the pad on which he had rolled dead fingers. He looked at it, looked back at the glass, nodded his head.

"Too many prints," he said. "Two sets of prints all over the place. The cadaver's. Another woman's. Other woman handled the glass. Before this one"—he indicated this one—"overlay in a couple of places. So?"

The squad man looked at Jeff Bowen. He said, "Well, counselor? So?"

"If the Parks girl wanted it to look like suicide," Jeff said, "why not wipe the glass? Then put the other girl's prints on it? If she fixed the drink, why leave her own prints all over the glass? And why call me about a disappearance?"

"I'm glad you asked those questions, counselor," the squad man said. "They're very fine questions. Have you got any fine answers?"

Jeff Bowen didn't have.

"So," the squad man said, "we'd better find this Miss Parks of yours, and see what fine answers she's got." He looked at Jeff, who did not seem to have heard him. "I gather she's a doll," the squad man said.

"Yes," Jeff said. "She's a doll."

IN REPLY TO YOUR QUERY, SINCERELY

By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

Do You:

1. Often tell your husband you love him?
Only when the sun or moon's above him.

2. Plan menus around his taste?
Well, in the kitchen I'm frequently embraced.

3. Have some endearing name for him?
(Don't laugh) It's "Topaz." You know—a gem.

4. Eagerly prepare for his daily home-coming?
Gaily, with a lipstick, a comb and some humming.

5. Glow inside when he praises you?
Burst with pride as the flame blazes blue.

6. Like to make him smile?
Makes my life worth while.

7. Want him always to look his best?
You mean he sometimes doesn't? (Is this one a test?)

8. Comfort him when he feels bad?
Will not answer this. It's too sad.

9. Often think how wonderful he is?
Often wonder how I managed being his.

10. Miss him when he's away on trips?
No. I go along, or else into eclipse.

11. Praise his good qualities to your friends?
If envy can be averted. I'd say it all depends.

12. Gladly try to match his moods?
Match his moods? They're all but wooed.

13. Do your best to please him?
It truly isn't hard, since he's him.

14. Feel closer to him as time passes?
Isn't it the most, how love amasses?

The search for Linda Parks would spread patiently—from trooper barracks to trooper barracks, in the city from precinct to precinct. It was out of Jeff Bowen's hands, and probably would never come back into them. If it did it would be when the glass which had held death was "State's Exhibit A."

Jeff went downstairs, said "Good night" to a patrolman in uniform at the downstairs door and said, when he was looked at curiously, "District attorney's office" to a sergeant in a prowl car. He walked down Morton Street. He was almost at the corner when a man came out of the shadows and began to walk along beside him. Jeff stopped.

The man was entirely a medium man—medium in height and weight, medium in age. He was not a man at whom one would look twice. He smiled faintly.

"Can't say I blame you," he said. "People popping out of nowhere. You'd be Bowen?"

"Well?" Jeff said.

"Same side of the street," the man told him. "Or thereabouts, anyway. Federal."

"Are you?" Jeff said. "Let's see, shall we?"

The identification card said that the medium man was Saul Stringer, and that he was Federal.

Stringer said, "The girl's dead, I take it."

"If you mean Joyce Holbrook," Jeff said. "Yes."

"They will play around about it," Saul Stringer said. "'Shall I, shan't I.' Petals off a daisy. As if they had all the time in the world. Her name wasn't Holbrook, by the way. Near enough like it—Hancock. Janice Hancock. The old initials deal." He sighed. "Probably had them on a bag or something. Buy you a drink?"

"Every place is closed," Jeff said. "Anyway ——"

"Hotel," Stringer said. "O.K.?"

"Yes," Jeff said, and Stringer said, "Fine," and started off toward Sixth. A little way from the corner, a small car was parked. Stringer led the way to it, and drove it uptown and across, to a very medium hotel. The clerk aroused himself from a doze to say, "'Evening, Mr. Seymour." They went up in a self-operated elevator and along a corridor to a medium hotel room. "The old initials deal again," Stringer said. "Samuel Seymour here. Say when."

After a proper interval, Jeff Bowen said when.

"Am I to take it," Jeff said, "that Miss Holbrook, or whatever her name was, was a beautiful blond spy?"

"If it were that easy," Stringer said. "No, a nice clean girl, Miss Holbrook. From all we hear. Only—a little indecisive. Couldn't make up her mind probably. Of course if we knew more we'd be further along."

"Couldn't make up her mind about what?" Jeff asked him.

"How much she knew," Stringer said. "Whether she really knew anything, perhaps. I suppose something came up that made her decide she did. As I say, we're not too far along. The Parks girl didn't tell you anything?"

"That her roommate had left the apartment," Jeff told him. "That there were a lot of little things which worried her."

"What were the things that worried her?"

"She didn't get to that. She was to meet me on a train. Or do you know that too?"

"What I know," Stringer said, "is what you told the state police. Why the Connecticut police, by the way? We've got you down for Pound Ridge."

"The house is in Connecticut. Most of the land is in New York. The road twists back and forth across the state line. It happened in ——" He stopped.

"Yes," Stringer said, "does make it interesting, doesn't it? Anyway, a name stuck out in the report when it came through on the Teletype. Not yours. The girl's. So. What's the setup back there? In the apartment?"

When Jeff had finished, Stringer said, "Not very clear, is it?"

"No," Jeff said. "Since we're letting hair down—your turn, isn't it? Or don't you people reciprocate?"

"We collaborate to the fullest extent with other law-enforcement agencies. End quote," Stringer said. "What do you know about espionage, counselor? Men in trench coats, with their hats pulled down? Beautiful blondes, as you mentioned? All very sinister."

"You watch TV," Jeff said. "Go to movies."

"Makes a nice change," Stringer said. "Well—last Wednesday, Miss Holbrook wrote us a letter. Call her Holbrook. Said she had some information about a company she used to work for. Something she'd 'stumbled on,' she said. Something that made her think the company had a—well, call it a secondary line. Like collecting information about things and sending it along to people who could use it. See what I mean?"

"You're indirect," Jeff said.

"So was she," Stringer told him. "Indirect and inadequate, but wanted to come in and talk to somebody. Said she had been thinking about it for weeks, not being sure she really had anything to talk about, and that something had come up in the last few days which convinced her she had." He paused, sipped from his glass. "We get a lot of letters," he said. "We pay reasonable attention. Miss Holbrook's letter we did pay attention to. For various reasons. For one thing, it more or less fitted in."

"With?" Jeff said.

"People in various places seem to be learning things they're not supposed to know. In considerable detail. Especially during the past year or so. When that happens, you look for pros. Not the little independents—people full of zeal for something or other—the pros. Not wearing trench coats or looking sinister. With good covers and . . . no prejudices, except a prejudice in favor of being paid. With these boys it's 'You pay, we find out.'"

"For anybody?"

"Anybody with a convertible currency," Stringer said. "It's just possible that Miss Holbrook, when she was still Miss Hancock, worked for the organization. In its cover aspect, if you see what I mean. Like—oh, importing watches, or fabrics or novelties or machine tools. Or selling real estate. Legitimate enterprises, and legitimate people working in them—filing, typing, running Comptometers. Eight hours a day, five days a week, humdrum and honest as you'd find.

"It occurred to us that Miss Holbrook might have been working for this organization and stumbled on something. Something that made her suspicious—suspicious enough to decide she'd get out before she found out too much. They suspected she'd stumbled on something. She changed her name and dyed her hair and tried keeping her mouth shut. But then something happened to convince her that wasn't going to be good enough. So she finally got around to writing us a letter."

Jeff said, "Probably what happened was that they found her."

"Probably," Stringer said.

"And the other girl?" Jeff found, unexpectedly, that his voice had grown tense. "Linda Parks?"

"Depends on what Miss Holbrook told her. Or on what somebody thinks Miss Holbrook told her. Always provided she isn't in it herself. Of course her fingerprints are on the glass, you say?"

"She lived there," Jeff said. "She may have had a drink out of the glass. Not got around to washing it." He looked at his own glass. "Somebody," he said, "might have found a glass that hadn't been washed. Maybe with a little of a drink still in it. Figured that if there were prints on it they'd be Linda's—Miss Parks'."

"A plant," Stringer agreed. "To suggest that Miss Parks had mixed her friend a nice drink of Coke and barbiturate. And made herself scarce."

eff said, "She'd have wiped the glass. Also, barbiturate derivatives are bitter. Coke uldn't have masked the taste."

Counsel for the defense," Stringer said. h, I agree. Provides a diversion, though, sn't it? I doubt if there's a drinking glass he world without a few prints on it. Be- se after you wipe a glass you use your fin- s to put it away wherever you keep it. y may not have thought of that."

They," Jeff Bowen said. "You think she s killed?"

Oh, yes," Stringer said. "And that Miss ks will be if they decide the Holbrook girl sed on what she knew and—*that Miss ks hasn't.*"

eff looked at his glass very thoughtfully.

If they thought Miss Parks had passed on ormation," he said. "You think then they uldn't?"

I don't know," Stringer said. "But they e to stop someplace, don't they? They're amateurs. Not likely to get emotional ut things. Vindictive. If they thought Miss ks had already talked, they might decide was pointless to eliminate her, mightn't y? Might just fold their tents. And move to other tenting ground, of course."

Look," Jeff said, "you talk as if you know o 'they' are."

If we knew, counselor," Stringer said, new and could prove, we'd move in, uldn't we? We know the last place Miss lbrook worked. When she was Miss ncock."

Mr. Stringer," Jeff said, "how did she slip ough your fingers?"

Well, we did a little checking first. Like to ow who we're talking to. Took a bit of e. When we got around to calling her, it s Thursday afternoon and nobody an- ered. We tried a few more times and got ss Parks, and she said her roommate had e away for the weekend. How we recog- ed Parks' name when it came through, identally." He said, "We were late."

What do you do now?" Jeff said.

Talk to Miss Parks, if somebody turns her "

You don't turn her up, I take it?"

We're not a missing-persons bureau. She's ng looked for. She'll be found. Dead or ve."

Jeff said, "You think if they thought— oever *they* are—that she had talked it uld make a difference?"

It might."

If she had talked to me, given me this in- mation, on the telephone—what would the ormation be?"

Something that would make a bright girl nk something wasn't kosher. Something e overheard. Something she read. How uld I know? As for the telephone call—I uldn't think so. Her line's tapped, of urse. They heard what she said to you. at's how they got on to her in the first ce. How else? So, if she told you anything, would have to have been later. Not on the in, because they got you off the train. In e country?"

I didn't see her until she showed up at the use. I—wait a minute. She was wearing a d hat. I saw somebody, some woman with a d hat on, going off in a cab. It probably sn't the girl because she didn't show up til a lot later. Of course she might have got st ——" His words trailed off; his thought nt on.

Stringer said, "They may have followed her. ey might get to the cab driver."

Jeff nodded.

"You'll be bait," Stringer said, after a pause. may be wrong about their knowing where stop. Knowing when it's time to fold the hts."

"Where did Miss Holbrook work last?" ff Bowen said.

Stringer told him.

"Remember her name was Hancock."

Geoffrey Bowen slept on his office couch. e had got in touch with the Homicide uad, and told them that Joyce Holbrook's me probably was Janice Hancock, and that saw no reason why, at the moment, the wspapers should be told of this. He had checked, through channels, and found out that there was a Saul Stringer, and that he was in the line of work he said he was. He had telephoned the Connecticut state police and found out that a taxi driver named Peroni had driven a girl who wore a red hat from the New Canaan railroad station to a house on Trinity Pass, and that he had got lost on the way, and that there had been a big car parked in front of the house on Trinity Pass and that he thought, from the shape of the license plate, that it was a New York car. At any rate, it was not a Connecticut car.

There was a chance, Jeff told the state police, that somebody might try to get in touch with Peroni, and get information out of him. Could Peroni be told to clam up? And could he be trusted to clam up? Particularly about having got lost?

Peroni could be told, they thought.

Now Jeff reviewed. It had been suggested that he pretend he knew something which he had been told by a girl he had been kept from talking to except over a tapped telephone. He was thus to become bait.

Could he get away with it? Would "they" (whoever they were) see through him at once? They had killed once already, if Stringer was right. Why would they hesitate to kill again? Or even, if it came to that, a third time?

What business was it of his? The search for Linda Parks was in competent hands. He had met the girl once only, and remembered her as lovely, but had not remembered her name. He had seen her a second time and there had been fear in her eyes. *Even so, what am I to Linda Parks, or she to me?*

He ate eggs which had been boiled too long and coffee that had stood too long at a fountain counter which needed swabbing. He got a cab uptown. He might as well see if there was any such thing as Jasper Plent Associates. Saul Stringer might have dreamed it up.

He paid off the cab in front of an office building on Fifth Avenue in the forties. It was only a little after nine, and the city seemed to still sleep. It never really wakened on summer Saturdays. The shops were closed; offices did not open. The lobby of the office building, which would bustle on other days, was almost deserted. Only a few of the numerous elevators were running.

"Plent, Jasper, Associates, Concert Bureau," on the twelfth floor, were obviously wide awake, Saturday morning or no Saturday morning. Jeff Bowen stepped through the doors into a waiting room with deep chairs around the walls, a big and expensively modern room from which success seemed to radiate. Dark hallways were the place for those involved in espionage, not such bright displays as this.

The girl at the desk smiled up at him. "Whom did you wish to see, sir?"

Jeff Bowen said he was from the district attorney's office, that he wished to talk with someone about a former employee. "Mr. Plent, perhaps?" he said. "Or one of the associates?"

"I'm afraid Mr. Plent is engaged at the moment," the girl said. "Perhaps Mr. Archibald, Mr. Bowen?" she said. "I'll see whether he is engaged."

Mr. Archibald was slight and wore rimless eyeglasses.

"Mr. Bowen?" Mr. Archibald said. "How can I help you? About a former employee of ours, I understand? But won't you sit down, sir?"

Jeff sat in a leather chair beside the desk. Mr. Archibald took his glasses off and polished them with a large handkerchief.

"About a ——" Jeff began, and for a moment the name he had been told to remember was slippery in his memory. "Janice Hancock," he said. "I understand she worked here for a time?"

Mr. Archibald put his glasses back on his nose and said "Ah." Then, after seeming to consider the matter, he said, "I understand you represent the district attorney, Mr. Bowen? And, I take it, you are here in an—ah—official capacity."

Jeff gave him a card, answering the implied question, and Mr. Archibald examined it and said "Ah" again.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

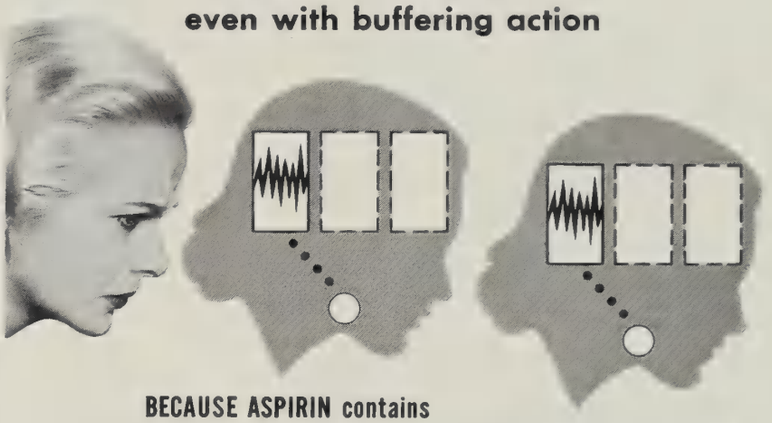
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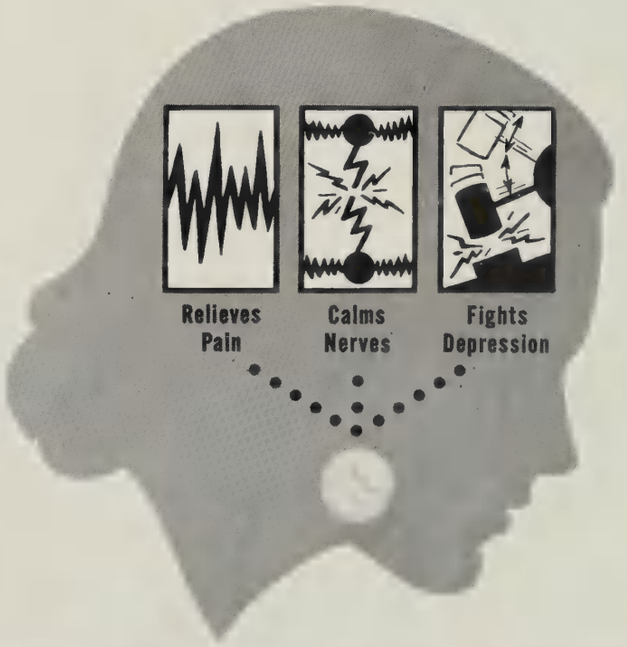
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

Miss Hancock," Jeff said, "has"—he hesitated, as if rephrasing a thought, curbing a too-revealing utterance, and hoped he was playing right—"has offered us certain information. We—er—like to learn what we can about our informants. You'll understand?"

"Surely," Mr. Archibald said, "not about the Associates?"

Again Jeff made himself hesitate. Then he said, "Oh, an entirely different matter, Mr. Archibald. I'm afraid I'm not at liberty ——" He paused again, as one who leaves the obvious uncompleted.

"I quite understand," Mr. Archibald said. "Miss Hancock did work here for a time. Her duties were the general secretarial duties. I found her sufficiently competent."

"Could you describe her?" Jeff asked.

Archibald said that so many came and went in such an organization as this. He said his recollection was not, perhaps, what it had been. Tall? He thought tall. Red hair? He thought red hair. She had come to them from a secretarial agency. Perhaps there—he would be certain the name of the agency—Mr. Bowen might find the information he sought.

The idea was excellent. Mr. Archibald used the telephone and gave an address. This information Jeff dutifully noted down, for no future use he could think of. He asked if, in the organization, among the Associates, Miss Hancock had any close friends. Archibald said he doubted it. He said that Miss Hancock had been with them only briefly. "Is Miss Hancock in some difficulty?"

"Oh," Jeff said, "not personally"—and then he paused, suddenly, a too-vivid remembrance of how he had last seen the girl of whom they talked. "She has given—that is, she has offered to give us—certain information. Why did you think she might be in some difficulty?"

"Miss Hancock left us rather unexpectedly," Archibald said then thoughtfully. "She failed to arrive one morning and did not communicate with us. She did not even return to receive money due her. We tried to reach her on the telephone and were told she had moved."

"This," Jeff said, "happened recently?"

"About a month ago. Does that help?"

"It's interesting," Jeff said, putting just a little more on the words than they warranted. "She has not got in touch with you since?"

Mr. Archibald shook his head.

"The company," Jeff said. "The Associates. You are impresarios, I take it?"

"We infrequently use the word," Mr. Archibald said. "But—yes. Concert agents. And lecture agents. We even, on one occasion, brought a circus over."

"Miss Hancock was employed in that branch of your activities?"

"Branch?" Archibald said. "That *is* our activity, Mr. Bowen. I don't quite understand ——"

"A poor choice of terms," Jeff said. "I was thinking of its . . . international aspects. You said 'brought a circus over,' I took it you meant from abroad."

"Oh," Archibald said. "Yes. I see what you mean. Yes."

He waited then. And Jeff sat for a moment and frowned slightly, as if considering whether to continue. He nodded his head briefly with the movement (he hoped) of a man who has got what he has come to get. He stood up, quickly, like (he hoped) a man who has thought of something to do at once.

"You understand that I'm not at liberty to go into details? And that we appreciate your co-operation?"

"Ah," Mr. Archibald said, "quite," and Jeff opened the door and went down the wide corridor to the reception room. The girl looked up at him brightly and smiled, but he did not look at her.

He looked at the man who was, at that moment, going out into the building corridor. He saw only the man's back. He was a heavy man, not tall and, from his movements, rather clerly. He had a certain way of walking, as men have.

And he was, Jeff was suddenly quite certain, the "Dr. Robert Parks" of the night before.

Jeff took one quick stride to overtake the heavy man as the door closed behind him. But then he checked himself, felt in his pocket for a cigarette; found a package and took a cigarette from it and lighted the cigarette. He sought an appearance of nonchalance, and wished himself a better actor.

When "Doctor Parks" might be assumed to have a long enough start, Jeff opened one of the doors and went out. At the end of the building corridor, "Doctor Parks" moved with dignity around a corner.

Jeff went after him, not moving fast but thinking fast. Stringer had been right, then. Jasper Plent Associates was not only what it seemed. It associated with men—at least with one man—who snatched pretty, frightened girls from country doorsteps and, incidentally, hit assistant district attorneys over the head.

And, what Stringer could hardly have anticipated, coincidence had put the man into Jeff's hands. If Jeff could close his hands. He moved a little more rapidly, turned into the wider corridor banked by elevators. He got there just as the door of one of the elevators clanged shut.

He could follow the man until a policeman was near; failing a policeman, he could pick the man up himself, could put a hand on his shoulder and say, "Doctor Parks, I presume?" Or ——

He had changed that plan by the time he stepped out of the car and saw the man he was after proceeding, at a most dignified gait, toward the Fifth Avenue doors. Picked up, "Doctor Parks" might well prove stubborn; might say, in effect, "You've got me, but you haven't got the girl. You don't know where the girl is." If "Parks" were followed, not picked up, he might well lead the way to the girl.

NEXT MONTH

● When Beth accepted a job as secretary to Stanley King, she did not know that she would live in his house. Nor did she guess how deeply involved she would be with Stan, with his beautiful, unhappy wife Rika, with his child Debbie.

Now Beth was frightened. For there was fear in the house—and a mysterious danger.

THE TROUBLED HOUSE

By C. KAGE BOOTON

Condensed novel, complete in the February JOURNAL

The heavy man let an empty cab go by. He was in no hurry; was obviously without suspicion. He raised a hand to the next cab and it swooped to the curb.

Luck held. As the cab door closed on the heavy man and Jeff moved quickly to the curb, a cruising cab came up and stopped at his signal. Things could hardly be breaking more perfectly. Told to follow the cab ahead, the driver of Jeff's cab started first and said "Huh?" afterward.

"District attorney's office," Jeff said and the driver, already following, said, "O.K., Mac. I hope there isn't no shooting."

The cab ahead was red and black, and the Saturday-morning traffic was light for the city. The cab ahead proceeded at a discreet pace, engaged in no eluding maneuvers. It went up Fifth until it was midway of the park and then turned right. After it, Jeff's cab crossed Madison and Park and Lexington. In the block beyond—a block of apartments and private houses—the cab turned toward the curb.

"Pass it and pull in up the street a ways," Jeff directed, and the cab driver said "O.K., Mac," and Jeff got money ready.

The heavy man was climbing a short flight of stone steps to a door of a private house. He did not look around.

It was, Jeff thought, almost too easy. He would walk past the house and make sure of the street number. Then he would go to the nearest telephone and say that he wanted several policemen—policemen for front and rear of a three-story house, shoulder to shoulder with similar houses, at a street address verified ——

With no warning whatever there was a man on either side of him, walking in step with him. One of the men was large and soft and had a flushed, perspiring face and an entirely agreeable expression. The other was younger, as clean-cut as an advertisement.

"If it isn't Mr. Bowen!" the soft man said, in a pleased tone.

"Fancy meeting him here," the other man said.

There was no threat in either voice. There was no conventional gun pressed against ribs. It was true, however, that the clean-cut man kept a hand in his jacket pocket.

"We'll drop in here for a minute," the soft man said when they reached the steps.

"That's right," the clean-cut man said. "We've got an invitation."

They climbed the steps together, and Jeff Bowen said nothing, nothing pertinent, or useful, occurring to him.

It had been too easy, all right. But not for him.

Light slanted into the room and wakened her. It was a small, neat room on the top floor of the house. She had been asleep only an hour or so. For hours after the big heavy-boned woman had taken her to the room and said, "Sleep well, dearie," and then gone out and locked the door after her, Linda had been awake. She had clung to wakefulness with a kind of desperation; held onto consciousness so as not to waste it. But finally weariness triumphed even over fear.

Yet they had not threatened her in any specific manner. Once, indeed, the man they called Norman had said, "Maybe we could persuade her, sort of?" But the heavy, elderly man, who was called by no name at all, had frowned and shaken his head and said, "You know I won't have that," with both weariness and contempt, as if he had had to say the same thing many times. They had brought her water to drink, after they had offered anything else she might prefer and watched her merely shake her head.

It had more or less come to that, before the telephone rang—come to Linda's slow, hopeless moving of her head from side to side, in a negation which they would never accept; which she knew they would not accept.

"Be reasonable, Miss Parks," the heavy man said, toward the end of it. "Why would your friend say she had confided in you if she hadn't?"

She knew enough by then—although really she knew nothing—to answer that.

"Because you made her," she said. "Or because she thought it would help her." Then she said, "What have you done to her?"

There was no answer at all to that. It was as if she had not asked.

"You went to too much trouble," the heavy man said. "Tried too hard to talk to Mr. Bowen. Or—*did* you talk to him?"

She shook her head, as she had shaken it before, would shake it many times again.

"Look at it, Miss Parks," the heavy man said. "Your roommate, a girl you say you'd known only a short time, didn't feel responsible for, leaves a note saying she's going away for a weekend. Perfectly reasonable thing. But all at once you *think*—I don't know what you think—and call up the district attorney and say your roommate has disappeared. Do you expect us to believe that?"

She shook her head, expecting them to believe nothing.

"Why?" the heavy man said. "Was there something in the note?"

"There were little things," she said. "What difference does it make? Since I was right?"

"What did she tell you?" he said, as he had said many times. "That's all I'm asking you to tell me. And whether you told anybody else. Or wrote it down for anybody else."

"Nothing," she said. "I don't know what you're talking about. What did she have to tell?"

"That's what we'd like to know," the man they called Clyde—the big, soft man—said. "That's just what we'd ——"

"All right," the heavy man said. "You talk a lot, Clyde." He looked at the man he called Clyde with contempt. "Well, Miss Parks? You see, if it stopped with you, that's one thing. If you passed it on, that's another. It could make a great deal of difference. To you, for one thing."

Linda leaned forward in the chair. "Did it to Joyce?"

"It might have," Clyde said, "if she hadn't been so stubborn. If she'd told us about you before the stuff started to ——"

"Be quiet," the heavy man said. "We don't want *her* to be stubborn—too long." He looked at Linda thoughtfully, and she looked back at him, her eyes wide, and fear, new and sharper fear, piercing her mind. "I'd like to believe you, Miss Parks. But you see ——"

It was then that the telephone rang, and the sound was shrill in the comfortably furnished living room.

The elderly man nodded his head briefly in Clyde's direction. The big soft, amiable man—except that he was not really amiable at all—walked to the end of the room and picked up the telephone. He said "O.K." in a flat voice and listened. He wrote something down on a pad. He said "O.K." again, in the same expressionless voice, and walked back to the elderly man. "Your boy's bubbling with something," he said. He gave the nameless elderly man the slip on which he had written.

The elderly man looked at it. He said, "Bubbling with what?"

"How do I know?" Clyde asked, in a reasonable, pleasant voice. "He went through channels. Nothing else he could do, is there? That's the number. They say he said it's important."

The elderly man got out of his chair. He went heavily to the telephone. He dialed a number, looking at the slip as he dialed. He waited. He said, "All right. What is it?" He listened.

Now and then he spoke, spoke without any effort to make his voice inaudible in the room, inaudible to the dark-haired girl sitting tensely in a chair which might have been comfortable if her frightened body could have accepted comfort. The elderly man stood so that he could look at her.

"Why aren't they 'buying it,' as you say?" he asked and listened again. Then he said flatly "Oh," as if (Linda thought) something unexpected, perhaps even disturbing, had been said. He listened again. He said, "What's he got to do with it?" and once more listened. He said, "It doesn't matter why it's important," and, after another time of listening, "I suppose they will. Not your worry," then, with new interest and new guardedness, "What makes you think that?"

Linda could hear the hurried, rasping whisper of the voice to which the elderly man listened. She could not hear the words.

"That's got nothing to do with you," the elderly man said. "Or with me." He listened again. Then he said, "It's an idea. All right. You can do that. Or try to." Then he hung up. He stood with a hand on the telephone and looked at the two other men.

Then he looked at Linda. For a moment he seemed uncertain. But the uncertainty disappeared.

"Miss Parks really should get some sleep," he said. "Have Grace come down."

"And bring the . . . material?" Norman asked.

The elderly man looked at him reprovingly. He said, "Certainly not." He looked at Linda again. "Certainly not yet," he said.

That had been hours ago. Linda looked at her watch, in the small, locked room. It was almost ten. It had been after three when she had heard the key turn in the lock. The house was silent now.

No wonder the red-and-black cab had attempted no eluding maneuvers, Jeff thought with bitterness, even contempt, directed at himself. No wonder "Doctor Parks" had been going out of the reception room of Jasper Plent Associates at the exact moment Jeff went into it after his talk with Archibald—the man Jeff thought he had left puzzled. Puzzled indeed!

The clean-cut man opened the door. He said, "Go right in, Mr. Bowen. As I said, you're expected."

"You're very funny," Jeff said. He had been expected, all right, expected from the start. And he had done all that was expected of him. From the start ——

His mind clicked at that, clicked like a Geiger counter. *Then the man who called himself Stringer* ——

"Come right in, Mr. Bowen," the man who called himself Parks said from a wide doorway off the entrance hall. "Good of you to be so prompt."

Jeff said, "Where's the girl?"

"Direct type, isn't he?" the clean-cut man said.

The elderly man sighed obviously. He said, "Don't try to be funny, Norman. This is quite a serious matter. Isn't it, Mr. Bowen?"

"It will be," Jeff said. "For you. I suppose you're Jasper Plent?"

"Do you?" the elderly man said, with what seemed to be polite interest. "And you want the girl, eh? I heard you might."

"In ten minutes," Jeff said, "five, they'll ——" He stopped, in the attitude of one who listens. "Thought I heard a siren, Plent," he said.

The elderly man looked at the two who had appeared, so seemingly out of nowhere, on the sidewalk.

"Not unless he used a walkie-talkie," the soft, heavy man said. "Way it looked, he was going to check the street number. Then telephone."

"All right, Clyde," the elderly man said. "I trust you're right this time. No need to draw a map, is there, Mr. Bowen? Not that it wasn't a nice try. What did the girl tell you?"

Jeff's mind moved quickly. He would have to play it by ear. For that, he would need time.

"Why don't you ask the girl?" he said. "I suppose you've got her here?"

"Do you?" the elderly man said. "You may be right. But I'm afraid she got to bed rather late last night and ——"

"What did you do to her?"

There was hardness in Jeff's voice. The younger of the men who had brought him into the house moved beside him.

"Nothing at all," the elderly man said. "Asked her a few questions. She's perfectly all right. So far."

"If you ——" Jeff began.

But then there were melodious chimes from the hall. "See who it is, Norman," the elderly man said. And his eyes narrowed. "I hope you haven't made another mistake."

The clean-cut young man went to see who it was. From where he stood, Jeff could not see the front door. He heard Norman say, "Oh, it's you." And then, in tone which lacked certainty, "Well, you'd better come on in." Jeff had not heard the visitor speak. He watched the doorway from hall to living room.

A man neither tall nor short, nor light nor heavy—a medium man in all respects—came through the doorway ahead of Norman. Jeff looked at the man who had called himself Saul Stringer, had talked convincingly of plots and counterplots. The man smiled faintly. His brown eyes were expressionless.

"What brings you here, Seymour?" the man whose name probably was Jasper Plent said. He said it without friendliness. The tone seemed to surprise, even to hurt, the man who had said he was Saul Stringer. His eyes widened slightly as he looked at the older man.

"Why," he said, "him." He twisted a thumb to indicate Jeff Bowen. "I did what you said to do. I ——" He stopped and shook his head, and seemed bewildered. "You said to see what he did, where he went. He came here. Wasn't that what you wanted?" He was aggrieved now.

The medium man looked at Norman, at the man called Clyde, as if seeking support in their faces. He even looked at Jeff Bowen.

"Did anybody ever tell you what you are?" Jeff said. "I suppose plenty have."

Stringer—but he was really Seymour; that, like the rest of it, was turned upside down—looked away from Jeff, as if Jeff did not matter. He looked at Plent. He was a very different man now from the assured, confident man of the hotel room, the man who explained to the inexperienced Geoffrey Bowen. *As I seem to be*, Jeff admitted to himself, and began, as imperceptibly as he could manage, to move nearer the doorway to the hall.

"I did what you told me to do," Seymour said, and he was almost plaintive. "I wasn't trying to find out anything."

"He says his name's Stringer," Jeff said. "He's got identification as a Federal agent."

But Plent moved a hand back and forth, fanning away the irrelevant.

"I know who he is," Plent said. "And what he told you. The point is, what did the girl tell you?"

"Nothing," Jeff said. "I suppose you mean Miss Parks? You didn't give her a chance to tell me anything, did you?"

"Before that . . . incident," Plent said. "When she was at your house before."

"She wasn't," Jeff said. "Does she say she was? Or—*did she say she was before* ——"

"I told you," Plent said, "Miss Parks is all right, at the moment. No."

"Or, that she told me anything? Or had anything to tell?"

"What do you expect?" Plent said. "You seem to be a reasonable man."

"And," Jeff said, "gullible. First your . . . boy here." He indicated Seymour-Stringer. "Then your Mr. Archibald. Then you."

"Gullible, perhaps," Plent said. "But reasonable. Let's stick to the point. No, Miss Parks doesn't admit the other girl told her anything."

"And the other girl is dead," Jeff said.

Plent sighed. "Or," he said, "that she told you anything. Or that she was at your house earlier. But she was, wasn't she?"

Jeff shook his head.

He had moved a little closer to the doorway into the hall. Nobody seemed to have noticed it. The man called Norman no longer stood in the doorway, although he stood near it. The man called Clyde was between him and a door at the rear of the room, which probably opened into a dining room. Seymour remained standing near the hall doorway.

"She had just got there when you grabbed her," Jeff said. "You know that."

"There's a little question about time," Plent said. "She left the New Canaan station too early—much too early to have got to the house when she did. So she might have been there before, we think."

Jeff started to speak, and checked himself, and the counter clattered in his mind. Stringer had suggested "they" might cut their losses, if they were convinced they had lost. Stringer was their hired hand. But even Stringer might have stumbled into truth. You had to play it by ear.

"Well, Mr. Bowen?" Plent said, and was patient. "Did she forget something. Come back for it?"

"Her ——" Jeff began, and stopped himself. He must be a man falsely denying knowledge it would be dangerous to have. "I've told you she hadn't been there before." He spoke without conviction, and fidgeted a little, like a man caught lying.

"Her what?" Plent said. "Handbag? It's no use, is it, Mr. Bowen? What did she tell you, that her roommate had told her? Or give you that she got from her roommate?"

Jeff looked from one of the four men to another. He looked as a man might look who sought a way out. He said, "She didn't tell me anything. Didn't have a chance," in the dead voice of a man who holds to a story which is draining out like sand between his fingers. And then, as if the thought had just come to him, he said, "If she'd told me anything I'd have passed it on. Long ago."

"Perhaps," Plent said. "That's what we want to find out, Mr. Bowen. Let's suppose you passed it on, as you say. Let's suppose that Miss Hancock, or Miss Holbrook if you prefer, stumbled on something that was . . . outside her sphere, shall we say? Decided to capitalize on what she had discovered, or thought she had. Confided in her roommate. For the sake of argument, suppose that."

He stopped, seemed to give Jeff a chance to show that he followed the argument. Jeff ironed expression from his face—except that he tightened the muscles around his eyes.

"Yes," Plent said. "Now, what Miss Hancock happened on may have been something entirely trivial. On the other hand, it may have been important enough—well, to require certain steps to be taken. You see what I'm getting at, Mr. Bowen? Any—er—enterprise naturally has certain trade secrets—special methods of operation. You follow me?"

It was time to say something. "Oh, I follow you," Jeff said.

"Good." Plent nodded approvingly. "So it is necessary we determine the importance of what Miss Hancock stumbled on. As well as how—er—widely disseminated her gossip is. Which brings us to your position, doesn't it?"

Jeff said, "What is my position?"

Plent sighed. "I should think," he said, "that your position is obvious enough. If you have transmitted this information, and it was important, it is too late for us to do anything about it. Anything in relation to you, I mean. Or in relation to Miss Parks. Since—what shall we say?—vengeance would be quite childish. But if you have not, if it stops with you —— You follow me?"

"You make it clear enough," Jeff said.

"So it obviously is to your advantage to say you've passed this information along. But you can hardly ask us to take your word, can you? Turn you and the girl loose, so that you can . . . rectify your oversight? But if you tell us what information was passed on to you, we'll be in a position to evaluate its importance, won't we? If it is of considerable importance, we may decide—I say *may*—to assume you have passed it on. Not being able to take the chance you haven't. If it is merely a general accusation ——" He shrugged his shoulders. "Well?" he asked.

Jeff had moved a little closer to the door. He looked toward it—and the medium man was standing in the doorway. He smiled faintly. He shook his head.

"Whatever I knew before, I know too much now," Jeff said. "I'm not quite that gullible, Plent."

"A point," Plent said. "Undoubtedly a point. I don't say that you—you and Miss Parks—could walk out the door at once if you could convince us you had actually passed on anything of importance. A certain time would elapse, of course. During which we could make arrangements."

"Our disappearance might be rather difficult to explain," Jeff said. "You underestimate the police. My office. The Federal ——" He looked at Seymour-Stringer. "Perhaps not," he said. "Since Stringer is an inside man."

Plent said, ignoring the words, at which Stringer himself merely, once more, smiled faintly, "Don't you think we're wasting time, Mr. Bowen?"

You played it by ear; you played for time. But finally time ran out. Eventually, you had to come up with something you didn't have. It would be no good to repeat what Stringer had said, whether it was true or not. As, quite probably, it wasn't. "Merely a general accusation"—that wouldn't be enough. Nothing he had would be enough.

"Norman," Plent said, "Mr. Bowen seems uncertain. Have Grace bring the girl down."

It wasn't going to matter anyway, Jeff thought. It was cat and mouse; the mouse to run a little distance, thinking itself free—the cat knowing better.

They had to find out how deep the weakness ran in the fabric of their operation. That was clear. But it would make no difference, in the end, to him, to the black-haired girl with the lovely, tender face.

The man they called Norman had gone upstairs. Stringer watched him go. Stringer seemed, too, to be listening, and, with his back partly turned to the room, his left arm moved slightly, as if he were looking at a watch on his wrist.

It is strange, Jeff thought, *how one notices little things—unimportant little things. That a man who is about to join in killing you looks at his watch; that a heavy, dignified man is brushing a flake of cigar ash from his vest.*

Since Stringer—it was easier, still, to think of him as Stringer—had seemed to read his mind, had shaken his head to show it, Jeff had given up edging toward the doorway into the hall. The other way? The way down the long room, to the other door which led (perhaps) to a dining room? The big soft man was there. He would be armed, probably, and Clyde and Stringer. He would find out in the end. But—not yet. One clings to seconds.

Jeff moved a little so that he could see the bottom of the stairs.

A pair of white shoes, then a big-boned woman all in white, like a nurse, blocked his view. Then she reached the bottom of the stairs and turned toward the doorway and there was the girl, the black-haired lovely girl, walking quite steadily, her face white and lipstick cruelly vivid against it.

Behind the girl, Norman came down the stairs. He was some distance behind the woman, still some steps from the bottom.

Time had run out. This knowledge was not framed in his mind. It was as sudden, as compulsive yet as formless, as an electric shock through his body.

Jeff moved.

They had not expected his movement—not then, not in that instant. That was all Jeff Bowen had—that and a tableau in which, for a second, only he moved; a tableau flashing as brilliant in his mind as if, in darkness, lightning

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

When I went to college, it was fairly easy to recognize a wolf; he was usually wearing a raccoon coat.

She had a sleek, homogenized* look.

Another eternal triangle: telephone with two extensions.

Mother about daughter's disposition: "Just another teentrum."

Comment: "She reminds me of an automobile in a used-car lot: all polished up to hide an altered mileage count."

A person usually feels better after a few compliments, *if* he has paid them to someone else.

In Honolulu, the black-haired daughter's expected heir was considerably overdue. Finally a wire, "Is everything all right? What does doctor say?" was answered by "Trying for ten-month world record. Doctor says hello!"

One parent to another: "The only time I question a course of discipline is when the children agree to it."

These rise quickly: righteous indignation; anyone sitting on a bee; teen-ager answering the telephone.

Taximeter: a device for showing how fast you aren't getting there.

Our neighborhood philosopher, on the subject of balancing "yes" and "no" to children: "During the first ten years of a child's life, to keep him from killing himself, say 'No!' to everything; the next ten years, to keep him from killing you, say 'Yes!' to everything."

* fat evenly distributed.

How does your cold develop?



1 SORE THROAT

2. Coughing
3. Sniffles, Sneezing, Stuffy Nose
4. Tight Chest
5. Ache All Over



1 SNEEZING, SNIFFLES, STUFFY NOSE

2. Sore Throat
3. Coughing
4. Tight Chest
5. Ache All Over



1 ACHE ALL OVER

2. Sneezing, Sniffles, Stuffy Nose
3. Sore Throat
4. Coughing
5. Tight Chest

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

had flashed, fixing everything in a fragment of harsh finality.

The big woman in white shrank back, and he was in the hall, his body thinking for itself.

His left shoulder dropped and jutted forward and jarred against the body of Stringer. His body felt Stringer moving away from the impact and then Jeff was beside the girl.

In the same instant, the man who had been walking down the stairs leaped. Jeff swung to face him and knew that Stringer also moved, leaped forward.

The two hurtled toward Jeff, converging. Obviously, both Norman and Stringer had acted as Jeff had himself acted, without plan. They crashed together. Stringer's hands were inches from Jeff when the other man plunged into him.

Stringer clutched at the larger man and reeled backward. They swayed together in a grotesque dance. Then Stringer fell and pulled the other man with him.

The big soft man was behind Jeff then, coming at a run out of the living room. Jeff whirled and swung and shock jolted through his right arm. Clenched fist met bone under the softness of the man's face. The man reeled back, into the big-boned woman who had turned to face the hall. Together they half blocked the doorway.

The way to the street door was barred by the men now struggling to get back to their feet. Stringer, apparently stunned, still clung to the bigger man's right arm. The way to the living room was barred—the big woman pushed the man called Clyde away from her, as if involuntarily, and he swayed in the doorway uncertainly, one hand to his jaw.

Then the girl moved. She went into a passageway which ran beside the stairs, toward the rear of the house. It was wrong, it would get them nowhere, she should have gone ——

The girl fled down the passageway beside the stairs, and Jeff ran after her. As he ran he could feel the muscles in his back tighten, as if they could turn to steel against the crushing impact of a bullet. The passageway was narrow; Jeff's body screened the girl.

The passage ended in a door and already the black-haired girl was tugging at it. He reached around her, his body shielding hers, his hand closing over hers on the knob of the door. And the door was opening; he pushed her through.

Still there was no shot. Perhaps the angle was wrong. Perhaps ——

Then he was through the doorway, too, and had pulled the door closed behind him and found a key on that side and turned it. It might gain seconds.

They were in a pantry, a door opposite. The girl turned—turned but still retreated. Her eyes were wide and staring and she said, as he looked at her, "No, no. *Don't!*" But then expression came into the wide, dark eyes. She said, "Why—*you're* ——" Her voice was small, muted.

"Yes," he said. He reached her, put hands on her shoulders. Her body trembled under his hands. "You're all right?" he said, and knew it a ridiculous thing to say.

"All right," she said. "I tried ——"

But he turned her toward the kitchen which opened from the pantry. He took his hands away, and went on into the kitchen. The kitchen was large and dim. There was a door in the far wall and a glass panel in the door. Jeff looked out into a fenced yard. Against the far fence a man leaned and looked at the house. There was readiness about the man.

"No good," Jeff said.

He turned from the door and looked around the room, moving quickly as he looked. Linda watched.

The kitchen occupied almost the width of the house. Almost—not quite. In the far wall was another door.

He heard voices from the front of the house; heard somebody trying the door he had locked behind them. They could force it in seconds. He was beside Linda, had one of her hands in his. She looked up at him, and her eyes, frightened still, were no longer blank. Question leaped in them, and even hope.

"Come on," Jeff said. One had to keep on running, when one ran for life.

The door was not locked. It opened to a narrow, dusty cubicle. Linda went through the doorway, and Jeff after her. They could see a flight of wooden steps rising out of the cubicle. There was a key on their side of the door and Jeff turned it. One hoarded seconds. They stood close together, and Jeff could smell the fragrance of the girl, and with this, suddenly, unaccountably, sadness swept over him.

They heard feet on the linoleum floor of the kitchen. "Go first," Jeff said, and the girl went running up the stairs.

The stairway climbed between plaster walls, and as he followed the girl Jeff felt that the walls were converging as they climbed. There was no other way, only from trap to smaller trap.

The girl looked around at him as they neared the top; her face a floating pale oval in the dimness.

"We'll make it," he said.

"Come *on!*" the girl said, and went on.

The stairs ended at a dusty landing. There was a door on one side, a door which would give access to the second floor.

"Back stairs," the girl said. "Servants' stairs." There was no hysteria whatever in her soft, clear voice.

He tried the knob of the door. The door was locked on the other side. Then he heard someone trying the knob of the door below. The old lock wouldn't hold them long. He heard a voice—hollow and dim. A man had spoken. He had said, "Don't ——" and something after it.

Then Linda had his hand. "They go on up," she said. "See?"

She was facing away from the locked door. The stairway reversed itself, led up, narrowly, toward the floor above.

They were pounding the door below to break through a panel.

Any hole is better than no hole. The mouse knows this. A hole too small for a cat's questing paw is best. But any hole is better than no hole.

"Go on," Jeff said, and the girl went like quicksilver.

The second flight upward was like the first—narrow, between walls which seemed to converge. They might as well, Jeff thought. They might just as well narrow in until they met in the final trap. They climbed into deepening darkness. Jeff found that each breath came with greater effort. But the girl went on as if this steep climb were nothing—it was as if she danced on. Again Jeff felt the aching sadness he had felt when the scent she wore first touched him.

He stopped for a moment and listened. He heard the ragged sound of splintering wood. It wasn't taking them long at all.

Linda looked back. He motioned her forward. She went on.

The stairway ended at a landing. There was enough light for them to see another door—this time the stairs ended at the door. The door was locked, and it was a solid door.

Linda was looking upward, her head thrown back. She pointed upward. Jeff flicked his lighter and for an instant the tiny flame blinded them both. There was a trap door in the ceiling. If he jumped, Jeff could just, he thought, reach it with his finger tips. It might as well be ten feet above him.

"Your hands," the girl said. "Make a step. You know how?"

He looked down at her.

"For a lift," she said. "Don't you *know?* Like this. Look!"

He looked at her hands. The fingers were interlocked. She held her arms down, so that her hands, locked into a stirrup, were a little above mid-point of her thighs.

"*Hurry!*" she said.

He locked his hands as she had done, held them as she had held hers. She pressed back against him and stepped into his hands.

"*Lift!*" she said.

He lifted. She seemed to weigh nothing. Then he realized that, as he lifted, she had thrust hard from the floor with the foot still touching it.

One of her arms went around his neck. Then she was on his shoulder—sitting there.

"Hold me," she said, and he reached up, bracing her slender body. He could feel, through her thin clothing, the gliding muscles of her body. *She's so little*, he thought—*so very little.*

"Good," she said. "Don't let me fall."

It was not a plea. It was instruction. She balanced herself and raised her arms as high as she could raise them—and could push against the trap door, could feel around it.

"There'll be a catch," he said. "Thumb catch, probably. If it opens down it'll be bolted."

He held her and waited—and listened. They'd have the door open now. He would hear them on the stairs. Not running. There is no need to run to a sprung trap.

"Got it," she said. "Stiff, though." Her slender body stiffened in his hands; he could feel her muscles harden with effort. "It's . . ." she said, and now she gasped a little with the effort, ". . . going. It's ——" He could feel the change in her body as the cover went up. "It isn't the roof," she said. "It's a kind of—of place. Very low. I don't know ——"

"Can you get in?"

"Yes," she said. "I don't know whether ——"

"They're coming," he said. "Go." He lifted. She seemed to disappear from his hands.

He could look up then. She had turned and was looking down at him. "Can you?" she asked, and there was no lightness in her voice now. There was only great anxiety.

He did not answer. He crouched. He leaped and closed his fingers over the edging of the trap. He waited an instant, breathed deeply. It was quite a time since he had chinned himself, and the grip was wrong. He pulled. The final lift came only partly from his straining muscles. It came from strong hands under his arms. He got his elbows over the edging. It was easy then, with the lithe girl pulling.

Lying on his side—there was not room to sit up—he wrestled the cover back over the square aperture. He pulled himself across it.

In a second he felt the girl beside him, adding her weight to his. It wasn't much weight, but it would help. He wouldn't want to push the trap up with both of them on it.

"Well," Linda Parks said, and he could feel her breath against his ear, "here we are, aren't we? Wherever we are."

He twisted until he could reach a jacket pocket and finger the cigarette lighter out of it. He flicked the lighter on. It gave enough light so that they could see where they were.

There was also enough light so that they could see a rat, its eyes ugly red points. With the light on, the rat ran. They could hear the scrambling sound it made.

"I've heard," Linda Parks said in a little voice, "that there are more rats than people in New York. I've heard that."

Her voice was steady enough. But her body shook against his. She couldn't control that.

They were in the air space between top-floor ceiling and flat roof. The underside of the roof was three feet, or a little less, above the spaced beams of the house framing. Between the crosspieces was wooden lathing, with plaster bulging through it from below. The uprights which supported the roof itself made the space a maze. Boards laid across the beams provided narrow pathways, but paths which seemed to lead in no special directions.

"A kind of attic," the girl said, still shaking.

Jeff put out the little lighter flame. In the silence there were rustling noises about them—small, scratching sounds. The girl's body, pressed against his, trembled more at each little rustling sound.

Realization that it was not entirely dark in the atticlike space came slowly, as eyes adjusted. It could not be said there was light, but there was a certain absence of total darkness. Even without the lighter, he could make out the timber uprights. The loose flooring boards—put down by workmen, he supposed, so that they could get from point to point—were just visible.

It was strange, Jeff thought, that there was any light at all. There would be no windows in this low, uninhabitable space—this air space, this insulating buffer of air. This—he realized increasingly—hot, still place. Yet was the air still? There seemed to be a draft.

Of course, he thought. *Air insulates only if it moves.* So there would be a ventilating opening somewhere, two ventilating apertures, at least, so that the air could circulate between them. There was just a chance ——

He flicked the lighter again and there were two rats, quite near, looking at them through red sparks of eyes.

"I—I can't stand them," the girl said, and her body was convulsive against his. Long tremors ran through it. And now her voice shook too. "I'm sorry—I—*can't we do something?*" He put an arm around her shaking body. "The men would be better," she said. "But they want to kill us, don't they?" He tightened his arm about her. "Why?" she said.

"I'm not quite sure," he said. "Anyway, we won't give up yet. There's a board there. A plank. Can you slide out on it?"

She did not answer. He showed her where the plank lay. She crept out onto it, until she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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For beauty the modern way

Dorothy Gray

In Canada, too.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

was free of the trap cover. "Wait," he said, and went out on hands and knees on the beams, moving carefully. If he slipped, put weight on the laths, he would break through the ceiling plaster. It would give them a nice target, if they were looking for a target.

He went around the girl, who was on her hands and knees on the plank, and found that a second plank, farther on, continued the narrow path. He crept on it toward light.

"A way to the roof," he said. "We'll be all right, then."

"Whatever you say," the girl said, close behind him.

A third plank continued the pathway, and a fourth. They could see the lighter rectangle of the air vent. It looked very small and appeared to be horizontally barred.

The rats were patient, too; they stopped when the man and woman stopped. Then one crept up on the board behind Linda. Jeff slapped his hand down and the rat ran.

There was just room for Jeff. It was easier for the girl—the very little girl, with a slim body made, apparently, out of steel wire. *Well*, he thought, *not entirely*, remembering the feel of her in his hands.

He went, faster now, on knees beginning to protest, along the planks toward the air vent. It did not, when he was close enough to see, look like much. The vent was louvered. In addition, there was screening inside the louvers. They crouched side by side and looked at the opening, which would have to be just below the roof. Which was just large enough to get through. Which was barred.

They had struggled to the smallest trap.

The louvers seemed to be set in a frame, Jeff thought, a frame fitted into the wall. It would be nailed, of course, but probably only lightly nailed. He hoped.

But with the screening inside, there was no way to get hands on the tightly fitting frame to provide leverage. He pushed against the frame tentatively. The feel told him what he had supposed it would. In order to remove the louvers, he would have to pull the frame toward him.

He groped awkwardly for a pocket knife—a little silver knife, an ornament to a key chain. It was, nevertheless, the only tool he had. He pulled up an inadequate blade and tried to slit the screening above one of the wooden louvers.

The screen resisted the little blade. But then the blade penetrated. And then it was absurdly easy. The screening was as old as the house, and weak with age.

He slit the screen across and put the knife back in his pocket. It was not only the only tool he had; it was the only weapon. One does not carry weapons on a bright summer day in the city of New York. There is never any need of weapons.

He hooked fingers over the louver and tugged.

"Wait," the girl said, and put slender hands through the rent screening and over the louver, and they pulled together. At first nothing happened; then the frame moved. It gave suddenly, came out, splintering. He pushed the frame aside.

They could look down—straight down and a long way down—into the fenced yard at the rear of the house.

For a moment it came as no surprise to Jeff Bowen that it was almost dark in the yard. They had been endlessly in the gloom of the attic and that, outside, it was also gloomy seemed entirely reasonable. Then he knew it was not; it could not be later than midmorning of what had been a hot and sunny day.

He twisted around and looked up at the sky, but knew what he would see before he looked. The sky was purple-black with cloud.

"It's going to storm," Linda Parks said; and then, "It's a long way down."

It was a long way down. But the edge of the roof was close above the vent. There did not seem—Jeff lay on his back and stuck his head out—to be a parapet around the roof. It ought to be easy.

He lay there looking up and the girl said, in a low, tense voice, "*Oh!*"

Jeff slid back in. She had turned and was looking back through the maze they had traversed. Somebody was throwing the beam of a powerful flashlight through the trap door.

Linda said, "*Go ahead!*"

Jeff inched himself, on his back, through the hole in the wall. "Hold ——" he said but did not need to. She held his legs. She pushed a little, carefully, helping him. He lifted his hands and felt along the edge of the roof.

"All right?" the girl said.

Jeff pulled himself slowly through the hole in the wall, took a deep breath and said "O.K." and hoped it was—it was a long way down. For a second he hung far above the paved court below, thought that now he could not go back. And then he pulled himself up and was on the roof.

He flung himself down, turned, reached down toward the opening, and already the girl was half through it, reaching her hands up. Her face was very close, and her eyes very wide. But she did not, now, seem particularly frightened. He clasped his hands around her slender wrists and braced himself and she seemed to rise without weight and then was on the roof beside him.

For a moment they lay close together, and her final scramble had brought her partly into his arms. Her body, now that it was no longer tensed by effort, was unexpectedly soft. Also, which was more to the immediate point, it was no longer trembling.

SPOON-FEEDING RHYME

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

One for the baby;
Two for the floor;
Three for the high chair;
Oops! . . . dropped *four*.

One for his left ear;
Two for his chin;
Three for the baby . . .
I got *that* in!

Lightning flashed and almost instantly there was thunder, close and violent as an explosion.

"Rain," Linda said. "I've always liked storms. Out in Iowa ——"

The storm responded loudly.

"That's good," Jeff said.

She smiled suddenly. Her face lighted with the smile.

"I'm a ninny," she said. "All right. Now what?"

In one direction—toward the east—the roof was continuous. It stretched over three houses, perhaps four. There were low parapets, marking house from house. There were chimneys. Near the center of each parapet-outlined rectangle there was a shed with sloping roof, and an access door to the roof. There was such a structure in the center of their particular rectangle. At any moment the door would open and one of the men would come out of it. He would come out of it, undoubtedly, with a gun in his hand.

Hooked over the edge of the roof was the top of an iron fire-escape ladder. But the fire escape led down into the fenced yard at the rear of the house and a man waited there.

The air had been very still, and very hot. Suddenly there was a strong wind—a tearing wind. And in the same instant there was a rush of rain. Almost in that instant they were drenched. The girl's light clothing was molded to her supple body.

Jeff was on his feet, reaching toward her. But she was as quick as he—quicker.

The best chance was to run for it, get off this roof to another. Perhaps one of the access doors would be unlocked, or there would be other fire-escape ladders.

"Come on!" Jeff shouted above the wind, and reached for her hand.

The tumultuous rain, the cloud darkness shut in around them. Lightning gashed the clouds. It was hard to believe it could rain so hard, blow so hard, grow so purple-dark on a summer morning—that they, running, could see so dimly the way they ran. They ran across the first roof, and over the low parapet, and halfway across the second. Almost too far across the second, because there was a man there, in the doorway of the roof shed, waiting. He came out, blurred in rain and darkness, and yelled something at them.

They turned, as one, and started back, leaning forward against the wind. It was like running up a treadmill. But the wind was impartial; the man following them leaned against it, ran uphill against it.

They had no breath to talk, only enough to climb the endless hill of air. Jeff waited for the shot that would stop them, and tried, as well as he could, to shelter the girl's body with his own, because hers, under the drenched clothing, seemed so much more vulnerable than his.

The wind lessened suddenly. And ahead, as they looked along the roof, and the roofs beyond, the western sky was brightening. The rain stopped.

Then they could see what the storm had obscured. Ahead, the roof ended. There was a space between its edge and the next, somewhat lower, roof. They went on to the edge, and now they could hear the man yelling behind them. He yelled, "Hold it! You fools!"

The gap between the roofs was some six feet across—a long step across. A long, long step and, far below, the pavement of a passage which led between the houses.

This was the closed jaw of the trap.

Linda twisted in his arm and he let her go. She stooped and began to pull her skirt up brown legs and for an instant he only looked at her. Then he said "No!" but at the same instant she cried out, "Come on!" and ran toward the roof's edge, her freed legs flashing.

She's too little, Jeff thought. *Her legs aren't* ——

The thought died as for an instant choking tightness held him.

She seemed to run straight over the edge of the roof. But she rose, did not fall. She flew in the air, in the dancer's flying leap, and came down on the roof beyond, still running for a step or two before she caught herself and turned.

"It's nothing," she called to him. "Come *on!*"

He took a deep breath. It was nothing if you weighed nothing—could take flight like a bird. Or like a dancer. His body felt heavy, sluggish.

"Hold it!" the man coming toward him shouted, seeing Jeff draw back a little from the roof edge, gather his body together.

Jeff ran and once he moved knew he could not stop. His movements were not so perfectly timed as the girl's had been—her last running step had carried her only inches from the edge. He realized he was off stride, was too far from the edge—and had no choice. He thrust convulsively, at the last, and seemed to be falling, powerless.

He came down on the far roof, awkwardly so that he almost fell. The girl caught him, steadied him.

"You did fine," Linda Parks said approvingly.

Linda told herself carefully, *I have just jumped above nothingness from one roof to another roof, and I am standing here saying "You did fine" to a man I didn't know yesterday—standing on a roof, wet to the skin and* ——

She looked down at herself. The suit clung to her like her skin. She tried to pull it away from her body so that it would not cling so outrageously. She reached up and pushed her short black hair away from her forehead. She looked up at a man with sandy wet hair, and with a light suit plastered to his body as her clothing was to hers, with a white shirt wet against his chest. A man who had slapped his hand down on a board to make rats run. She shivered uncontrollably.

"You're cold," he said.

"Mr. Bowen," she said, "is this real? Is this happening? Is ——"

He put his hands on her shoulders and, gently, shook her.

"I'm sorry," Linda said. "For a moment I seemed to be a little dazed."

The man who had been following them stood on the other roof and reached toward his pocket, and then she was in Bowen's arms, was swirled so that she was partly shielded by him.

The man took a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his wet face with it. He said, "Stringer wants you."

Bowen said, "Why don't you come and get us?" He tensed himself. "You and Stringer?" he said.

The man looked at the gap between the roofs. He looked down into it. He turned and walked back across the roof toward the shed.

They looked after him for an instant. Then Bowen shook his head and looked the other way, across the roof they stood on and the roof of the building which adjoined it. Beyond the second roof the wall of an apartment house stood above them like a cliff. The wall was windowless, blank.

The sun came out abruptly and its heat began slowly to penetrate Linda's soaked clothing.

"Come on," Jeff said and reached for her hand. He moved off as if he knew where he was going. There was nobody in sight on the roofs behind them.

"Have they given up?" Linda said.

He shook his head quickly, said, "I doubt it."

Taking her hand again, Bowen led the way to another roof shed, like the ones on the roofs behind. It had a door facing toward the street side. Bowen took hold of the knob and started to turn it, and Linda could see it move. But then he took his hand off the knob and put his ear against the door. He listened for a moment and then moved away from the door, with an obvious effort to make no noise.

"Somebody behind it," he said, speaking very softly, bending down to her. "Waiting for us to walk into the parlor."

"There must be a lot of them," she said. "I still don't know what it's all ——"

"Did she tell you anything?" Bowen asked. "Your roommate?"

"They kept asking that over and over," Linda said. "She didn't tell me anything. She just disappeared."

"She's dead," Bowen said. "Did they tell you that?"

"Not quite," she said. "But—they killed her, didn't they? Why?"

"She knew something," Jeff said. "And they think we know it too. That's about as far as I've got. Stringer gave me a song and ——" He shook his head abruptly. He looked down at her, and unexpectedly smiled. "How are you on ladders?" he said. "As good as at jumping?"

"No," she said. "But—all right, I guess." She looked up at him. "There was an adagio class at school," she said. It was an absurd thing to say, but at the same time it was a satisfying thing to say. It somehow pulled the past, which was reasonable and sure, up to and into the present, which was neither.

He nodded. "Because," he said, "each door will be locked. Or unlocked with one of them waiting behind it. As you say, there seem to be a lot of them. But ——" He pointed. A fire-escape ladder hooked up over the roof edge. "They won't cover everything, maybe," he said. "All we need is two minutes on a telephone. O.K.?"

"Of course," she said.

"I'll go first," he said, at the ladder, and then looked down into the fenced yard below. There did not seem to be anybody in it.

He swung around and began to back down the iron ladder. Linda looked down, and then resolutely did not look down. She gave him start enough, and began to go down after him.

But the ladder stopped just below the top-floor windows. It stopped at the iron grilling of a platform. Iron stairs, with a railing, ran down from the platform, zigzagging to the ground.

Bowen waited until she was on the platform. He said, "Good girl," and turned and started down the iron stairs. He had taken only a few steps down when Linda said "Wait!" in a breathless voice, and then pointed down. A man had come out from

close to the house, or from the house. He looked up at them. Bowen stopped.

"The brush man," Linda told him. "The same man."

She crouched on the platform, holding to the railing. The sandy-haired man looked at her, unbelievingly, as if she had said the wrong words.

"One of them," she said, keeping her voice low.

Bowen still looked at her strangely. Worry showed in his face.

"He came to the apartment," she said. "*Listen.* Just to the one apartment. Nowhere else. It was—he was one of the *wrong* things that I wanted to tell you about. Tell you —— *Look!*"

The man below was staring up at them. He seemed about to shout to them, but then, instead, seized the handrail of the fire escape and started up.

Jeff Bowen was back on the platform. He turned to the window which opened on the fire-escape platform, put his hands under the frame, and lifted. The window shot up.

Linda went through the window, dropped to the floor inside. Instantly he was beside her. They were in a corridor with closed doors on either side. There were numbers on the doors. A flight of stairs led down beside it.

Bowen went down the stairs. At the second floor they came into another corridor. Bowen stopped in front of one of the doors. Abruptly he began knocking on it. He said, "Find a phone," in a quick low voice.

The door opened—partly opened and then a safety chain held it. A woman looked out at them. Then her eyes widened and her mouth began to open.

"Wait!" Bowen said. "Have you got a telephone? We want ——"

"Go away," the woman said loudly. "Go *away!*"

"Listen," Bowen said. "I want to call the ——"

She slammed the door. They could hear the lock snap home. Jeff Bowen looked at the door blankly.

"We look like—heaven knows what we look like," Linda said. "Look at me." He did. Although now the thin material of her blouse had dried somewhat, did not cling quite so resolutely, Linda Parks discovered herself blushing. "You're just as bad," she said. "You can't blame the ——"

She stopped. They both heard the sound of someone walking cautiously along the hallway of the floor above.

Jeff Bowen started on along the corridor. She followed him to the head of the last flight of stairs. The flight was empty; the first-floor hall into which it led was empty. There was nobody in the vestibule beyond.

"Come on," Jeff Bowen said, and went down the stairs fast, and she went after him. Bowen was almost at the bottom of the flight when a man came into the vestibule.

The man who called himself Stringer had a rather tired smile on his medium face. He looked up at them and shook his head. "You two've led us quite a chase. A very impetuous ——"

Something in Jeff Bowen's face made him stop.

"*Don't be a fool,*" Stringer said sharply. "*Listen to me!*"

Jeff did not stop. He went on, slowly, down the stair flight. He wasn't listening. He had listened too long the night before to the man who called himself Stringer; who was working both sides against the middle. He watched Stringer now, but he did not listen. He watched for Stringer to pull a gun, and went down the stairs toward him slowly. He saw Stringer's eyes narrow; saw him move his head a little from side to side, as if he did not like what was happening.

Jeff did not jump the last three steps. He had seen, at the other house, what that came to—had seen the man they called Norman lose balance as he landed, careen into Stringer. Stringer had been awkward enough then, physically ineffective enough. Stringer wasn't a big man. It was a break that he was the one to block this last outlet from the trap. Norman would have been tougher. If there wasn't a gun to deal with ——

Jeff jumped just as his feet reached the level of the floor, leaped with his fists ready, leaped swinging. He did not even touch Stringer. Stringer had merely moved aside. Jeff closed in, swinging. This time he hit something—his fist slapped into the palm of Stringer's hand and the hand gave with it and Jeff's whole body swung toward Stringer. He wrenched his hand free, stabbed his left forward at the jaw which seemed only inches from it.

It was, for a fleeting instant, as if Jeff had rammed a wall with his chin. Blackness was shot with jagged light. Then there wasn't anything at all. . . .

Linda did not really see what was happening, what happened; it was too sudden, too confused. She saw Jeff Bowen's first rush. Then, instead of going forward, Jeff Bowen was reeling backward, falling to the floor. And Stringer was shaking his head a little sadly.

Stringer said, in an almost gentle voice, "You're willing, Mr. Bowen. I'll give you that," and took a step toward the man on the floor. He turned after the one step and looked back at Linda and said, "He'll be all right. He'll ——" and then, more loudly, in a different voice, "*Wait!*"

She did not wait. She jumped the remaining steps, swung on the newel post and fled down the hallway toward the rear of the house. And now she fled for both of them—for Bowen and herself. She had to reach a telephone, call for help. Stringer yelled something at her. There was not time to listen.

There was another flight of stairs near the door—a steeper flight than the others, with, halfway down, a single dangling light bulb. Beyond that there was grayness. She ran down the stairs to the basement of the house. There would be a door there—there *had* to be a door there. She had seen hundreds of houses like this since she had been in New York. A basement door under the main entrance. If she could reach ——

Overhead she heard someone walking, hurriedly, heavily, along the hallway she had fled through. The basement door was in sight now, sunlight coming through its glass panel.

"Miss Parks!" a man shouted from the staircase behind her.

There wasn't time for anything. She turned to the street door and clutched at it. As it opened, she heard from the street the wail of a siren.

"*Thank God, thank God, thank God!*" Linda Parks, without knowing, said aloud, in a breathless voice.

She was in the areaway, separated from the sidewalk by an iron fence. There was a gate in the fence and she went toward it. She looked through the fence and saw a police car at the curb, with a uniformed policeman standing beside it. It would be all right now.

She pushed the gate open and then stopped. She could see the stone steps to the main door of the house now, and Stringer was sitting comfortably on the second step. He got up and came toward her.

"Here she is now," he said to the policeman. "Come on, Miss Parks."

Linda said, "No! *No!*" and started toward the uniformed man. "*Don't let him! He's* ——" She stopped. The policeman was nodding understandingly toward Stringer.

"Excited," Stringer said, as if Linda had said nothing. "I told you how it was."

"Yes," the policeman said. "I can see she is." And then, to Linda, "You're all right now, miss. No reason to be upset."

It was a kind of nightmare—a nightmare in which she tried to speak, to call for help—in which she cried out, and still was soundless. She was in the middle of New York and all around her were people—all kinds of people. It was a sunny Saturday morning in the city.

Stringer came to her, smiling. He took her arm. The man who had said he was selling brushes came up behind Linda. He took her other arm.

"See you got her all right," he said.

"Oh, yes," Stringer said. "Both of them."

"You don't need us, then," the policeman said.

"No," Stringer said. "We don't need you."

They reached the steps of the house into which she had been walked the night before—walked between two men, as she was walked now. She went numbly where their hands directed, walking powerless in a nightmare. They led her back up the steps, into the house.

Jeff Bowen opened his eyes. He was lying on his back on a sofa and there were people in the room. A good many people.

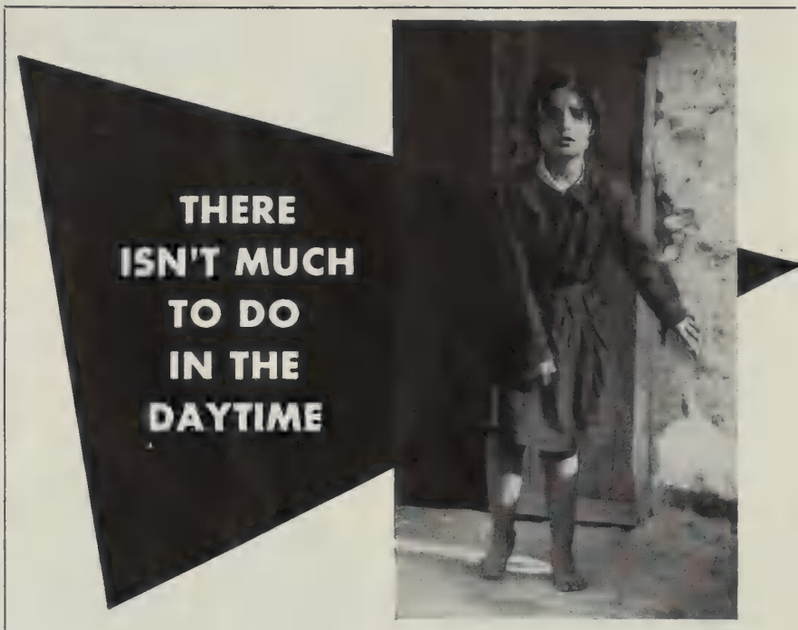
Somebody said, "He'll be all right."

He was lying on a sofa in the house to which a man named Plent had led him, into which two other men had forced him. He was back where he had started—where *they* had started. He and the black-haired girl with the wide dark eyes and the lovely, tender face. Linda. Where was ——

He was quite conscious now.

"Feeling better, Mr. Bowen?" a quiet voice said, and then it all came back. It was very considerate of the man who called himself Stringer to inquire how he was feeling.

Jeff turned his head so he could see around the room. He had been right in thinking there were a good many people in it. Slowly Jeff swung his legs to the floor and sat on the sofa, and looked at them. For a moment more they seemed to sway around him, to advance and recede. Then he could see them clearly. The girl was there. She was leaning forward in a chair, looking at him, her eyes large with alarm.



This is Georgia Melisova. The hovel before which she is standing is her Athenian home in Greece. Her mother occasionally works at straw chair weaving but is never able to find permanent employment. Her father just disappeared. She has four younger brothers. Georgia is amazingly intelligent for a ten-year-old child who hasn't had a dozen weeks in school. She should be given an education as she has great charm and potentialities. As it is, she hardly gets enough to eat.

There is severe unemployment and heart breaking, harsh poverty in Greece. Even many of the children who are helped have only one meal a day and go to bed hungry every night. The bed is some old rags on the dirt floor of a bleak shanty. There isn't much to do in the daytime except to sit and think how hungry they are. There's no use going through the garbage cans, for too many are doing that. And for lack of funds, the relief agency doesn't serve any meals at all on Saturdays and Sundays.

Children like Georgia can be "adopted" and properly fed, clothed and educated in Greece and all of the countries listed below. The cost to the contributor is the same in all—$10 a month. The child's name, address, picture and story is furnished the donor. The donor also can correspond with the "adopted" child.

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COUNTRIES:

Austria, Belgium, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, France, Free China, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Iran, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, Syria, United States, Western Germany. —American Indians.

"I'm sorry," Jeff said to Linda Parks, who was the only one in the room who mattered. "I didn't do very well, did I?"

"Just so you're all right," she said. "It took so long for you —— It's all right now."

And it did seem, now that he was looking at her and speaking to her, that the alarm went out of her big, dark eyes. She was quite a girl, to worry about him in the face of—in the face of everything.

They were all there, all of "them." The heavy, dignified Jasper Plent sat on a sofa and the man called Norman sat on one side of Plent and the man called Clyde sat on the other. Plent looked at Jeff Bowen with no expression on his heavy face. None of the three moved. Jeff looked around the room.

They were all there. The man who had said he was Saul Stringer stood near the door which led into the entrance foyer of the house. The man who had been in the yard below, and had climbed toward them—Linda's brush man—stood near him. Both of them were relaxed and casual. There was, behind them in the foyer, another man, and still another was at the far end of the long room, near the door which led to the dining room. They weren't taking any chances this time.

Stringer said, "You moved into that punch. And I was lucky, of course."

Jeff looked at him. Stringer-Seymour was still a very medium man, with a medium expression and an unemphatic voice.

"You were not," Jeff said. "But, before, you fell all over yourself."

"The circumstances were somewhat different," Stringer said. "Well, now that our friend's all right—Miss Parks, you're quite sure? For the record?"

"They are the ones who grabbed me at Mr. Bowen's house," Linda said, speaking slowly and distinctly. "They forced me into a car and brought me here."

It did not make any sense. It did not make any sense at all. *If I were interviewing a witness*, Jeff thought, *if I wanted to make quite sure what he would say on the stand, I might put it to a witness as he is putting it to her.*

"Mr. Bowen," Stringer said, "these are the men?"

Jeff said, "You know well enough. Who better?"

"Wait," Stringer said. "Can you identify these men"—he indicated the three sitting side by side on the sofa—"as the ones who kidnaped Miss Parks from your house in Connecticut and brought her here to New York?"

"You," Jeff said, "are a very funny man, Stringer. Or whatever you call yourself. Very funny."

Stringer's voice was tolerant and a little tired. "Can you?"

"All right," Jeff said. "The man in the middle—Plent—came to my house in Connecticut pretending to be Miss Parks' father. The others I can't identify as having been there—not positively. Somebody knocked me out." He paused. "I seem very easy to knock out," he said.

Stringer smiled faintly. "There are tricks in all trades, Mr. Bowen. Nobody can be expected to know all of them. Well."

The last word had a certain, in the circumstances, ridiculous sound. It was as if, with it, Stringer were winding things up.

Probably he was. Probably this was, finally, it. Here the jaws of the trap snapped. There wasn't much use in anything. But there wasn't any use in taking it sitting down. Jeff started to get to his feet. He half stood, facing Plent, who was the man to face. Not Stringer. Stringer did what he was told to do. That was all there was to Stringer. The others were —— Then, quite slowly and carefully, Jeff Bowen sat down again. He still looked at the three men sitting on the sofa.

They were sitting stiffly, awkwardly. This was because they were handcuffed together. A row of handcuffed men. Jeff looked at Stringer.

"Of course," Stringer said. "Taking a kidnaped person across a state line. Federal offense. Very serious Federal offense, fortunately. But you're a lawyer, Mr. Bowen. You picked it up quickly enough earlier. Mr. Plent was a little slower. But then he thought your house was in New York, of course. An easy mistake to make."

Plent merely looked at him.

"All right, Charley," Stringer said. "May as well take them along, don't you think?"

"What it comes to," Geoffrey Bowen said at twenty minutes after two on the afternoon of Saturday, the twenty-eighth of July, while looking morosely at a half-empty coffee cup—"what it comes to is that all the time we were running—crawling around on boards and leaping like gazelles over rooftops—it was *your* people chasing us. Not the others. So that we could make positive identification, justifying charges of kidnaping, in violation of the appropriate Federal statutes. I just want to get it clear."

They were finishing lunch in the Pierre Grill. Linda Parks wore a crisp cotton dress of palest yellow; Jeff Bowen a borrowed suit, which fitted none too well. Saul Stringer wore, among other things, his accustomed half-smile.

"Not all the time," Stringer said. "For a few minutes, Plent and company were doing the chasing. Then my associates arrived. After that—yes, you fled from friends."

Reflectively, Jeff Bowen rubbed his jaw.

"You didn't, you know, wait for an explanation," Stringer said.

"Would you have?" Jeff asked him. "Considering everything? When you couldn't tell who was running with the hounds?"



"Probably not," Stringer said. "I had to stall for time. To give the boys a chance to get set after Plent led you to the house, and you led me. You see—I was not as completely in their confidence as I would have liked."

"I suppose," Jeff said, "you tipped them off I was going to the office this morning? After you had suggested I should?"

"Yes," Stringer said. "It seemed an idea to find Miss Parks as soon as possible. Before they . . . took steps."

"Mr. Stringer," Linda said, "what did Joyce find out? That made them—I suppose they did kill her?"

"I haven't the least idea," Stringer said. "I don't think they have. As to killing her—I don't doubt they did. Took her down to the apartment and set the suicide."

"But she did find something?" Jeff asked.

"Oh," Stringer said, "obviously. Something important enough to endanger the whole operation. Which, incidentally, was more than I'd managed to turn up." He sipped coffee. He looked at Linda, whose eyes were large again, but not with fear. "What is it you'd like to know?" he said, as if she had asked a question.

"Everything," Linda said, with simplicity. "They were spies. You are FBI. Or something?"

"That's good enough," Stringer said. "They collected information, yes. Offered it for sale. I tried to explain to Mr. Bowen last night. Spies—the word is a little dramatic for their operation. They're businessmen. Or were. Operated a kind of clearinghouse."

"For Russia?"

Stringer's smile became patient. He said that it was always comfortable to have everything in black and white. The Soviets and company? He didn't doubt it. But also for others who could pay for information. "They're professionals." He paused. He let it lie there.

When it was apparent that he planned to, Jeff said, "But they must have been after some special thing that Miss Holbrook found out about?"

"Counselor," Stringer said, and was again patient, "we have an atomic submarine cruising the world. How fast will it go? Not merely 'pretty fast.' Nor merely 'faster than most.' How fast? In knots, to the decimal point. I don't know. But somebody does. Others would like to. A while back there was talk about a new antisubmarine weapon. What is this weapon, except they call it 'Lulu'? What will it do—precisely? I don't know. A lot of people all over the world would like to know. The Jasper Plent Associates, and their like, try to satisfy curiosity. Maybe Miss Holbrook found she was filing specifications of 'Lulu' and was bright enough to think that odd."

"You really don't know what it was?"

"If I did, counselor, I wouldn't spread it around," Stringer said. "Would I, now?"

"They came to the apartment," Linda said. "Forced her to go with them. Forced her to write a note to me. She tried to—to do little things wrong. Things they wouldn't notice and I might. Like the wrong robe. Like taking a heavy suit."

Stringer nodded.

"If I had moved faster ——" Linda said, and her eyes clouded.

"If you could see through stone walls," Stringer said. "Leap over mountains. If I could—anybody could." He finished his coffee and looked into the empty cup. "We didn't do too well ourselves."

He had been, he said, on it for months. It had taken a long time to persuade the Plent Associates he was an inside man who could be helpful. They were always, of course, looking for people on the insides of things. He had done a few small jobs. But he had not uncovered anything they could go to court on. He had not known anything about Joyce until her letter came through channels. That Linda Parks had been kidnaped he knew only when the police bulletin came through.

"The man who came around pretending to sell brushes," Linda said. "The drunken man across the street. They were working for you?"

"With me," Stringer said. "That is—Charley was. The brush man. Just making sure your roommate hadn't come back. And to see what sort of people she associated with."

"Me," Linda said.

"Yes," Stringer said. "A voice on the telephone. Very charming voice, Miss Parks, but we like to look. As for this drunken man—keeping an eye on things for Plent, I suppose."

"Since you don't know what Miss Holbrook found," Jeff said, slowly and carefully, "and hadn't found anything yourself you can make a charge on, you don't get them on espionage, do you?"

"Unless we turn something up," Stringer said. "No, counselor."

"And," Jeff said, "if my house didn't happen to stand a hundred feet inside Connecticut, there wouldn't be a Federal charge of any kind, would there?"

"No, counselor," Stringer said and smiled pleasantly. "Fortunate turn of events, isn't it? You might call it . . . catch as catch can." He stood up. "I'm going downtown. Can I drop you anywhere?"

Linda and Jeff said, "Thanks. No." They went with the medium man—who had, it was now evident, some quite unmedium accomplishments—up the stairs and out onto Fifth Avenue, which was bright with sunlight.

Stringer hailed a cab and said, "Be seeing you," and was driven briskly off.

They stood side by side, near the curb.

And it was strange, Linda thought, how abruptly everything seemed to have stopped. It was like a sudden, heavy silence after great noise. And—it was disappointing. That was the most remarkable thing: it was disappointing. *When I should*, she thought, *be feeling only the relief one feels on wakening from a nightmare.* Because a nightmare was surely what it had been, with the violence and final incongruity of a nightmare. Now it was over. And now it was empty.

"Can I drop you somewhere?" Jeff Bowen said, and she thought that was precisely the right phrase for it, represented precisely the way this sandy-haired man must be feeling. *Since, after all, I got him into it.* To be dropped—that was what came next.

"Oh," Linda said, "you needn't. I'll just get a cab and ——" But she stopped at that. And what? Go back to the apartment and pack her clothes, because she wasn't going to live there any more? (She'd had enough of that.) And then go out on a Saturday afternoon, in a city grown dull, no longer exciting, and try to find another place to live?

God knows I can't blame her, Jeff Bowen thought. *If I were in her place I'd feel exactly the same way—the quicker I get away from this man, this Jonah, this incompetent, the better off I'll be. This blundering one I went to for help. This oaf who incompetently got himself knocked out when I needed him most, who ran from the wrong people, who had to be told how to jump across a little gap between roofs, who finished it all off neatly by getting knocked out again by a man half his size.*

"Can't say I ——" he said gloomily.

"Unless you want to ——" she said, and thought, *How can you, Linda Parks? After what you've put him through?*

Since they had spoken at the same time, they now stopped at the same time, and looked at each other. "I'm sorry," Jeff said, and she said, "It wasn't any ——" and again they spoke together, which was ridiculous. And then a cab stopped and looked at them inquiringly.

She's the loveliest thing that ever happened, Jeff thought morosely. *Lovely and quicksilver in motion and, in addition, most kind of heart.*

He reached for the cab's door handle, stood back to let Linda get in, got in after her.

"Mr. Bowen," Linda said, "I just want to say—I don't know how to say it."

(He could think of a way. "Get out of here, you goof. Go away and leave me alone, you bungling ——")

"It sounds so silly," she said. "'Thank you very much for saving my life.' It does sound silly, doesn't it? Because ——"

"Mister," the cab driver said, "you want I should take you somewhere?"

"*For* ——" Jeff said dimly. "What?"

"For saving ——" Linda said.

"People get in taxicabs," the cabbie said reasonably, "mostly they want to go somewhere. Right?"

"Start," Jeff said. "We'll think of something."

The driver started.

"Go on," Jeff said. "What did you say?"

"If you hadn't found me," Linda said. "Got me away when they were going to ——"

"Linda," Jeff said, and spoke very carefully, as if words were breakable, "when you called me at the office yesterday ——" He stopped. "Only yesterday?" he said.

"I know," she said. "Yes. Go on, Mr. Bowen."

"You said something about staying in the country overnight. Asked about a hotel. There's a very *good* hotel and —— It's much cooler in the country and ——"

"You mustn't think," Linda said, "that you've got to take me on for keeps just because ——" She stopped, hearing her own words. "Oh!" she said, and color swarmed up into her face. "I didn't mean ——"

"I'll rent a car," Jeff said, and found he was talking very rapidly. "Have to anyway because mine is—oh, well. We can drive up in an hour or so. There's a do at the club might be —— *What did you say? Just now?*"

"Oh," Linda Parks said, "nothing really. Not really anything at all, Mr. ——" It was obviously absurd, under the rather peculiar circumstances, to continue to call this man "Mr. Bowen." What was his given name? It came to her suddenly. "Geoffrey." She said it aloud. "It would be fine to be in the country. Just for a night, of course. Because I have ——"

She stopped, since she was no longer being listened to.

"Grand Central," Jeff said to the driver, and then, to Linda, "There's a car-rental place there."

The cabbie did not say anything. But he took them to Grand Central, where a man can rent a car to drive a girl into the country on a sunny summer afternoon. END

A THING TO REMEMBER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

with the doctor, a pure, unalloyed emotion thrust sharply upward out of the welter of his inner dullness. Poignantly and imperiously he knew regret. The feeling was stark in its completeness. He knew achingly, vividly and simply that he was soon to go and that he would leave no single act of heroism or daring for his only son to remember.

Soon, for Frank, his father would be a memory. And what was there for him to remember? What thing that would be meaningful to a boy in his mid teens? Ellen, from the vantage point of maturity, would have at least the memory of steadfastness and sincere, if unimaginative, dedication to a great calling. For her there would be the recollection of shared intimacies and private jokes, of a quieter, unspectacular courage of a sort; but what for Frank? What single act to which he could point, in conversation with his contemporaries, and say, "Hey—my dad—— Let me tell you, he was a character. Talk about guts. Why, one time when we were——"

No, nothing like that. Doctor White was amazed that so irrational a thing could be so important and that a sedentary, mild man such as himself could understand it so clearly. And yet he remembered stories his mother had told about his own father. About his utter fearlessness when he was angry, his unswerving determination to be and act as he believed proper. He recalled with what relish he had retold, as a boy, an incident involving a man who had made an improper remark about his mother. His father had heard of it and had been on his way to work when he had next encountered the man. He had pulled his big gold watch from his pocket and looked at the time. Then he had handed the watch to his wife and said, "I've got to whip this fellow sometime, and I've just about got time before I go to work."

Doctor White recalled with a shock what pleasure he had had in telling the story and finishing it with a flourish, "And that's just what he did. Right there on the sidewalk. And then he dusted his hands and took his watch back and said, 'Come on, dear. We'll have to step along now or I'll be late.'"

Doctor White reached the parked auto and drove slowly toward home, still amazed at the raw urgency of his regret that he had no such memory to leave with his son. Yet he accepted the validity of the feeling completely. He told himself that it need not have been an act involving physical violence. Any single thing that could have excited the imagination and admiration of youth would have sufficed. Anything that could have brought a light into the boy's eyes and made them shine as he began, "I remember once when my dad was——" But there were only humility and persistence in an unspectacular kind of work that could have little meaning to a boy until he had grown into manhood. A boy to whom, by that time, the memory of a father would have grown dim and unimportant with the passage of time. Suddenly Doctor White's thin body sagged and it was a real physical effort to operate the car.

He parked a careful six inches from the curb in front of the parsonage and sat for a moment praying quietly for self-control. Then he stepped from the car and squared his narrow shoulders. He forced a jaunty whistle to his lips as he walked up the path to the front door. Tonight. He would tell Ellen tonight, and together they would decide how best to break the news to Frank.

He was barely inside the door when he knew. Frank was sitting in the chair next the front window. The evening paper, open to the sports page, lay limp in his lap. He stared at his father with bewildered, frightened eyes. He made a little movement with his lips, but no words came out.

For an instant Doctor White stared back at him, caught in a paralysis of comprehension. Finally he spoke and his voice sounded almost harsh in his ears.

"You know . . . how did you know?"

The boy's lips barely moved. "They phoned from the clinic. They wanted the name of our family doctor. I guess they thought they were talking to you."

Doctor White stepped to his son's side. He searched desperately for words. He lifted his hand to stroke the boy's hair, then pulled it back in a curiously awkward gesture. He patted his son's shoulder twice.

"Where's mother?"

"At church. Sewing for Korea."

"Oh, yes. I'd forgotten. This is Thursday, isn't it?"

He looked down at his son helplessly. The boy's eyes were on the floor, his thin body tense. Doctor White wanted terribly to take his son in his arms, to hold and comfort him. Instead, he remained standing, unsure.

"Well," he said. "Well." Then, "I'm sorry, Frank. Awfully sorry you had to hear about it this way. I'd wanted——"

His voice trailed away. There came a sound then from the boy in the chair. It was a tearing, frightening sound, midway between a sob and a scream. Suddenly Frank rose and in one movement threw himself at his father. His knobby, boy's arms clutched convulsively at his father's shoulders and his body shook with crying. Doctor White stood very still and held him. His arms knew a satisfaction they had not known since his son was seven.

After a long time Frank straightened and wiped the tears away. He looked up at his father as though he were seeing him for the first time. When he spoke, his voice was reedy with effort but controlled.

"You're really something," he said, and his eyes were shining. "You've got more guts than anyone I'll ever know."

Doctor White's surprised eyes asked their question and the boy answered simply.

"You whistled!" he said. "I was watching when you drove up. I saw you pucker up and come in whistling."

A feeling of fulfillment that was more than peace and more than faith came to Doctor White. There was no doubt now. When there was validity in such little things there must be great truth in the bigger ones.

END

I SCARCELY SEE BUT FEEL YOU NOW AT FIRST

By POLLY TOLAND

I scarcely see but feel you now
at first,
As when the unroused dawn
disturbs the night;
Listen! I hear the thin
uncertain burst
Of spirit-bird songs,
prophesying light.
And if you speak, I hardly hear
your words,
—What do we talk of . . . war,
or work, or play?—
Ah, I am deaf but to those
ruffled birds
That in the darkness have high
hopes of day.
Brittle, the music splinters in
my mind,
As between light and flowers I
come to dance,
Still I remain to outer image
blind,
Save that I lie within your
arms by chance.
Now, lest they wake me, you
shall tell me plain,
How to restore so sweet this
dream again.

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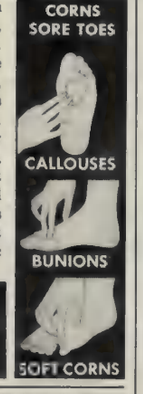
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EIGHT GENEROUS SLICES
EIGHT FULL OUNCES



By night: the Rickers, of Midland, Texas, dine and dance and talk oil business.



By day: laundry for four small children.

Rich one year... Poor another!

HOW AMERICA LIVES

By ELIZABETH LAND
PHOTOGRAPHS by JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Over a washing machine in Midland, Texas, hangs a diploma. It comes from Bryn Mawr, of all places, an Eastern college for girls of intellectual bent. How did higher education get mixed up in the fight against tattletale gray? That has to do with a day in July, 1948, and a town named Winnemucca, Nevada.

It was a hot summer afternoon when a young woman named Priscilla Gross and a young man named Paul Ricker were introduced to Winnemucca as well as to each other.

A sudden roadside sign flashed: "Stop at the Sonoma Inn, Winnemucca. Café, Bar, SWIMMING POOL!" The words lit up in Priscilla's brain like neon. It must have been 110° in the shade and she was tired and dusty and parboiled after a drive in from Reno. She and her mother and a friend of her mother's were on their way back to Maryland. The water would be heaven!

A young man from Texas sat at the wheel of his mother's car and barreled in her direction. They were on their way to California to visit his sister, and Paul was feeling as crusty and baked as Priscilla. "Winnemucca," he murmured as a sign whizzed past.

A half hour later, both parties arrived.

"How's the water?"

Priscilla looked up from where she stood by the side of the pool with her mother. She was trim in her close-clinging bathing suit and she was *cool*, already having had her plunge.

The young man was blond and brown and every muscle was exactly where it should have been. Even so, that one about "How's the water?" was a little *too* time-honored.

"Delightful," she said. She even smiled.

The muscles in the young man's legs tensed. The young body poised. A quick spring and he was in the water.

There was a strangling sound, and when he surfaced his face was blue. He looked at the woman beside Priscilla, caught the similarity of features. "Does your daughter," he questioned, "always lie like that?"

Priscilla had known, of course. The water was like something drained off the Baltic. But then he'd had it coming. So breezy. So sure of himself. She went over and sat down on a chaise longue.



The Rickers spend $100 a month for a combination maid and baby sitter. So, once Michael is fed, Priscilla can go out, stays rested enough for impromptu partying.

"Let's face it, 'front' is important in our business . . .

"How about a Coke?" He had recovered and stood beside her, briskly scouring himself with a towel.

She started to answer. Then she realized the question had been directed at her mother. She leaned back on the chaise longue feeling slightly piqued.

"Coke?" This time he nodded in her direction.

She looked at him. There was a good twenty-second pause. And in the space of it she knew, with that little extra something that ticks inside every woman, that the answer to that question was important.

"Yes," she said finally. "I'd like a Coke."

The little ticking thing was right. Five months and three days later she was Mrs. Paul Ricker!

Reminiscing about it, Priscilla is sure it was the bathing suit that did the trick, but Paul has a different opinion. "It was the freckles," he says, "on her knee."

Nobody believes this. But Paul pulls up the leg of Priscilla's pedal pushers. "See?" he says. And there, sure enough, they are. A little round patch of them like cinnamon on a bun. "I had never seen a girl with freckles on her knee," he says. "I was fascinated."

"Oh, he's sly." Priscilla says. "He was from the first. The way he handled my mother, for instance. With a hunter's sure instinct he knew that if you want the cub what you do is pick off the lioness. Mother never had a chance. She said to me later, 'Priscilla, if you tell him, I'll kill you, but he's the cutest thing I ever saw in my life.' She went down before I did!"

"Nice woman," Paul says. "We get along." He shakes his head. "But I'll admit that the prospects of her being my mother-in-law seemed awfully remote at the time. Still, I just kind of went ahead and made my plans. Priscilla and I had dinner together and ——"

"And," interrupts Priscilla, "he played the guitar."

"Never go anyplace without my guitar," Paul says.

"He," Priscilla continues, "took me out beside the pool after dinner. 'Wait here,' he said. 'I have something to show you.' In a few minutes he was back. 'Now,' he said, 'listen.' And he hauled the guitar out from behind him and proceeded to play and sing the loveliest ballads I had ever heard."

"Had a contest with a man once," Paul muses. "He bet me I couldn't sing all the way to the next town seventy miles away without repeating myself. I won."

"I was captivated," Priscilla says. "*Nobody* had ever serenaded me before."



Their new house is ideal for entertaining—one wing for bedrooms and baths, the other for living-cooking-dining.



First month in the house, they had 18 parties. Paul and Priscilla tend up on the cooking, usually wind up the evening dancing to the record player.

Whether the menu is hamburger or oysters Rockefeller, there's singing later. Few guests can match Paul's repertoire: cowboy ballads, Mexican folk songs, rock 'n' roll.



Patti may rest on the sofa between dances. Bill is free to gallop home in a dust cloud. The house is decorated in earth colors, best camouflage for the red sand of Midland.

. but not so vital our home

and children don't come first."

Half in love, the couple parted, but Priscilla was no sooner home than roses, phone calls and letters deluged her from Texas. "I want," Paul wrote, "to come to Baltimore. To see the races."

"Fine," she replied. "I'm sure the horses will love you."

He wanted to marry her, and he was going to. Only thing was—well, only thing was money. Every month he managed to pay his hotel-room rent in Big Spring, Texas, where he had been operating as an oil-lease broker for about a year. (Only twenty-one years old, he was "in business for himself.") But a trip to Baltimore? That was something else again. Especially since it had to be done in style.

"Paul believes," Priscilla says, "if you can't go Pullman you should ride the rails. There is no middle class for him. He decided he would fly."

"For a while," Paul says, "it looked like I might have to grow my own wings."

Three years now out of high school—a year and a half at Texas A. & M., a year wrangling dudes in Tucson and Texas—he had not yet had time to accrue any kind of substantial backlog in the lease-broker business, but he had always been blessed with friends. A banker acquaintance in Big Spring bought a half interest in a couple of wildcat leases Paul's father had deeded him, an oil friend in Midland lent another thousand.

"I knew," Priscilla says, "I guess I'd known all along I would marry Paul. But I was never one for deciding things on a moment's notice and this was the next thing to that. It was one thing for Paul to be so certain of what he wanted. He'd been making his own decisions for a long time. But it was another thing for me.

"I was only twenty-one, I argued—silently of course!—and I wanted to be a writer. I lived in a world of words, of my own creation and of other people's, and when I went to Bryn Mawr College I took all the writing courses I could. At the time Paul put in his appearance I had just graduated and had a television job brewing, one that might lead to something big. I wasn't actually career-minded, but I did want to try my wings. And so I told myself, 'Go slow. Go slow, Priscilla.'



HOW AMERICA LIVES

When Michael's due for a bottle or a bath, Patti and Jenni quit their make-believe games, Bill puts down his cowboy pistols, and they all swarm around to help.

Midland's skyscrapers have so far failed to citify the area. Paul looks forward to getting ponies for the children—eventually.



The Rickers keep their boat 112 miles from home, in the lake at San Angelo. Moored to an offshore dock, they invite other boatmen aboard their upper deck for refreshments, singing.

Go boating? The very idea drew a big West Texas laugh until the Rickers started houseboat weekends.



Their boat boasts wheels on the bottom: it's really a houseboat-trailer, which takes to the road when hunting season comes around. (He hunts; they both shoot.)

"But I was losing ground fast!" she goes on. "From the first there had been something about Paul's timing that I found hard to resist. As my feelings evolved he seemed to sense each one of them—ahead of me!—and was ready with the right words, the right actions. He never, for instance, actually proposed. Instead he wrote a letter saying, 'I saw a Chinese-red stove today. We'll have to have it when we're married.'

"The closest that he ever came to anything really bona fide along that line was the day I took him to Annapolis to show him the grounds. A profound sight-seer hater, he suddenly turned me to him—right in the middle of my pointing out Tecumseh—and said, 'There's just one thing you'd better get straight. I didn't come all this way to pussyfoot around Annapolis. I came to get engaged.'"

That did it. Priscilla capitulated.

The wedding plans made, Paul went back to Texas and then returned a month later with his mother—and a beautiful sapphire ring which had been hers—for the December wedding. Three bridesmaids, the ceremony in the Church of the Redeemer, and Priscilla was on her way to Texas.

At marriage, the Rickers not only owed $2000, but by the time they got back to Midland they had exactly $18.46 in cold hard cash! The only material asset they owned outright was a car.

In the nine years since that time, however, things have changed considerably. They now have four children, a new house and a houseboat. The only things that have not changed are the facts that Paul is still blessed with a multitude of friends who believe in him and that he is still in business for himself buying up oil leases.

The oil business is not what it was in the "good old days." At one time major oil companies let independent brokers like Paul handle almost all their leasing work. They now employ more and more salaried men of their own to lease up land from ranchers and farmers in areas that look as if they might produce oil. But when Paul knows more about a particular area, can handle himself better, and has personal contacts which make it easier for him to buy up the land than a company man, he may still come up with the job. When this happens, he may make a substantial sum of money. One day a few years back he came home to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

HOW AMERICA LIVES

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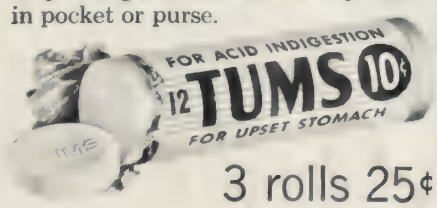
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

Priscilla with a check for $25,000. That was the year they made $36,000. Another year they lost $4000.

Whatever Paul makes (or doesn't make), the Rickers count on an outlay of $12,000 a year.

"Having a nice home, furnishing Paul a decent car and entertaining well," says Priscilla, "are vital to Paul's business. Entertaining is particularly important. We had been in our new house exactly four weeks when I counted up and realized we had not only had overnight guests three times during those weeks, but we had also had eighteen parties!"

The term "party" includes everything from one more person than Paul and Priscilla to twenty more persons than Paul and Priscilla. Yet the bold, cold statistics are that they had had better than half their evenings taken up with people in their home. A staggering figure even to them!

It isn't an artificial cultivation of people for purposes of "getting ahead." It's a matter of making friends and being with them because they *like* them. "Contacts will always be important," Paul says. "They are in any business. But when my livelihood depends on having people in my home simply for business reasons, I'll have to find some other way of making a living."

Still, entertaining *is* important and that's why the Rickers have their houseboat.

Guests looking at the bald prairie that stretches out beyond the Ricker house, and indeed for miles and miles around Midland, think they haven't heard quite right when Paul suggests a trip on a houseboat. Priscilla rescues them: "We keep it on the lake at San Angelo."

"We had been looking almost desperately," she says, "for a means of entertaining that would do away with things like football weekends in Dallas which had proved very expensive in the past. Also, we wanted something *different*. In a place where there are no rivers, no parks, no country cottages, entertaining can be quite a trick unless you belong to the country club, which we can't afford.

"The lake at San Angelo had been filling up in the last two or three years. Wouldn't it be fun to have a boat for parties over there!

"Then we saw it. Twenty-eight feet long and eight feet wide with its own little kitchen, plenty of storage space, sleeping accommodations for three (more if we had air mattresses) and, well, we couldn't resist. Especially when a lawyer friend of Paul's, Durward Goolesby, decided he'd like to go in on it and help us split the expense of buying it. For only $300 cash (to us) and our monthly payments of $70 we now have a way of entertaining that simply can't be beat." They have found that they can entertain some twenty guests on and off over a weekend when people either drift by in their own boats, or meet them there for a regular planned party, for about $50. "Once we're on the boat and have food, all the entertainment is free. We make our own music, our own fun."

It's 112 miles over there but so far nobody has objected. No genuine West Texan thinks anything of driving 250 miles for a real outing.

Priscilla's only objection to the purchase was that she wanted a he[illegible] a house*boat*.

"Ever since Mike came (our fourth baby) we had been terribly crowded. There was no place for the playpen in our small living-dining room. No area really large enough for comfortable eating when there were six places to be got around. Not only that, but we were tired of pouring money into houses that weren't ours. We had owned two previous ones, but had had to sell them in order to put the money back into Paul's business.

"We shopped around, but the down payments on anything big enough made the purchase impossible. I had given up in despair. Then one day Paul came home at noon.

"'Come on, Priscilla,' he said. 'I want to show you something.'

"I was wary. 'What?' I said.

"'Never mind. Come on.'

"I got in the car.

"'It's only a couple of Shetland ponies,' he said a few blocks later. 'I thought the kids would enjoy them.'

"'Shetland ponies!' I shrieked.

"'What's the matter, Priscilla?' Paul looked stern. 'Don't you like Shetland ponies?'"

Black looks and a brooding silence prevailed in answer to the question. Then they pulled up in front of a house.

"It was set on a hill. It was new. It was exactly the kind of house I would have built if I could have afforded to build it. It had a 'For Sale' sign on it. And there was nothing that said anything about Shetland ponies.

"Stunned, I turned to Paul.

"'It's yours,' he said, 'if you like it.'"

Like it? It was a dream! She walked through the four bedrooms, three bathrooms, living room and enormous den-kitchen-dining room. She touched the handsome cabinetwork, tapped a toe on the quarry-tile floor. It was everything she'd ever wanted.

It didn't come in the end, however, without her own personal measure of sacrifice. Paul had, as oil luck would have it, made some extra money, but not quite enough for the cash down payment. Priscilla's station wagon had to be signed over in the trade. Still, the house was—always had been—the most important thing and she hasn't regretted the choice. When Paul is in town she has the use of his '56 Chevrolet for shopping, trips to the doctor, her turn in the school car pool, the ride to church (she has a Sunday-school class of three-to-four-year-olds), and her own activities. So the family isn't entirely afoot.

They bought no new furniture, but they did buy one new appliance. It is a handsome combination washer-dryer and it stands in the small utility room which adjoins the kitchen. It is here that the Bryn Mawr diploma has come to rest.

She can't give you a "why." "I don't really know. It just seems *right* there somehow. Heaven knows I see it oftener there than I would anywhere else! And then, too, it reminds me of what my mother said to a stricken friend of hers when the friend heard I was getting married. 'Oh, Geraldine,' the friend gasped, 'all that expensive education wasted!'

"'At least,' my mother replied coolly, 'it provided her with the good sense to choose the right man.'"

Priscilla's high-school grades were the highest in her class, and she graduated *cum laude* from Bryn Mawr. She was offered a scholarship in Latin from another college, but chose Bryn Mawr because its scholastic standards were higher. Fortunately, she also got a scholarship there, for the student body includes girls from many of America's richest families. She wore $16 evening dresses to parties where other girls sported Hattie Carnegie creations. Her father was (and is) a Baltimore lawyer. Respected, comfortable, but not rich.

Though in his earliest childhood Paul's family had had a great deal of money, Paul was too young when it went to remember except dimly the five servants in the San Angelo house where he lived with his father, mother and sister, before his parents' divorce. He had spent the greater part of his life, therefore, living in modest circumstances, just as had Priscilla.

So their present standard of living is carefully calculated. Priscilla says, "We live on hamburger, but we have a maid to fix it."

They estimate a $12,000-a-year budget. When times are bad and business slow, the $1000 a month may have to be whacked down to about $700. At such times they are unable to have Molly three days a week, to send Jennifer to kindergarten, to buy clothes, or to save anything at all.

When things loosen up they make up for lost time by saving everything over $1000 a month in order to provide for taxes and emergency business expenses plus an occasional luxury item. As a result of such a fluctuating income, the Rickers quite often operate on a dual budget, one labeled "Dismal" and one labeled "Fat," and they have learned to jump from one to the other as nimbly as acrobats.

They keep a diary with an almost religious fervor, add it up every December.

"Twenty cents—coffee for Bob and me; a dollar seventy-five—typewriter ribbon; fifty cents—stamps; twenty dollars—map for Scurry County. All down to the last penny," Priscilla groans. "But it's good business."

Two items loom conspicuously large on their budget for actual living expenses: house payments and allied costs, $200. "A lot, but it gives us a place to entertain," the Rickers conclude. And $100 per month in maid and baby-sitting charges. Molly comes three days out of each week, sometimes baby-sits at night or on weekends when Paul and Priscilla are at the lake. They feel the youngsters are still too small to risk the lake's sixty-foot depths.

This help, though admittedly not vital, is worth it, they feel, for several good reasons, the biggest one being simply that Molly "takes the load off." Priscilla can be ready to entertain on fifteen minutes' notice if she has to, which is likely in view of the fact that Paul may affably invite a whole family to stay to dinner on the spur of the moment.

"Also," says Priscilla, "like most men who are in business for themselves, Paul worries a lot. Will it be feast or famine? He depends on me to stay on an even keel. This isn't the job it might be if I were worn and harassed by a flurry of ironing, child tending and scrubbing.

HOW THE RICKERS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

They count on $12,000 a year. In good times they operate on a "Fat" budget of $1000 a month, with money to spare beyond that for taxes. In bad periods they cut down to a "Dismal" budget.

DISMAL		FAT	
Business:		**Business:**	
Office	$ 75	Office	$ 75
Telephone	120	Telephone	120
Car expense	50	Car expense	50
Boat	70	Boat	70
Elks' Club dues	5	Elks' Club dues	5
Entertaining	very little	Savings—for taxes and emergency business	120
		Entertaining	as much as we can
Household:		**Household:**	
House payments	200	House payments	200
Utilities	35	Utilities	35
Insurance	10	Insurance	10
*Groceries and milk	100	Groceries and milk	150
Maid and baby-sitting	32	Maid and baby-sitting	100
Doctor	10	Doctor	10
Dry cleaning	2	Dry cleaning, laundry	11
Church	5	Church	5
		Clothes	20
		Kindergarten	18
Total	$714	Total	$999

*Supplemented by canned and frozen foods bought and stored in "fat" times.

can keep the children away from him in the evenings until he has had a chance to unwind, and I really enjoy telling him the funny little things that have happened during the day. Molly is a luxury, yes. And we think of her that way. When we must retrench in order to get by, I will take over as I have done in the past."

In direct contrast to these two bulging items is the one labeled "groceries."

"I'm stingier than anybody I know. I buy margarine. I buy eggs and cheese at the store because they're cheaper there than from the milkman. I try to shop very carefully, and do my food planning to avoid waste. I'm not always successful, but, gee, I try."

Clothing, too, is a small budget item, although Priscilla owns some expensive suits and cocktail dresses. These she buys on rare splurges, for partying or travel. "I don't buy anything until I have to have it, and then I try to be sure. If my clothes turn out to be poor choices, that's just too bad, because I must make them last four or five years." Fortunately, too, both Mrs. Ricker and Mrs. Gross provide the children and Priscilla with some clothing.

There is rarely any money left for any long-range plans to get ahead. "Our daily living expenses come from my lease work," says Paul, "but if I ever make any real money it will come by investing in royalty purchases. What I've always wanted to do is form a small company for purchasing wildcat royalty and small leases. Even a man with only a few thousand dollars to invest stands a chance of making real money if he can afford to let go of it long enough to put it to work for him. When I hear about a deal that really looks good, I take whatever backlog we have been able to collect and put it into the project in the hope it will pay off. But most of the time I have to let such deals go by. We have the children to think of first."

Patti, the leader and the eldest of the Ricker brood, is a stemmy six-year-old. She, of all the children, is the only one who faintly resembles Priscilla. She has the oval face, the keen brown eyes. And lashes she must have stolen from a colt. They are black and soft and completely lovely.

Jenni, her sister's five-year-old cohort and constant supporter in any enterprise, is her father's daughter. Blond, blue-eyed with his Bob Hope-ish nose and her own charming touch of shyness.

Bill, four, blue-eyed and brunet, is a stunner who knows how to twist everyone—young, old and in between—around his little finger.

Mike, the baby, is still a grinning, burping unknown quantity at age six months—"but *oh*, so good!"

That might be said for all the Ricker children. Priscilla and Paul are both strict disciplinarians and they believe it is most important for their disciplinary measures to jibe. "Nothing is more confusing to a child than to be told one thing by one parent and another thing by the other. We agree beforehand how a particular situation is to be handled and we stick to it. No fence walking for us. Paul's parents, although divorced, were amazingly consistent in their children's discipline and Paul and I are trying to follow their example in this respect."

In so far as methods are concerned, Priscilla considers herself one of those belonging to the old-fashioned school. The one in which children were seen and not heard. "I can honestly say I never had a crying baby. They just seemed to sense it wouldn't do them any good." Now that they are older, the same approach is adhered to. The newest rule at the Ricker house is that there is to be no aimless child chatter at the dinner table. "If the children have something to say that adds to the conversation, fine. If it's nothing but nonsense—and believe me, they know the difference!—they're not allowed to open their mouths except to shovel the food in."

They are also allotted simple household duties. Bill helps clear dishes from the table after every meal. Patti crumbs it behind him and Jenni swabs after her with a damp cloth at strayed globs of peanut butter.

In the financial department, they are given a small weekly allowance of twenty-five cents. A nickel for saving, a nickel for Sunday school, a nickel for gum, and ten cents to squander. With this the children purchase their own toys. "We seldom buy them any except at Christmas. Children should learn to be creative enough to devise their own methods of play."

Perhaps because of their mother's insistence on such inner personality development, perhaps because it is inherent in them, the older three live in a world made up almost entirely of make-believe. Witness Peedie and Sheedie, two playmates who have been around the house for about a year now. A friend, wondering at the constant reference to the two, wants to know if the girls are talking about their dolls.



The Haraydas, of North Brunswick, N.J.

A California trip for the kids . . .
Time to write a novel . . .
Kitchen paneling . . .
Wall-to-wall carpeting . . .

Marel and Johnnie have countless ideas, only $4500 a year to make them come true.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

MORE DREAMS THAN MONEY

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

IN THE FEBRUARY JOURNAL

"Dolls!" Patti is shocked. "Oh, no. Peedie and Sheedie are the *smart* babies."

"Smart babies?"

"Yes. They live inside me." She comes close and looks up out of the brown eyes with the superb lashes. "They live inside me and inside Jenni. But"—she casts a baleful glance at her brother—"we're not going to let them get inside Bill!"

Bill looks disdainful, pretends not to hear, and whacks a small rubber doll named Jeanette.

"The smart babies," Patti declares, disregarding his antics, "are small. About as little as a little finger." She demonstrates. "But strong. So strong they can hold up the world. And it's not magic. They're just strong." Her eyes widen. "Sometimes they put on their 'miserables' and get invisible and then they catch giants and nail their feet to the floor. The giants say, 'Fee fi fo fum—ouch!'"

The visitor is entranced.

"You know flies?" Patti continues in a half whisper.

"Flies?"

"Yes. The kind that come in from outside. Well, they're really the smart babies. All dressed up in fly costumes," she finishes in hollow tones. ("It does make it hard," Priscilla says. "Swat a fly and I've killed a smart baby!")

The entire time this performance is taking place, Jenni sits on the edge of the bed, a myriad of expressions flitting over her small face. From time to time she presses a hand to her mouth in a delighted giggle, or her toes curl when something is said that is almost too much fun to bear. But she doesn't say a word. Jenni, whose idea the whole thing was in the first place.

"Don't let her fool you," Priscilla says. "She's the quiet type, but she's the really creative one. Patti is the interpreter. The actress."

As if to verify these words the children, who have been talking among themselves, suddenly race around getting Patti ready to bop. Almost immediately she is draped in an old knit shawl which she uses for a skirt, and red leather house shoes somewhat the worse for wear. A few minutes later she is moving in perfect Elvis Presley rhythm to the moan and groan of Hound Dog, which Bill has thoughtfully set in motion on the record player. This accomplished, he quickly whips out a pistol from one of the two enormous holsters which sag at his small waist, dispatches both Patti and Jenni to eternity, and gallops away.

Priscilla says, "I want my children to be themselves, not copying everybody else. I don't want them to grow up saying, 'My mother greases the skin of baking potatoes first, so I do.' It will be wonderful if they *don't*."

All the Rickers are individualists.

Paul is proud of Priscilla and her diploma, but he isn't shattered by the lack of one of his own. "It would be fine," he says, "if I had one to hang up beside Priscilla's. (Maybe she'd give me the space over the refrigerator.) But I have the profoundest convictions about kids and college. Far too many of them are going these days whether they are suited for it or not. There is a 'college snobbery' in our present-day society and it's always seemed silly to me. Say a guy can run a real fine barbecue stand. Make himself a good living. What do his folks do? They pry him loose from the catchup bottle and ship him off to college. What's the matter with barbecue, for Pete's sake?

"I went for a year and a half and I'm glad I had that much, but it has never been one of the sorrows of my life that I didn't finish. I was one of those fellows that learned what they liked and left the rest of the stuff pretty much alone. My freshman year, for instance, I made a B plus in business law, by reputation one of the toughest courses on the freshman roster. But I busted horticulture. I am," he says tonelessly, "one of the few people in the history of Texas A. & M. who have busted horticulture. So you see I wasn't *really* the college type.

"It's my earnest belief that if all children were required—I said *required*, you understand—to lay out of school from one to two years after they finish high school, not half so many 'misfits' would go, and those that did go would get about twelve times as much out of it. A boy or girl that young simply doesn't know what he or she wants or what is best for them. They just *go* and as a result the colleges graduate an awful lot of people who never had any business going in the first place."

"I think ——" Priscilla breaks in gently.

"I'm not through. What's even worse, in these days of widespread prosperity, many parents hand their children their lives on a silver platter, and by so doing cheat them out of the greatest thing there is: the feeling that they have succeeded through their own efforts. Real self-confidence comes from doing things *unassisted*. I hear people say, 'If I have anything to do with it, my children aren't going to have to work the way *I* did'—which is ridiculous. If those people would just stop and think, they'd realize the only thing that made life worth living and success worth having was the work that went into it. My father is a great believer in this."

"Paul ——"

"Just a minute, Priscilla. Like I say, my father believes this, so do I, and my children are going to learn it. Even if I'm sloughing around in money hip-deep by the time my boys are teen-agers—well, let's say especially if I'm sloughing around in money hip-deep when my boys are teen-agers—I'm going to take them out Phoenix way one day and I'm going to drop them off and say, 'See you fellows in about six months.' And when I drive away I'm not leaving them with any more in their pockets than was there when I stopped the car. The girls? The girls may be harder because you have to protect them, I guess, but this much I know: they're not going to complain to the cook about the biscuits unless they know how to make decent biscuits themselves.

"If that sounds tough, I'm sorry, but my children are going to learn independence. The American people are losing their individuality by wanting everything *guaranteed* them. They've forgotten to simply ask for a *chance*." A pause. "All right, Priscilla. What was it you wanted to say?"

"Nothing, honey," she sighs. "You've already said it." END



THE PEERAGE GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

giving every evidence of having a perfectly splendid time. Houses that are lived in have a much warmer, more informal atmosphere than those preserved by the government or the National Trust as museums, full of "Do Not Touch" signs and rope barriers. Some flower beds and owners were flattened, but the gate money surpassed all expectations: $2000 here, $2400 there. When the first shock had worn off it did not take long for the owners to realize that curiosity, not culture, draws the average tourist, who willingly skips all the Gainsboroughs and Lawrences for one glimpse of m'lady's bedroom. Overnight a new industry was born. The word went round and the race was on.

Leading the Stately Homes Stakes at the moment is the thirteenth Duke of Bedford, Marquess of Tavistock, Earl of Bedford, Baron Russell of Thornhaugh and Baron Howland, whose family have lived at Woburn Abbey for four centuries. The present owner is affectionately dubbed "The Duke of Juke" by the grateful British press, for whom he has provided an endless stream of sensational copy.

When Bedford, whose family motto is suitably "What will be, will be," opened up vast Woburn Abbey, he innocently expected that the public would come to see his unique collection of rare animals—including a herd of American buffalo—in the seven-mile zoopark.

That was in his freshman year.

Today, visitors who look forward to a quiet afternoon browsing among Woburn's antiquities are in for a rude surprise. For when Bedford caught on to the fact that gimmicks were needed to "sell" his ancestral home to the public, gimmicks were provided—in quantity. As a result, Woburn now offers milk bars and self-service cafeterias; a trained staff looks after children in a special amusement park; local coach companies are "tied in"; parking is free and well organized. On a recent peak day 13,000 persons roamed through Woburn.

The duke, whose name is John Robert Russell, is full of miscellaneous information concerning his distinguished forebears. His irreverent commentary on their portraits has been quoted in newspapers: "That white-bearded fellow is the first Earl of Bedford—he was a kind of high-class smuggler. . . . That's the second earl, supposed to be the ugliest man in Europe. . . . There's my old great-aunt, who used to talk to herself. When the family came for a weekend visit, she'd say, 'Thank God, another four days and they'll be gone!' . . . That's my grandmother; learned to fly at sixty-one, set the record to the Cape and to India."

When rock 'n' roll hit Britain, the duke drew local teen-agers by installing jukeboxes to relay the voice of Elvis Presley through the marble halls. Last year he and the pretty duchess cornered the older age-group by personally selling post cards and guidebooks in the hall. And this year the Bedfords are piling Pelion on Ossa, for they have hired a flock of glamorous starlets as guides, and a convention of nudists will share a secluded corner of the Great Park with the zoo.

"*Anything* is better than Elvis Presley," said the duchess, when questioned on this startling new attraction.

The Duke of Bedford is by no means the only peer-turned-huckster. Many of his colleagues have also rolled up their ermine sleeves and plunged into the fray.

Beaulieu Abbey, in Hampshire, originally a Cistercian monastery founded in 1204, caters to the current veteran-car craze by offering a superb car-and-motorcycle museum to young people who would not walk a step to see the abbey ruins. Where the monks once chanted, and Ethelred the Unready rested from hunting in the nearby New Forest, the air is now thick with technical jargon about magnetos, side spins and speed sways. Last year a series of open-air jazz concerts shattered the quiet of a thousand years; this year the owner, Lord Montagu, plans a three-day Newport-style jazz festival. Like the Duke of Bedford, he uses every conceivable publicity gimmick to bring his home to public attention, including a press agent who holds news conferences at the beginning of each summer season.

Even the surrounding countryside, which Montagu owns as Lord of the Manor Rolls, has been pressed into service. The old shipyards where men-o'-war were built for Nelson's fleet have been ruthlessly restored to their original state, and the village of Buckler's Hard has been "Williamsburged" to within an inch of its life, with hollyhocks nodding against leaded windows, and apple-cheeked old women bobbing curtsies in all directions. Squeezing the last drop of income from the estate, his Lordship even went so far as to convert his home, Palace House, into apartments, which were instantly snapped up by local residents eager to share a peer's address.

For members of the peerage who are not so happily at home in the headlines, adjustment to this new way of life has offered many new problems. They have to endure the constant gibes of the press, who find their plight excruciatingly funny. Caricatures of peers in ermined robes holding out their caps for largess have immense appeal. The fact that the money collected is not for personal use but a gallant effort to repoint chimneys, repair roofs and preserve what is left of England's heritage is conveniently overlooked in the irresistible joke of Nobles on the Dole.

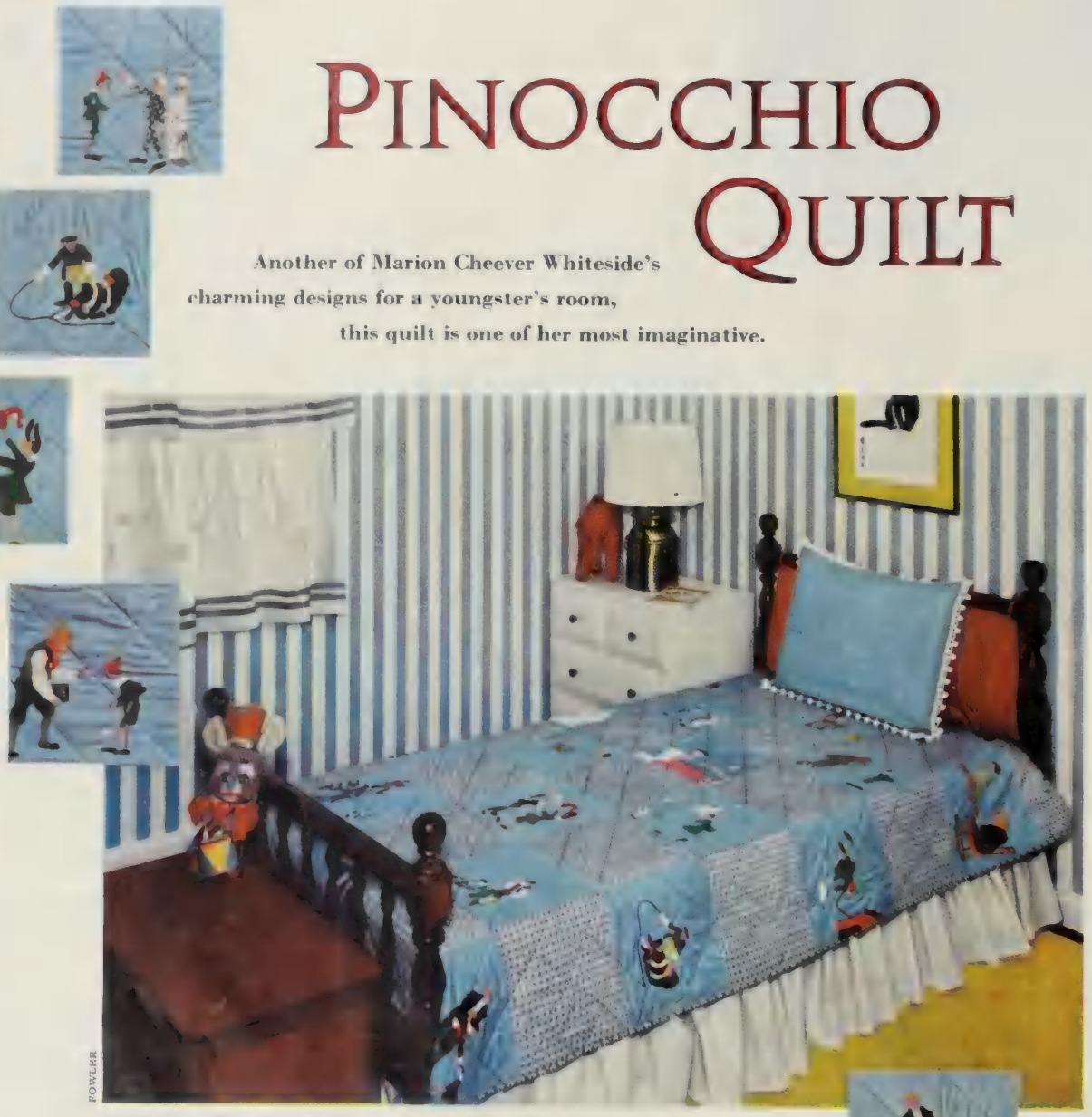
It is easy to understand why they might not like it. It must be rather trying to come home after a grueling week in Town to find your garden full of perfect strangers who have a perfect right to be there. But, as a nursemaid at one of the Stately Homes remarked when it burst into flames, "It certainly makes a change!"

Lord Salisbury, distinguished head of the House of Cecil, has kept up his family's home, Hatfield House, as well as the family reputation for brilliance and political influence. Robert Cecil, the first Earl of Salisbury, had been Queen Elizabeth's secretary of state and tradition says he built Hatfield House, in 1611, in the shape of an E as a graceful tribute to Elizabeth. Aside from minor alterations, it is much the same today with its galleries and state rooms, its elaborate gardens with their

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

PINOCCHIO QUILT

Another of Marion Cheever Whiteside's charming designs for a youngster's room, this quilt is one of her most imaginative.



FOWLER

Quilt is set off against a wide-striped washable wallpaper and brilliant yellow cotton rug. Dust ruffle with the look of pleats is on a stretch band, fits almost any size bed, needs no ironing.

The color scheme for a child's room is inspired by bright colors of a quilt featuring some of that colorful character Pinocchio's adventures. The making of this quilt should be especially rewarding for anyone who likes experimenting and inventing. You really make your own pictures in choosing just the right scrap of material for Pinocchio's hat or the donkey's saddle, or old Geppetto's jacket. Such a quilt delights the child who knows the story. And of course the whole scheme can be changed to fit in with your child's bedroom by picking backgrounds to go with what you already have.

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND
Interior Decoration Editor



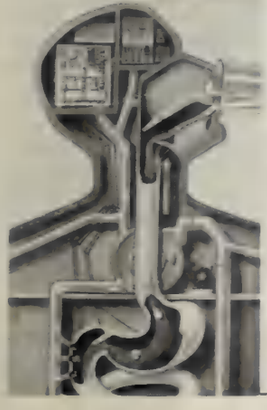
Order PINOCCHIO QUILT, *No. 2913, from the Reference Library,* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, *Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Send 35c for the pattern. Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.*

When you can't take time out...take BUFFERIN®



BUFFERIN acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain

Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must get into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream *twice as fast* as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

When pain makes you feel that you can't possibly go on, remember this:

Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin . . . to relieve headaches, painful cold miseries, muscular pains and other discomforts. (Diagram, left, shows why.)

What's more, Bufferin won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does. You can even take it in the large, continuous doses often needed for temporary relief of minor arthritic pain with no ill effects.

Ask your physician about faster, safer Bufferin for your aches and pains. Many doctors recommend it.



If you suffer from the pain of arthritis or rheumatism, ask your physician about Bufferin.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

pleached walks and vineyards, and the gardens where Pepys walked and marveled at the size of the gooseberries, "As big as nutmegs!" A great deal of the house was astonishingly open to the weather—the carved gates at the foot of the staircases were not to keep the children in but to keep the hounds from hunting in the state rooms. And it must have been perishingly cold.

Queen Elizabeth I spent considerable time at Hatfield. On display are letters written in her own hand, which have a signature remarkably like that of the present Elizabeth. The early Elizabeth seems to have been a poor packer, for she left behind her a pair of snappy silk stockings with frills on top, a pair of yellow gloves, and a garden hat which could be worn today without exciting comment. All these forgotten trifles may be seen in a glass case in the Long Gallery. There is the cradle King Charles slept in, and the little stool his mother used when she nursed him. There are the letters and seals of long-dead kings and queens. Banners of old and forgotten wars hang moldering in the great hall, above the armor of long-dead knights.

In contrast to the grandeur of these royal mementos, souvenirs are for sale in the old kitchen below—leather matchboxes and hairpin cases with the Salisbury coat of arms, reproductions of the portraits in the rooms upstairs. No means of turning an honest penny is neglected.

In most of the homes open to the public, the whole family pitches in to launch the tourist season. When the Earl of Leicester (motto: "He is prudent who is patient") opened Holkham Hall, one daughter, Lady Anne, sold teas; another, Lady Elizabeth, sold souvenirs; the earl himself was on the gate, while his countess did a roaring trade in Holkham Studio pottery, a local craft which the Leicesters revived. The historic halls resounded with the tramp of tourists' feet and the jingle of the cash register; it was all as merry as a marriage bell, and the nationwide publicity kept the turnstiles spinning like clockwork.

The attractions offered as "come-ons" differ among the various Stately Homes, but all are effective. Several peers and peeresses have displayed their coronation robes and jewels on dummies; and there have even been rumors that certain peers have allowed themselves to be glimpsed by wide-eyed tourists strolling casually about the storied halls complete in coronation robes and coronet. These rumors, however, are denied.

An association of owners of historic homes has been organized, with Sir Harold Wernher, owner of Luton Hoo, as the founder. Members call themselves the "Trades Union," and agree on various general rules of procedure, such as the admission price—now generally standard at two shillings and sixpence (35 cents). And heaven help the unwise peer who tries to top it. There was a good deal of aristocratic giggling when the Duke of Marlborough's "Connoisseurs' Day," at 70 cents admission, was a flop. However, the Marlboroughs have now come into line; this season their home, Blenheim Palace, birthplace of Sir Winston Churchill, offers American-style sodas and milk shakes. The duke caused another small flurry when he complained of vandalism at Blenheim. But other peers quickly rallied to the defense of the "extraordinary good manners and neatness" of their visitors.

Recently there have been ominous signs of that postwar invention, the price war, for some newcomers to the game are undercutting the Trades Union by opening up at two shillings, or even one and sixpence. This is considered very non-U by the original pioneer peers.

Due to the low admission prices, incomes from the Stately Homes are enormous, but upkeep is also high, and in most cases gross profits are still at break-even level. Lord Warwick remarked at a meeting of the owners that "receipts just cover costs." Exact figures are jealously guarded, but Chatsworth, home of the Duke of Devonshire, was rumored to have taken in over £260,000 in the last year. However, the rumor also added that it cost the Devonshires an estimated £250,000 to keep the house in repair and the grounds in order. A house like Chatsworth—if such a fairy-tale palace can be described as a house—has endless liabilities. Behind the shimmering lakes, the landscaped gardens and the classical façade an intricate network of machinery has to be kept in repair. The roof alone will have several acres of lead and tiles to keep in watertight condition. Delicate stone balustrades have to be mended; ornamental canals cleared of weeds; fountains repaired; temples, follies and grottoes kept up; to say nothing of the skilled cleaning of priceless two-hundred-year-old brocades, Savonnerie carpets and gilt *boiseries*. The wage bill is also huge—when help can be found. It is not unusual for a Stately Home to need twelve gardeners, two full-time estate carpenters, five or six gamekeepers, and an army of cleaning women from the village. With the perpetual shortage of servants, getting them is quite another matter. And no one can afford the full staffs these big houses demand. When these liabilities have been met there is always the tax man from the Inland Revenue waiting for his cut.

The physical complications of running such a palace under modern conditions are enormous, especially in view of the shortage of help. A British woman who has visited as a guest in some of these homes says, "The peeresses who run these houses are often as skilled in the household arts as any pioneer woman. Many of them are combinations of cook, gardener, sempstress, housemaid, florist and house painter, and have learned to turn their hand to any other job which needs doing. I remember a peer with a big, unwieldy house who married a charming girl from a small suburban home. A cousin shook her head and said, 'I wish he had married a poor duke's daughter,' implying that a girl brought up in a big house on a small income would know how to make one shilling do the work of two. Another aspect of the case is that most Stately Homes are so dreadfully uncomfortable that only those who love them or who are used to living in drafty magnificence can bear it. One beautiful William and Mary period house I know, which has about thirty-five bedrooms, has an 1880 heating system which provides exactly two hot baths a night—and then only when there are house guests—because the owners can no longer afford (or obtain) six tons of coal a week to feed it!"

It is hardly surprising that competition among the Trades Union is stiff, and that their unofficial rating system means as much to them as Trendex does to N.B.C. At the last count the Big Nine came out in this order:

1. Chatsworth (Duke of Devonshire)
2. Woburn Abbey (Duke of Bedford)
3. Blenheim Palace (Duke of Marlborough)
4. Warwick Castle (Earl of Warwick)
5. Longleat House (Marquess of Bath)
6. Hatfield House (Marquess of Salisbury)
7. Beaulieu Abbey (Lord Montagu of Beaulieu)
8. Penshurst Place (Lord de l'Isle and Dudley)
9. Wilton House (Earl of Pembroke)

As one might expect, many of the Statelies are registered as limited companies. Apart from the gate and souvenir money, additional revenue is obtained from the farm produce and game. Since it is not unusual for a good day's shooting to yield 400 brace of pheasants during the season, a brisk trade is done with the local stores, or with markets in London. Whereas formerly the bearer of some illustrious title would visit Fortnum and Mason (London's most exclusive grocer) only to buy caviar and *pâté de foie gras*, he will now be found shrewdly haggling with the flower or game buyer. Constance Spry's Mayfair store is almost entirely supplied from upper-class greenhouses, and the proud gentleman-gardeners can be heard any day of the week boasting of their sales of gladioli or peonies as they sip their vintage port at Boodles or Whites. At audit time figures are carefully juggled in the estate offices of England.

"You can't really blame us," said a viscount recently. "Now if we were Austrian, the government would pay us to live in our historic homes," he added wistfully.

The Trades Union and the British Travel Association naturally work hand in glove with each other, for Britain has recognized that her Stately Homes are major tourist draws, especially for Anglophile Americans. Americans form a major part of the total influx and they are very welcome visitors. Says one host, "The Americans come far better prepared as to historical and artistic background than the average Briton, who is notoriously indifferent to his history. The American who goes abroad usually does some serious study in advance, often with a view to visiting a place which had some special historical connection with his country or his family."

Great excitement can be created in any sleepy rural hamlet by the arrival of the B.T.A. photographers, for the villagers, apart from loyalty to their titled landlords, are also smart enough to realize that next season's bread and butter may depend upon an American ad. The local pub rises to the occasion with a tempting culinary display that native Englishmen pine for but seldom see except in a color spread in some U.S. publication; TV aerials are removed from gabled roofs; cars and motorcycles are whisked out of sight and replaced with well-groomed cart horses; and the Oldest Inhabitants are hustled out of bed and into camera.

The tourist trade has also done more to revive local arts, crafts and customs than anything else since the war. Long-forgotten morris dances and rustic festivals are resurrected by experts from London, and slightly bewildered but willing villagers find themselves bowling cheeses downhill, or hopping sheepishly about the market square in ribbons and masks while the Leicas click and the movie cameras whir. At the end of the day, of course, the Lord of the Manor and his Lady pose on the battlements with all the assurance of veteran stars.

Weekending in the private wing of a Stately Home is likely to shatter your preconceived ideas of aristocratic life.

You will be lucky if you see your host and hostess, except when they dart in to snatch a sandwich in the kitchen, for from dawn to dusk they are conducting tourist parties, manning the tea urn, or walking about the gardens to give the sight-seers their money's worth.

"There they are, Elsie. Got your camera, duck?"

Meanwhile you and the other house guests are pressed firmly into service to head nosy tourists off from the private rooms, or to prevent "shoplifting" of snuffboxes and other small *objets d'art* from the public apartments. In your spare time you may of course get a quick look at the Sunday papers, but you will have to do so on the floor behind the drawing-room sofa, unless you are sufficiently hard-boiled to ignore the plebeian eyes peering in at the windows. At the end of a grueling day, when you begin to think longingly of cold drinks, everyone rushes to the cash register. "How did we do?"

As you leave on Monday morning the last sound in your ears will be the roar of the vacuum cleaners as they prepare for next week's onslaught.

So much for the Stately Homes. What of the "Suburban Peers," as their luckier colleagues rather unkindly call those who have sold the ancestral homes long ago, and

NEXT MONTH

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF LITTLE CHILDREN AND REMAIN A HUMAN BEING

Dr. Benjamin Spock considers some of the problems of mothers—isolation from adult companionship, fun and stimulation. He says it wasn't always so and calls for "a bold new experiment."

WHAT DO YOU SAY WHEN YOU BREAK A DISH?

Can you take a social emergency in stride, turn embarrassment into ease for everyone around you? Dawn Crowell Norman tells how to rate yourself—and others—for tactfulness and how you can develop it. "Keep Your Beauty in Tact."

THE WHOLE TOWN WHISPERED ABOUT THE SECOND MRS. STANLEY KING

. . . so young, with her golden-tanned beauty and exquisite figure, and so scandalously neglected by her celebrated husband. Beth, Stanley King's new secretary, agreed with them until the first of the accidents. "The Troubled House" is a new novel of emotional conflict and tensions simmering to explosion. By C. Kage Booton, condensed and complete in this issue.

"MY HUSBAND NEEDS A JOB WITH MORE PAY"

He is a schoolteacher. She used to run a shop, but—with three children and a home to care for—she wrote, "I'm only 30 and keep asking myself, Will I ever see 40?" Marel and Johnnie Harayda, of North Brunswick, N.J., are living the pros and cons of career vs. home for a wife. Next installment of "How America Lives."

TWENTY-SIX WAYS TO COOK AN EGG

The basic recipe, as the French do it, for a puffy omelet and then the sauces and seasonings that make it a breakfast treat, a luncheon or supper party dish—or a dessert. Also the way to prepare the very *best* scrambled eggs. They're all in "Collector's Items."

"WE WENT TO CAROL'S APARTMENT . . . YOU CAN PROBABLY FILL IN THE REST"

Tod, married five years, asked Julie to divorce him (they have three sons) because the "irregular relationship" was unfair to the other woman, eight years older and a business associate. Julie persuaded him to talk to the marriage counselor. "Can This Marriage be Saved?"

Also eight pages of fashion news and photographs in full color, menus and recipes for a Church Supper, news and advice for the gardener and many more practical helps for homemakers, all coming

IN THE FEBRUARY JOURNAL

now live in London, or in small country houses?

There are several choices open to them, but advertising endorsements are the easiest and most profitable prop to these failing family fortunes. In Britain, a title's glamour far outshines that of the most famous movie star. (Even the exceptions prove this rule; *Sir* Laurence Olivier moves more merchandise than *Miss* Diana Dors.)

As one might expect, peers and peeresses usually endorse the social commodities: liquor, tea, wines, coffee, cosmetics and furniture. A famous cold cream used to base its entire campaign on photographs of pretty peeresses, but the supply eventually ran out—to the off-the-record relief of the executives who handled the campaign. It seems that far from being difficult to persuade, peeresses of unsuitable age, shape and size besieged the reception room, clamoring to be included in the campaign.

Agencies pay on a sliding scale according to the endorser's rank in Debrett: £250 for a duchess, down to £50 for an honorable (younger son or daughter of a peer).

"We have to haggle with them," a harassed advertising executive claimed recently.

There is a definite snobbery in the choice of products to be endorsed. Recently an expensive brand of tea ran a successful campaign featuring some imposing marchionesses and viscountesses. It was noticed that the rival tea-*bag* campaign had had to be content with the ladies of mere barons and knights.

This sort of advertising is so effective that it is causing headaches for agency men in London. The problem is, with only a few hundred old titles to choose from (and of these the Old Guard are still resisting endorsements), admen are having to turn more and more to the *relatives* of titled people. However, "Cousin of Lord So-and-so" is quite enough to titillate the excitement of the British housewife, especially when the endorser is photographed in his or her own home, another of the new agency gimmicks. There are many eager applicants in this rich new field.

Television has created several titled stars in the last two or three years, and they are very much aware of their power. Last year the ratings of a popular BBC-TV panel show sagged when one of its brightest members, a titled lady, transferred to the higher-paid ITA-TV commercial network.

Lady Boyle, an Italian and a most beautiful one, is another popular TV star who used the panel show as her steppingstone to fame and fortune; she has recently made two motion pictures.

If these stars ever lose their popularity—and there is no reason why they should, for their success does not primarily depend on glamour—there are plenty of pretty peeresses ready to step into their shoes. This trend is an interesting switch on the not-so-distant days when actresses were scandalizing the old families by becoming peeresses.

Other members of the aristocracy use their titles to promote their various careers.

Deniza, Lady Newborough, is ■ Yugoslav who was formerly married to a peer. She has lived up to her former husband's family motto—"Gentle in manner, vigorous in action"—by painting her full title over her chic and successful hat shop in Mayfair; it is registered as "The Lady Newborough, Ltd." As ■ side line she has recently launched ■ new perfume called Denisa Number One.

"Jolly sexy, don't you think?" she asked, as she sprayed it lavishly around her salon. It was, jolly.

In contrast, some talented Englishwomen who have titles do not use them professionally. Some of the best known are Lady Browning (Daphne du Maurier), Lady Jones (Enid Bagnold), and Lady Cunynghame, a well-known actress under her maiden name, Pamela Stanley.

The eighth Baron Foley, pop pianist and composer, insists on being billed as *Lord* Foley. His major worry is how to make his title distinct from *Duke* Ellington and *Count* Basie.

The list is almost endless. The Viscountess Tarbat has set up the successful "Knightsbridge Academy of Social Graces," a charm school for fledgling debutantes. She charges 25 guineas for a three-week course.

Lord Kilbracken, as John Godley, the journalist, writes about royalty and his fellow peers. Since he is an honest writer, this is not always too popular with his colleagues, who claim that "The Professional Peer" often "lets the side down" by quoting them in print. There is much edging away from, or making up to, Lord Kilbracken at parties, depending upon whether the other guests want to get or avoid publicity.

And in the personal column of the staid London Times the following ad (and others like it) appears in the spring:

"PEERESS would like to chaperon debutante for the London season. Write Box No.: ----" A mother writes, a check changes hands, a debutante is launched.

The latest addition to the Peerage Game ranks is the Duke of Argyll, Earl of Argyll, Marquess of Kintyre and Lorne, Viscount Lochow and Glenisla, Earl Campbell, Baron Lorne, Baron Inverary, Mull, Morvern and Tiry, Baron Sundridge and Baron Hamilton. The owner of these resounding Scottish titles is endorsing Argyll socks.

But the latest report on the British aristocrats' successful struggle for survival in this mundane age has caused much nervous muttering in the titled ranks. For—horrors!—a *commoner* has stolen a march on his peers, and scooped the front pages of Britain's press with a brilliant publicity gimmick. Maj. Alexander Greaves Beattie (with never ■ title to his name), launching the opening of his home, Thoresby Hall in Sherwood Forest, hired Sabrina, chesty blond star of British TV (her measurements are the same as Jayne Mansfield's) to stay the night in his home, which gives him the right to use as his season's slogan "Sabrina Slept Here"—the most effective answer to Queen Elizabeth I anyone has thought of yet.

And so, when you visit England, and see the crested banners still floating defiantly over the battlements, you can reflect on this ironical addition to mid-twentieth-century philosophy:

Kind hearts may be all right for the rest of the world, but in Britain it is coronets that bring home the bacon! END



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TODAY IT COULD BE YOUR DAUGHTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

considering marriage or the possibility that a baby may result. To salvage some self-respect, they set up a rather pitiful code of faithfulness for themselves while demanding nothing of the boys.

I am thinking of a sixteen-year-old over whose birth I presided, and whom I had treated for severe menstrual difficulties. She told me candidly that she had left school against her parents' wishes and had been living for six weeks with a boy of seventeen.

"Is he in love with you?"

"I think so, but I'm not sure."

"Are you using protection of any sort?"

"No, his religion forbids it."

"Does he intend to marry you?"

"I should certainly hope so! He's helping to pay for my car!"

We doctors know that World War II accentuated and accelerated the normal timetable of sex among teen-agers. Because of the emotional quality of the times, youthful marriages were accepted. The situation has not returned to normal. Perhaps today's teen-agers assume that if they get into trouble they can get married; what they do not realize is how often a forced marriage spoils the chance for a really happy union based on mutual love and respect.

Another aspect of the problem is poor home environment. Three out of five intrinsically decent teen-agers who make tragic mistakes come from families in which there is little affection. I learn, in strictest confidence, that they have failed to find at home the love which is their birthright. Adolescents need tender, sympathetic understanding. They must have an outlet for their thoughts and emotions, answers for their questions. If these benign influences are lacking, teen-agers are apt to fall into false relationships which *seem* to promise what they seek; to flee from a loveless home into confused, precocious romances.

In some teen-aged girls, the need for love takes the form of a passionate desire to have a baby. Love, marriage, the relationship with the father—all seem unimportant compared with the delight of showering love on an infant who will surely give back a love no one can take away! One of my young patients virtually seduced a pleasant though somewhat weak young man who was still in high school. She got a job, set up an apartment, bought a bassinet and baby clothes—and proceeded to get herself pregnant.

She was living in a dream world and it was quickly shattered. The boy's irate parents shipped him off to a private school. The girl had her baby bravely and alone. But she soon discovered that a girl not yet eighteen can hardly support and care for a baby. Her suffering at having to give up the child was eased somewhat by the realization that she had given great joy to the adoptive parents—she was that sort of girl. But it was a harrowing experience, I assure you.

Even worse than the homes characterized by lack of love and interest from parents too busy with their own affairs are those homes disrupted by bickering and fights, by drinking and other excesses. These things happen too often in the areas we think of as privileged. Children forced to live in such unpleasant surroundings are apt to drift away in distaste or disgust, seeking tranquillity elsewhere; thinking they can create a better milieu for themselves before they are mature enough to do so.

Sally was a sensitive girl of seventeen, whom I had delivered into what seemed a stable and harmonious family. But gradually that harmony turned to discord. To get away from the constant friction between her parents, Sally enrolled in a college in another city. There she did good work and made pleasant friends. When she had to quit college because of financial reasons, she got a job as waitress rather than return to her unhappy home. Deprived of her college friends, lonely and discouraged, she fell victim to the "love" line of one of the college Casanovas. As soon as the boy learned that she was pregnant, he threatened to produce witnesses to swear she had been intimate with several of his gang—although she decidedly had not. Here was a basically fine girl who had simply been subjected to too many pressures and obstacles.

Radio and television sets are poor substitutes for a real family life. This is particularly true when children are given carte blanche to all the "privileges" we grant teen-agers today: less supervision, more avenues to seclusion, more spending money, automobiles, liquor, beer and pep-pill parties. Must we not expect a breakdown in moral restraints? More precocious sex and sex excesses? More young lives in chaos?

In so far as the teen-agers themselves are to be held accountable when they get into difficulties with sex, who is more to blame, the girl or the boy? My sources are girls, and mostly girls in trouble, so I may be prejudiced. But I would say that in 80 per cent of the cases the boys are responsible. Of course there are designing young girls today, at ages which would amaze you; girls who have learned their unwholesome lessons well from the many sources available to them. I am told that certain groups of girls organize for the special purpose of making fools of boys. They deliberately build up a boy's libidinous expectations, then escape to expose him to the derision of the group.

VOLUNTEER NURSE

By JANE MERCHANT

She was a woman
Common as daylight.
She never asked
Were you "raised" or "reared."

To get her to help you
You'd just to need her.
She'd save your life
And she'd comb your beard.

The candlelight ladies
Spoke of her lightly—
Till the candles flickered
And she appeared.

But for every girl who enters such an episode mischievously for amusement, or shrewdly for personal gain, I believe there are twenty who are frightened and miserable. It is the continuing insistence, the relentless masculine pressure, which eventually overcomes the natural hesitation and unwillingness of the girl. In the end, it is the girl's feminine instinct to please that makes her yield.

There is also the natural desire of a young girl to be popular; a desire in many cases stimulated by mothers whose own egos demand that their daughters shall be much sought after. A number yield out of fear that they will be blackballed by the boys, will get no more dates or invitations, if they continue to deny sexual favors. One sixteen-year-old held out for eighteen months against the importunings of her boy friend. She gave in finally because she thought she would be dropped from her crowd if she didn't.

It is easy to get very indignant with many of today's young males—especially when one is a father of girls as well as a doctor. Unquestionably boys are much more aggressive sexually, much less inhibited than they used to be, at least toward "nice" girls. Too many boys regard sexual episodes as sport—trophies, you might say, of their masculine prowess. In my own college days there was none of this "scalps for boasting" attitude, and certainly none of the ruthless gang influence which often begins today at high-school and prep-school levels. I don't maintain that all the young men of my generation were saints; we did have, however, certain standards—a sort of discipline of good taste and controlled behavior.

Yet I must also reflect that boys of my generation were more firmly controlled by their parents. More had the benefit of love in the family background. There was less money for play, less opportunity to get off to secluded spots. Surely no one will deny that girls of my day had less freedom and were more carefully chaperoned; they were better disciplined, less independent, more "morally inclined" than girls of today. Perhaps from a Freudian standpoint, they were overly prim. But when it came to intimacies they held the upper hand, and as a rule they exercised it firmly.

I have talked many times with the boys who have got my patients in trouble, as well as with those who conduct themselves decently—there are many who do. Apparently the reckless boys pursue girls for sex alone in the same rebellious spirit which leads them to drive cars too fast. Such daring is admired within the gang. What concerns one most is their total disregard for consequences.

Yet, to be fair, we must admit that boys today are subjected to the same unhealthy pressures as are the girls. How can we fail to recognize the effect of our national preoccupation with sex upon the highly inflammable, easily aroused senses of the adolescent, especially the male adolescent? Kirkendall has recently verified Kinsey's conclusion that the sex drive is greatest in males during the teen years. To this normal drive is added the continuous erotic stimulation of the suggestive song, the torrid movie, the shocking magazine. We may blame these boys for their heedlessness; we must also acknowledge that they are victims of their surroundings.

And quite often these boys prove honorable when confronted with sex consequences. In my files are heartening stories of boys who have shouldered responsibility manfully, or at least have been willing to. Unfortunately, when a boy is still in high-school or early college years, there is usually little he can do. Too often, in addition, the boy's parents insist on "saving" him from the consequences of his act by damaging the character of a fifteen- or sixteen-year-old girl. Sometimes the boy himself, by the same method, tries to escape responsibility. In my experience, the new sex freedom granted our adolescents usually works out the same old way: the girl, with or without her parents' help, must see her ordeal through alone.

I am not condoning wrongdoing when I say that in cases like these, we physicians make very special efforts. These are very young girls I am speaking of. Even though they knew they were breaking a moral and religious law, few teen-age girls are aware of the grave and compelling reasons for the law—until they find themselves illicitly pregnant. Then the pregnancy is punishment enough. One objective must always be kept in sight—that the girl's life shall not be ruined; and that she shall emerge wiser, stronger, better able to cope with future temptations. Fortunately, more and more often the attitude of the girl's parents is one of sympathy and assistance. This is a good trend, although it does not make up for previous parental remissness.

The doctor's first task is skillfully to guide the girl, and often her parents as well, between Scylla and Charybdis: on the one hand the thought of seeking an abortion, in which of course a reputable physician can have no part; on the other, an incompatible forced marriage. To a confused, frightened girl and her equally confused and frightened parents, these alternatives often appear the only ones.

I believe, therefore, the public should know that when a girl bears her baby, even though it is impossible or inadvisable for her to marry its father, the results are not what one might suppose. In my thirty years of experience with unmarried girls who bore their babies, I have seen few lives ruined or permanently damaged; yet I can cite neuroses, suicides and frustrated later lives for those who elected criminal abortion, with its subsequent physical and spiritual penalties. It seems almost as though having the baby erases the bitterness, teaches a valuable lesson about life and its responsibilities.

It is true that the girl goes through another agonizing experience if she must give up her baby for adoption, as often seems to be best. This is in most cases the worst punishment of all. But the doctor can stress a philosophy of compensation. The young mother can be shown that to bring into the world a life she has started into being builds her own character, is educational in a good sense; that to give a child-hungry couple the infant nature has denied them, to insure a loving, secure home for the baby, is in itself a form of reward as well as of atonement.

One good aspect of our times is the increasing availability of excellent practical and psychological assistance for the teen-ager who must go through a pregnancy. I personally question the wisdom of having the girl live with her own family, no matter what their attitude. But this does not imply that institutional care is best. The atmosphere in the "home for unfortunate girls" has improved greatly within my experience, but unavoidable disadvantages remain. The problems of an unmarried girl who is pregnant are essentially personal; she does not need contact with girls in similar difficulties; and in homes where out-and-out delinquents are mixed with the merely unfortunate, the influence is particularly bad.

Nowadays, wholesome, well-regulated families frequently take unfortunate girls in as boarders or as household helpers during their pregnancy. Some doctors do this, others make it their business to find such homes, and social-welfare agencies are turning more and more toward foster-home care. The family inviting a girl on this temporary basis should be prepared to accept her without reservation, to let her share fully in the healthy environment. The girls I am speaking of are at first crushed, without confidence, feeling keenly the concern they have caused their families. They must leave their school and friends, get out of sight. Undergoing pregnancy in this state of mind, they profit more from kindness and a good example than they would from constant reminders of their own errors in judgment. I have heard some old-fashioned people exclaim in horror at the thought of exposing children in a foster home to a "fallen woman." For myself, I have seen it act repeatedly as a wholesome and enlightening experience to the foster family as well as to the girl they have temporarily made one of them.

The girl who is given a wholesome environment, guidance and understanding emerges from childbirth equipped to make a new and better life for herself. Nine out of ten of these girls marry, and happily. Most of them have other children. The experience has indeed been hard—but less damaging, certainly, than the physical and psychic stigma of abortion, which often leaves a girl cynical, inclined to reject motherhood, and in too many cases incapable of becoming a mother.

Further proof of the innate decency of many modern young men is the fact that, more commonly than you might think, a husband adopts the child his wife has previously borne out of wedlock. This is usually possible only if the child has not been placed for adoption, but maintained by a welfare agency—and it is not invariably a solution to all problems. But I can cite a number of happy families where the husband has accepted the responsibility for another man's illegitimate child, and shows it the same loving, fatherly care he shows his own children.

Yet, no matter how decently the matter is conducted and concluded, there is stark tragedy in the plight of a teen-age girl bearing a child out of wedlock. It is not puritanical to speak out against the sex exaggeration which surrounds our children today, nor to feel disgust at the cold-blooded use of sex symbols for financial gain. If responsible adults will only think about the inevitable effect upon our youngsters, there will be a broadening wave of

disapproval which will eventually destroy the practice of using sex as a money-making device.

Parents must realize, however, that while the exaggeration persists, they have an extra duty to counteract it. Boys and girls should not be allowed to get all their ideas about adult sex from trashy literature. They should know that men and women of character do not fall into bed immediately with every attractive person of the opposite sex who happens along; that only an uncivilized male or a very immature one will take advantage of a young girl; that sex without love inescapably degrades both the men and the women who engage in it. You and I know these things to be true. Our children need to know as well.

I believe all parties throughout the high-school years should be chaperoned by responsible adults; that parents should know where young daughter is whenever she goes out at ht; that they should make it clear to her rts that she is to be delivered home at a lated hour, and treated in a gentlemanly Can it be that the contempt for feminine so many of our boys exhibit today rises he fact that so many parents don't seem t what happens to a daughter—until they rn she is pregnant? I think this may very well be true.

The best counteracting influence of all, and perhaps the only really effective one, is a harmonious, loving family group. Children do not depart from the "family ethics" so much because they are dazzled and attracted by other ways of thinking and acting, but because they are disillusioned at home.

I'm not suggesting that parents moralize heavily, or consciously parade their righteousness. But they should be willing to face the facts of life frankly, and to explain their viewpoint in an easy, even a whimsical way. Intelligent teen-agers can see the absurdity of the sex nonsense about them as clearly as intelligent adults—if it is placed in its true perspective by understanding parents.

Finally, do our own lives present an example of wholesome attitudes toward sex; of love, consideration and loyalty? If not, we can at least be truthful. Youngsters are quick to detect deceit and lies, and hypocrisy is the adult trait most revolting to adolescents. They can understand, too, better than you might suppose, and will make allowances when a parent is honest—even honestly mistaken.

I am far from pessimistic about our teen-agers when the total picture is taken into consideration, though I sit in the hard seat of the doctor, forced daily to witness the pathos and tragedy which enter so many young lives today. I have seen many young girls suffer desperately through illicit pregnancies, yet with a gallantry that would break the heart. I have seen many teen-agers of both sexes build good lives on the lessons they have learned from early mistakes.

But is it right that children should have to undergo this pathos and this tragedy? Isn't it time we adults put a stop at least to our own contributory negligence? END

Two teachers—one Australian, one American—who last year exchanged jobs under the exchange-teacher plan tell what they have observed concerning the problem of

TEEN-AGERS AND SEX IN AUSTRALIA

● Australia has a juvenile-delinquency rate of only .5 per cent; marriages of youngsters still in high school are a rarity; illicit pregnancies among school girls are almost unknown. How do they do it?

"By avoiding the problem of sex craziness in the schools as much as we can," says Dr. Leonard H. Watts, a teacher at the Melbourne Technical Teachers' College, and exchange professor last year at Southern Oregon College of Education, Ashland, Ore. "Some of the ways we avoid it are:

1. We do not give it any great publicity or otherwise encourage youngsters to think about it.

2. In the cities, boys and girls usually attend separate secondary schools.

3. Students wear school uniforms and are generally forbidden to decorate or adorn themselves unduly while at school. Most schools forbid girls to use cosmetics.

4. In schools where coeducation exists, boys and girls are sometimes prevented from fraternizing at school and invariably forbidden to show public displays of affection.

5. Extracurricular activities are incidental to the main business of academic education. Little or no time is devoted to studying such things as 'dating,' 'social ritual.' No textbooks on such subjects are used in schools.

6. The large amount of home study required during the last three years of high school tends to discourage excessive social engagements between students.

7. Great emphasis is placed on pupil participation in sports, and this tends to restrain boy-girl activities to some extent.

8. Sex education, despite great controversy about the matter, is considered to be the prerogative of the home rather than the school. Most teachers adopt the attitude that they will answer any questions naturally, as they arise, but that they will not deliberately raise questions themselves.

9. Schools implant the belief that marriage is unwise before the age of twenty-one, at least.

"On the other hand, teachers, generally, do not adopt a prudish attitude. They recognize boy-girl relationships as natural and inevitable but consider that school is not primarily the place to nurture them, and teach that restraint is sometimes a virtue."

● Dr. J. M. McAulay, of Southern Oregon College, who took Doctor Watts' place in Australia during the exchange year, noted the following differences between Australian and American ways in the Melbourne Technical Teachers' College magazine, Synthesis:

1. American newspapers tend to highlight the difficulties of adolescents and disregard their positive achievements and the situations where they display good sense.

2. The Australian adolescent has a greater opportunity for venting his energy and emotions through participation in games and sports. The American youngster is more of a sports spectator.

3. The Australian youngster is generally more disciplined by the authority of the school, home and community than is his American cousin, and thus has more restraint on his activities. Too, he is less addicted to the motorcar, which allows the American adolescent to escape from parental and local authority.

4. The Australian home seems to be more solid and unified, more lived-in, than the American home. This serves as a stabilizer and works against undesirable outside influences.

He said: "Pardonnez-moi de vous quitter si vite." ("Alas Cherie, forgive me for leaving so quickly.")

He meant: "L'atmosphere est insupportable ici." ("Sacre Bleu! The atmosphere here is unbearable.")



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When You Shop For Food

Cooking for a Crowd

Five superlative recipes for guest "cheaper by the dozen."

BY PRISCILLA

I've learned a lot about cooking since I married Paul nine years ago. I had to, because we do so much entertaining for business and pleasure.

Paul was the one who taught me. He can start from nothing and make something delicious. Like the other night—we decided to have fish and he said, "Let's do it this way, flounder in the sack." That's all there was to it.

But you should have seen our company eat! And you should have seen the number of times I wrote out his recipe for Flounder in the Sack.

FLOUNDER IN THE SACK: *Heat ¼ cup salad oil in a large skillet. Sauté 1 cup chopped onions, ⅓ cup chopped green pepper and 2 cloves garlic, crushed, until tender. Add 1 tablespoon flour and blend in until smooth. Add ½ cup each clam juice and tomato juice, 2 dashes hot red pepper sauce and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Simmer for about 5 minutes. Turn the heat down and add 3 tablespoons capers, 1½ teaspoons salt and 1 teaspoon pepper. Lay 6 flounder fillets on generous squares of heavy-duty freezer foil. Turn up the edges. Spoon sauce over the fish. Wrap each fillet, using the drugstore wrap (pull up the two edges of foil and fold them down together until the foil fits loosely around the fish; fold the two ends under). Put wrapped fish in a pan and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 45 minutes. Makes 6 servings. Serve fish in foil packages so that everyone will have plenty of sauce.*

We don't do all our entertaining at home. In fact, we like to take couples up to San Angelo to a lake where we have our houseboat moored. Taking people out on the water for a weekend is a wonderful way to entertain, especially in the middle of Texas where there is so much land—and so little water!

We try to keep the parties small, but it's impossible. Big parties are more fun, but harder to plan for. You just can't cook for 18 to 20 people on a 28′ boat. The ideal thing, we've found, is to cook here in our air-conditioned kitchen and take the food up to the boat. A real favorite is the big, savory beef roast Paul cooks, served sliced onto plates or into sandwiches.

DI PIETRO



PAUL'S ROAST: *Rub a 10-pound beef rump roast well with salt and pepper. With a knife, make pockets deep into the lean. Push a garlic clove and a little oregano into each pocket (allow 3 pockets for the roast). Roast, covered, in a slow oven, 300° F., until well done. (Allow about 30 minutes per pound.) From the drippings, make a thin gravy by blending ¼ cup flour with ½ cup milk. Mix into the drippings and heat, stirring, until thickened. Makes 20 to 25 servings.*

Perfect for a big party: Paul's big, savory roast.

Another favorite of ours—and a mighty good filler—is baked potatoes. I can't serve baked potatoes with just butter. I had to do something different. So I arranged the potatoes on a big platter with three different sauces. This way every guest can fix his own potato the way he wants it. The potatoes look so unique—and they certainly make a hit at a party.



STUART

Always a party success: Paul Ricker's Flounder in the Sack.

PRISCILLA'S BAKED POTATOES: *Scrub 6 to 8 baking potatoes well to be sure the jackets are very clean. Then bake in a hot oven, 400° F., about 45 minutes or until tender. Serve with one or all of the following sauces:*

Sauce I: *Cut 5 strips bacon into small pieces with the scissors. Sauté until crisp and then drain on paper toweling. Mix bacon with ⅓ cup chopped dill pickle and ⅓ cup melted butter.*

Sauce II: *Mix 1 cup sour cream with ½ teaspoon each Worcestershire sauce and prepared mustard. Fold in ½ cup grated American cheese.*

Sauce III: *Mix together 1 cup sour cream, ⅓ cup finely chopped onion and ¼ cup cooked, crumbled bacon. Serves 6 to 8.*

I make different combinations, arrange the potatoes on a big platter and surround them with the various dips—sort of like a curry platter.

Paul does most of the cooking when we entertain, which is often. Lots of times we do things on the spur of the moment. Paul may bring someone home. Or someone may be passing through town. Or we may just decide to have friends over.

For some parties, we order fresh shrimp from Corpus Christi. Paul says they're like no other. He does different things with the shrimp, but his best recipe is this one for Spaghetti with Shrimp.

SPAGHETTI WITH SHRIMP: *In a large skillet, warm ½ cup olive oil (Paul says this recipe really should be made with olive oil) and sauté 1 cup chopped onion and 2 cloves garlic, crushed, until tender. Add a 6-ounce can tomato paste and 2 No. 2 cans tomatoes. Let simmer for 30 minutes. Cut 2 pounds cooked, deveined shrimp in half and chop ½ cup anchovy fillets. Thinly slice 6 large mushrooms. Add the shrimp, mushroom slices and anchovies to the simmering sauce. Season with 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper and ½ teaspoon orégano. Cook 1 pound spaghetti according to package directions. Drain. Toss lightly with 2 tablespoons butter. Arrange on a large platter and top with shrimp sauce. Makes 6 servings. Serve with a tossed salad and toasted French bread.*

Paul's real specialty, though, is a soup that takes two whole days to make.

TWO-DAY SOUP: *Into a 3-gallon kettle put 1 large soupbone, a 1½-pound chuck slice of beef, a cleaned 3-pound stewing hen, ½ pound salt pork, 1 bay leaf, 5 black peppercorns, 1 teaspoon garlic salt and enough water to cover. Simmer slowly for 1½ hours. Remove chicken. Cool, cut the meat off the bones and refrigerate. Meanwhile, continue simmering broth, salt pork and beef 1½ hours more. Cool soup and allow to stand overnight in the refrigerator with the beef in it. In the morning, lift off the layer of fat. Return soup to the range. Add 2 No. 2 cans tomatoes, 2 large onions, sliced, 1 stalk celery, 1 bunch of carrots, sliced, ⅜ cup barley or rice, 1 tablespoon salt and ½ tablespoon Worcestershire sauce. Simmer for 1 hour. Just before serving, add chicken meat. Simmer 10 minutes and serve. Makes about 1 gallon (32 servings).*



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Scalloped Turkey and Mushrooms

Arrange in alternate layers in greased baking dish: ½ c. sautéed mushrooms, several slices cooked turkey, 1 c. cooked macaroni, salt, pepper; any left-over peas, beans, carrots, etc. Blend 4 tbs. flour, 4 tbs. fat; add 2 Herb-Ox Chicken Bouillon Cubes melted in 2 c. boiling water; stir over low heat till thickened; pour over turkey mixture. Top with 1 c. buttered crumbs; brown in 400° oven. Serves 4.

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HUSBANDS ARE TO LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

happened? Are you all right? What's the matter?"

"Gregory and I are getting a divorce, that's all."

"Oh, no, Connie!" She screamed so madly I had to hold the receiver away from my ear. "Whatever for?"

Her horrible screaming had unnerved me. While long distance simply ticked off dollar bills, I stood with the telephone in my hand as if my mind had atrophied and my face had frozen loosely, for my lips were trembling and I couldn't speak.

"Connie, darling, are you there? Are you all right? Darling, what is it? Speak to me!"

Finally I was able to. "Muriel, do you remember Mrs. Cutler?"

"Who?"

"Never mind. It's just that I wondered —— I mean —— Muriel, I know this will sound silly to you, but you do agree with me, don't you, that love is more important in marriage than roast beef with brown gravy?"

Muriel was always unpredictable. "Oh, my great Aunt Harriet!" she screamed with laughter. "You and that plain mind of yours! Oh, darling, I can just see you!" She laughed madly.

"Muriel, shut up."

"Look, darling," she said, "you're just upset. We all go through these silly times. Calm down and stop worrying and don't do anything."

"I'm not worrying," I said. "It's just that I have ideals and I intend to live up to them no matter who else has lost hers."

She laughed with more of her impossible laughter. "Connie, I love you," she said.

"Good-by, Muriel," I said.

"Good-by, Connie," she said. "Thanks for calling, dear, and keep in touch. And you know as well as I do that you aren't going to divorce any man, let alone that wonderful Gregory, over something as silly as brown gravy. Oh, Connie! Brown gravy! Darling, why don't you try split-pea soup?"

I hung up. I would have liked to have hit her. I was utterly confused. I simply couldn't think.

But I did know how I felt. I felt like getting a divorce and at once. *Let them all eat,* I thought. *Let them eat their way right through life. Let them settle for it, if they want to.* What I wanted was love. I wanted love with all my heart and soul. If it took a divorce to show Gregory that I would not accept domesticity as a substitute for it, then we would just have to be divorced.

The only trouble was, I had no idea how to go about getting a divorce. All sorts of books are written on how to get married and where to stand and what to say and whom to ask, but nothing seems to be written on how to get unmarried. I had no idea if I should see about getting my job back first, or engage a lawyer, or go to Reno, or just wait.

If I'd had a mother to go home to, I would have. As it was, I wandered through my house as forlorn as I could be, not knowing what to do, and then I thought of Mrs. Mullany.

For some reason that I don't quite understand, Mrs. Mullany is a woman I treasure. She lives in the only house in our neighborhood that is old, three-storied and has a front porch.

Inside it is carpeted with flowered wool. Over the carpet little rugs are thrown this way and that way against the trailing flowers.

The windows are thick with white nylon and brocaded draperies. The whole place bubbles with knickknacks.

Also, Mrs. Mullany is the only fat woman in our neighborhood. She wears cotton house dresses and white powder and nice black oxfords.

She is nothing at all like Mrs. Cutler, and nothing, thank heaven, like Muriel, but I knew I had to see her.

I practically ran out of my ranch house, down our winding street of ranch houses, all low and picture-windowed and religiously modern. I walked past all the little square green lawns with the pointed arborvitae at the corners of the houses and the daffodils in borders under the picture windows.

I went to Mrs. Mullany's house with the sprawling lawn with the old trees and the spiraea bushes and the forsythia.

I pounded on Mrs. Mullany's kitchen door, and shivered in the cold spring weather. At first I thought she wasn't there, and then I heard her coming and she opened the door to me.

"Ah, Connie, so it's you," she said. "Where's your coat? You youngsters haven't the brains of magpies. Winter still in the air and you run about in those dabs of cloth."

She reached out and pulled me into her warm kitchen that smelled of vanilla and coffee and was painted yellow. Practically nothing was built in, but it was wonderfully cozy and comfortable.

"Come out to the breakfast room, Constance. You can sit and talk while I iron." She didn't look at my eyes, swollen from crying.

"Sit here at the table," she said, patting me down into one of her chintz-covered chairs. Then she set in front of me a cup of real coffee thick with cream, and a piece of nutcake with orange filling and orange-butter icing. A million calories, at least.

LINES TO FOUR SMALL CHILDREN

By JANET HENRY

I often am inclined to think
That it would be much wiser
To give *myself* the vitamins
And *you* the tranquilizer.

I certainly wasn't hungry, but for some reason I drank the hot creamy coffee and ate the cool creamy cake.

"And what's on your mind today, Connie?" she said softly, as she ironed a green apron which was embroidered all over with a cross-stitch village.

"Oh, Mrs. Mullany, I'm going to divorce Gregory."

"Are you, darling?" she said, and she didn't even look up from her ironing, as if she had known from the beginning that Gregory and I could never last.

"I have to, Mrs. Mullany," I said, and I almost cried, but with my mouth feeling so good from the cake, I didn't. I drank some coffee. "Gregory hates me," I said, swallowing. "He swims in hatred. His idea of a wife is some sort of slave. If he wanted a housekeeper and a cook, why didn't he marry one?" I began to shake.

Mrs. Mullany chugged over to a closet, disappeared inside and came out with a thick red sweater. She helped me into it.

"You're thin, Constance." She cocked her head on one side and looked at me searchingly. Then, as if dismissing my thinness, she heaved her great bosom and went back to her ironing board.

"I've been a widow for three years now," she said. "I don't like living alone. I don't think you'd like it, Connie."

"I'd rather live alone forever than live one more second with that—that—that ——"

"Gregory is a very handsome young man," she said. She hung the apron over the back of a chair, unrolled a yellow tablecloth and spread it out on the ironing board.

"Mrs. Mullany, Gregory dumped me into the bathtub last night in my nightgown and before I could get out he turned on the cold shower and drenched me and nearly killed me with shock. And all for no reason whatsoever except that he thought he was hungry, which he wasn't."

She paused with her iron in mid-air. "Oh, my dear, how lovely it must have been for you!" She smiled at me, then went back to her ironing. "I remember one night," she said, "Charles walked me home from a dance five miles through a horrible rainstorm, because he refused to ride home with the couple we had gone with. During the evening the man had acted a little foolish about me and Charles lost his temper. Ah, I hated Charles for weeks. It's lovely to be intense about someone, isn't it?"

I choked on a mouthful of coffee. "I think one should love one's husband, Mrs. Mullany," I whispered hoarsely. "Anger is a dreadful emotion. It is very bad for one's complexion and some people even think it brings on dreadful illnesses."

"Yes," she said, "yes, Charles could make me very ill. Why, I remember one time—it was just before Martha Jane was born, and Anne and Chuck were still little children. Charles became so difficult to live with that I became upset and was ordered to bed by the doctor. It cost Charles so much to take care of me that he couldn't buy the touring car he had set his heart on. He became despondent and had shingles. I felt so sorry for him that I recovered fast from having Martha Jane and began to pet and pamper Charles until he became sweet as a lamb again. It was then that he bought me my emerald lavaliere."

"It is a beautiful lavaliere," I said.

"Yes, we had a long spell of being happy after that. Of course there were always days when we were edgy and short with each other and glowered. That was good, too, as I look back on it. All those days run together into a happy time—the big warm years. Ah, I suppose there's something nice about being a widow, but I haven't caught on to it yet."

She looked up at me with the quick look of a bird. "Connie, you should put on some weight."

"Oh, Mrs. Mullany, I don't dare be fat."

"Why not?"

"Why . . . why, being fat is a mortal sin."

Mrs. Mullany put down her iron and folded her arms across her chest and regarded me levelly.

"Oh, I didn't mean you, Mrs. Mullany. I think you are beautiful. It's a pleasure to see you. I love just to think of you living here in this neighborhood. You are the only woman I know who makes cake, Mrs. Mullany. I dearly love cake, for all I'm determined never to make it and never to eat it except most occasionally."

Mrs. Mullany unplugged her iron, poured herself a cup of coffee and sat down opposite me. She helped herself absently to sugar and stirred her coffee slowly and thoughtfully. Her round arms were pink beneath the generous sleeves of her pretty dress.

"You young people," she said, "seem to think that being thin is what life is for."

"Well," I said, "well, I suppose in a way you're right. We absolutely have to be thin. That I know. We have to be thin."

Mrs. Mullany sighed. "Sometimes I wonder if it isn't because you've thrown all other virtues to the wind—or what we used to refer to as virtues, at least. You have to stand for something, so you stand for thinness."

"Oh, we aren't that bad!"

"No, dear. You're just human beings. Not easy, is it?" She smiled at me.

"Mrs. Mullany," I said, "what shall I do about Gregory?"

"I'd love him if I were you, dear."

"Oh, but he's the one. He doesn't love me. Why, last night he—he suddenly turned into . . . why, he reverted. He changed into his father, his grandfather."

"Poor soul," Mrs. Mullany said.

"Mrs. Mullany," I pleaded with her, "I've really tried. I was a fashion model when Gregory married me. I gave up my job because he asked me to. I keep our house perfectly clean. It would be ridiculous for me to cook great gobs of food which we shouldn't eat. Besides, I can buy lovely meals in those nice little frozen packages."

"It is a difficult way to tell a man that you care for him, though, isn't it—opening a package?"

"I think it's horrible for him to care about such things. Life should be gay and lovely. Like last night. When Greg came home from work, I was bathed and dressed in a little pale yellow dinner dress. The house was charming. I had three daffodils and some green branches in a low vase and the hi-fi playing.

"The minute Gregory walked in the door I knew he was going to be difficult. Lately he's been in these strange moods. He actually looks taller, and his dark hair seems darker and his eyes look sunk in his head, and he is remote and superior and he acts fifty years older than he is. He didn't even take his topcoat off, or his hat. He just threw his brief case down on the table in our little hallway and walked into the living room and took one superior look at me and everything. He said, 'Ah, my beauty!'

"I pretended not to notice and was as sweet as I could be to him. I told him to take a quick shower while I put dinner in the oven.

"He just slunk down in a chair and said for me to go put my little ready-mixes in the oven and then I could just ready-mix my ready-mix self out in the kitchen and eat them all by myself.

" 'And when you're through,' he said, 'cook me a knuckle of meat and bake me a potato, and beat up some rutabaga or something that has a taste to it, and why not bake a cherry pie, my beauty!'

"I just stood there looking at him, trying to think where the Greg I had married had gone to. He used to fly in the door, put his long, strong, wonderful arms around me and whirl me around, and he'd say, 'Connie, Connie, Connie,' as if I were the sun, the moon and the stars. Then almost overnight he'd turned into this awful old man.

"Well, I was seething, but I tried to pretend that he was just talking. I poured him a drink and gave it to him and even smiled at him. So he took it, and drank it, and began to act a little more rational, like himself—decent.

"We had dinner and . . . it wasn't very good, but it was easy. And then he got worse and worse and began pounding the table and bossing me and demanding and ordering.

"So I just left him and undressed and was sitting at my dressing table doing my nails when he walked in like some great lord, picked me up and dumped me in the tub. You can see, I have to have a divorce. I'm going back to work. I can get my old job back any time."

"Don't you like the job you have?" Mrs. Mullany asked me.

It struck me as a very odd question; and even odder, I began to cry.

"Don't you know how to cook, dear?" Mrs. Mullany said.

"Of course I do," I said, weeping horribly by then. "And what does cooking have to do with it? I married Gregory because I was in love with him, not because I wanted to be his cook."

Mrs. Mullany reached across the table and patted the top of my head. "There, there," she said, "there, there. Let me show you how to make a lemon pie."

For some unknown reason I stopped crying and for an even more unknown reason I let her show me.

Two hours later, I walked out of her house with a lemon-meringue pie safely tucked into a covered dish so that none of the lovely amber peaks of egg white would be dented. In my head I had a menu for dinner and a set of directions as to how to proceed.

I went home, then to the market, then home again and I proceeded. I worked all day and had to call Mrs. Mullany only five or six times for advice.

By six o'clock I had the table set with candles in our amber candleholders and as much of our wedding silver as two people could possibly use, and the daffodils. But that was only the most minor part.

Out in the kitchen in our built-in oven there were potatoes that I had baked, cut in half, scooped out, mashed with loads of butter and salt and hot milk and a little pepper, then put back like adorable puffs into their shells and sprinkled with chives. In the oven also was a roast of veal that I had cooked with loving care. I had sprinkled it with garlic powder and salt and marjoram and some green dill. My house smelled like a little French place Greg and I used to eat in when we were in New York.

I had Roquefort cheese and pear salad with sherry dressing, and little new beets cooked with their greens, à la Mrs. Mullany, pumpernickel bread. A bottle of good sherry. The pie. Coffee.

I had been so busy doing all this that I hadn't had time to think. Suddenly I was in a panic.

Besides, I looked a mess. Always before, by the time Greg came home, I had spent all afternoon on myself and my clothes. And there I was in a complete state. I had flour across the stomach of my orange pants, mashed baked potato in my hair, lemon-pie filling on my jersey, a strange feeling of elation about the dinner, and a dim pit of dismay about everything else.

I heard the car rush up the driveway, the car door slap, Greg's steps on the walk. He was at the house. I stood frozen, rooted to the kitchen floor.

Everything I had ever thought about love ran into my mind at once, all the articles I'd read on marriage, everything Mrs. Mullany had said. Nothing made any sense at all.

I knew it mattered to me what Gregory would be like, but what I wanted him to be like I didn't know.

He opened the front door of our house and walked into our little pocket-sized hallway. I came to life and rushed into the living room.

Gregory swung the door shut behind him with a wide gesture and he grinned at me as if we had never quarreled at all. "Hi, doll!" he said.

I just stood there looking at him as hard as I could. I saw his dear dark head and his strong mouth, but I saw something else that must have been there before but I didn't see it before—the look of work. He looked as if he'd worked hard all day in a hard, gritty world. He looked as if he needed a wife not to be pretty and witty so much as warm and comforting and with sweet gentle ways.

I remembered Mrs. Mullany saying, "Don't you like the job you have?"

I love the job I have.

I ran to Gregory. He held out his long, strong, wonderful arms and hugged me close to him. "Connie, Connie, Connie," he said, as if I were warmth, as if I were comfort, as if I were love.

"SPEAKING OF OPERATIONS—"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Moving and resettling means leg work. Lists and lists of things to be shopped for: drawer pulls, hardware of all sorts, hooks of all sorts, shoe racks, door stops, curtain rods, kitchen equipment, shower curtains; errands from one end of the city to another after things neither costly nor interesting but essential.

And meanwhile I had my real work to do. I was writing a triweekly newspaper column and had moved into my club, midway between the house and the apartment, where I took all my meals and enjoyed the amenities of a well-conducted private house. But I had to change long-established habits of working hours. I began my professional working day before 6 A.M. in order to be "free" by noon. I could do it because by 9 P.M. I was ready for bed, after an Epsom-salts bath for my aching limbs. Normally I am a late getter-up and a late sitter-up at night, but I found those early unaccustomed hours extraordinarily conducive to concentrated thought—and there was much to think of: the heartbreaking situation in Little Rock; the first earth satellite; new tensions in the Middle East. In those hours, when one has awakened from a sleep of sheer exhaustion, and not a creature is stirring, one has a sense of distance, of intellectual participation without emotional involvement, which surely has some value. I did not find it hard to work under those conditions; it became hard later, when with everything "practically finished" something was perpetually being delivered, some minor things installed, and, not living alone, I could not set aside consecutive hours to concentrate only on writing. But in those days when I led a dual life, half impersonal, half intensely personal, if they clashed, the results were slightly maniacal.

Weeks before the "operation" I had agreed to lecture in Oklahoma City and prepared the talk in advance and in calm. But the date fell on the first of the two moving days, and the trip absorbed the next one too. As I arose to speak (on the responsibilities and difficulties of a great power) I thought of the Epstein, and for a few seconds completely dried. Coughing, I could hardly emit a word.

The Epstein is a powerful bronze sculpture that I had purchased in Jacob Epstein's London studio years ago. She had stood on a heavy walnut mantelpiece and I had left instructions for her to be transferred to an exact spot on a bookshelf in the living room. Now, the sculptured lady is a good hundred pounds in weight, and suddenly I *knew* that the painted, soft wood shelf, unless strongly fortified, would never support her. In my imagination I saw her crashing down, and right through the floor, possibly upon someone underneath. And there was nothing I could do about it now. In New York it was nearly midnight. No one was yet sleeping in the apartment. Whatever the damage might be was already committed.

Sure enough, when I returned my secretary greeted me with, "I'm sorry, I'm afraid I have bad news."

"I know," I said. "The Epstein."

"The shelf is sagging, ever so little, away from the wall."

No catastrophe. The shelf was fortified; a bit of repainting, and the enigmatic figure is back among other familiar things.

It was the herb-and-spice cabinet that threatened to break up our marriage. We like savory food, and in the spacious cabinets of the house was every condiment of Orient and Occident. My husband, with our brand-new maid, was arranging "his" kitchen.

"Do *you* need *four* cans of powdered cinnamon?" he growled, most unjustly because *I* had not purchased them. "And marjoram and basil—I hate them!"

"A pinch of marjoram is good in lamb stew," I volunteered. "And I like basil in tomato salad."

"The only herbs for lamb stew are garlic, parsley and bay leaf," he contradicted. "And *no* herbs should go into tomato salad. Basil tastes like licorice. Horrid."

"Well," I said, "there are also two jars of your pet orégano."

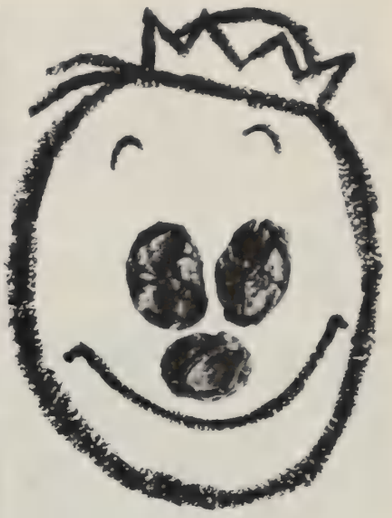
He stalked into his new room, as bare as a monk's cell, for "All I want," he had said when we started to move, "is my crucifix, drawing board, easel, modeling stand, and a chest of drawers and a chair. Shades to regulate the light. No carpet. No curtains. And the right to make a mess."

He returned conciliatory, for his tempers are short-lived. I handed him the most useful thing in moving—a large garbage can.

No more breakfasts in bed—another habit of years. But my bedroom is western, while, in the morning, the sun streams into the living room from the east, a lighthouse, if it is early, still twinkles, and the boats, early about their business, evoke the romance of this strangely romantic metropolis. There, sitting in easy chairs, with a tea table between us, is obviously the place for breakfast.

When one moves, one changes one's habits, and that is one good reason to move.

I am tired, but I feel lighter—younger—in the knowledge that life can always begin again, at any age. I like it here. The operation was successful; the patient even lived, and a new year begins—happy, I hope, for us, and for you too. END



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Care And Feeding Of Your Baby's Hair



You say your baby hasn't any hair? Well, he will have—sooner or later! Babies born with a lot of hair often lose it, and grow more—of an entirely different color. Babies with curly hair sometimes go straight; baldies may keep the family guessing for months. In the meantime, a once-or-twice weekly shampoo keeps your little one's scalp in good growing condition.

● **For happier shampoos,** lather baby's head while he's lying on your lap or the bath table. Then hold his head over the tub in a downward tilt, so no soap or rinse water gets in his eyes. Don't worry about the "soft spot" on baby's head. Its covering is plenty tough enough to take gentle rubbing and rinsing, and brushing with a soft-bristled brush.

● **Know the newest in baby feeding?** Heinz' High-Meat Dinners—nutritious "main dishes" that give your baby *over 3 times more meat* than he gets in the usual meat-and-vegetable combinations. These tasty well-balanced dinners are full of high quality meat proteins, blood-enriching iron and important vitamins. Heinz' delicious High-Meat Dinners come in these varieties—Beef with Vegetables, Chicken with Vegetables, and Veal with Vegetables—and in both Strained and Junior versions.

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● **Sleepytime** is most of the time for your newborn! A big yawn and he's off—*if* his tummy is comfortably full. A little baby sleeps lightly, not soundly. He breathes slowly, then fast; he snuffles and snorts and can scare you – unless you know these noises are normal. Your baby may snooze 20 hours out of 24, off and on. As he grows bigger and can hold more food, he'll sleep longer at a stretch—maybe 6 hours or so, by the time he's a month old.



● **Word to the budget-wise:** All Heinz Cereals give your baby *more servings* per boxful than other brands do! Because of Heinz Cereals' special consistency, you need *less*—mixed with milk or formula—to make the smooth, easy-to-swallow texture babies like. So Heinz Pre-Cooked Cereals last longer (and taste better, too!). Has your baby tried Heinz new High-Protein Cereal? This popular flavor contains twice as much protein as ordinary baby cereals. Its pleasant taste and fluffy texture make a big hit with little beginners. And it's fortified with *active* iron.

● **Do you talk baby-talk** to your baby? If you don't, every so often, you're exceptional! But remember: baby learns to speak as he's spoken to. Hearing *only* baby-talk makes his job harder.

● **Toddler's Treat:** Butterscotch Milk Shake. Combine 2 cups cold milk, 1 cup vanilla ice cream, ½ cup Heinz Junior Butterscotch Pudding. Mix. It makes a delicious drink; serves 3.

● **What's the most practical** size garment for baby's layette—and how many of each will you really need? Would you like to have help in naming your new baby? You'll find hundreds of interesting names and hundreds of answers to your questions in Heinz' new book, "The ABC's of Prenatal Care." To get a copy of this authoritative, easy-to-read book *free*—write to Heinz Baby Foods, Box 28, D-23, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania.

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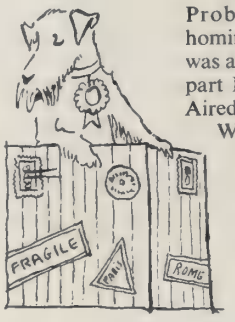


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By GEORGE and HELEN PAPASHVILY



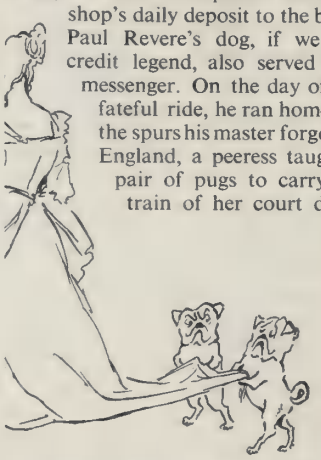
Probably the greatest homing dog of all time was a terrier, part Scotch, part Irish with a dash of Airedale, named Owney. Wandering into the post office in Albany, New York, as a puppy, he was adopted by the mail clerks and presented with a collar bearing his name and address. His pleasure in riding the post-office trucks to the depots soon extended to round-trip excursions on the mail cars. Eventually he visited every state in the Union, Mexico and Canada. On August 12, 1895, his Albany friends packed a light bag for him with his brush, comb and blanket and a letter of introduction to postal authorities everywhere, and the little dog went to Tacoma, then via the SS Victoria to Japan, where he was greeted with all honors by a representative of the mikado and presented with a special seal. From Japan he sailed to Shanghai, changed ships again at Singapore and Port Said, and after a trip through the Suez Canal, a visit to Gibraltar and the Azores, Owney docked in New York, caught the first express north and trotted into the Albany post office on December 23, having circled the globe in 132 days. Owney, like all travelers, acquired so many souvenirs, medals, coins and trinkets in his wanderings that the Postmaster General ordered a special harness constructed for the dog. It was a considerate though unnecessary gift, for among his other tricks Owney had learned to slip his collar off and rest between stations, and then with his paws pull his decorations on again to make public appearances.



If only all lost dogs might follow the example of a pair of Airedales, one of whom belonged to Hugh Kahler and the other to Booth Jameson, the young nephew of Booth Tarkington. Jameson attended Princeton, and since dormitory regulations forbade pets, he left his Airedale with the Kahlers, who lived about a mile from the campus. Young Jameson visited his dog frequently and sometimes took him and the Kahlers' Airedale into town. On one such occasion, being late for classes and realizing he had no time to walk the dogs home, young Jameson bundled them into a taxi, gave the driver the Kahlers' address and the necessary fare. The Airedales, with all the sound common sense of the breed, wandered where they pleased thereafter, strolled through the town, called at the dormitory, and when they did not find their friend to escort them home, jumped into the familiar cab and were driven back to the Kahlers', their fare charged to the Jameson account.

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Before the development of electric motors, many household appliances were dog-powered. Within living memory, Shellbark, a poodle, ground the coffee in a Doylestown, Pennsylvania, grocery. A canine corps kept the tracks clear of sheep and pedestrians for the Great Western Railroad; another group detects and indicates gas leaks for a utility company. In Allentown, Pennsylvania, a German shepherd carried a shop's daily deposit to the bank. Paul Revere's dog, if we can credit legend, also served as a messenger. On the day of the fateful ride, he ran home for the spurs his master forgot. In England, a peeress taught a pair of pugs to carry the train of her court dress.



A friend of ours has four boys; and as often happens in large happy families, the boys soon collected an assortment of hamsters, mice, parakeets and three dogs—a great Dane, a dachshund and a collie. The care of this menagerie was not always combined successfully with a busy schedule of Scout meetings, Christmas pageants, basketball games, music lessons, school exams, ice skating and several hobbies. One stormy afternoon last winter, the boys' mother had perforce to clean the parakeets' cage, feed the mice, round up and count the hamsters and then take three bounding dogs out for some overdue exercise. As she danced a kind of Maypole through the park, winding and unwinding leashes in and out, over and around trees and posts, her temper was not improved when, passing two men, she heard one say to the other, "Isn't it a pity to see a woman lavish her attention on dogs instead of little helpless children?"

●

There is a dog in Allentown, Pennsylvania, who likes above everything else to play pinball. He spends most of his time in a little candy store barking frantically for somebody to put another nickel in the machine so he can jump up on a stool, pull the plunger with his teeth and watch the ball fly, the bells ring and the lights flash. (A picture of a Texas dog with similar tastes appeared in a magazine a year or so ago. It is to be hoped these cases are mere coincidences and do not constitute a trend!)



We knew a Dalmatian (a mere acquaintance, of course) who drank a

PEOPLE

bucket of beer every morning of his life. He was fourteen at the time we met him, so presumably he derived no harm from the habit. The only noticeable effect was a quality of elevation it gave him. With the precision and control of a ballet dancer he could leap straight into the air from a standing stop. Reversing the traditional custom, this Dalmatian never touched a drop *after* twelve noon.

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A gold medal went to Peter, a German shepherd, for pulling his friend Don, a cocker spaniel, off a busy highway after the latter was struck down by a hit-and-run driver. Fritz, a mixed bull and Scotch terrier, earned a silver medal for bringing help to a puppy who had fallen from a schooner's deck and was drowning. And there was the story of Duke, who was missing for over a week. A neighbor of his owner noted his own dog, Skeezix, carrying portions of his meals away from the house. He followed and found Skeezix taking the food to Duke, caught in a fox trap in the woods.

●

The little spaniel who came on the Mayflower's historic first voyage fared poorly in the wilderness. Wolves chased her home, says an old account, and were driven off only when her master threw a sickle at them. The colonists soon ordered more and larger dogs from England.

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The first dog show in America was held in Virginia in 1698. Indian neighbors wanted, in exchange for their furs, food and tobacco, not guns or fire water but five English dogs.



People who have never owned a dog apparently think that all within a breed not only look and act alike, but that there is a connection between the two factors. In reality, there are probably just as many jovial St. Bernards as tired terriers, and we personally know three German shepherds who were constantly chased by a sheep, one that hid behind a door to bark, and another that spent a large part of his life dressed in doll clothes attending cambric-tea parties with a young friend.



Many breeds owe their rise and fall in popularity to identification with an important person or caste. King Charles brought his spaniels to England; William and Mary introduced the pug from Holland; the Dalmatian's real popularity began after Queen Alexandra appeared with them.

DRAWINGS: MAURICE SONDEK



WHAT MY DOG MEANS TO ME
by John Morrison, age 8 (1947)
My dog means somebody nice and quiet to be with. He does not say "Do!" like my mother, or "Don't!" like my father, or "Stop!" like my brother. My dog, Spot, and I sit together quietly and I like him and he likes me. The end.

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Columbus when he discovered America discovered also that the inhabitants possessed small hounds as well as a larger breed. Both were barkless, and Columbus noted rather peevishly that his European dogs from continued association seemed inclined to adopt the same habit.

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Fr. Cuvier, the French naturalist, believed the dog to be an absolute necessity for the establishment of a civilized society. It is perhaps only a coincidence, but the Tasmanians, the only people who did not possess the dog, never progressed beyond the Stone Age.

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The very first dog names we know are those an Egyptian king gave his four dogs almost 5000 years ago: Gazelle, Greyhound, Black and Firepot.

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In 1952 the dog population in the United States was almost 23,000,000. They were increasing at the rate of 1,000,000 a year and were the second most popular subject for calendar art.

●

Helen Keller said: "Were my Maker to grant me but a single glance through these sightless eyes of mine, I would without question choose to see first a child—then a dog."

●

What purpose did they serve, all the good dogs that once ran through the world and wait now in the shadowy quiet of the past?

They lightened our burdens and drove away our enemies and stayed when others left us. They gave aid and comfort, protection and security. They held a mirror wherein we might see ourselves as we long to be. They gave us a glimpse of the world beyond the narrow confines of our own species.

Although we make dull students, slowly they help us learn how to command and to protect with wisdom and justice and imagination.

They taught and still teach us the joy of giving generosity and kindness and love—without thought of gainful return.

All the fleet hounds, the stanch mastiffs, the loyal shepherds, the dancing toys, the fumbling puppies, pets on silk pillows, workers plodding at their tasks, the special ones you loved best, those of our own we still miss—all the good dogs, we thank them. END

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This is an excerpt from the book
DOGS AND PEOPLE
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A CHILD MUST FEEL HE BELONGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

were discharged as soon as the diagnosis was made. The services had nowhere near the number of highly trained personnel that would have been necessary to attempt rehabilitation, even if there had been no war to carry on. The situation is not much better in civilian life. There is the same shortage of psychiatrists, social workers and psychologists, and they have their hands full with cases which are much more promising and co-operative. The confirmed psychopath rarely sees that it is he who is making the trouble around him, and even if he did see this he wouldn't have the determination to stick to the long, hard treatment. Two things can be said on the brighter side. Many psychopaths, especially the borderline cases, show some tendency to settle down and become more responsible as they outgrow the impetuousness of youth. This improvement may be seen when the psychopath has the good fortune to marry a person who is more stable and more loving than he. In a sense, his spouse and children give him, belatedly, the love which he never had in childhood. The other more hopeful aspect is the possibility of prevention or amelioration during the childhood years. There are some important lessons we can learn—as citizens and parents and child-care workers—from the sad fate of psychopaths.

The most critical time for character formation is the first few years of life, and the most essential requirement is that a child feel that he belongs to his parents (or parent substitutes) and is loved by them. This statement is too generalized to mean much without some explanation. Being loved by parents or parent



substitutes means more than being protected, provided for and kissed. Good parents, in addition, will care how the child behaves and require that he be considerate of them and the rest of society. A child learns a little about what is expected of him in his second year, a little more in the third, a lot between three and six, many more detailed rules after that. But all the teaching of parents and others is relatively useless unless he first gets the feeling of being cherished, and develops, in response, a deep attachment to and a desire to please those who are so important to him. The most crucial time for this foundation to be laid is the first year of life. If it isn't laid down then, it's very difficult to make up for the omission later. Psychopaths don't grow up only in obviously broken or deprived or indifferent homes. Occasionally the parents are responsible, or even prominent, citizens who have apparently provided their child with everything that society considers right. But careful investigation always shows that they did not love him at all, and, unconsciously at least, did not expect anything good from him.

There are a number of very practical applications of this general proposition which I shall have to list in a brief and arbitrary manner. Babies who are up for adoption should not remain in institutions for long periods, but should be placed with the adopting parents at the earliest possible moment so that they can get their roots down. State laws should facilitate this aim. Child-placing agencies should be well supported and well staffed so that they can help all natural mothers to reach the right decision by the time their babies are born and so that they can select the most promising adopting homes.

Babies and very young children should be hospitalized for long periods only if that is essential. (The same is true, of course, for short hospitalization, even though the deprivation is quite different.) The mother should visit as often and as long as possible and participate in the care of the child, if that can be arranged. Each child should have a nurse or aide or volunteer especially designated to mother him.

Mothers who have been widowed or otherwise left without adequate support should receive a sufficiently ample welfare allowance so that they are never forced to leave young children with unsatisfactory substitutes in order to earn a living. Anything else is false economy.

Family and children's social agencies almost everywhere need more funds and more staff to counsel parents who are having domestic problems, so that marriages can either be saved and strengthened or, if that is not possible, the best provision may be made for the children's care.

Young children who cannot be cared for by their parent or adopted should be placed with carefully selected and supervised foster parents. There is desperate need for more good foster parents in every part of the United States. (If you have any inclination to consider caring for a foster child, you can get in touch with the right agency through your Community Chest.)

A teacher, no matter how skilled, cannot help the children with borderline adjustment if she has forty—and sometimes even more—children in the class. We need more and better teachers, more and better schools. It is a disgrace that in the richest country in the world, at the time of its greatest prosperity, so many children are being deprived of adequate schooling.

In most parts of this country, a great deal more could be done to screen properly the adolescents who are having their first brush with the law, to keep at home and supervise those who will probably need no further correction, and to provide much, much better rehabilitation programs for those who must be institutionalized.

SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND CAMPS

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Needless to say, we also should have ten times as many child psychiatrists and guidance clinics as we have today, but here the problem is as much dearth of personnel and training facilities as it is lack of funds.

Many legislators and citizens cry out that we can't afford such services. But studies have shown that society pays much more in the end for the lack of them than it would pay to have them. And the figures show that we are spending enormous sums for the things we've decided we do need: more for liquor, for instance, than for public education.

Before I close, I'd better caution you about making the diagnosis of psychopath yourself. In describing this type of personality I have mentioned a lot of symptoms such as tenseness, selfishness, demandingness, restlessness, inattentiveness, poor schoolwork, friendlessness, poor work record, irresponsibility, which, together, are apt to make up the total picture. But it might be a great mistake and cause needless anguish if you decided that someone you know showed two or three of these symptoms and you then concluded that he was a psychopath and had not been loved as a baby. Each of these symptoms can be caused by factors other than neglect.

I want to remind you, too, if you are starting to worry about having been a bit neglectful on a couple of occasions or having left your child with an unsatisfactory substitute at times, that it usually takes not only a long separation from parents but considerable indifference to make a psychopath. A child can put up with a lot of deprivation if he knows there is a devoted parent who is with him whenever it's possible. Most psychopaths, like my sailors, have not only been separated from parents but have known sooner or later that the parents didn't try too hard to find a better solution and didn't bother to visit them.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest. ED.

NO LONGER "THE TOWN WITHOUT A DOCTOR"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

for them. One who was both right and enthusiastic brought his wife to Payson with him on a second trip. Later he told the board (wistfully, they felt—"He'd been asking about housing and about the hunting and fishing up under the Rim"), "I'm sorry. My wife just doesn't feel that a small-town life is right for us."

Another, Dr. David Gilbert, loved the town on sight but still had six months of internship to complete. "He wanted us to hold the place for him. He wanted it a lot. We liked him a lot too. But we felt we had to try getting someone right away. Six months seemed like such a long time."

As the weeks went by and the clinic they had worked so hard to build remained empty and unused, a note of bitterness crept into the comments of Payson's people. "We built the clinic. We all worked hard. It's costing us close to $250 a month to pay for it. Everyone who sees it says it's perfect. We'll give it to our doctor rent-free for the first year to give him time to get established—even provide volunteer workers to help. *Why can't we get a doctor when we need one so badly?*"

Word of this reached two of the busy doctors who had attended the clinic's dedication ceremonies and who felt personally interested in the project's future. "I'm not sure that the people of Payson really understood all the complications involved in getting a permanent, approved doctor for their clinic under present circumstances," one of these men says. "But you couldn't stand by and watch all that fine community spirit dwindle away into disillusionment."

The two doctors did what they could. Each volunteered to give the Payson Clinic one day a week. Neither had a day to give except his own day off. They worked out a schedule. After that, on Wednesdays and Fridays, the pine-paneled reception room of the Payson Clinic was crowded, voices murmured, lights blinked on, buzzers sounded, the door marked "Doctor's Office" swung open and closed through busy clinic hours.

The doctors—one a general practitioner, the other a flight surgeon at a Phoenix air base—were both pilots and they flew in to Payson when the weather permitted. As a further aid to the clinic, the flying club from which their small planes were rented charged its fee of $7 an hour *only* for actual flying time (ordinarily "standby" time is charged for as well and represents a large part of the expense). When the weather was bad for flying or the airstrip was mudded in, the doctors had to drive. Bad weather can—and does—wash out those sections of the road still under construction. At times Payson is cut off.

Paysonites were fervent in their appreciation. Juniors worked Tuesdays and Thursdays getting the clinic and its equipment spotlessly clean for the doctors, tidied up afterward.

Both doctors had promised to fly in as quickly as possible any time an emergency arose. That emergency struck one Saturday morning. Keith Owens, owner of Payson's largest industry, a lumber company, was helping load logs for the sawmill when he accidentally touched a 12,000-volt power line. For two frantic hours—while both doctors were flying in to help—friends and co-workers applied artificial respiration. But when the doctors did arrive there was nothing they could do for forty-four-year-old Keith Owens.

To shocked Payson, the tragedy pointed up once more the great need for a full-time doctor of their own. Time had passed. The six months that once seemed too long a time to wait for the young doctor who was finishing his internship—Dr. David Gilbert, who loved Payson and wanted to make it his home—"Well, it wasn't as long as we thought." One day the door marked "Doctor's Office" read instead, "Doctor Gilbert." The sign that read "Office Hours Wednesday and Friday" announced instead "Office Hours Daily." And now, if another emergency strikes—as it has so often in the past—everyone in Payson knows just where and how to get in touch with their friend and neighbor, "Doctor Dave." END

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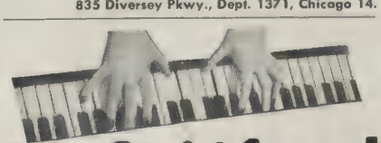
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Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Busketta is another. He was a pipefitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

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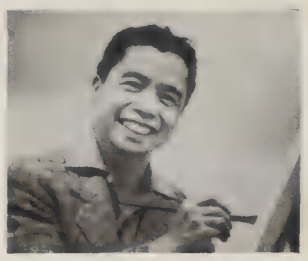

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February
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CONTENTS

VOL. LXXV NO. 2

February, 1958

JOURNALITIES



Kage Booton

"I often tell myself, 'You can't have everything,'" KAGE BOOTON reports, "but that day I heard the JOURNAL was taking my book I did have everything. We were in the process of moving twenty miles up the Mohawk from Amsterdam to Canajoharie—'we' being my husband, an industrial engineer, two daughters, Donna and Susan, our cocker spaniel, Candy (the model for the dog in my book, having produced seven puppies which had to be brought up on formula and baby food), and a cat that looks like a dust mop. I enjoy reading, writing, golfing, probably take bridge too seriously, collecting and refinishing antique furniture. The people in *The Troubled House* (page 44) were 'born' while I was doing over an old square grand piano last year."



Mel Heimer

If you ask us, *I Think I Love You*, the title of MEL HEIMER's story on page 42, is something nobody ought to say to anybody. Just leave that "think" out of it—and that's the story. The author says, "I'm one of the only two people, apparently, who were born in Hoboken; Frank Sinatra was the other. I grew up in Westchester County, wearied of its drugstore cowboys and Wednesday-night bridge dates when I was twenty-four and came to Manhattan to live. I like gaudy clothes and wear blue eyeglasses; I'm trying to revive the wonderful custom of New York newspapermen's carrying walking sticks. I play poker incessantly and was knocked down and almost killed by an auto at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street a couple of years ago when I paused dreamily to meditate the first royal flush I ever had drawn."



Helen Rittell

Though HELEN RITTELL has published much poetry, *A Day of Rest*, page 50, is her first published short story. She is, she reports, "a native Syracusan, the mother of three—two daughters, aged twenty and fourteen, and a son, twelve. With children these ages, a mother can begin to get some writing done. We have a parakeet named Mr. or Mrs. Peepers (we're not sure which) and it seems we seldom have a meal without guests, which suits us fine. My writing career has not been of long duration, but now I think it will be." (Since this was written, the JOURNAL has bought a second story from Mrs. Rittell —ED.)

Condensed Novel Complete in This Issue

THE TROUBLED HOUSE, *C. Kage Booton* . 44

Stories

I THINK I LOVE YOU, *Mel Heimer* . 42
THE GREENGAGE SUMMER (Second part of three), *Rumer Godden* . 46
A DAY OF REST, *Helen Rittell* . 50

Special Features

DO AMERICAN EDUCATORS KNOW WHAT THEY ARE UP TO?, *Dorothy Thompson* . 11
CONGRESS MUST ACT ON FOOD ADDITIVES . 11
MOTHERS NEED A BREAK, *Benjamin Spock, M.D.* . 20
WHEN DISASTER STRIKES, You are There—With the American Red Cross . 25
VOLUNTEERS AT WORK, *Margaret Hickey* . 25
"WE CAN'T LIVE ON $25,000 A YEAR," *as told to Betty Hannah Hoffman* . 48
"WE'RE DOING FINE ON $8,400 A YEAR," *Nelle Keys Perry* . 49
THE WEEK MOTHER WAS SICK, *Ted Key* . 51
CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?, *Dorothy Cameron Disney* . 59
HOW AMERICA LIVES: MORE DREAMS THAN MONEY, *Betty Hannah Hoffman* . 121
THE DISAPPEARING DOLLAR, *by Margaret Davidson* . 148

General Features

OUR READERS WRITE US . 4
UNDER COVER, *Bernardine Kielty* . 34
MAKING MARRIAGE WORK, *Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D.* . 36
THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE, *Harlan Miller* . 38
FIFTY YEARS AGO ▪ JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN . 41
THIS IS A KATCHOOER, *Munro Leaf* . 84
ASK ANY WOMAN, *Marcelene Cox* . 91
REFERENCE LIBRARY . 114

Fashion and Beauty

FIRST STEP INTO SPRING, *Wilhela Cushman* . 52
THE JOURNAL'S GEM OF A WARDROBE, *Nora O'Leary* . 56
KEEP YOUR BEAUTY IN TACT, *Dawn Crowell Norman* . 60
BRIGHT IDEAS FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER, *Nora O'Leary* . 80
HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!, *Bet Hart* . 108

Food

APPLEYARD CHURCH SUPPER, *Elizabeth Kent Gay* . 62
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS . 64
CONVERSATION PIECE, *Ruth Mills Teague* . 86
MRS. WIZARD, THAT'S YOU, *Mary Jane Engel* . 136

Gardening and Interior Decoration

A GARDEN IS AN OPEN-AIR ROOM, *Richard Pratt* . 58
DOUBLE FEATURE DINING ROOM, *Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland* . 145

Poems

THERE ARE OTHER LANDS, *Barbara Shook* . 28
TOILERS, *Archibald Rutledge* . 72
NECESSARY EVIL, *Janet Henry* . 83
IT'S LATER THAN I THINK, *Alberte Wright* . 96
FULFILLMENT, *Florence B. Jacobs* . 118
A PHILOSOPHIC THOUGHT BASED ON INCOME, LACK OF, *Elizabeth Graham* . 131
WHERE THOUGHT LEAPS ON, *May Sarton* . 140
A SERMON, *John Ciardi* . 154

Cover: Mark Shaw, Photographer
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HIS new car? OR HER new kitchen?

There really is a way to have both without wrecking the family budget

by George Romney

President, American Motors Corporation

A few weeks ago, when we had several friends in for the evening, one of the wives cornered me. "George Romney,



I'm downright mad at you!" she declared. "Since you let John drive your Rambler, he can't think of anything but getting a new Rambler for himself. And I've *got* to have a new kitchen!"

Hardly a week before, one of the men in our neighborhood tackled me while I was pulling into my driveway to say:

"Lookit, George. That confounded Kelvinator model kitchen display downtown has sold Jane on an all-new kitchen. So . . . what chance have I got of getting a new car?"

(You see, at American Motors, we make both Rambler and Ambassador cars and Kelvinator home appliances!)

Here's what I told both John's wife . . . and Jane's husband:

You can afford both

I know it's true that many women long for a new kitchen, only to find the new car costs so much to buy (and so much more to run) that the budget can't cover both.



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George Romney

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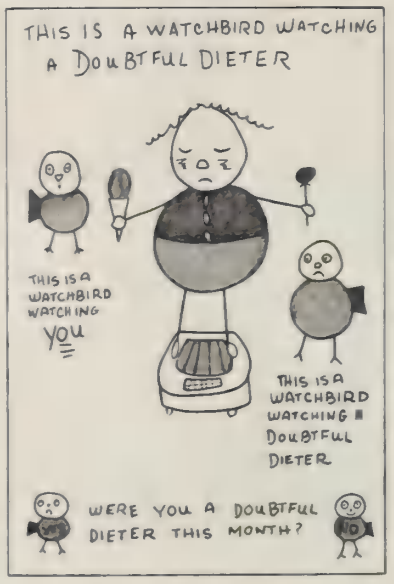
BEAUTY TONE BULBS

OUR READERS WRITE US

Look Who's Watching You!

New York City

Dear Sirs: Last week I jumped on the "Energy Diet" bandwagon; and my son



Robert, plagiarizing your Munro Leaf, drew the enclosed "Watchbird" as a reminder for me.

Thanks for the help you've given me in the past. Yours truly,

MRS. TERRY MARCHANT

American Bride in Moscow

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: Your article "We Saw How Russians Live" gave me a good idea of what to expect to see when I came to Russia. I arrived in Moscow a short time ago as the bride of a radio-TV correspondent. I wanted to send you this note to thank you for the "briefing."

Irving and I live just across the street from the Kremlin, in two rooms of the National Hotel—a shrine to Victorian decoration, complete with tasseled lamp shades and green velvet drapes and upholstery. Every floor landing has large portraits of Lenin and Stalin, who seem to examine everyone who gets off the little elevator—and, incidentally, you're supposed to use it only for going up; you're expected to walk down. When we have visitors, they always ask, first of all, whether the rooms are tapped for the Russians to listen. We have no way of knowing the answer to this, but the possibility of it was inhibiting to adjust to at first. Now I scarcely ever think of it.

When we order meals from the hotel restaurant, we never need the menu, because it's the same all year; and anyway, 70 per cent of the dishes listed are not available. The beef stroganoff is very good, and so is the tea, served in glasses with silver-handled holders. The borsch was a big disappointment, though, because I had always known borsch to be a clear red beet soup. Here it's made from cabbages and other vegetable leftovers, with bits of sausages floating around. And not a beet in sight. It's not even red.

Every Thursday a tiny Russian man comes in to polish the wood floors. It was surprising the first time to see that his only equipment was a small rag with a strap on it. He coolly sat down and took off his shoe and sock, slipped the strap over his bare foot, and began hopping and dancing about the edges of the rug until the wood gleamed. I understood why this accepted Soviet way of polishing floors made him so thin. It's a real workout.

My workout comes at the outdoor market twice a week. There's much pushing and elbowing in the waiting lines, and none of the goods are wrapped. The first time I bought berries I learned the hard way, as they were dumped from the scales right into my hands. Now, preparation for an excursion to the market is a ritual of collecting jars, plastic bags and the ubiquitous string-net carryall that is as much a part of a Russian woman as her brown woolen stockings. In the cheese-and-cream department, every customer is invited to taste from the vats of sour cream and yoghurt with a common spoon, then drop it back in for the next customer.

Recognizing me as a foreigner, friendly Russians jostle one another for the chance to help me with prices and to find goods. But you can't always tell just how a Russian will act. An annoying type is the self-appointed "Keep Moscow cultured-looking" individual. Usually women, they never hesitate to step up and tell you what they disapprove of. One very warm day last summer I went out in low-heeled shoes without stockings. I had hardly walked to the corner before a woman was after me, pointing to my legs, shaking her finger, and shouting "*Nie Kulturny.*" She followed me for quite a while, scolding loudly and angrily.

This sort of experience makes you wary of what you wear. I have a hat that I love beyond reason. It's a floppy straw that falls limply down to the shoulder line practically three quarters of the way around, and in New York it got some pretty fancy comments from passers-by and taxi drivers. I couldn't bear to leave it home, and here in Moscow one day decided to wear it to a party. Irving was horrified at the prospect of Russians' reactions. He finally agreed that I wear it only if I would walk quite a distance ahead of him, so that he wouldn't be tormented along with me. I started out rather nervously, but determined I walked one block, two blocks, three—and not one head turned. We were mystified. Later we learned, to our delight, that there is an almost identical peasant hat made in an area near Moscow, and that this style of hat is seen fairly often as a result. I have renewed respect for Lilly Dache now. Do you suppose she does her hat research in far-off Russia too?



Nancy and hat.

Again, thank you for your article on Russia. One of the things I miss most about the United States here in Moscow is your fine magazine. Sincerely,

NANCY JONES LEVINE

Those "Why I Love" Letters

St. Petersburg, Florida

Four years ago I lost the dearest person here on earth, my husband. Ever since my life has been empty, shattered and without much meaning. Try as I might, I could not understand the "why" of it all. Then

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

my November JOURNAL came, and I think I have found the answer. My thanks for the help your "Why I Love" letters have given me.

DOROTHEA SCOTT SCHWARTZ

Columbus Grove, Ohio

Why not compile a book of all those "Why I Love" letters? They are, as my sixteen-year-old daughter would say, "the most"—a real bit of the heart of our men and women. MRS. KEN VOLKMER

New York City

I am here awaiting the birth of my first child—normally a happy time, but not for me, as I'm not married. Believe me, I was bitter at first; but I'm writing now to thank you for publishing the "Why I Love" letters at a time when I needed help in dispelling the last traces of cynicism toward men and marriage. To love is a wonderful thing, even if it's been foolish and misplaced, and to have your love cherished and returned must be uncountably so. *Name withheld*

Slingerlands, New York

Your "Why I Love My Husband . . . My Wife" is the kind of thing we need more of, rather than so much emphasis on "Why is my marriage failing?" In fact, I think so much of this article I would like to have reprint copies to mail to members of my parish. Congratulations on such a fine piece of work.

JAMES R. RHODES, *Pastor*
Community Methodist Church

Younger Generation

Madera, California

Dear Editors: While listening to the news, I suddenly remembered this picture which was taken when we were in the Air Force in England. If our leaders and we parents, too, could forget our prejudices, our next generation would have none of these racial problems. Sincerely,



Air Force children

MARGIE DECESARI

Should Women Vote?

Trenton, New Jersey

Dear Editors: Since Carrie Chapman Catt's crusade gave women the vote, no political soothsayer has been safe. Election "upsets" have been laid at the feet of labor, the farmers and the "unpredictability of public opinion." But are any of these responsible? Or is it the unpredictability of women's votes?

Until recently, I was a "first-name-on-the-ballot-straight-down-the-line voter." Heeding the admonition that "our vote is our most precious heritage—use it," I did. But only history will tell the havoc I wrought with my neatly spaced X's.

Wedded to a man who was prone to remark about my voting habits in the same tone of voice he used when I overdrew my bank account, I considered his just one man's opinion. Until, at a dinner party, I found myself sandwiched between two male guests.

"The trouble with this country started when the women got the vote," one said.

"That's true," concurred the second. "Just look at Switzerland. No women voting, no income taxes and no foreign entanglements."

"Well, I can't take my business to Switzerland," glumly responded the first. "So where do we go from here?"

"Home," I muttered weakly. Any inclination to bluff my way through this male chatter was stifled by the gleam in my spouse's eye. He knew, only too well, that if he threw a few facts and figures my way, I would collapse into a hysterical mass of contradictions, exaggerations and ridiculous statements.

Suddenly it seemed I had only to request the salt of a dinner partner to become embroiled in a lively discussion on income taxes and the budget of Outer Mongolia. I could drive my daughters to dancing school blindfolded, but hadn't the slightest notion whether Afghanistan sat atop Mt. Everest or in the middle of the Sahara Desert. And it was a precarious perch for one who yearned to meet today's demands that a wife be a well-informed, scintillating helpmate to the up-and-coming young husband. Even my children, thanks to Current Events and Social Studies, were better informed than I. (I lost this last vestige of pride when they caught me sneaking into the kitchen with their Weekly Reader hidden beneath my apron—trying to find the answer to their questions.)

Then I was asked to a luncheon honoring the wives of two departing U.N. staff members. All went well until one of the visitors asked me:

"What do you Americans have against the McCarran-Walter Act?"

"Why, I really don't know," I gulped, racking my brain for an intelligent answer. "I suppose it's because it's so unjust."

"Why do you say that?" she persisted.

Naturally I hadn't the slightest idea and sought escape by putting the question to the other ladies present. Without hesitating, each and every one agreed: "I don't know what it is, but I'm against it."

When two Westerners, two Southerners and three Easterners gave such unequivocal opinions about a subject they obviously knew so little about, I faced the bitter truth. Not only was I unqualified to vote, but I had too much company. I decided then and there not to air another political opinion, enter another discussion or cast another vote until I was better informed.

Seeking a source of education, I was amazed to find many opportunities, even in a small community. In addition to adult-education classes held weekly at the high school, there was scarcely a women's organization which didn't offer discussion groups. The League of Women Voters offered ably led courses; and I found discussions in two churches, three reading groups and a garden club. The problem was poor attendance. And inquiries into the causes of absences brought out the inevitable refrain of the four S's—sick children, school-bus schedules, sitter's fees and sheer exhaustion.

In woman-to-woman chats, I found two other categories besides my "first name straight down the line." There was the "I like his looks" (usually because the candidate reminded them of a favorite uncle or their first beau) and the "His name sounded familiar" schools of thought. A friend of my sister's even went so far as to admit that she changed her mind about a candidate the day before elections because he wore a wine-red tie with a pink-striped shirt. Another chose a certain candidate in a bitterly contested race because "he was an Eagle Scout and so was my brother." And one said that regardless of qualifications, she was always for "the underdog."

And we wonder why politicians are always kissing babies! Even Khrushchev knows he can melt a million mothers' hearts by accepting flowers from some curlyheaded little darling. But is this fair to the candidate with true ability but little or no flair for cozy pictures? Is it right to pick a candidate as you would a race horse—because you like his looks or because the odds are eighteen to one against him?

All this boils down to my right—yes, my right—to influence the course of events in my community (or my country) with an X based on anything but knowledge. If I find myself in the majority merely by happenstance, I have not only elected a candidate but I have also shaped policy. For they have only my ballot to go by. Should I, or any woman, use the right to vote because it's part of a heritage? Wouldn't I do a better service if I didn't vote unless I could vote *wisely*?

Sincerely,

ANN MACLEOD

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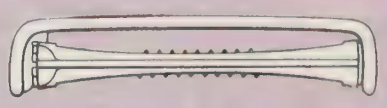
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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
EDITORS

Congress Must Act on Food Additives

In recent years many hundreds of chemical substances have been developed and added to various processed foods to enhance or conserve color, flavor, texture or nutritive quality. The Food and Drug Administration considers most of these additives harmless, or beneficial, to the consumer. Another hundred or so are considered harmless and safe in the amounts now being used.

But about one hundred and fifty other additives to the food we eat are in the "doubtful" class. No one knows their long-range effects on the human body.

There is a law that any drug to be placed on the market must first be tested to the satisfaction of a group of doctors, pharmacologists and chemists on the staff of the Food and Drug Administration. There is *no* law that additives to food must be tested and found safe before they are included in foods and sold. Existing laws are not preventive—they are merely punitive, empowering penalties if any additives that have been proved harmful to humans are used. The Food and Drug Administration lacks the facilities to test adequately the additives that are now being used in the food we eat. To create such a staff would require luring many scientists away from private industry, at great expense to taxpayers.

The Harris Bill, introduced in the last session of Congress, is the most recent legislative attempt to control the use of food additives. Among other provisions, the proposed law would shift to the manufacturer the burden of proving, before marketing, that any substance added to foods is harmless and safe for human consumption. Some substances which appear to be harmless when taken into the body over a short period of time may conceivably cause disease, or death, if consumed even in small amounts over a long period.

The Harris Bill received support from such sources as the Executive Committee of the American Cancer Society and a group of Federal judges. However, other bills were introduced countering several of its provisions. As has happened in every session since the danger was called to congressional attention in 1950, definite action was forestalled.

The JOURNAL, historically an early supporter of the nation's pure food and drug laws, does not claim that the Harris Bill cannot be improved. It does maintain that the American people must not be used like experimental animals. The public has been informed of the possible connection between lung cancer and cigarette smoking. As American Cancer Society officers have said, if individuals choose to take the risk, it is their privilege to do so. But we are given no such choice if possibly harmful substances are added to commonly eaten foods.

Congress should no longer delay passing a bill governing the use of chemical additives in food. Hearings on such a bill are to be resumed before the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. We urge our readers to follow these hearings closely. The bill, as finally drawn, might well be a subject of study by women's groups and all others interested in the public welfare. It should offer no loopholes for carelessness or exploitation.

COLIN SIMKIN COLLECTION



AMERICAN FARM SCENE NO. 4. One of a set of four scenes drawn in 1853 by Fanny Palmer, staff artist for the famous firm of lithographers headed by Nathaniel Currier. The chores which she has portrayed—drawing water, plucking geese and carrying milk to market—dispel any belief that the farmer led a leisurely life in the winter months.

Do American Educators Know What They are Up To?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Two years have passed since there appeared in this space an article entitled The Soviet School Child, reporting on primary and secondary education in the Soviet Union. and venturing the thought that unless American education was made much more demanding than it is the Russians would outstrip us in a generation.

Others, thereafter, called attention to the fact that Russia was annually graduating from higher institutions of learning many thousands more scientists, technicians and masters of other disciplines requiring high intellectual capacities than we. But, in general, these revelations had very limited repercussions.

When, however, Russia launched the first and then the second sputnik, a veritable uproar ensued. It was instantly recognized—not only in America but throughout the world—that in scientific achievement Russia had leaped out in front of the United States in precisely the technological field where America had believed herself to be preeminent. The unheralded demonstration that a nation whose population forty years ago was 70 per cent illiterate could thus catch up with and surpass the most technologically advanced societies in a specific field, with all the implications of probable military superiority in the field of intercontinental guided missiles, spoke more loudly than all the propaganda "Voices." The achievement was called "a worse blow to America than Pearl Harbor."

In the ensuing reaction and the attempts to explain why we had failed to be the first in the field, charges and countercharges were made in a mood of hysterical exaggeration that did little credit to the American mentality. But the issue of the condition of American education could no longer be avoided. It was right there in the middle of everything—and properly so. College presidents and others pointed out that the American people have been spending more on tobacco and alcohol, or more on new and used cars, or more on recreation than on all forms of education combined, implying that all problems could be solved by a more appropriate apportionment of funds.

But more mature-minded critics also realized that the mere upping of school appropriations and teachers' salaries would not, of itself, answer the $64 question of what American education was up to—and why. The question has been asked, and will go on being asked. Anyone, including this layman, who has followed the educational journals and the writings and speeches of professional educators cannot fail to conclude that there is no clear and comprehensible consensus regarding educational purpose.

The Office of Education in the Federal Government has issued a report on Russian education. Belated as we consider it to be, it is well compiled, precise, and finds no difficulty in correctly defining the purpose of Russian education: to train the child and youth to be an obedient, industrious, enthusiastic and highly competent servant of the state, thoroughly prepared to perform the functions required by a state bent on stepping forward as the premier industrial and military power of the world.

One can vehemently disagree—as this writer does—that this *ought* to be the purpose CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

of education. But Russian education is goal-conscious. Because it is goal-conscious, it is succeeding in realizing its aims.

The Office of Education cannot define the purpose of American education in any concrete terms at all. Its purpose, says the report, is "freedom, peace and the fullest development of the individual." One's mind immediately asks, *Whose freedom? What peace?* Is the individual something in and of himself? How, via education, does one attain this so abstractly defined goal? And is it, in fact, the goal?

Two generations ago, it was not difficult to define the purpose of American primary, secondary and university education. That goal was to create a patriotic, responsible American citizen, an industrious, self-reliant and independent person, equipped with the knowledges and skills essential to making his own way in the world at whatever level of activity his talents permitted, and with a character imbued with the Christian virtues.

Whatever the teaching *methods* left to be desired, the goal was clear and there was consensus regarding the means of reaching it: strict discipline and hard work, stimulated by aspiration, inspiration, and *concrete* and rugged ideas about right and wrong.

Contrary to what most people appear to believe today, this education was *not* brain stuffing. At the higher levels, the great teachers of that epoch taught largely by the ancient Socratic (or dialectic) method, which consisted of a debate between teacher and student, with the purpose of encouraging the student to *think* about the correctness or incorrectness of an answer, and to defend his position. To do so he had to be, of course, in possession of indisputable facts. But he was not encouraged to draw pat and foregone conclusions from them.

There is no point high enough that one can say "This is the peak."
JASCHA HEIFETZ

Such education, for the intellectually virile and alert, was an extraordinarily *pleasurable* mental exercise. And it was open only to the mentally alert. It created a real elite of brains and virtue as leaders of this democracy.

A defect of this education was that it was practically (though by no means wholly) closed to young men without economic means. Yet the biographies of great Americans record repeated instances of farm boys and poor people's children who worked their way through secondary schools and "academies," studying at night, saving enough to keep them in the university for a year, leaving and returning again, until finally, equipped with a large experience of life, they graduated "with the highest honors."

And if poverty kept out of the universities all too many eager minds, the curricula and standards also kept out the lazy and mediocre offspring of the rich. It was very hard to enter any first-rate university.

A Bachelor of Arts degree from any reputable college was a testimony that its holder had demonstrated his proficiency in at least one ancient and one modern language, in mathematics through higher algebra and trigonometry, was familiar with the great works of English literature, comprehended the fundamentals of physics and chemistry, could give a reasonably coherent account of the history of Western man, and that he could be counted on to behave as a gentleman.

The basis for this was laid in the primary and secondary schools, which were engaged not in developing "the individual"—whatever that may mean—but in producing morally and mentally capable young men and women.

I am not here advocating a complete restoration of curriculum. But it should be obvious that any education must be coherent to a coherent aim, and that its curricula must be such as to cultivate and improve the thinking processes and its standards such as to improve public and private morality and decorum.

Today a B.A. degree from thousands of colleges is no reliable testimony that its holder commands a vocabulary enabling him to read with comprehension the great literary works in his own language, can correctly spell words in common usage, has any familiarity with higher mathematics or the exact sciences, is in possession of any unified body of knowledge whatever, or has ever learned to think logically about anything. Nor is it any testimony of character. It is increasingly impossible even to describe an *educated* man or woman.

The same—and worse—can be said of the holder of a high-school diploma. Dr. Alfred Whitney Griswold, president of Yale, reports in a recent book, In the University Tradition, on a student seeking entrance to Yale, that of the twelve junior and senior courses the boy had taken in high school, two were in English, one in American history, and the others were typing, speech, chorus, physical education, journalism, personality problems, and marriage and family—an incoherent mishmash. This youth could not get into Yale, but other "colleges" would, no doubt, receive him.

So what becomes of the "fully developed individual"?

But it is challengeable whether the development of the *individual* person is even the aim of American primary and secondary education. A child may enter most primary schools at an age rigidly set by the calendar, without relation to his actual state of development. He is then dog-tagged by the I.Q. test.

Now, I.Q. gradings are very imprecise measures of native ability. They establish a statistically based norm of what a child should be able to do at a certain age, and devise questions to test whether his capacities are under or above that norm. His ability to give correct answers depends partly on native intelligence, partly on acquired knowledge, and partly on nervous and emotional disposition.

These tests can fairly well establish a rating for children mentally deficient on all counts. But they can be dangerous guides in assessing children with outstanding gifts in one direction and a lack of them in others, a phenomenon that often accompanies genius. The twelve-year-old son of a friend was graded 112 ("high average") by a teacher who told his mother, "In some respects your boy has a mental age of five. In others, he has the mental age of a mature man. On balance he is a little brighter than average." Obviously there was nothing "average" about this boy at all. Today, at twenty-two, he is a highly important research worker in an atomic-energy project.

And these I.Q.'s do not register *character* at all. Yet parents of several children have often experienced that though Mary is obviously brighter than John—reads earlier and more fluently, and does her homework with greater ease—John has qualities that sooner or later have helped him to catch up with and even surpass his sister, to whom everything has come so easily.

The fable of the hare and the tortoise is not fabulous.

Educators have always, hitherto, recognized the value of character building, not only as a good in itself but as indispensable for mental development. Nothing of value is accomplished without effort, and the will to effort is sparked by character. But some of our educators today are positively undermining character in children. The "group" idea rules, and the morality of the group is the standard norm. If the sexual standard of the group is loose, then that is "normal" and acceptable, and adolescents who have inhibitions against it are even reprimanded by educational sociologists—see the Purdue University report, already reviewed here, on the American teenager.

If the standards of the group are rudeness to teachers and parents, sloppiness of dress, resistance to even the most reasonable disciplines, then these are accepted as "normal."

But "groups" do not possess a *character*. They have *characteristics*, or "behavior patterns," which are very different from character. Character is decided by inner will and personal conviction. The pressure of the group (like that of all collectives) is to *conform*—and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

New BRILLO soap pads

shine aluminum fast—
give you more free time!



Speed through pot and pan clean-ups, get into the family picture faster

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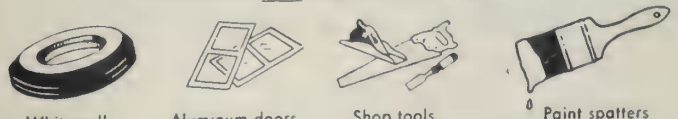
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Brillo Soap Pads (red box) . . . soap-filled metal fiber pads
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

to conform without reason. Strong characters and independent minds always resist such conformity. It is the "tyranny of the crowd"—the tyranny of the mass—that repeatedly, through history, has ended in the tyranny of one man, or a party, leading the strongest crowd and thereafter imposing by force its own "behavior pattern." And it is rife today in many of our public and even private schools.

Against it parents are increasingly helpless. If the "behavior pattern," the "norm," permits sixteen-year-old Mary to go out unchaperoned to an unknown rendezvous, with an adolescent youth her parents have never met, Mary's mother, sleepless until her daughter's return at three A.M., risks her daughter's "isolation" from the group if she "puts her foot down." What mother has not heard the impatient reply "But *all* the kids do it"?

Nothing has had a more horrible effect upon the upbringing of youth than the idea, promulgated by influential schools of psychiatrists, that inhibitions create "traumas." It needs to be said over and over again that *all civilization rests on the cultivation of inhibitions. All else is savagery.* And only in civilization is anyone safe or secure.

Our children and youth do not feel safe or secure because all too often the behavior pattern of the group conflicts with their home and religious training and their individual consciences. The youngster "running with the crowd" knows, or feels, that the crowd behavior is often silly, indecent, ugly, amoral. The very thing the psychoanalysts aim to overcome, the "guilt complex," flourishes, because of this dichotomy.

And if "the group" does not have a character but only character*istics*, neither does it have a mind. Again, it has a "norm," set by the average, which by a law that appears to regulate all collectivities tends to become subaverage. The mentally and morally superior do not leaven the mass, but are absorbed by it. As in Gresham's Law of currency, bad money drives out good, so does bad behavior drive out decorum.

I rise early because no day is long enough for a day's work. JUSTICE BRANDEIS

The mind of the child, furthermore, is put into a strait jacket by the prevailing concept that he must be held with his "age group." Again, an arbitrary or statistically founded "norm" establishes what should be his abilities at seven, nine or twelve, and he is then *cut down* to this level. If, at the age of seven or eight, he is able to read books with a vocabulary of three thousand words or more, he is, in many schools, positively discouraged from doing so—and his parents reprimanded for giving him such books. Writers of school readers and other texts are confronted by "the list"—the age-group vocabulary to which they must confine their works. Doctor Seuss, writer of many best sellers for children, recently reported in the New York Times his struggle with "the list" in attempting to write a nature book that little Orlo might read in the first grade. He originally wanted to write about a rhinoceros, but the rhino wasn't in "the list." He switched to birds, but no birdie was there, either, only bunnies—though "fly" and "wing" were. He decided to call the bird a wing-thing, but found he couldn't get it off the ground and into the sky, neither "ground" nor "sky" being within Orlo's prescribed vocabulary! The account of his attempt would be uproariously funny if the implications were not so grim. "The reason Orlo says 'nuts to books,'" he remarks soberly, "is that practically every book he is able to read is far beneath his intellectual capacity."

This is absolutely true. No other educational system—a bad word to describe anything so unsystematic—takes so pessimistic a view of the child as the American. (The Russian takes a perhaps exaggeratedly optimistic one, but it recognizes, as does every other real *system*, that bringing *up* a child is preferable to holding him down.)

In the more "modern" schools, children are not encouraged or allowed to skip grades. Striving for good marks is discouraged as "antisocial." The superior child gives his contemporaries "inferiority complexes," they argue, and the desire to excel should not be encouraged.

What are these theorists talking about?

Is the desire to achieve excellence, to be perfect, due only, as they seem to think, to a wish to lord it over one's fellows? It is, in fact, one of the highest human motives. Without this passion for excellence no great book, or work of art, or scientific discovery, or religious insight would ever come to life. And who can best serve and lead this democracy but the *excellent?*

They also argue that acceleration is bad physiologically. "It has almost completely fallen from grace," an educational journal reports, "because it fails to consider the whole child." "The child cannot," it is argued, "be moved ahead of a grade without losing social status and reduction of opportunity to develop physical and other skills. It makes the accelerated into snobs . . . it is an experience of defeat for others." But does acceleration of children according to their demonstrated abilities produce these evil effects?

The article I have just quoted from, after setting forth the prevailing theory, denies that there is any serious evidence to support it. The Brookline, Massachusetts, public schools admit all educable children to kindergarten at four years and nine months, and younger ones after physical and psychological examination, and thereafter permit them to advance according to their abilities. In comparing these younger, "accelerated" children with others, it has found that "underage" boys excelled the others by a 2-to-1 ratio and girls by a 5-to-3 in academic achievement. But they also excelled in sports and extracurricular activities. They were popular. The picture of the little "egghead," of overgrown cranium and feeble limbs, is just not true. The child of superior brain is usually taller, stronger and handsomer than the average. The view of the superior child as a "snob" is inverted snobbery of the worst kind. If it is an injury to a child to demand of him what is beyond his mental and physical powers, it is a double injury, to the child and society, to diminish his powers and demean him for possessing them. It is a crime against nature—perhaps the worst crime—for which this nation and society will, if it goes on, inevitably pay—not only with its "world leadership," but eventually with its liberties. Don't even educators (or education*ists*) know anything of human history?

But if the little Orlos can't read beyond a pitiful vocabulary, if even "average" children are kept below their powers, what are we to think of the views of another educator, Dr. A. J. Stoddard?

In a speech before the Kansas State Teachers' Association in November he was reported as saying:

"The teaching of reading should be revised. It is necessary to teach the child to read entire sentences or even paragraphs at a single glance. We no longer have time to spend hours reading."

So now, suddenly, little Orlo must *be taught* to read whole paragraphs at a glance! I would like to know how he is to be taught an accomplishment that comes only as the result of much reading, consuming much time. Little Orlo has been "taught" to recognize single words at a glance without reference to their letters or sound. So he can't spell. What little Orlo needs is more respect for his mental capacities, a more thorough initial training, and a stimulation of his desire to read by literature worth reading. No *child* can read a paragraph at a glance, and few adults can do so and know what they are reading.

I have been an omnivorous reader since the age of seven, and am a rapid reader, at some levels, and of matter—such as newspaper reports—with which I am already familiar. Headlines, the opening word of a paragraph, will suggest a content that I already anticipate. But if I am reading a closely argued book, introducing me to new knowledges and ideas,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139

Cold tomorrow?



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That's "Cream of Wheat" weather.

Guard your family with hot "Cream of Wheat"



A nourishing hot cereal containing protective vitamins and minerals



They were locked
in the scientists' safe—
and not until the testing was over was
their meaning revealed

The Secret Codes That Held The Key To Fewer Cavities

BY MARGUERITE HIGGINS
Noted Journalist and Pulitzer Prize Winner

PEOPLE in Bloomington, Indiana, are still talking about the recent series of toothpaste tests held there—and the air of mystery which surrounded them.

Thousands of grownups and children brushed with one of two unknown toothpastes, marked solely with code letters such as "B" and "C." Not even the scientists running the tests knew the secret of the codes. For the codes were locked in a safe—not to be opened until the tests were over.

Over a 4-year period, the townspeople brushed away—and at regular intervals, the scientists examined their teeth for new cavities, and recorded the results.

When the tests were over, the safe was opened. Here are the exciting facts the codes revealed:

One of the toothpastes was ordinary toothpaste. But the other was a new *stannous fluoride* toothpaste—now called Crest.

And for grownups and children both, Crest prevented almost half of all new decay, on the average, compared with ordinary toothpaste.

In one test, for instance, children who brushed with Crest had 49% fewer new cavities.

In another test, with adults, Crest prevented 42% of all cavities.

I asked dental scientists how Crest made possible these striking results.

They explained that Crest, with its special fluoride formula, Fluoristan, strengthened "soft spots" on teeth, areas where decay often gets started, and stopped them from turning into cavities.

Indeed, because of Crest, many people have had *no new cavities* at all between dental check-ups. This is the delightful event dramatized by Norman Rockwell on the opposite page.

Yes, I think we all hold the key to a lifetime of fewer cavities—with Crest Toothpaste.



GROWNUPS AND CHILDREN get their supply of toothpaste in the tests at Bloomington, Indiana. Results of the 4-year series of tests showed that Crest prevented almost half of all new decay, compared with ordinary toothpaste.

A DENTAL HEALTH MESSAGE FROM PROCTER & GAMBLE, MAKERS OF CREST TOOTHPASTE



Norman Rockwell

"Look, Mom—no cavities!"

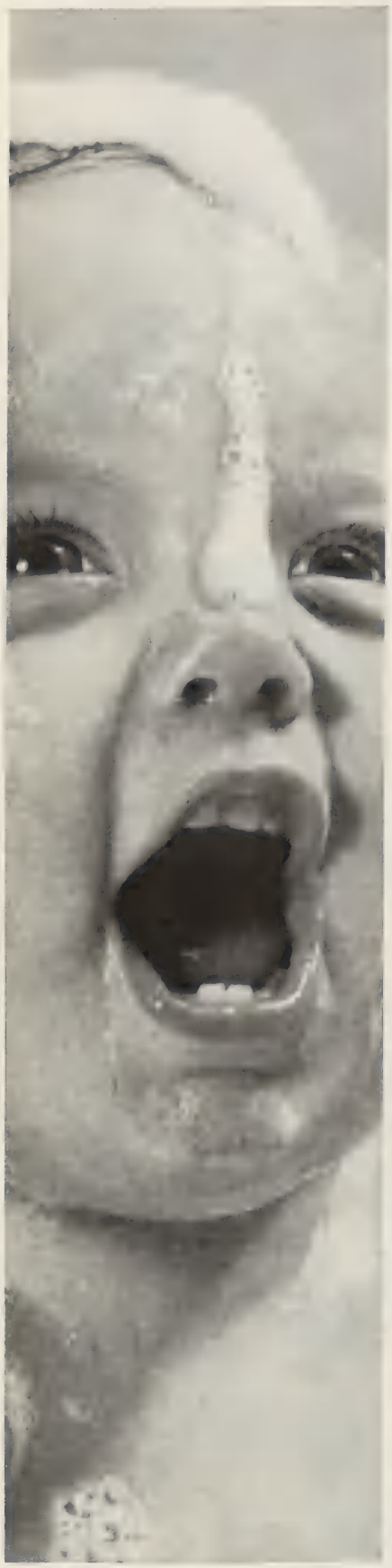
Crest Toothpaste stops soft spots from turning into cavities—means far less decay for grownups and children. And Crest freshens your mouth—sweetens your breath.



COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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Leaves hair silky-soft, easy to comb.



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BABY
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MOTHERS NEED A BREAK

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

DI PIETRO



Most mothers feel frustrated at times by constant demands of children, the confinement.



DR. SPOCK

"I refuse to believe we can't find ways to give mothers adult companionship, fun and stimulation."

Women confess that one of the toughest aspects of becoming a mother is the sense of loss of freedom. I wonder if this is more accentuated in America than anywhere else in the world. Our adolescent girls are allowed to roam with their group or go on dates in a way that is quite startling to many Europeans. By the time they are finishing high school they make important decisions on their own. Many choose to go to college, but this means independence and meeting the world as much as it means studying. After school or college there is, in theory, a wide-open choice between career and marriage, or some combination of both. Perhaps this gives them an illusion of freedom which is not conceivable to their brothers, for whom a lifelong job is inevitable, or to women in many parts of the world, for whom one role is more or less decreed. When American women do go to work, they don't have to think of this as a commitment for life, as long as they envisage the possibility of marriage. The job itself seems like a means to freedom because the wages provide independence from parents' authority and perhaps a place to live away from home. A job after marriage retains an element of free choice in it.

In all these stages there's always an escape hatch in the mind's eye.

When the first baby comes, the escape hatch seems to bang shut for an indefinite period. In motherhood there is no quitting. Vacations are not usually vacations at all. There is no salary. There are no promotions. The mothers with the most children have, on the average, the least time off, the fewest luxuries, the rarest distractions.

Of course American women aren't forced or abducted into marriage and child rearing. In fact, most of the unmarried girls spend a good deal of time dreaming about how to be rid of their freedom. And this isn't because grass always looks greener in the other pasture. Most basically it's because each of us who has grown up as a child, loved by a good mother and father, wants to become a loving mother or father more than anything else in the world. It's the desire to be like her mother that makes a girl want to learn to play pat-a-cake before a year, say words and stir with a spoon before she's two, play house and play with dolls every day until she's six or eight, then be a student for twelve or more years. It's the same almost irresistible force that leads her into the right marriage and the planning for children of her own. Otherwise there would be no real marriages and there would be no wish for children. What I mean is that there are no practical or selfish reasons for having a spouse or a child, as any confirmed bachelor or spinster can prove in five minutes.

But the fact that most of us would rather be married and have children than anything else in the world doesn't alter the fact that many women feel moments of panic and regret when the first child is on the way, and often again when each additional child comes.

But from what I've read and seen in pictures about civilizations that are simpler than ours—in the South Seas or in Africa, for instance—I imagine the transition to motherhood does not involve the renunciation that's involved in ours. In the first place, child care often begins at four or five years of age when a girl has a younger brother or sister entrusted to her. She continues to be chiefly a mother's helper through the rest of childhood—caring for children, preparing food, making clothing, if any. There is no school or college to distract her from life as it is lived, or to offer tantalizing choices. (Similarly, boys and men do the same job—usually procuring food—from childhood to old age.) This may sound a bit monotonous to us. But I doubt that learning to do things the adults do—which takes years in any civilization—is ever unexciting to children.

So the woman in a simple society does not have to change her activities or give up any cherished dreams when she marries and has a child. She does the same work that she did before, but in a much more satisfying way because it is her own baby she's taking care of, rather than her relatives', her own husband and children she's cooking and making clothing for.

Another aspect of the deprivation that many American women feel with the coming of children is the relative isolation from other adults for so many hours of the day. I remember the remark of a very busy young mother who participated in a symposium conducted by the JOURNAL a while ago who said that she looked forward to a trip to market as a gay social event.

This sense of isolation varies a great deal in individuals. Mothers who are able to identify with their young children, and see life through their eyes, find it fascinating even for long periods. Women who have worked for a number of years and loved not only the job but the companionship of it often find children quite limited as company.

In the kinds of communities and in the climates most of us live in, a mother has to stay in her house a major part of the day because of the endless jobs she has to do there. And unless there is also a safe and satisfying back yard which she can survey while she works, she may feel that it's better to keep the young children indoors.

The woman who chafes at the monotony of child rearing (and I'm assuming that most mothers do at times) is really beset from two directions: the separation from adult companions, and being bottled up with the continual demands of the children. I don't think Nature ever intended the association to be quite so exclusive. During the evolution of our species I suspect that woman was designed with the expectation that she would have the company of adults as well as of children for most of the day.

In many simple societies the huts are not far apart or self-contained. They are huddled together and they are mainly for sleeping and storage. The walls and doorways are easy to talk through. Often the cooking is done outdoors, and the washing and weaving too. Pictures of villages show many women doing their job together in a central clearing, surrounded by swarms of children. Obviously in such an existence having children doesn't cut you off from social life, it makes you a full-fledged member of it.

When I listen to women who, despite genuine love for their children, confess a constant gnawing frustration in motherhood, I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

BRINGING UP BABY®

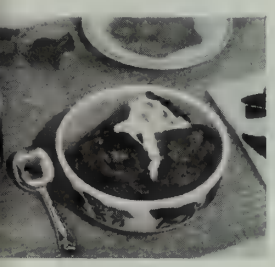
Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, mother of five...



WALK TALK

Many a parent is tempted to hurry baby into walking. (Especially if the little fellow down the block has taken that first step.) But to urge baby when he's not physically or mentally ready may slow up his desire to walk. Good to remember, that when mind, body and spirit are ready baby will strike out for himself and you won't be able to hold that live-wire down.

BAKED POTATO SPECIAL



Taste surprise for your toddler. Mix any Gerber Junior Meat with mashed, baked potato. Refill shells and bake until brown. Absolutely scrumptious!

P.S. Gerber Meats for Babies are prepared with the exacting care you'd expect from two great specialists — Gerber and Armour. Made from selected Armour cuts, they're specially processed to remove most of the fat and tissue and to preserve precious food values. ARMOUR

DRESS REVIEW

Taking that toddler to market with you? Try to remember to un-zip that snowsuit or coat while you're in the market. Overheating can lead to quick chilling when baby gets back in the big outdoors.

TACTICS FOR TODDLERS



The moods of a toddler are unpredictable, to say the least. There's a declaration of independence one minute . . . a heart-felt plea for help the next. As baby's first teacher, it's up to you to decide when to guide and when to let baby go it alone. Takes a bit of doing, but with patience you'll soon learn which lead to take to help your child develop confidence . . . an important factor in learning new skills.

FEATURE OF THE MONTH

Here's something your toddler will love. A different tasting cereal with a big nutritional bonus. Gerber High Protein Cereal has a toasted, nut-like flavor . . . and a 35% protein content derived from oats, wheat, soybeans and yeast. Like all Gerber Cereals, it's vitamin-and-mineral enriched and ready to serve with milk or other liquids.



Babies are our business... our only business!

MENU THRILLS FOR JACKS 'N JILLS

Junior Jacks 'n Jills, that is! Yes, Toddler menus take on special magic when you serve Gerber Junior Foods. For they have the good-tasting, "grown-up" flavors that are just right for the more educated taste buds of toddlers. And they have the tender, evenly minced texture that encourages chewing . . . helps baby make the transition from strained to regular family table foods. Over 35 varieties including soups, fruits, vegetables, special dinners, meats, desserts and egg yolks.



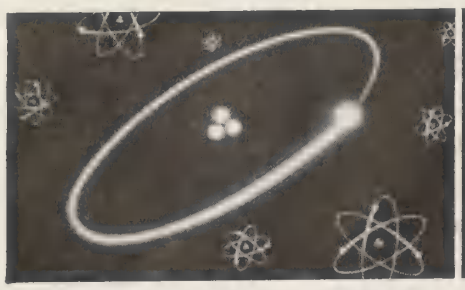
Newest menu thrills: Gerber's Junior High Meat Dinners are exceptionally flavorful and extra nourishing because they have 3 times as much meat as regular vegetable and meat combinations. 3 savory varieties.

for Jacks 'n Jills

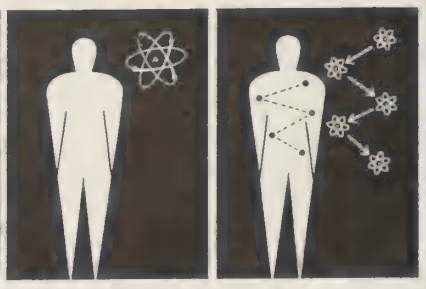
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FREMONT, MICHIGAN

5 CEREALS · OVER 80 STRAINED & JUNIOR FOODS, INCLUDING MEA



This is a peaceful atom working for human health. Its job is to trace how medicines act in the body—where they go, how fast, what they do.



Scientists used this atom in animal laboratory tests on many colds medications—found VapoRub acts faster, hours longer!

New light on colds...

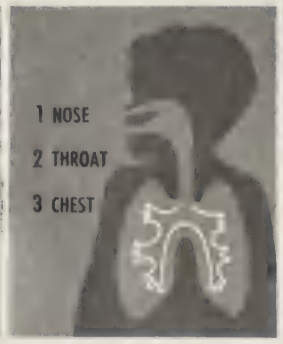
ATOM TRACER TESTS

prove VICKS VAPORUB

acts faster, longer than aspirin or any cold tablet



When your child has a cold, rub VapoRub over the area of lungs and heart, throat, back and neck. Acts fast!



No other type of treatment relieves all 3 cold areas... nose, throat, chest...all at once; no internal dosing.



VapoRub's medicated vapors relieve throat, head, cough, bronchial congestion. Your child feels good again fast.

While aspirin and cold tablets are still in your stomach...Vicks VapoRub is already treating nose, throat, bronchial area—and keeps bringing relief for hours after tablets have stopped working.

Now—from the laboratories of atomic medicine comes *new proof* of a more effective way you can get relief from miseries of colds.

For scientists have used atom tracer tests to check the action of colds medications—and found that Vicks VapoRub acts faster, longer than aspirin or any cold tablet.

No other type of colds medication treats all 3 cold areas—nose, throat, chest—all at once for hours—without internal dosing.

So it's no wonder that more mothers throughout the world depend on Vicks VapoRub than any other colds medication. Why don't you turn to VapoRub too? Enjoy the fast relief—the peace of mind—VapoRub can bring.



Grown-ups and elderly people throughout the world also prefer VapoRub. It acts faster, works longer than aspirin or cold tablets.



VICKS VAPORUB

World's most widely used colds medication

...as a rub...in steam...in the nose

"Vicks" and "VapoRub" are registered trademarks of the Vick Chemical Co., Greensboro, N. C.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

keep thinking of the ways other mothers now find adult companionship; and I wonder whether there aren't, in addition, some bold experiments we could be trying that might further lessen these feelings of isolation and confinement.

I think myself that we should scrutinize carefully the kind of expectations and ideals that are engendered in young people in school and college, to see whether they inadvertently contribute to later frustration—but that will take several discussions some other time. Today let's talk about community resources for the woman who has already finished her formal education and who already has her children.

Nursery school comes to mind first of all, but there are several limitations. There aren't enough good ones. They don't exist at all in many communities. They are too expensive for many parents. These obstacles have been lessened in some parts of the country by the development of co-operative nursery schools in which the mothers take turns assisting a trained teacher.

TRY THE "Y"

The woman whose life is bounded by children and chores may find help in the Y.W.C.A. program for young wives and mothers, which offers her one day a week of her own. She and other Y.W.-Wives can leave their children in the Y.W.C.A. nursery to play, eat and nap under supervised care. Meanwhile the mothers relax and enjoy themselves in a program of their own choosing: sports, health, arts and crafts, education classes, and public-affairs groups. "The Y.W.C.A. has opened new doors for me," says one mother. "I've started caring about my looks and my figure again, I'm getting to know my neighbors and taking part in community affairs, and I'm healthier and happier. I think I'm a better wife and mother—and a better citizen."

We should admit immediately that the pioneering nursery educators didn't conceive of these schools as a means of relieving oppressed mothers. They wanted to provide young children with ideal surroundings—that would make up for any limitations of space, equipment and companionship that they might have at home—so that they could mature optimally. They wanted to be able to help parents see the potentialities in children so that parents could do a good job at home. Nursery educators have hotly denied the criticism of some religious leaders that nursery schools encourage mothers to shed responsibility. I agree with the teachers. The mothers I've known in good schools were obviously making a sacrifice for their children's benefit and learned a lot themselves. There are probably a few mothers who think of a nursery school or a day nursery as a place to drop a child off while they themselves do something more enjoyable, but they were that way before—they were never made that way by a good school. Besides, it's not a bad idea for a neglected child to be well cared for a few hours a day.

I think it's fine when a devoted yet frustrated mother enters her child in nursery school, not only for his sake, but also because she senses that she will be able to be a better mother to him if he isn't under her heels for a couple of hours each day.

When we lived in New York and our children were young, my wife, Jane, took them to Central Park every morning and afternoon, and so did thousands of other mothers, including those who consulted me as a pediatrician. They chose their apartments with the park in mind and walked half a mile if necessary. They combined fresh air and com-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

It's easy to care for Baby with Port-a-crib.

THE DROP-SIDE PORTABLE CRIB THAT'S A PLAY PEN TOO!



Port-a-crib, the original portable crib, is the popular, modern baby bed that converts quickly into a play pen. Sets up in autos; rolls through doorways without folding; folds to 6" width for easy storage. Port-a-crib raises 6½" higher than normal cribs to take the "back-break" out of caring for baby.

Grandmothers: Have a Port-a-crib ready when little visitors call. They're wonderful maternity gifts, too! At better stores everywhere.

$32.95 As low as **including mattress**

Form-fitted sheets and bumper guards available

Write for free folder and name of nearest dealer. ▶ **Port-a-crib INC.**

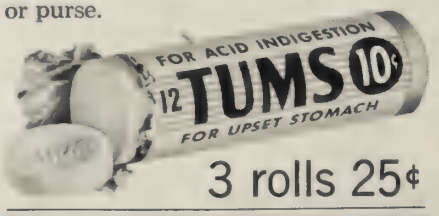
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*T. M. REG.

MOTHER

to be?

If you're bothered by heartburn and acid indigestion, try Tums. Tums gives total relief from excess stomach acids in just 4 seconds—and they're high in calcium. Convenient to carry in pocket or purse.



3 rolls 25¢

Wanted: You!

IF YOU want extra money and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal card. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that card today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

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WIN $20,000 or $200 a month for 10 YEARS!

A FIRST PRIZE THE WAY YOU WANT IT

653 prizes worth $50,000

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1958 Plymouth CUSTOM SUBURBAN—4-DOOR
6-passenger V-8; radio, heater & PowerFlite

50 Third Prizes



Four-Speaker New Orthophonic
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AM and FM RADIO Model Mark III

100 Fourth Prizes



POCKET-SIZE RCA VICTOR SIX TRANSISTOR RADIO
Nonbreakable Case Model 9BT9

500 FIFTH PRIZES—*De Luxe*

Cedar-Shaving-Filled Dog Mattress (22" x 28")

$12,000 in BONUS PRIZES!



SEND IN THIS WEIGHT CIRCLE

Each winner (except fifth-prize awards) will be given an *extra bonus prize* if weight circle included with his entry is from 25-lb. economy size of New Purina Dog Chow. Look at the extra cash you can win.

First Prize—Extra $5,000
2 Second Prizes—Extra $1,000 each
50 Third Prizes—Extra $50 each
100 Fourth Prizes—Extra $25 each

The "Eager Eater" Dog Food!

New Purina Dog Chow's "WHAT'S MY NAME" CONTEST

IT'S EASY, FUN TO ENTER! Identify these famous dogs, then complete jingle. There are clues to help you.

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK. Clip along dotted line.



START NOW! HERE ARE THE CLUES!

HOW TO WIN—From this list, select nine clues that accurately identify the nine famous dogs. Write correct number for each dog in circle in lower right corner of each dog's picture.

EXAMPLE—No. 12 clue, "Purina Dog," is correct for dog at lower right corner. We have written in "12" to identify this dog. Now you write in correct numbers to identify remaining dogs.

1. SANDY—Orphan Annie's best buddy.
2. MASCOT—Famous Ivy League university.
3. CHAMPION SHIRKHAN OF GRANDEUR—This Afghan won highest honors at Madison Square Garden in 1957.
4. FLUSH—Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Cocker Spaniel.
5. SNOOPY—A comic pal of Charlie Brown's.
6. RCA VICTOR DOG—"Masterful" trademark.
7. SENOR DOG—Gordo's sidekick on the funny page.
8. GREYHOUND DOG—He runs from coast to coast.
9. CLEO—Noted television humorist.
10. FALA—This Scottie lived in White House many years.
11. ARGUS—Ulysses' famous hound.
12. PURINA DOG—Seen on TV for Purina Dog Chow.

Now complete your entry, following these EASY CONTEST RULES

1. Write in correct numbers to identify dogs; complete the jingle, rhyming last word with "V." Print or write plainly. Use entry blank in this ad, or pick up an entry blank at your local grocer or Purina feed dealer, or use a plain piece of paper, tracing the dog pictures.
2. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by weight circle (2¼, 5, 10 or 25 lbs.) printed on the upper front of any package of New Purina Dog Chow, or facsimile. The weight circle is merely to show proof of purchase. Judges' decision will NOT be influenced in any way by *amount* of pounds shown on weight circle. To qualify for bonus prizes, contestants must enclose a 25-lb. weight circle and indicate on entry blank.
3. Mail to: Dog Chow, P. O. Box 5069, Chicago 77, Illinois. Entries must be postmarked by midnight, Mar. 31, and received by midnight, Apr. 15, 1958.
4. Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on: (a) correct identification of dog pictures, and then, in case of ties, (b) originality of thought, sincerity and aptness of expression for last line of jingle. Elaborate entries are not a factor. Judges' decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Only one prize to a person. No entries returned. All entries and ideas become property of Ralston Purina Company.
5. Winners will be notified by mail. Prize winner lists available May 15 to anyone enclosing self-addressed envelope.
6. Any resident of Continental United States may enter contest except employees (and their immediate families) of Ralston Purina Company, its feed dealers, and its advertising agencies. Contest subject to federal, state, and local regulations. Dog pictures and various marks are used with permission of their owners.

Now complete this jingle about the Purina Dog:

"Every dog has his claim to fame,
You won't find two that are quite the same;
Purina stars this one on TV,
.....

SAMPLE—*"A real eager eater, tune in and see."*

(Please print name and address clearly)

DOG CHOW, BOX 5069, Chicago 77, Ill.

I've identified each dog from the clues and completed the jingle. Attached is weight circle from a package of New Purina Dog Chow.

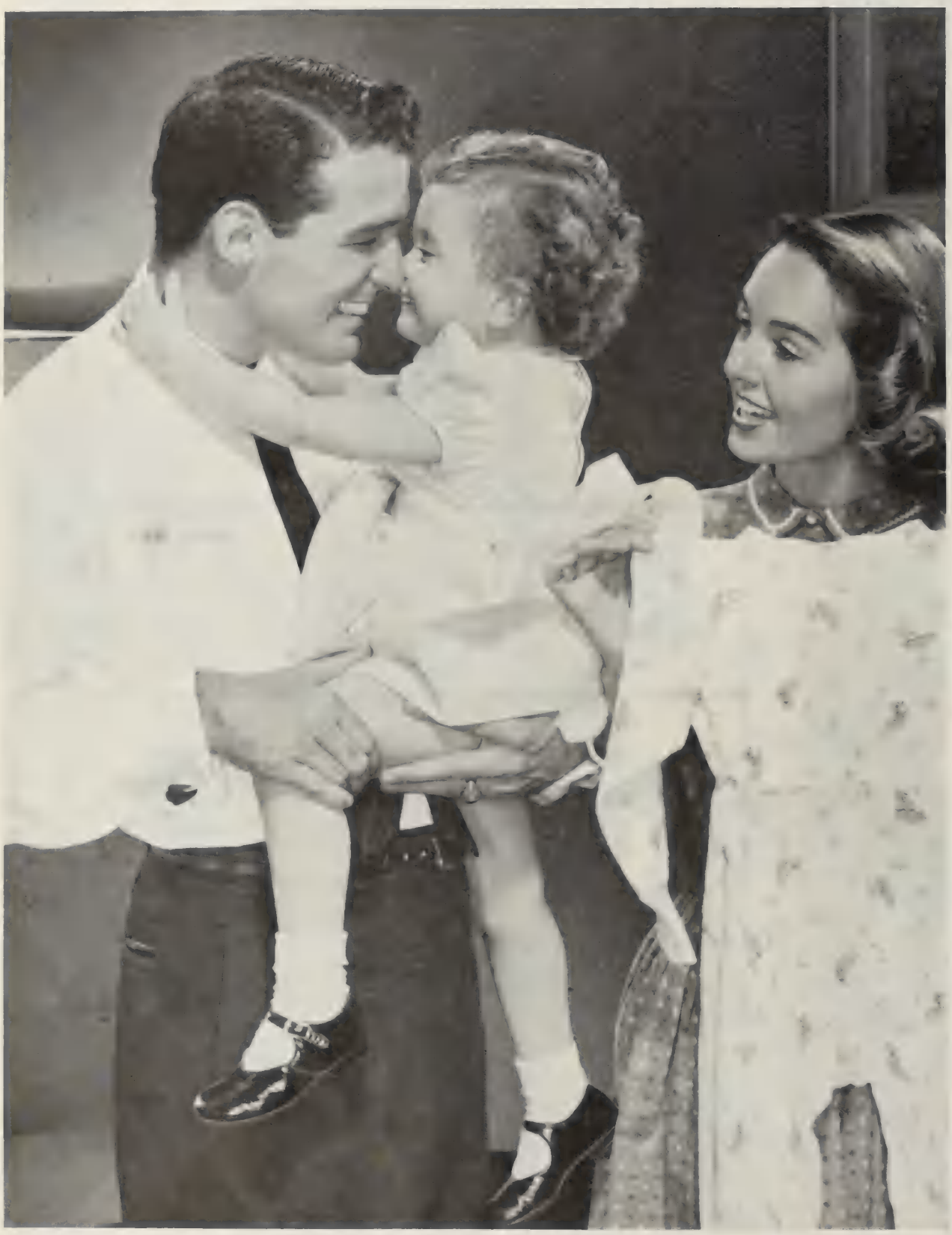
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... *ZONE*.... *STATE*....

If enclosing bonus 25-lb. weight circle, check here. ☐

You get a Cleaner Wash with CLOROX®





Whitest and Brightest!

When you add Clorox to your washday suds, you're adding extra cleanliness to your wash. White cotton, linen, nylon and rayon come out extra white...color-fast cotton and linen come out extra bright. Clorox does a better job of bleaching and stain removing than any other type of laundering product. That's why the cleanest wash you can get is a wash that's Clorox-clean!



Safest for Health!

Clorox adds extra health protection, too! For Clorox is a more efficient germ killer than any other bleach ...any other laundering product! It's a good health habit to disinfect your wash with Clorox every time!

KEEP AN EXTRA BOTTLE HANDY FOR HOUSE CLEANING!



CLOROX®

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WHEN DISASTER STRIKES, YOU ARE THERE—

With the American Red Cross



JACK SHERE

When Hurricane Audrey struck Louisiana, its victims streamed to Red Cross shelters. In a converted schoolroom, volunteer Mrs. Carmen Cheramie cares for injured Mrs. Louis Cole, mother of three, whose home was demolished.

Volunteers at Work

By MARGARET HICKEY

Whenever and wherever local disaster strikes, Red Cross volunteers rush to the aid of the stricken. They care for the injured, feed and shelter the hungry and homeless, comfort the fearful. When individual disaster befalls, too, the Red Cross volunteer is there—bringing cheer to a sick child, a lonely mental patient or aged shut-in.

This willingness to help others in time of misfortune is a tradition found in the thrilling life stories of nurses, beginning with Florence Nightingale and carried on by Clara Barton, Elizabeth Blackwell, Jane Delano. Today some 5600 nurse's-aide volunteers follow in their footsteps.

- In Texarkana, Arkansas, for example, Mrs. R. O. Mitchell and Mrs. Herbert Green since 1956 have worked at the maternity clinic for indigent pregnant women held every Thursday at St. Michael's Hospital. They are among some 10 Red Cross aides on duty, helping register patients, taking temperatures, pulse and respiration, weight—all friendly, efficient members of the important medical team that assures good professional care for mothers who otherwise would be unable to afford it.

- In Greensboro, North Carolina, Mrs. Joseph Hamilton and 15 other aides give some 800 hours of service at the public-health clinic in a year. During the general clinic one day a week the aides take medical histories, help prepare and reassure patients awaiting examination and assist the doctor with routine procedures; provide transportation when necessary.

- In Palo Alto, California, Mrs. Stanley Hiller, Jr., directs a corps of 20 aides at Stanford Convalescent Home for children. Tailored and crisp in their blue-and-white uniforms, the aides are always alert to changes in the health of the little patients. They help apply bandages, assist the technicians in the physical-therapy department. Fourteen of them have learned to use the electrocardiograph. They sit in on doctors' conferences on patients about to be discharged, then visit the family so that necessary home care may be arranged. But their first duty to these children away from their homes is to provide special attention and affection. A small child, the aides have found, eats more happily if held on a motherly lap at mealtime. And treatment is never so fearsome when a nurse's aide—who has two children of her own at home—is sitting alongside reading or telling a story.

These are just a few examples of the work women, all trained in the basic Red Cross nurse's-aide course, are performing without pay. The director of Stanford Home, who had never used aides before 1955 when he sent an SOS to the Red Cross, is no exception when he says now, "We wish we had many more like them." END

"There isn't food enough for a rabbit to eat," Clara Barton reported after the Michigan forest fire of 1881, "and, indeed, no rabbit to eat it if there were." The fire had raged for days, sweeping before it all living things. Nothing remained but black ruin, but over this the flag of the American Red Cross, founded by the indomitable Clara, signaled disaster relief for the first time in the United States.

At dawn on the day after Hurricane Audrey struck the Louisiana gulf coast, the Offshore Lafourche, a rescue ship bearing the first 400 refugees from Cameron, moved quietly into port at the Lake Charles city docks. Muffled sounds drifted shoreward in the slight breeze; a child crying, and these words were heard: "Gone—everything's gone." Then silence—the strained silence of exhausted and shocked people.

Screaming with wind velocities of more than 100 miles per hour, Hurricane Audrey spun over the Gulf of Mexico and propelled across the coastal lowlands of Western Louisiana a thundering wall of water. Crashing against the oak-bearing ridges fronting the gulf, the water broke in crests twenty feet high, cracked houses into splintered sticks, crushed life and scattered debris, house furnishings and livestock over many square miles of marshland.

Most of the survivors had lost everything they owned; many had lost those they loved. Faces were expressionless; eyes stared blankly ahead, not yet able to show hope. When they reached Red Cross shelters in Lake Charles, 59 miles from Cameron, they had little to say. Their first questions were: "Have you seen my husband . . . my wife . . . my mother . . . my baby?" Red Cross workers heard refugees whisper repeatedly, "Gone—gone; everything's gone. There is nothing ——"

The face of disaster is the same today as it was in Clara Barton's day—it is an ugly face, terrifying, destroying in moments the work of lifetimes, leaving after it great wounds in the land, in communities and in the human heart.

In Louisiana the Red Cross was on the job as it has been in every time of disaster anywhere in the United States since 1881. In its first 75 years, the Red Cross participated in 6000 disaster operations, giving assistance at a cost of more than $200,000,000—some of them *your* dollars, if you contributed.

Unprecedentedly costly disasters in recent years have imposed a severe strain on Red Cross finances. Clara Barton's first disaster-relief operation in Michigan cost $80,000. After the eastern states floods in 1955, the Red Cross spent $18,000,000 to help 14,961 families in six states. Assistance to victims of floods in the western states in December of that year cost eight and one half million dollars. Disaster preparedness and relief expenditures for 1955–56 totaled $32,743,319.

On the day of crisis in Lake Charles, everyone in town in a position to do so served selflessly, as did members of the armed forces, civilian defense, the Salvation Army and many other organizations, both governmental and private. Thousands jammed the telephone lines to offer their services or donations. "We had used clothing coming out of our ears," said Alcée Maxfield, chairman of the Calcasieu-Cameron chapter of Red Cross.

But only the Red Cross chapter had a nucleus of trained volunteers and a disaster-preparedness plan ready to put into action. The chapter's disaster organization was mobilized the day before the storm; the chapter house became a frenetic hive, the center of emergency-relief direction. Even before the heavy winds subsided, professional Red Cross workers, veterans of many disaster operations, had arrived and dropped into places beside the volunteers. Under the direction of Don Stout, Hurricane Audrey disaster headquarters were established in a vacated church building in Lake Charles, and Red Cross caseworkers began to plan long-term assistance to the homeless families.

Immediate assistance after a disaster—food, clothing, shelter and medical care for the stricken families—is dramatic, often heroic, and it is well known. But only twenty cents or less of each Red Cross disaster-relief dollar is spent for such help. The big expenditure is for long-term assistance, helping to restore the capacity of the family to reach and maintain its predisaster way of living. Eighty cents or more of each Red Cross disaster-relief dollar goes for this purpose, and it is all an outright gift of the American people. Nothing is sold or loaned.

After the storm in Louisiana, 27,000 persons from the Cameron and Calcasieu parishes used the Red Cross shelters set up in school buildings. Thirty thousand meals were served during CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

NEW IDEA! Add flavor to your with KRAFT

Use them as ingredients



Heavenly Peach Angel Food Cake

1 9- or 10-inch angel food cake
2 12-oz. jars Kraft Pure Peach Preserves
1 cup heavy cream, whipped and sweetened

Slice the cake crosswise to make two layers. Spread half of the preserves between the layers and the remaining preserves on top. Frost the sides of the cake with the whipped cream.

favorite foods Jellies and Preserves!

to add true flavor of fresh-picked fruit, captured the special KRAFT way!

New Kraft Jellies and Preserves are the ones to use—because they're made to be extra flavorful. Even when Grandma made her wonderful jelly, much of the good fruit flavor boiled away. But Kraft makes jellies and preserves a new, flavor-saving way. They're "cool-cooked" . . . at temperatures 'way below boiling . . . to keep the flavor and color of the fresh-picked fruit! Doesn't using new Kraft Jellies and Preserves as ingredients sound delicious, and easy? Try it!



❶ Strawberry Upside-Down Biscuits



❸ Minted Broiled Peaches



❷ "Philly" Pineapple Pie



❹ Double Treat Sandwiches

❶ Strawberry Upside-Down Biscuits

Parkay Margarine
Kraft Pure Strawberry Preserves
1 pkg. Ballard or Pillsbury Biscuits

Grease 10 large muffin cups generously with margarine. Place 1 tablespoon preserves in each cup. Cover with a biscuit and bake in hot oven, 475°, for 8 to 10 minutes. Turn out upside-down immediately. Yield: 10 biscuits

❷ "Philly" Pineapple Pie

1 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 12-oz. jar Kraft Pure Pineapple Preserves
1 9-inch unbaked pastry shell
¼ cup chopped pecans

Place cheese in bowl; cream it until soft and smooth. Slowly blend in sugar and salt. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly. Blend in milk and vanilla. Spread preserves over bottom of pastry shell. Pour in cream cheese mixture; sprinkle with pecans. Bake in hot oven, 400°, 10 minutes, then reduce heat to slow oven, 325° bake additional 50 minutes. Cool before serving.

❸ Minted Broiled Peaches

Canned peach halves, drained
Kraft Parkay Margarine, melted
Kraft Mint Apple Jelly
Roast leg of lamb

Place peach halves, cut side up, on broiler rack. Brush with melted margarine. Broil a few minutes until lightly browned. Fill each peach half with jelly. Serve as a garnish with the roast lamb.

❹ Double Treat Sandwiches

White bread, sliced, crusts trimmed
Parkay Margarine
Peanut butter
Kraft Pure Grape Jelly

Spread the bread with margarine. Lightly score the margarine to divide the bread into four squares. Spread the peanut butter on two opposite squares. Spread the remaining squares with jelly.

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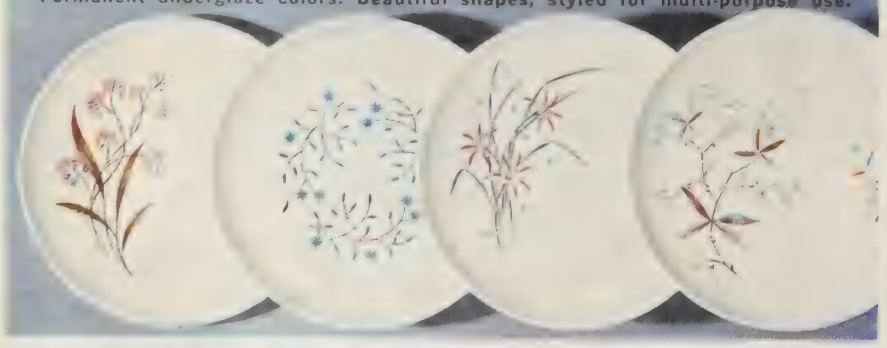
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

the first twenty-four hours of the emergency. The terrible job of retrieving and identifying the dead, and locating relatives, began. Before the storm, the population of Cameron Parish was 6244. When it was possible to list deaths and damage, the appalling total was 369 persons dead, 40,000 head of cattle missing, 1200 homes and 1000 other buildings destroyed in Cameron Parish alone. ("Parish" is the Louisiana word for county; the hurricane did some damage in nineteen other parishes in Louisiana and in four counties in Texas.)

The disaster didn't end when the news faded from the front-page headlines. When the debris was partially cleared away, the major work began—rebuilding an entire community.

In Lake Charles the center of rehabilitation direction was transferred from the chapter house to disaster-relief headquarters. To this center, and other interviewing stations set up at Cameron, Creole and Grand Chenier, disaster victims came to discuss the varied problems of their rehabilitation. Young and old, large families, single persons, all needing help. They talked with experienced Red Cross social workers who knew how to evaluate what they had left, the amount of insurance due them, how much money they could safely borrow, how much Red Cross should give them in direct aid.

"If we could just get the roof fixed" . . . "My boat—it's three miles from water" . . . "I can rebuild most of the house myself, if I can get some lumber and tools" . . . "Just some clothes for the children, and food" . . . "Not a stick is left, no furniture, no garden, nothing" . . . "Well, we never had any insurance anyway."

Based on the need, not the actual loss, Red Cross disbursements may be made for clothing, food and maintenance; for the repair and rebuilding of homes and other buildings; for household furnishings; payment of hospital and doctor's bills; for supplies, equipment, or tools needed by a worker to earn his living. Small businesses, such as those owned and operated by a family with insufficient resources to recover from disaster losses on their own, may also be helped. Orders are placed at regular retail prices with merchants in the disaster area, whenever possible, since getting local businesses in operation again is an essential part of the rehabilitation process.

Perhaps the greatest help of all is hope. For many weeks following a disaster those who suffered the most painful losses are often in such despair they are unable to decide what they can do or whether it is worth while to do anything. Without Red Cross guidance, some of these people might find life merely a lasting burden, to themselves and to the community.

One caseworker recalled a young man who came to the Red Cross office after the Furies—hurricanes Connie, Diane and Ione—hit the coast of Eastern North Carolina in the fall of 1955. He had operated a roller-skating rink on the ocean front. Both his business and his home were wrecked and he wanted the Red Cross to help him buy a trailer. He was going to hitch it to his car, he said, and "go down the road."

"Where will you go?" the caseworker asked him.

"Far away from here," the young man said.

She suggested that he take a week to think it over. The next week he again reported at her desk, feeling much better. He had decided not to leave the area after all. Now he was going to rebuild—but he planned to build a fine restaurant on a highway several miles inland.

"Do you own the land?" she asked.

"No."

"Do you know anything about the restaurant business?"

"No—but I could learn."

Again she advised him to sit tight and give serious consideration to what he wished to do. The third week he was back again. He had, he said, decided exactly what he wanted to do.

"What is it?" the caseworker asked.

"I'm going to rebuild my house and skating rink down on the beach. That's the place and the business I know—and there's still the foundation left."

Finding the foundation on which disaster victims can build, and giving them the difference between such resources and credit as they have and their essential need, is the function of Red Cross rehabilitation. The sums awarded may range from a few hundred dollars to many thousands; the need, and what families can do for themselves, the determining factor.

"Giving money away—money held in trust for the American people—is the most vulnerable, difficult business in the world," observed Hurricane Audrey disaster director Don Stout. He had spent most of the day acquainting himself with a stack of several hundred recommendations for grants to be placed before the advisory committee that evening. The advisory committee was made up of civic leaders from the devastated areas—ministers, businessmen, teachers, lawyers—men and women who knew the exact circumstances and resources of the people recommended by caseworkers to receive Red Cross aid. "It's the Red Cross way of forestalling criticism of too little here, too much there, of making sure we are doing an honest job of helping these people," Don Stout explained. Similar advisory committees are set up for any disaster-rehabilitation operation. The names of the members are usually kept secret. They are, of course, unpaid volunteers.

Each caseworker is responsible for presenting personally to the committee the plan and the amount of Red Cross aid recommended for each family on his list. He must be prepared to answer any questions members of the committee might ask, and to follow the committee's suggestions.

"I'm not in favor of helping re-establish any business that sells beer," one member says. The caseworker explains that the amount of recommended Red Cross aid will hardly pay for replacing a part of the ruined furnishings in the family's home, which is also a part of the business. If they want to rebuild their beer business, they will do it on their own, or borrowed, money.

"Ten dollars an acre—huh!" another committee member says. "More likely he got a *hundred* dollars an acre for oil-lease rights on that property."

If the caseworker doesn't already know all the facts, he will take the information into

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

THERE ARE OTHER LANDS

By BARBARA SHOOK

There are other worlds than ours,
and stars
That burn across high heaven
with a light
So brilliant in its passing that it
scars
The firmament with flecks of
fiery white;
Other lands than ours,
mountains that tower
Ice-crowned upon the silent hills
below,
Where great trees gape their
limbs to catch the shower,
The white magnificence of
falling snow.
And yet no world is wondrous as
your heart,
No valley vast as the haven of
your smile;
No concord of the sky can quite
impart
The crinkle of your laugh,
Beyond the while,
Beyond the seeming and the
dream of days,
You are my world, completely, in
all ways.

Betty Crocker says:

"Every once in a while you'll want a cake a mix won't make and that cake is a SOFTASILK CHIFFON CAKE!"



You'll bake a softer, lighter, lovelier—richer cake with soft . . . soft . . . SOFTASILK Cake Flour because it's made from special wheat that can carry more shortening and sugar, and give you higher cake volume. That's why you'll want Softasilk for this elegant butterscotch-smooth chiffon cake.

Betty Crocker

SOFTASILK BUTTERSCOTCH CHIFFON CAKE

- 2¼ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cups brown sugar (packed)
- ½ cup cooking (salad) oil
- 5 unbeaten egg yolks
- ¾ cup cold water
- 2 tsp. vanilla
- 1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)
- ½ tsp. cream of tartar

Heat oven to 325°. Sift flour, baking powder, salt into bowl. Add sugar. Make a well; add oil, egg yolks, water, flavoring. Beat with spoon until smooth. Beat egg whites and cream of tartar in large mixing bowl until whites form very stiff peaks (3 to 5 minutes on electric mixer on high speed). Pour egg-yolk mixture gradually over beaten whites—folding just until blended. DO NOT STIR. Pour into ungreased 10" tube pan. Bake 65 to 70 minutes at 325°, or until top springs back when lightly touched. Invert over neck of funnel or bottle. Hang until cold.

Frost with **Satiny Beige Icing:** Combine ⅔ cup brown sugar (packed), 3 tbsp. water, ⅓ cup light corn syrup. Boil until syrup spins a long thread, or 242° on candy thermometer. Meanwhile, beat ⅓ cup (2 large) egg whites until stiff. Pour hot syrup slowly into egg whites, beating constantly. Add 1½ tsp. vanilla. Beat until icing holds its shape.



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TWO FINE PRODUCTS OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

consideration. Oil leases are a complicated aspect of the economy of this region; people with no visible source of income may in fact have a great deal. Even leases for the right to shoot ducks in the marshes are an important source of income for many persons. Only members of the community could know the intimate details of its economy and society. The advisory committee listens sympathetically and gives hardheaded, but not hardhearted, advice to the Red Cross. No grant will be made without its approval.

The caseworkers, having put many hours of work into a family plan, present it with the utmost sincerity and conviction, as though they were dealing with their own families (they call them "my" families). More often than not, when a case is presented to the committee, a member will say, humbly, "I think that is a very just and reasonable recommendation. I move we approve."

A World War II veteran insists that he is perfectly capable of building his own home—the caseworker says he is not and recommends a grant for labor and materials. The mother of a large family is known to be suffering from incurable cancer and medical expenses will soon absorb all their meager resources. The caseworker recommends that this family not be required to participate financially in the rebuilding of its home. (Most families are required to participate, to the extent that their resources permit, in the costs of rebuilding or repairing their homes.)

Gilbert LaSalle, of Cameron, who lost his wife and one son, mother, father-in-law, sister and five other close relatives in Hurricane Audrey, was granted a Red Cross award amounting to $4007.75 to aid him in rebuilding and refurnishing a home. He and his three children who survived the disaster were given emergency assistance also.

Mr. and Mrs. Armogne Benoit and his daughter received $6505.50 to replace their four-room house, furnishings, and to buy a used pickup truck and a cow. Mr. Benoit, totally disabled because of tuberculosis, and his family were dependent upon welfare aid before the storm.

Mrs. Clarise Broussard, a sixty-four-year-old widow, received a total of $2131.43 in Red Cross assistance. Mrs. Broussard had no resources and only a small fixed income. Her home was one of five built during a single weekend by AFL-CIO craftsmen who donated their time. The Red Cross provided building materials.

A couple from Grand Lake who made duck and goose callers for a living were granted $1270 to repair their home, to replace furnishings and to get their small manufacturing business back into operation.

Family by family, house by house, the little town of Cameron rebuilds. Grand Chenier is coming back, better than ever. Ask old Sam Doland—he's seventy-five and all but his small bank account was washed away. The Red Cross supplied the materials and the unions supplied labor to build him and his aged wife a little house. Frank Kelly, disaster chairman of the Calcasieu-Cameron Red Cross chapter, who made trouble shooting and liaison work his full-time job for months after the storm, asked Sam why he didn't leave Grand Chenier when warned that a hurricane was approaching.

"Seen lots of storms acomin'," Sam said. "Seen 'em go too. I've lived on this ridge for seventy-five years, and my pappy lived here for seventy-five years afore that. That water never did come up over this here ridge."

"But it did this time."

"It did, but this is my land, and I'm going to stay right here on it till I die."

For many months hundreds of families lived in tents supplied by the Housing and Home Finance Agency and equipped by the Red Cross. The people of Cameron Parish are a sturdy breed, many of them the descendants of the Canadian French who were cruelly deported to this region from Nova Scotia in 1755. Others are of hardy Irish-Anglo-Saxon stock, independent self-sustaining people, who were, until roads across the marshlands were built twenty years ago, almost completely isolated from the rest of the country.

Two other hurricanes—Bertha and Deborah—threatened the area while the people were rebuilding after Audrey's violent visit, but storms will not keep these people from their land. The region is barren in appearance, but many find the marshland, with its birds and wildlife, beautiful. It is also extremely valuable as a source of oil and for raising cattle and rice. And there is the sea, the great Gulf of Mexico, from which many fishermen have wrested a living for centuries. Those who have suffered the sea learn to love her and will not willingly leave the land they own at the water's edge.

They all came back to Cameron Parish—all the old-timers, anyway, all the old and the young who survived. In Creole, Bee Nunez had his lumberyard in operation six weeks after the storm. He lost $45,000 worth of materials in the hurricane, and his house, though it stood, was packed in every crevice with green sediment and mud and cracked down the middle. He is rebuilding on his own resources and credit, without direct Red Cross help, but he was glad to get those orders which the Red Cross placed for others less able to help themselves. A lot of people *were* able to help themselves, it turned out. They just needed to get started, and the Red Cross helped to show them the way.

It took a lot of doing—and two and a half million dollars—but the job was done. In all, 3670 families registered for Red Cross help. Three mass feeding stations, using Army equipment and Red Cross food and personnel, operated for three months and produced more than 100,000 meals. But it is the reactivation of a disaster area that counts, for Red Cross assistance, if unduly prolonged, is likely to defeat its own purpose.

HELP YOUR HEART FUND · HELP YOUR HEART ·

More than 100 professional Red Cross workers served in the Hurricane Audrey operation; typical of every disaster operation, the local Red Cross chapter was the center and pivot for disaster relief. Walter E. Richard, acting chapter chairman; Jean McClatchey, chairman of volunteers; Jane Judas, service-groups chairman; Emily Spencer, her vice chairman, and many others worked at a frantic pace for the first forty-eight hours with only moments of sleep. Disaster chairman Frank Kelly has been a volunteer Red Cross worker since 1916.

Jean McClatchey, attempting to summarize her feelings, declaimed: "Whatever Red Cross is or can ever hope to be depends upon its very lifeblood—the volunteers! They give it the human compassion and mercy and old-fashioned neighborliness for which it stands." She paused, as though too tired to remember an old speech, even a very good one. "I mean," she said, "everybody did their darnedest!"

The wife of an officer stationed at Lake Charles Air Force Base, Jane Judas was especially pleased that so many military personnel worked as a part of the Lake Charles community. The mother of two children, she herself worked almost daily, and sometimes half the night, for many weeks. When at last she found time to pound out some copy for Feminaire, the publication of an Air Force club, she wrote: *We'll remember these acts proudly, a long while, and I truly wish it were possible for me to thank everyone who served. The fact is, though, I'd feel impertinent. Some things are too big for anyone's thanks.*

Every person who contributes money or time to the Red Cross has a share in these "things too big for anyone's thanks." E. Roland Harriman, national chairman of Red Cross, describes the organization as "a working partnership between 3700 chapters and the national organization." Alcée Maxfield, chairman of the Calcasieu-Cameron chapter of Red Cross, will have little trouble convincing others in his community of the importance of maintaining a complete and up-to-date disaster-preparedness plan for years to come. The wounds inflicted by the hurricane are healing in Louisiana, but the people will not soon forget Audrey—or the Red Cross. END



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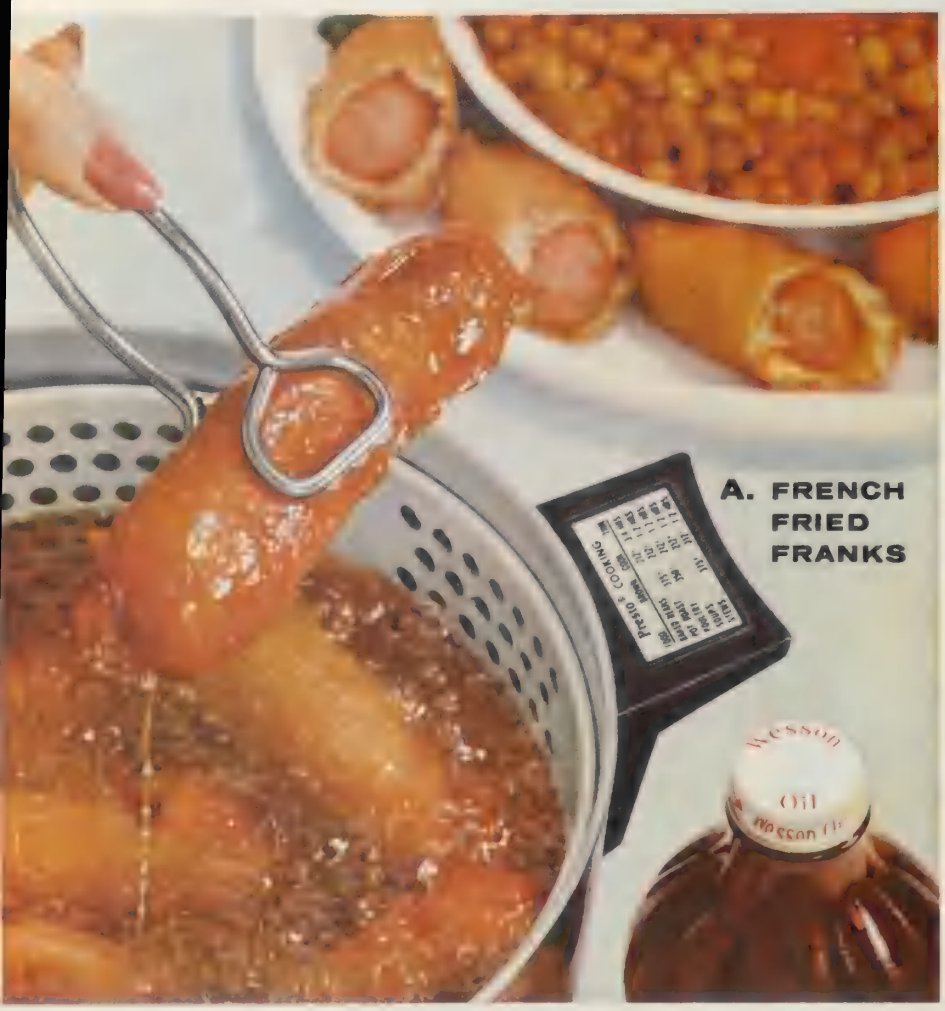
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C. FRIED CHICKEN

Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix!

Surprising idea but oh, so good! Pancake mix for cooking and frying. And what a wonderful new flavor it gives! Delicious fried chicken made golden-crisp with pancake mix. Tenderest buckwheat muffins you ever turned out. Pizza crust that sings "O Sole Mio!" Try them all. They're so good, and so easily made, with Aunt Jemima Pancake Mixes. And for extra speed and convenience in each of these recipes, the liquid shortening we suggest is Wesson Oil.



A. FRENCH FRIED FRANKS. To make batter for golden-crisp deep-fat fried franks, combine 1 c. of Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix, 1 tbsp. sugar, ⅔ c. water. Beat well. Dip franks in batter and fry in deep fat (375°F.) 2 to 3 minutes. Drain; cut in half; and serve with hot barbecue sauce, or as a main dish with baked beans. Makes 8 servings.

B. PEACH COBBLER. Use Aunt Jemima Buttermilk Mix for light, delicate-crusted cobbler. To make *peach base*, combine ⅓ c. sugar and 2 tbsp. Aunt Jemima Buttermilk Mix with 1 c. juice drained from a No. 2½ can sliced peaches; cook over low heat until thickened. Place peach slices, 1 tbsp. lemon juice and thickened sauce in 1½″ x 6″ x 10″ baking pan; dot with butter.

TOPPING: Mix 1 c. Aunt Jemima Buttermilk Mix and 2 tbsp. sugar. Add 1 beaten egg and ½ c. milk to dry ingredients; stir till fairly smooth. Fold in 3 tbsp. liquid shortening. Drop batter by spoonfuls over fruit. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 25 to 30 min. Serve warm with peach syrup or cream, plain or whipped. Makes 6 servings.

C. FRIED CHICKEN. For crisp golden brown chicken, put 1 c. Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix, 1 tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper in a paper sack; add chicken and shake well. Brown slowly in liquid shortening in frying pan. Reduce heat; cover and cook till tender.

D. MUFFINS. For deliciously tender, fine-textured muffins, mix 2 c. Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Mix with ¼ c. sugar. Add 1 c. milk, 1 beaten egg; blend. Lightly stir in ¼ c. liquid shortening. Fill greased muffin cups ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) about 20 minutes. Makes 12 muffins.

E. PIZZA. A tender, crisp crust is a must for good pizza. It's a snap with Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix. Just put 1½ c. mix in bowl; stir in ¼ c. liquid shortening with fork. Add ⅔ c. milk, mixing lightly. Form a 12″ circle on a greased cooky sheet or pizza pan. Bake in 450°F. oven 10 minutes.

FILLING: Pan-fry 1 lb. pork sausage meat; drain. In some of the drippings brown ¾ c. chopped onion till transparent. Add 1 can tomato sauce, 1 can tomato paste, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, ¼ tsp. oregano and the sausage. Cover and simmer 20 min. Pour over fresh crust; top with ½ c. shredded Cheddar cheese. Return to oven till cheese melts. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Makes 6 servings.

We want your ideas . . .

$10,000 REWARD for the best original recipe using Aunt Jemima Pancake Mixes together with Wesson Oil *in a brand new way*. Try out *your* ideas and send your best recipe with your name and address to: RECIPE, Box 1088, Chicago 77, Illinois.

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UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



"The funny thing is month after month Jackson sells more beds than anybody else in the department."

One night after a grinding day's work at Macy's during the pre-Christmas rush, Percy Straus, who at that time was running the store, fell into bed around midnight exhausted. At 2 A.M. his bedside telephone rang. A charming feminine voice identified itself as that of (say) Mrs. Noel, of Sunnyside, Long Island.

"*I just wanted to tell you, Mr. Straus, that I am perfectly satisfied with the dancing bear I bought at Macy's for my little granddaughter's Christmas.*"

"*I am delighted to hear it, madam,*" *replied Mr. Straus, a courtly man.* "*But may I ask why you telephoned me at my home, at this hour, to tell me so?*"

"*Because your so-and-so truck just woke me up delivering it!*" *roared Mrs. Noel, of Sunnyside, and hung up.*

THE PRICE IS RIGHT, by ***Margaret Case Harriman*** (World), is great fun, even though it has serious intent—a kaleidoscope of R. H. Macy & Co.; a striking passage of dry-goods-store history from 1863 to today and an especially nostalgic recollection of changing New York.

Did you ever hear that Queen Salote, of Tonga, that six-foot lady of dignity who stole the show at Queen Elizabeth II's coronation, was dressed from head to foot by Macy's Tall Girl Shop? Macy's got a letter from Queen Salote asking for an outfit for the coronation; so Macy sent her six outfits to choose from—and she kept them all.

●

VOLTAIRE IN LOVE is a subject which, for contemplation and research, should suit ***Nancy Mitford*** down to the ground. And so it has suited her, so much so that she has written a book by that title (Harper).

This was Voltaire in his younger days, playwright, wit, smart as all get out, sipping the honey where he chose, and finally deciding on Mme. du Châtelet, "Émilie," with whom he lived for nine years. Émilie, mathematician and scientist, was the Mme. Curie of her day, plus sex. She and Voltaire lived happily and busily together in her country home, along with her good-natured husband, who usually took his meals with the children.

The book is based largely on recently discovered letters that have not yet been published, reaching almost to the French Revolution.

At the other extreme (from eighteenth-century France) is MAKE MY BED, a nice lighthearted novel by ***Nathaniel Burt*** (Little, Brown). The eternal problem, *Shall I marry Butch or Horace?* in terms strictly American and up-to-date, is probed and finally solved.

●

Gladys Denny Shultz and ***Daisy Gordon Lawrence*** have written a lively memoir of Juliette Low, founder of the Girl Scouts: LADY FROM SAVANNAH (Lippincott)—lively and surprising. I mean, Juliette was quite a girl! who went fishing with Mr. Kipling in evening clothes, who stood on her head at board meeting to show off the newly designed Girl Scout shoes she was wearing, who was almost stone deaf, who was involved in divorce and money scandals. But she accomplished her serious purpose, and that's included.

●

Great stories about SHOW BUSINESS, by ***Jerry D. Lewis*** (Coward-McCann), is for all who love the romantic never-never land where laughs and tears are interchangeable and every figure is phosphorescent. Twenty-seven good stage stories.

Maybe it's show business of one kind or another that has changed the most popular girl's name in this country from Mary, where it long rested, to Linda. (Third most popular is Deborah.) But there's no nonsense about the boy's. For fifty years solid it has been John, and John it remains.

●

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF ABSOLUTELY PERFECT BABY AND CHILD CARE, by ***Elinor Goulding Smith***, which JOURNAL readers will remember with delight, is now out in book form (Harcourt Brace) and seems even funnier—a cheering hospital gift.

PEOPLE OF THE REEDS, by ***Gavin Maxwell*** (Harper), is one of those books that might conceivably escape notice. But for this reader it was an unforgettable experience. It is about a journey taken by two Englishmen among primitive natives of the great swamp of Southern Iraq, in the ancient region of the Tigris River. For four months they sit cross-legged in the longest, the narrowest, the most precarious of canoes known to man. Their nights they spend on the islands of reeds that sway with the wind. They sleep in natives' huts—*on* their cameras and binoculars, lest a thin brown arm softly extract them. Fleas, snakes, belligerent wild boars, disgruntled water buffaloes surround them.

But there is more, far more. . . . "*A satin sunset of oyster and duck-egg blue, against which trail long skeins of flighting ibis . . . a young Suwaid, poling his hunting canoe with a fishing spear, the points black against the sky, the taut silhouette, and the slim, dark sliver of the canoe carved in utter silence through the shining liquid sky and sunset-colored water. . . . Above him a single star bright as the moon.*"

The purpose of the journey was to carry medical help to a disease-ridden population: its saga—for me at any rate—as exciting as *Kon-Tiki*.

●

It must be this cold gray weather that makes us keep reaching out for laughs. But the best recent laugh book I know is BROTHER SEBASTIAN, *a little book of simple line drawings by* ***Chon Day***, *depicting that deceptively simple-looking friar in most revealing situations. (Hanover House.)*



FROM BOOK "BROTHER SEBASTIAN."
PUBLISHED BY HANOVER HOUSE, NEW YORK
COPYRIGHT © 1956 BY COWLES MAGAZINES, INC.
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●

But best of all—especially in this month of great men—is LINCOLN—a Picture Story of his Life, by *Stefan Lorant* (Harper). The most tragic and the most heroic chapter of our history, through which tall Abraham Lincoln walks so nobly, yet so modestly—a book to make the heart glad with pride.



One hundred years ago anaesthetic ether was the new miracle drug of the day. In 1858 Dr. Edward R. Squibb established a modest laboratory in Brooklyn, N. Y., to supply anaesthetic ether and pure medicinal drugs to the Army, Navy and medical profession. In the beginning he signed each label, to certify that the contents had been carefully selected, processed and tested for uniformity, purity and efficacy.

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Entering its second century, Squibb will continue as Dr. Squibb began in 1858, to make the Squibb name and the Squibb label your assurance of uniformity, purity and efficacy.

OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 1956

Who's at fault when a husband neglects his family for a game?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

GOLF WIDOW

"Have you any suggestions that might help the family of a golf fiend? Because we were barely making ends meet, I went back to work a little over a year ago. Our three children are in school all day, so we can manage without help at home. At least we could if my husband would lend me a hand evenings and weekends. Instead, he spends every spare minute on the golf course, and I've become a work horse.

"Saturdays we're both up early, but he goes off to chase that miserable little ball while I try to catch up with the cleaning and ironing and do some cooking for the week ahead. He comes home just in time to 'catch a nap' before dinner—while I keep the house quiet so he can rest.

"Sunday it's the same story—the children and I go to church, daddy goes off to the golf course. How thankful I am when we have a rainy weekend! Then maybe I can get him to attend to a few household chores that are beyond me. At least he's at home, and the children and I see something of him.

"Worst of all, after a year of carrying an outside job while still looking after my home and family, I have nothing to show for it. I thought we'd use my earnings to pay off our bills and get something ahead. But with all the money he is spending on golf fees, balls and clubs, meals out—not to mention the liquor tabs on the 'nineteenth hole'—we're in deeper financially than ever before. What can a wife do when she and her children are neglected and deserted for a game?"

Obviously, this wife's problem involves more than her husband's addiction to golf. Either she has distorted the facts (no doubt unintentionally), or her husband is a selfish, irresponsible individual who, if deprived of golf, would still evade or ignore his obligations to home and family. Golf is the focus, but not the fundamental cause, of this wife's grievance.

Still, many conscientious and generally sensible men do let golf or some other outside recreation absorb an unreasonable share of their time and money, through sheer thoughtlessness or a kind of little-boy enthusiasm that a mature adult cannot afford to indulge. Dozens of letters come to my desk each year, bewailing the husband's obsession with hunting, fishing, bowling, boating or some other pastime that takes a man out of his home and that his wife cannot or does not share.

But the commonest complaints concern golf and bridge, probably because they are not limited to a short season, and because they are so often a serious financial drain. (Bridge can become very expensive if played for high stakes and accompanied by drinking.) How can a wife help her husband keep his mania within reasonable limits?

The first step is to analyze the situation, honestly and realistically. To get the facts, keep a written day-by-day record of the amount of time and money you actually spend on recreation, both at home and away. Keep a similar record for your husband, based on your observation and definite knowledge. (*Don't* quiz him about expenses—simply estimate as fairly as you can.)

At the end of a month, compare the two. If the situation appears less serious than you expected, ask yourself if you have been exaggerating. Some wives unconsciously resent their husbands' interest in masculine pastimes and begrudge them even an occasional evening with the boys. You may be one of them.

But if the present arrangement is really unfair to you, the discrepancies will be obvious to your husband as well as to you. Show him the record. If he is reasonable and responsible in other ways, he will not want to deprive his wife and children of their proper share of his time, attention and the family income for the sake of a mere hobby.

With his co-operation, you can work out a compromise satisfactory to both. This may involve his cutting down on his hobby, but you should neither expect nor want him to give it up entirely. Instead, be prepared to agree cheerfully to his standing golf date on Saturdays if he will devote Sundays to you and the children. Or ask his help in finding ways and means for you to take up some new outside activity of your own.

Tears, threats and similar methods sometimes improve matters temporarily. But they almost never result in a permanent solution, because they are not based on improved understanding between you and your husband. The only sensible approach is the one we have outlined. If that fails, then your real problem lies deeper. The solution must be sought, not by curbing your husband's mania for golf, or bridge, or lodge work, but by analyzing, then strengthening your entire relationship.

CAN YOU BE TOO INDEPENDENT?

Every human being is unique, distinct from all others in character, temperament and personality. For this reason, every individual needs some degree of self-sufficiency, some means of self-expression, in order to maintain self-respect.

Yet it is possible to overemphasize independence, at the sacrifice of other values. None of us can be totally self-sufficient. Physically, we all depend on others to produce (if not pay for!) our minimum requirements—food, shelter, clothing, medical care. Emotionally, our dependence on others is equally vital. The infant needs "tender loving care"; the adult needs companionship, affection, the sense of sharing and belonging. The husband or wife denied these things in marriage is likely sooner or later to seek them elsewhere.

Unless the marriage is failing and she has already decided to end it, a wife rarely deliberately seeks to become independent of her husband. But she may do so, unconsciously and almost imperceptibly, particularly if she is a career woman or if she becomes too absorbed in social and civic activities outside her home. That is what was happening to Shirley and Bob when she came to see me.

Both are approaching thirty, and they have been married ten years. Their daughter Roberta is seven. Shirley worked for the first two years of their marriage in order to help Bob complete college, but her pregnancy forced him to leave a year short of graduation. They managed on his small income (as a salesclerk) until Roberta was old enough for nursery school and Shirley returned to work.

Now she is an office supervisor, earning half again as much as Bob. Her salary enables them to live very comfortably, despite the outgo for a part-time housekeeper. She sums up the situation this way:

"Bob and I have grown apart. I have to look after Roberta when I get home, so he and I rarely go out together. He leaves most decisions to me, and we seldom disagree, but we share almost no interests. I try to encourage him to get ahead, but he lacks ambition. He seldom shows me any affection any more, and when he does it seems mechanical."

When Bob came in the next day, he was quiet, co-operative but almost indifferent. "Our marriage is all right—no better and no worse than most. Shirley's a smart girl and will always get along. She doesn't really need me; any man would do as well. Maybe she doesn't need a husband."

In successive interviews, Shirley began to see the pattern. In the early days, as a full-time student with a part-time job, Bob had willingly left money management and most decisions to Shirley. The habit had persisted. The apartment they lived in, their car, even their social engagements were Shirley's decisions and her choice. Roberta's upbringing was left almost entirely to her, and in her preoccupation with the child she ignored her husband's need for companionship.

Under the circumstances, Bob's apparent indifference was understandable, though not constructive. As Shirley continued to play the role of leader rather than partner, to divide her time between her job and her daughter, he felt less like a husband and father than like a casual visitor or paying guest.

It was easier to recognize Shirley's shortcomings than to overcome them. But fortunately she realized something was wrong, and wanted to save the marriage. Once she accepted the fact that her dominance was largely responsible for Bob's passiveness, she set about honestly and sincerely to improve the situation.

The very fact that she sought counsel gave Bob much-needed reassurance that she really loved him and valued their marriage. He, too, needed help, but he was quick to see that his aloof attitude and self-pity had only aggravated the difficulties. He is co-operating wholeheartedly, and their marriage is stronger than ever before.

There was no need for Shirley to give up her job, and she is a self-reliant, resourceful businesswoman as before. But she now recognizes that the husband and wife who are content to go their separate ways are not truly married at all. Interdependence, not independence, is her goal.

DO YOU AGREE?

My husband is very tired and depressed, even talks of suicide. What should I do?

Consult your physician immediately, since your husband may need psychiatric treatment.

ASK YOURSELF:

Why is My Husband Critical?

All husbands are occasionally critical of their wives, sometimes justifiably, sometimes not. Many wives can evaluate their husbands' criticism and profit from it, but others resent and reject it. If too much criticism is creating tension in your household, honest "Yes" or "No" answers to these questions may help you find out where the trouble lies.

Does Your Husband:

1. **Often accuse you of carelessness?**
2. **Frequently complain about the food you serve?**
3. **Say you are an untidy housekeeper?**
4. **Make light of your opinions?**
5. **Accuse you of extravagance?**
6. **Blame you when things go wrong?**
7. **Criticize more than he praises?**

Do You

8. **Lose your temper often and easily?**
9. **Envy your husband's freedom?**
10. **Mistrust or suspect him?**
11. **Find it hard to forget a grievance?**
12. **Easily get your feelings hurt?**
13. **Say bitter things when you are angry?**
14. **Feel that your husband doesn't appreciate you?**

If the total of "Yes" answers to the first seven questions exceeds the total of "Yes" answers to the next seven by three or more, your husband is more critical than the average man. But if your affirmative answers to questions 8–14 exceed the total in 1–7 by three or more, you may be giving him grounds for complaint. Any substantial difference between the two scores can only mean that his or your needs in marriage are not being met. Try to analyze the situation realistically, to see whether he is too critical, or you are too touchy. Then you can take steps to improve the situation.

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"How I use **Murine to rest my eyes** at work"

MILTON CANIFF
Creator of the popular comic strip, STEVE CANYON

"My eyes work hard every day while I draw, read scripts and check artwork, so I keep Murine handy," says Milton Caniff. "Murine is soothing, feels refreshing." Here's a restful idea, morning and night—or whenever *your* eyes feel tired from exacting work or minor irritations like smoke and dust. Murine comforts and cleanses your eyes, gently. Seems to make you feel more relaxed.

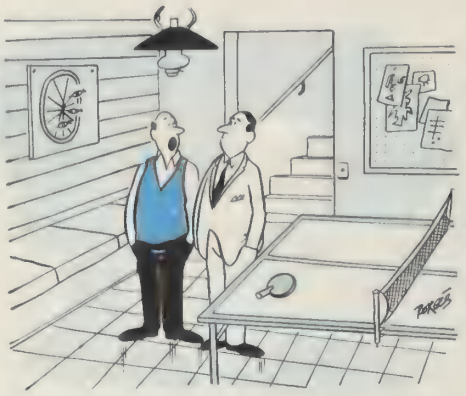
MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES*



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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



PORGES

"We remodeled it with a bucket of paint and our life savings."

One of our town's biggies has installed a sofa near the fireplace and TV in his de luxe kitchen so he can make himself comfortable while watching his wife wash the dinner dishes.

Our banker's wife doted on Rudy Vallee when he came to entertain the ladies at their state convention. (She first saw him on their honeymoon twenty-some years ago.) "I doubt they'll ever invite Elvis Presley to sing to us," she murmured.

"I don't mind my husband's remembering his old flames on Valentine Day," confides Betty Comfort, vacuuming the carpet in her convertible, "if he just remembers her: no two-pound boxes of candy or American Beauty roses."

I'd like to slug guests who nuzzle a defenseless baby with their phalanxes of germs. Somebody's invented a face protector for babies; maybe we should mask the nuzzlers.

Our town's off-season "garden tour" was a great success. Not many flowers, but platoons of curious people paid $1.50 to visit five houses and poke into bathrooms and closets. A bargain: our women's club could clean up with a new tour each month.

My lunch companions downtown complained mildly when the barbers raised the price for haircuts to $1.75. Some threaten to space haircuts further apart, or let their wives cut their hair. But it's far likelier they'll attempt to cut their sons' hair at home.

How eager my Lady Love's chums are to be first with the newest! Now they're pestering the phone company for the new horn-shaped phone with the dial at one end. It's designed (I gather) to overcome the rigors of phoning in bed.

Our seventeen-year-old and three chums are pressuring for a cycle trip in Europe next summer. But it shows signs of expanding from bicycle to motor scooter, from scooter to motorcycle, and from motorcycle to just a teeny-weeny foreign sports car on which they might make a fabulous profit, see?

Teen-agers are aggressive because they're full of doubts, thinks my insurance man who was a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force. "I know," he tells me, "I used to be one of the young men so rude at cocktail parties in the twenties because I was so shy."

I love to window-shop of an evening, strolling my Enchantress past the illuminated treasures. She insists it's only bafflement and frustration when the doors are locked.

Our horsiest merchant has three superb saddle horses in his paddock. But he gets the most mileage on an electric horse in his dressing room which he sits like a centaur, loping through a brunch.

Recently I spent a sunny Sunday afternoon flying around with the Civil Air Patrol to see if we could catch the Ground Observers napping. We didn't; but it was a sunny Sunday afternoon, like the December 7th when the Japanese caught all of us napping.

Valiant is the word for Suzi, who, at eighteen months, attacks a chunk of hamburger with her four teeth as if it were caviar, but disdainfully. Someday she'll turn up her little nose just enough to convince a splendid Princeton type that pâté de foie gras *is for peasants.*

I hear the younger movie-goers—16 to 23—don't worship Clark Gable or Gary Cooper as the right dreamy young hero to be courting Audrey Hepburn or Joan Collins. To them I suppose even Fred Astaire seems as seasoned as Lou Tellegen or Leo Dietrichstein seemed to me when I was twenty.

For $1 or $2 a month you can rent a genuine hand-painted oil painting at our town's art center to hang on trial in your house. If it turns out less dreamy than you thought at first glance, you're stuck with it only a couple of months, not forever.

Only two of the ladies I see frequently ever bake homemade bread, Shirlee and Marie, and in a way it's a trait more winsome than a dimple. I esteem good home-baked bread far above cake; I can dine on an end cut of it with peanut butter.

When my redhead and her brave-new-world husband start back to Oregon in their station wagon, it reminds me dimly of a prairie schooner. The rear is transformed to a corral for their two tots, which my son-in-law has mattressed, pillowed and padded.

I'm in a quandary: my Dream Girl knitted me a tennis sweater too good for Hoad or Gonzales. Red, white and blue around the V neck, ribs and bumps. I cautioned her to make it roomy; she did, and now it's far too big for me. Shall I boil it?

How little it takes to make a mom and a dad happier! Our bridge partners confide they're vastly cheered to learn that their children are exquisitely polite to everybody except pa and ma.

Our town's barbers don't take joyfully news from Junior in Japan of haircut, shave, shampoo, facial, shoeshine, massage and manicure, all for $1.85. They say he won't get a real trimming till he comes home.

Suddenly many of our sportsmen have gone sedentary. They sit and watch basketball games or football, or even TV. They seldom break 120 at golf unless they play winter rules; and they can't break 120 at bowling, either, even with a relaxing sit-down between shots.

So far (I've got my fingers crossed) my wife has never chided me for flirting with a homely woman. She's very gracious about it, even urges me. What puzzles her to the point of vexation is, what do I see in those frivolous beauties?

We're getting our snow shoveled by four boys who claim they're earning money for a trip to Europe next summer. I have it authoritatively from their parents that it's a scheme for avoiding chores at home for free.

At bedtime young Patrick has learned to fight a valiant rearguard action; he insists on a drink of water from each faucet in the house. Each one, he argues, gives a different flavor.

. . . When our youngest breaks a prize date in the middle to rush my envelope to the post office,

. . . Or my 119-pound brunet calls me "colonel" in front of somebody I don't mind impressing,

. . . And our son-in-law sends us a wall can opener apparently of solid gold, with a magnet yet to catch the top of the can,

. . . And the last thirty snapshots of Harlan III in Japan show a resemblance for both his ma and pa,

Then I congratulate myself on how I flimflammed my Dream Girl into marrying me without revealing my true self.

Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know,
editors you like,
and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

In February, 1908, there were long bread lines in the Bowery, and an English butler with excellent references cost $25 a month. In villages and towns, a clanging bell announced the umbrella mender. New York City saw the start of a 20,000-mile auto race to Paris (via California), and Isadora Duncan in short Grecian tunic and bare feet and arms was dancing "like a wonderful April morning."

"Should one use a fork or spoon in eating peas, and is it improper to shove food on the fork with one's knife?" asks a reader in the February, 1908, JOURNAL. "However unsatisfactory," sighs Mrs. Kingsland, "the fork alone is used in eating vegetables."

"Should a woman resume her long gloves after leaving the table at a formal dinner?" Answer: "It is the custom to do so."

"Effie: Fresh stockings every day will become a necessity if you once try them."

"A piece of elastic across the instep will prevent children's long drawers from slipping up and making ugly wrinkles in their stockings," suggests Mrs. Ralston.

"What is appropriate mourning for a little girl of ten who has been left an orphan?" Replies the fashion expert, "Black serge dresses, a coat of black melton and a black felt hat trimmed with a large black ribbon bow."

"How long should a child wear the ribbed, knitted bands with shoulder straps? My boy is two years old now." Answers Dr. Emelyn Coolidge, "Keep the bands on until he is three at least. It is important to keep the abdominal organs at as even a temperature as possible."

"With macaroni and cheese, serve rice or potatoes and white bread. An excellent meal!" says Mrs. Rorer.

In this 1908 issue, Editor Bok points out that in America the oldest son often sleeps in a garret bedroom with one small window, while the daughter "has a large, luxuriously furnished chamber on the second floor fit for a princess. Why? A daughter is the first step to social climbing in America—a son is not."

"Donna: The dark line around the neck is often caused by wearing a stiff, tight collar."

"When was Memorial Day first observed?" Answer: "May 30, 1868, after the Civil War."



ABBOT MILLS

Cynthia Norman delays her first arithmetic lesson to take one in photography, under the watchful eyes of Bil and Cora Baird.

When we were invited recently to watch a dress rehearsal of Adventures in Number and Space, we took *Dawn Norman*'s five-year-old Cynthia along. This bids fair to be a truly provocative TV program which *Bil* and *Cora Baird* have just put on this winter with their celebrated puppets to make children like to learn, and learn to like, mathematics. Cynthia was a little frightened at first face to face with Snarky Parker the puppet here, but after she'd taken his picture with one of *Abbot Mills*' cameras, they were friends, and in no time Snarky had Cynthia counting up to ten on the beads of the abacus, her first enchanting encounter with the mysteries of arithmetic.

The Bairds' puppets fill fractions with endless fun, and learning with laughter. Bil said he shortened his name to qualify for a club of boys with only three-letter first names, like Tom, Ted, Pat and Dan.

***Eddie Cantor* was telling *Peter Briggs* at lunch about the entertaining he does as toastmaster and M.C., and the practical solution he has to holding down after-dinner speakers. "I ask the speakers in advance how much time they want. If a man insists he needs an hour to get his message across, I take a slip of paper out of my pocket and give it to him: 'This one can be read in a minute and fifty seconds.'" Immediately the speeches get shorter and surer. On the slip of paper: the Gettysburg Address.**

Two years ago the JOURNAL printed a note to husbands: "Have you pinned a medal on your wife lately?" Well, we can't begin to tell you how many medals have been pinned on since then, but we'll tell you of two. One recipient's medal read: "*To Mamie: for never-failing help since 1916—in calm and stress, in dark days and bright. Love, Ike.*" The other recipient we'll mention is ***Mrs. Richard Robinow***, who's here from Durban, South Africa, on a Fulbright Fellowship and came in to let ***Laura Lou Brookman*** see her medal. "D.B.M." it said. "Means 'Distinguished Baking Medal'—only I'm not that good," Mrs. R. shyly confessed. "My greatest success was from one of your JOURNAL recipes—your banana bread."

We hope this news will put the conductor of the fascinating column on our left in her place: that it costs more to keep Federal employees in paper towels today than it cost to run the whole Federal Government in 1908. And we hope the following will be picked up by her successor fifty years from now: that 1957 was the year when peppermint-striped tooth paste was introduced, and polka dots in paint.

***Tina Fredericks** tells us that a friend of hers has found the perfect baby sitter. He's a retired churchman who likes children, books and nature. So he combines his hobbies by wheeling your baby carriage to a park bench where he reads. For this pastoral pursuit, his fee is 75 cents an hour. Babies enjoy his company, too, in mutual admiration.*

It's no wonder that professionals of all kinds, from fashion to films, like to take their pictures on locations here in town—New Yorkers having learned through long experience not to walk between the models and the cameras and pretty much to treat the photographing group as just other people with jobs to do. But oh my! how they like to collect in crowds to give audible advice—serious and otherwise. Here, for instance, when a girl from the Workshop took her camera down to Greenwich Village to take ***Bet Hart*** shooting ***Callie Devlin*** in the spring-clothes picture you'll find on page 108 this month, a bystander admonished her, "You shouldn't be taking pictures here. This is for the Ladies' Home Journal." . . . That's Bet in the foreground directing. The man in the checked jacket is the fashion photographer, ***Roger Prigent***. The crowd? They're there, don't worry. They merely know how not to be seen—just to be heard.

New York and "foreign soil" are only blocks apart. Chinese dragons dance near Wall Street, the Polish parade Fifth Avenue, guitars sound in Spanish Harlem, *Oktoberfest* comes to Yorkville, Italian saints watch over Mulberry Street. Idea hunting, *Jean Anderson* and *Jane Engel*, of our food staff, hurried down to Little Italy's biggest festival, the San Gennaro. "Just like a country fair," they said. "Right in the middle of the city, a bandstand [two-story neon gothic], music [Verdi], crowds [200,000 knotting the streets, hundreds more window-watching], food." Jane and Jean ate their way down eight electric-bright blocks—pizza, *cannolis* (cream-filled wafers), prickly pears, *zepolle* (sugared fritters), *espresso*, *scaloppine*, *manicotti*, *lasagne*, assorted Italian pastries, hot peppers, sausage, *tortoni*, and *spumone* on a stick. . . . Keep your eye open for Italian specialties in our future food pages.

ABBOT MILLS



Jane Engel and Jean Anderson sample Italian delicacies.

Bet Hart directing,
Roger Prigent photographing.



JEAN ANDERSON

"All of what you see
when you watch me
on the screen isn't fake,"
Kelcey said.
"Some of it's me.
It has to be, Mike.
Don't you see?"

Every woman is somewhat of an actress. But how much of a woman was actress Kelcey Banks?

I THINK I LOVE YOU

By MEL HEIMER

From Wally Warner's "Hollywood and Broadway" column:

The Falcon Studio press agents can drum up all the hot air they want to about Kelcey Banks' "romance" with Rod Aikens, who just happens to be in the same Falcon stable, but her real heart is a handsome young roving editor for Era news magazine. Happened—boom!—just like that.

He tried to tell himself sharply, savagely, that he wasn't the first man ever to fall in love with an actress. *They all feel this way*, he thought; *they all break out in cold sweats and they look at the actresses and they wonder and they say how will I ever know if* ——

But it wasn't any good. The program was only half over, but he got up, setting the bottle of pop on the coffee table, and went over and snapped off the set.

The room went quiet quickly, and he became aware of the cigarette smoke still mushrooming under the shade of the one lighted table lamp. Through the one opened window he could see the dark, softly rolling hills of Hollywood melting with the night sky, and he could just about pick up the scent of flowers.

His name was Mike West and he was sitting in Kelcey Banks' apartment waiting for her, because she had gone off to the Brown Derby to attend this dinner and pick up an award as one of the movies' most promising young actresses.

"I wouldn't inflict it on you," she had said with a grin. "I know how that kind of mishmash makes you squirm and wish you were off playing poker. Only don't play poker; wait for me at home and watch it on the TV and tell me how pretty I looked with my new chignon and the green dress that Wardrobe lent me."

So he had been dutiful and had watched the TV, but after a while he couldn't stand it. It wasn't really a new reason. It was the same one he had felt that morning he had ducked into a cinema cathedral in Chicago and seen her for the first time on the screen.

Only this time it was live; it was happening at the time he was watching and it wrenched him inside. It was an informal kind of program and they panned the cameras around the room . . . and they had picked her up, in the act of being charming to Don Allison. Don Allison was the production chief at Falcon Studios.

It wasn't anything she said. The camera didn't come in that close; besides, somebody else was making a speech and there was this candid shot of her, see, and she was listening to the speech with part of her and giving the other part to Don Allison. It was just something about her air, her manner. She was being professionally charming. She was acting.

He stood by the open window and it surged over him, strong and morose.

The other men who fall in love with actresses—I know what they wonder, he told himself. *They look at them the way I look at Kelse and they die a little inside and they say, "How will I ever know if she means it?" When she looks at me and touches my chin softly and tells me gravely, "I think I love you"—is that for me, and me alone?*

Or is it from a picture she made two years ago? Will I marry her and live happily and then turn on television one night and see one of her old films—and see the gesture of the chin being touched softly? "I think I love you."

Will she be saying it to Rock Hudson or Tony Curtis—and will it be exactly the same?

And will I look up and say, "All right, cut! We'll print that one"? While—what? two? four? seven?—years of marriage come apart suddenly at the seams and ——

Mike West shook his head and turned swiftly away from the window. He looked around the little, comfortable apartment with the beautiful green rug—"I *had* to have a green rug, Michael; that's all there was to it"—and the books lining the walls. It was an apartment that most of the time made him feel good just to be in it for a little while, but now it made him sad.

Charley Richards had said it, only a few months ago.

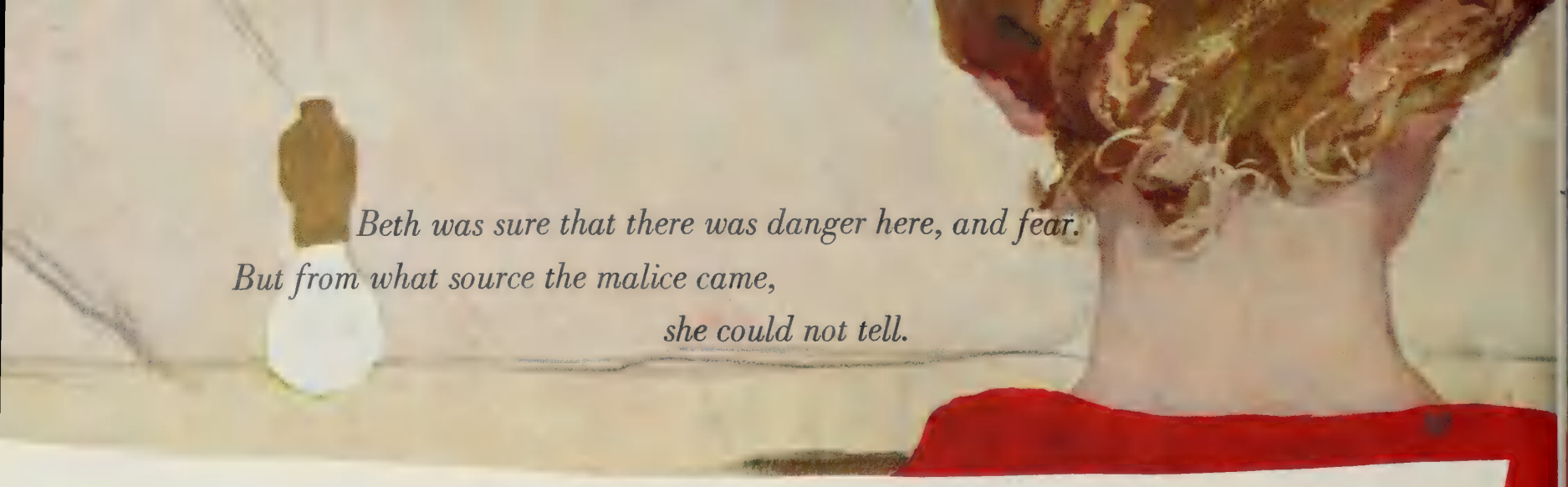
"I'm an actor," Charley had said that night in Sardi's just before she had come in, "but God deliver me from ever falling in love with an actress. Dear God—please deliver me from that."

Flash from Wally Warner:

Harry Barnes, the novelist, isn't losing sleep over the bust-up with pretty young Kelcey Banks. He's latched on to Broadway ingénue Mabel Lassiter. And Miss B., incidentally, is lost in the stars with Mike West, the scribbler.

It had been an early-winter night, just after the shows had broken around eleven. Jimmy had stashed them off in one of the corners of the front room in Sardi's and they had been sitting there drinking coffee and watching the thespians parade in. Mike knew a handful of actors casually, the way any writer does, and he knew Charley Richards a little better than that. Charley called himself Curt Wayne and was not bad, not good. In three years or so he'd be in Hollywood making B movies or TV commercials, still itching to do Cyrano or the Thane of Cawdor, with no luck at all.

"My business," Mike said almost smugly, "has yours backed right off the boards. I CONTINUED ON PAGE 139



Beth was sure that there was danger here, and fear.
But from what source the malice came,
she could not tell.

Last night I thought I heard her crying. She has been dead for over a year now, but always when I come back to this house I imagine she is back again in that room next to mine, and I think I can hear her crying. I always hated to hear her cry. I hated it then, and I hate it now. Poor little Rika. Poor little golden Rika with the fragile wrists and the size-three shoe, and the wide silver-gray eyes that could sometimes turn as black as jet.

Maybe when we go to the other house I won't hear her crying any more. Maybe when we go that far away, across two states where no one has ever known Fredrika King, I won't think of her tears; and maybe someday I shall even forget the rest of it too. Mrs. Bales said again this morning that it will look as if all four of us are running away, and I said flatly what did it matter—that of course we are running away.

"They'll never forget her here," I said. "They'll never forget how she died, and they'll never ——"

Stan came into the kitchen then, and I stopped abruptly. I was going to say: "—— and they'll never stop talking about the man who drove her to it." It was stupid of me to stop talking, of course, because he knows all that as well as I do. But I was glad I heard him coming just the same. Why poke through the ashes for a spark of misery that may or may not be there any longer?

Isobel Bales for once did not pursue the subject. All these dreary months she has maintained, in that grim right-is-right way she has, that time always takes care of the truth. Perhaps she is right, but time has passed, and time has not taken care of the truth so far, and so we are leaving tomorrow. All week we have been packing and now we are just marking time, waiting for the vans that will come in the morning.

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This is the author's first appearance in any magazine.
THE TROUBLED HOUSE is soon to be published in book form by Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

This noon I went down to The Corners for twine, and Minnie Pruitt asked me if it was true Stanley King was already planning to take another wife. She looked at me hard when she said that.

I am not going out of this house again until the vans come!

Who wouldn't run away?

It was warm, I remember. Not hot—not that still, brooding hotness that was to come later—but just pleasantly warm with drifting end-of-June breezes and the sun high and bright and clear.

I borrowed my brother-in-law's car and drove out to the edge of town, past the little farms, past The Corners, then on another mile or so.

Stanley King's telephone call had been brief and unexpected. I did not know him, and when my sister first spoke of him and his family as newcomers to these parts I had no idea who he was, although his name seemed familiar. It wasn't until he mentioned Lew Bannister that I connected the man I was talking with with the man Lew used to mention occasionally.

"I don't think you ought to go," my sister said. "I think it's peculiar, his calling you right out of the blue like this. Why you?"

"Lew told him about me."

"But he's been here all these months. He never needed anybody before."

We had been busy in the kitchen when the call came, my sister smilingly bathing her newest daughter, I at the stove with the formula. Now my sister's smiles were gone. "You don't know a thing about him. And I don't, either, except what I've heard, and what I've heard I don't like. People don't think much of Stanley King around here."

"But he's a friend of Lew Bannister."

"So he says."

"I know he is, sis; I remember Lew talking about him. Anyway, how would he know how to reach me if Lew hadn't told him?"

"I don't care; I wish you wouldn't go," my sister told me. "There's something queer about him; all this talk ——" she paused. "And you've never even met him, have you?"

"Darling, whatever made you think
I wouldn't know if you came out here?" Rika said.
"And at this hour, too, in the dark,
and poor Beth there dressed—or undressed—
the way she is."

"I don't think so." Lew had so many friends. "I may have; I don't remember."

My sister did not like that, my not remembering, and she repeated the rumors around town about Stanley King and his vicious moods, and his cruelty to his young wife—"so gay and she just loves to talk—a regular little chatterbox, I heard—and quite beautiful too; that's why nobody can understand it. She's always trying to cover up for him, always making excuses for him, but anybody can see how jealous and possessive he is. Ever since they've lived here there's been talk about him, how mean he is to her ——"

"Mean to her? What does he do? Beat her?"

"There are other ways than that, Beth. He's cruel, and from what I hear he doesn't care who knows it. It's a shame. . . . And rude? The girls were talking about it at club the other night. Everybody was so nice to them when they first moved here—there was a run on the library for his books, and everybody gave parties for them, but half the time he didn't even bother to turn up. One time—when they first moved here, that was—he had some people in for cocktails and he wouldn't even let his wife come downstairs. His housekeeper was there—whoever she is; an aunt, I think—and his daughter. She's by his first marriage and terribly spoiled, I heard. Well, *they* were there, and she wasn't. Mae Pendleton asked for her, and I guess some of the others did, too, but he got all frozen-faced and said he didn't think she would be coming down. Mae said she wondered, but he can be very charming and it never occurred to her that he might be keeping his wife almost a prisoner in that house ——"

There was more, of course, and of course I listened; but I wanted a job and if Stanley King had one for me, I knew that I would take it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88



The Troubled House

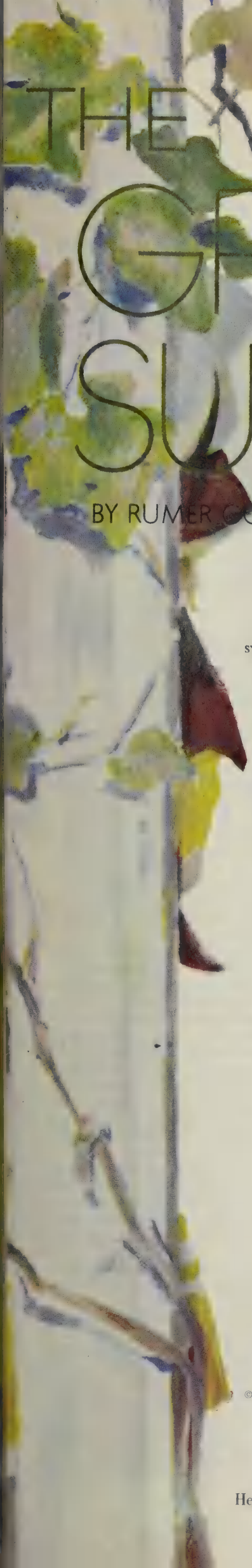
By C. KAGE BOOTON

Joss was sixteen. Eliot looked at her and then at Mlle. Zizi.

who had become curiously white. He said, "Zizi, you aren't jealous

of a little girl!" . . . But then he looked at Joss again.





THE GREENGAGE SUMMER

BY RUMER GODDEN

SYNOPSIS OF PART I When mother became seriously ill in the Paris station, our only thought was to take her quickly to Les Oeillets, the hotel on the Marne where we had planned to vacation. But owner Mlle. Zizi and her friend Mme. Corbet did not care to assume responsibility for five travel-worn English children and a feverish mother; they would have turned us away but for the kind Englishman, Eliot. It was Eliot who sent mother to a nearby hospital, persuaded Mlle. Zizi to let us stay, and agreed *not* to notify stuffy old Uncle William of our plight. For days my older sister, Joss, kept to her room with an attack of nerves; this meant that I, thirteen-year-old Cecil, must take charge of Hester, Willmouse and little Vicky. Mlle. Zizi, who loved Eliot, did *not* like us; we were made to eat with the staff, including the crude kitchen boy Paul, and every afternoon were sent into the orchards with picnics, to keep us out of the way. We thought it odd when we overheard Eliot refer to us as "camouflage," and we wondered at a hotel whose only overnight guests seemed to be Eliot and the painter, M. Joubert. But it was summer, the greengages in the orchard of the hotel were ripe, and we were happy—until Joss recovered and came down to dinner looking fragile and lovely. Eliot was immediately enchanted; Mlle. Zizi turned pale.

II Dinner was not comfortable that night. If anyone French came to the hotel, Eliot dined alone, and tonight, all through dinner, his eyes kept coming to Joss, still with that amazed look, and from her table Mlle. Zizi's eyes followed his. At last she got up and left the dining room. I do not think he noticed her going.

We, at our table, had long waits because Paul did not come to us at all. He had on the white coat he wore when help was needed in the dining room, but he only brought dishes to the service door for Mauricette and took the dirty plates from her. I heard her order him, in angry whispers, to come in and help her, but he would not. Joss, of course, did not know it was different; she sat innocently well mannered and patient, but Vicky began to nod with sleep and Willmouse yawned and even fidgeted.

Hester beckoned to Paul to bring us the dish he was holding in the doorway, but he scowled and turned his back. There were celery soup, stuffed tomatoes, veal with potatoes, flageolet beans served separately as they did here, cheese and fruit. We had only reached the veal when Mlle. Zizi called to Eliot from the office. He threw his napkin down impatiently and went out. Soon the visitors finished and left, too, but Mauricette still walked past us, putting things away instead of bringing our fruit. We, who were familiar, began to be annoyed, but Joss said, "Naturally they have to attend to the more important visitors first."

When Mauricette at last planked down our plate of greengages, the cut-glass bowl of water for our fingers and the clean plates, Joss said, "*Merci*," as if Mauricette had been normally polite. "*Mlle. Zizi vous attend dans le bureau*," said Mauricette.

Joss looked inquiringly at me; she was not used to Mauricette's quick talking. "Mlle. Zizi wants us in the office," I said. "Oh, Joss!"

She was a little startled, and we looked at one another. The table seemed suddenly small and the dining room big and foreign.

"Who gave you permission to change your time for dinner?" asked Mlle Zizi.

Joss looked at me in surprise. "We have been having it when Monsieur Armand and the others have theirs," I explained to her.

"What others?"

"Mauricette, Paul, Toinette, Nicole." I was beginning to regret this childish helter-skelter week.

"Who said that you could change?"

Joss turned her eyes on Mlle. Zizi. Her voice was still gentle as she asked, "You want us to eat with your servants?"

Mlle. Zizi's neck went red. "Mauricette cannot manage with so many in the dining room."

I should have accepted that, but Joss answered, "But Cecil says you often have sixty people for luncheon. Tonight we were only fifteen."

"I do not wish"—Mlle. Zizi floundered a little—"to have children with adults."

Joss' soft answer came relentlessly. "But Monsieur le Colonel and Madame—I don't know their name—had their little girl with them tonight."

"Do not argue with Mlle. Zizi," said Mme. Corbet to Joss with such venom that Joss was surprised again.

"I—I'm sorry," said Joss, "but our mother would not like it."

"Your mother left you in my charge," said Mlle. Zizi.

"She left us in Mr. Eliot's," said Joss. "Shall we ask him what he thinks?"

I thought Mlle. Zizi was going to slap Joss, but she controlled herself and, after a moment, "You may have your dinner with the guests," she said, "but I forbid you, absolutely forbid you, to trouble Monsieur Eliot."

After a while Hester and I went to the back steps. We did not want Paul to think we had deserted him, but though he saw us and knew that we knew that he saw us, he did not come. He worked ostentatiously in the kitchen and each time M. Armand passed him he said, "*Bougre de gâte-sauce! Marmiton miteux! Espèce de mitron de merde!*" I knew they were swear words, but what they meant I fortunately did not know; and I did not know, either, why he should be out of temper with M. Armand.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

© 1958 by Rumer Godden

"Come along!" It was Eliot's voice
but it did not sound like Eliot.
He had picked up Vicky. "Come *along!*"

"We Can't Live on $25,000 a Year"

as told to BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

How we spend $25,000

(Monthly averages)

Federal, state taxes.....	$415.48
House expenses	
Real estate taxes.....	101.20
Fire, theft, liability ins....	23.83
Mortgage, home imp. loans.....	333.57
Swimming pool.....	8.33
House upkeep (hardware, paint, furniture, repairs).....	82.92
Heat, electricity.....	46.83
Water.....	7.54
Husband's personal note at bank	90.00
Education	
Newspapers, magazines.....	6.66
Private school, one child.....	31.60
Dancing class, one child.....	2.90
Entertainment	
Liquor.....	76.07
Meals charged out.....	24.48
Sporting goods.....	6.59
Vacation.....	65.85
Club dues.....	11.00
Baby sitter ($10 a week).....	43.33
Food ($40 a week).....	173.33
Milk.....	21.21
Cigarettes.....	16.16
Cleaning woman.....	51.60
Medical, dental, drugs.....	32.59
Clothing.....	99.63
Charities.....	38.89
Telephone.....	11.97
Husband's city expenses.....	164.40
Car expense.....	102.70
Life, health accident ins.....	70.75
Boys' allowances, haircuts.....	15.50
Misc. (includes wife's hairdresser and gifts).....	92.31
Total expended each month.....	$2269.22

In the Red: $185 a month or $2,000 a year!

THE HUSBAND SAYS:

(He is an advertising account executive, a former Californian, with a deep resonant voice, springy step and erect carriage. He is in his late thirties. His manner is easy, calm and self-confident.)

My wife and I have never kept a budget. We arrived at the accounting here by adding up the checks we wrote last year. At the end of every year, we're generally about $2000 in the red. This past year was no exception.

Once upon a time, when I was first out of college and earning $35 a week, $25,000 a year seemed like a lot of money to me. I thought you could buy many luxuries on such an income. Yet here we are on a $25,000-a-year treadmill, running as fast as we can to stay in one place. Within two years, the oldest of our four sons will be ready for college. We haven't a cent of savings. How did we get into this dilemma?

Of course taxes are much higher. One fifth of my income goes for state and Federal taxes. And when we bought our present house six years ago, my wife was horrified at the real-estate taxes, which were $840 a year. Now they are over $1200 a year.

The laboring man talks about his take-home pay and counts only what is received after deductions. But the young executive is supposed to get his round figures and few people realize how much he never handles at all. My salary is $25,000 a year, but my take-home pay is only a little over $20,000.

Salaries like these are paid only in big cities or industrial centers where it's generally much more expensive to live. To find a big, roomy house in the country within commuting distance of New York City comes high. If we lump together all our house expenses, the total seems pretty staggering. At least to us, a couple who lived contentedly as newlyweds in a $45-a-month apartment. Maintaining our present house, swimming pool and four acres in an exclusive residential area costs us $604 a month, or approximately 36 per cent of my take-home pay. One in every three dollars we spend (after taxes) is for shelter.

Of course one way to save on house maintenance is to do it yourself, but my wife and I just weren't brought up that way. I bought a big garden tractor with the idea of plowing up a few acres and planting vegetables, but every time I climbed up on the seat something seemed to go haywire with the motor and it was another big repair bill. I know perfectly well that the local repairmen charge me twice as much as they do in the village. We sold the tractor and bought a rotary power mower so the kids could help cut the grass, but they managed to burn out the motor the first summer.

The swimming pool is very large and some of the pump and filter machinery is pretty ancient and needs constant tinkering; all I can do when it breaks down is to call in an expert.

When we finished building a new wing on the house this past summer, my wife and I decided to save money by doing much of the interior painting ourselves. We started on the bedrooms with rollers, but had trouble reaching the corners and switched to brushes, which made the final effect streaky. Also, we didn't know that it is necessary to fill in the nail holes with putty before giving new woodwork three coats of paint.

We have no servants because help is too expensive. A yardman to help with the leaves or storm windows charges $2.50 an hour, a cleaning woman gets $10.20 a day. Medical care is high too—$7.50 each time the family doctor makes a house call.

But although it's a strain financially to live where we do, we wouldn't exchange it. I get a thrill every time I look out over the swimming pool with its brick walks and beautiful roses and rhododendrons, past the baseball field and tennis courts to a distant view of Long Island Sound. There's a small yacht club nearby, too, where the boys have learned to sail. Every weekend finds me in old clothes with a spade and trowel and fertilizer, busy landscaping.

Our rambling house and pool and patio lend themselves admirably to the kind of casual, informal entertaining CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

WHY YOUNG EXECUTIVES GO BROKE

It's when a young executive suddenly jumps from $10,000 to $25,000 a year that he gets into the red. He feels that he should live in a house and a neighborhood that do credit to the company—and this doesn't mean the nearest subdivision.

Living out in the country, you need two cars, more insurance. You can't dine constantly with wealthy families and return the invitations with your wife coming out all pink and steaming from the kitchen; you need more household help. You join the country club and then the hunt club. You almost always want a boat. And there's one big reason yachts are so expensive: you're always the host.

The man in this story can't cut expenses by pinching pennies here and there. He would have to sell his house, move to a different community, uproot his wife and children. That's the only way he could lower his expenses by even 10 per cent.

JOHN L. HANDY, *Management Consultant*

"We're Doing Fine on $8,400 a Year"

By NELLE KEYS PERRY

"We don't consider money important," says slim, pretty Virginia Collins; "it's just *essential!* Chuck and I feel that money is to spend—as wisely as we can. We have to manage on our income, but we try to make living as pleasant and meaningful as possible, for our children and ourselves."

Since their marriage ten years ago, Charles (Chuck) and Virginia, both thirty, have managed on monthly incomes ranging from $90 to their present $700. With three handsome blond sons—Charles, seven; Jonathan, five; and Patrick, four—they now live in a comfortable new home ("We own 25 per cent of it") on the outskirts of the thriving Midwestern town to which they were transferred last year when Chuck, a mechanical engineer, was promoted within his company. The prospect of moving gave new impetus to the youngsters' chronic yearning for a tree house—impossible in the ultranew suburban development where they then lived. Young Charles asked wistfully, "What good is a tree if you can't climb it?"

The boys now have their tree house, in a low-boughed maple down by the creek that flows through the meadow back of their lot. In summer the meadow echoes with family baseball games and picnics; the creek is fine for wading, and abounds in fascinating crawdads, frogs and bass bugs, all of which can be caught by determined small boys. At night they turn them all loose again. "Daddy doesn't like killing," Jon explains.

The tree house is only one feature giving the Collinses pleasure in their new home. (Collins is not their real name, by the way, but their story is true. The JOURNAL is respecting their request for anonymity in deference to his company's policy about revealing salaries.) The $17,800 house boasts a well-planned kitchen, airy living room, three bedrooms and two baths—"Every day at noon I bow toward that second bath," says Virginia. The house also came equipped with air conditioning, Thermopane windows, gas heater in the full (unfinished) basement, and garbage disposer. The only "extra" they have added is copper weatherstripping around front and rear doors. They paid $3560 down (received from their equity in their last home) and are paying off the twenty-year mortgage at $102.86 a month (including interest).

Although Chuck is a mechanical wizard, according to his wife, he had never done any carpentry; yet he has finished the basement, using only handsaw, hammer and T square—plus the somewhat questionable aid of three ebullient sons. They display their work with modest pride. "I just dropped a plumb line and marked the floor at intervals, so I knew where to set the studs," says Chuck. With shining eyes Pat shows you the nail he hammered in all by himself; and quiet, imaginative Jon insists stoutly that he personally built the cabinets. Charles, oldest, was *really* a help, says their patient father: "He can saw straight and knows how to use a hammer."

Half the basement, lengthwise, is divided between garage and Chuck's future workroom, in which a small bench will be set up for the boys' use. Expert marksman Chuck's gun collection will be housed here too. The recreation room, with plasterboard walls, asphalt-tile floor and soundproof ceiling, takes up the remaining area, with space at one end for the seventeen-cubic-foot freezer, the new washer and dryer, and for the sewing bar Chuck means to build, which will do triple service as room divider and dining table. He also plans a laundry chute, but Virginia, who likes clothes dried in the sun when possible, votes for a dumb-waiter, to get the laundry down and *back up.*

All this work would be much simpler if Chuck had the power tools he wants for his workroom, but, says he, "We needed the rec room worse than I need the tools, so they have to wait till we can afford them. Tools next, then furniture." The "rec" room is now furnished with odd bits and pieces, but it has practically doubled the living area of the house. The TV has been moved down from the living room. A battered but still sweet-toned piano ($10 secondhand) gives expression to Chuck's love for Chopin; sometimes he shifts to trumpet, while Virginia takes over the keys. Charles' beloved trains whiz around an intricate system of tracks; and cowboys and wild Indians can shoot and shriek down here without disturbing their elders above.

With Federal and state income tax, Social Security and group health payment withheld, Chuck's take-home pay is $602 monthly. This is considerably more money than the Collinses have ever had before, yet they have always given regularly to church and charity, and carried adequate-to-ample life and property insurance. They have college funds building for each son; they eat well and dress well, entertain frequently, and take active part in community affairs. They own a '49 car, which Chuck keeps running as smoothly as a watch. They save regularly, and have no debts except the mortgage and payments on washer-dryer and freezer which are planned for in their budget.

How do they do it?

"We found out a long time ago," Chuck says, "money goes farther if one partner—either one—handles it, with absolute confidence from both. I used to do it, but didn't enjoy it—and frankly, I wasn't as good at it as Va." (He pronounces it "*V a.*") "So she's been our financial expert for years now."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151

How we spend $8,400

(Monthly Budget)

Federal, state taxes, Social Security, group health ins....	$ 98.00
House expenses	
Mortgage.....	102.86
Insurance.....	7.00
Taxes.....	13.00
Fuel.....	18.50
Electricity.....	8.00
Water.....	4.00
Softener.....	5.00
Payment on washer-dryer.....	15.96
Payment on food freezer.....	26.00
Education	
Magazines and paper.....	4.10
Savings for Charles' education	4.00
Savings for Jon's education...	4.00
Savings for Pat's education...	4.00
Boys' insurance, payable at age 20, for college costs...	6.50
Entertainment	
(baby-sitter).....	10.00
Food, cigarettes, genl. supplies	94.15
Milk.....	28.00
Bread.....	12.00
Med. and Dent.....	10.00
Clothing.....	8.00
Dry Cleaning.....	2.00
Church.....	10.00
Telephone.....	10.00
Husband's personal expense money (inc. car costs).....	40.00
Life, sickness, accident ins..	29.20
Charles' allowance, bus, lunch..	7.50
Set aside for "extras".....	10.00
Savings	
Christmas Club (for special expenditures).....	20.00
Joint Account.....	30.00
Total monthly budget	$641.77

Left as a Surplus: $58.23 a month!

A day of rest

After all, mothers are people, aren't they?

So they can pamper themselves once in a while, like anybody else. . . . Can't they?

By HELEN RITTELL

Beryl's throat felt scratchy when she woke in the rainy early morning, and her head ached dully. It was nothing serious, she told Stephen; she'd been sicker, lots of times. She smiled up at him as he bent over her, his forehead wrinkled in a little anxious frown that made him look ridiculously like the new baby, Dickie.

"You should stay in bed today." Stephen was at the dresser now, expertly knotting his tie. He looked at her through the mirror. "Take it easy and drink lots of water. That's the only way to lick a cold."

Beryl winced as she sat upright. "Sinus," she diagnosed, throwing back the covers and reaching for her slippers, "and a touch of grippe. I'll be all right as soon as I have some coffee." She thrust her arms into her robe, shivering.

Stephen gently pushed her back against her pillow. "No, you're going to stay right there! The girls can look after the babies, can't they? Maybe I can get Mrs. Arkwright to come over." He drew the comforter up around her shoulders. With a heavy hand he pushed the hair back from her forehead in a gesture he had always considered soothing. Beryl closed her eyes, enduring it bravely.

"Mrs. Arkwright wouldn't come on a Saturday—that's the day she always visits her married daughter." Beryl turned her aching head cautiously. It was restful just to lie here, she thought, tempted. The girls were old enough to take over, and perhaps the twins could go down to Meggy's for the day—though it seemed unlikely after the case of nerves Meggy had suffered following their last visit.

The new baby was awake and fussing, but not yet down to the serious business of screaming for his bottle. Suzie, the old baby, appeared in the doorway, a battered fur rabbit clutched in her arms. Her shabby sleepers bagged in the seat, but her cheeks were wild-rose pink, and her yellow hair was a tousled halo. She smiled affably up at Stephen, holding the rabbit up by one floppy ear. "Suzie good girl?" She tipped her head, flirting with him.

He picked her up and dangled her high in the air. She grasped his hair in both hands and shrieked happily. The new baby burst into furious wailing. As if in sympathy, the rain increased its tempo, tapping against the pane like frail crystal bullets, ricocheting down the pane.

"I should get up," said Beryl worriedly. "How you'll ever manage them all ——"

Stephen slung his daughter over his shoulder. Reaching down, he expertly scooped up the baby in his other arm. "We'll manage," he told her firmly. "You stay right there. I'll go round up the girls, and then I'll telephone Mrs. Arkwright. I can call Denham and tell him I'll be a little late getting in to the office ——" His voice trailed off as he went down the hall to the girls' room. "Margy! Kathy!" she heard him call. A roar of protest came from the sleepy girls, followed by the rumble of Stephen's voice.

He thundered down the stairs, his heels sharp on the wooden treads. Beryl could hear her daughters moving around in their room, getting dressed. They were thirteen and fifteen, and they quarreled unceasingly.

"Of all the sordid things to do"—Margy's tone was high and penetrating—"wearing my new sweater and dripping soy sauce all over it!" "Sordid" was Margy's new word. Last month it had been "fabulous," and before that everything had been "too utterly grim."

"I did not drip soy sauce on it!" Kathy screeched from the bathroom. "That's Worcestershire! Anyway, I only wore it because you went and scorched my red blouse."

They bickered and shoved their way down the stairs. At the bottom they scuffled briefly, their sponge-soled shoes squeaking on the polished floor.

Stephen roared from the kitchen, "Stop that, you two! Your mother's sick, and here you are, raising Cain. Pipe down, now, and be quick about it."

They piped down obediently. Beryl turned stiffly on her side and closed her eyes, grateful for the comfort of warm blankets and a soft pillow. It was sheer luxury, to be lying in bed at this hour of the morning, she thought sleepily. The radiator hissed softly, the rain settled to a steady drumming.

Strange odors drifted up the stairs. Burned toast, decided Beryl, sniffing delicately, and they were boiling the bejabbers out of the coffee. She drowsed deliciously.

A twin appeared on either side of the bed. Two freckled faces bent to peer anxiously into hers. Bruce and Dusty had both had baths just before bedtime, but they had already acquired a smudged look. "We were up in the attic, looking for our football helmets." Dusty's tone was faintly accusing. "Have you seen anything of them, mom?"

The Journal Presents
HELEN RITTELL
HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN ANY MAGAZINE

"Not lately. What do you want of football helmets in March, anyway?"

Bruce sat down heavily on the side of the bed, bouncing as if to test the springs. Dusty hung over the footboard sociably. Beryl's head throbbed. "Don't jar the bed, please."

Bruce got up hastily, causing the springs to bound.

"We wanted our football helmets to trade," he said, getting back to first principles. "Ratty Cartner might give us his guppies for them. Bowl and all."

"That's handy," said Beryl. "But if you keep guppies you'll have to look after them, boys."

"Oh, sure"—they spoke glibly, and in unison—"we'll take good care of 'em." So had they spoken of the puppy, the hamster, the family of white mice.

"If you don't, out they go. And I kid you not, gentlemen."

They jarred the bed again, scuffling out, and the door slammed behind them. "Gee, mom, we didn't mean to," called Dusty.

They appeared to fall headlong down the stairs, but apparently they arrived safely at the bottom. Beryl heard them burst through the kitchen door, clamoring loudly for Crispy-Wispies. Not that they liked the cereal especially. They were saving box tops.

In what passed for quiet in that household Beryl lay savoring her leisure. She was in the blissful state between wakefulness and slumber when a new sound roused her to wide-eyed awareness. She turned her head toward the window, but the rain had slackened to a mere drizzle. She listened intently. That tap-tap-tapping sound ——

She was out of bed, racing down the long hall to the bathroom. The door was closed, but a thin trickle of water ran leisurely over the sill, soaking the edge of the hall rug. Beryl shuddered as frigid water lapped over her bare feet. She shut off the tap, plunged her wrist into ice water, and wrenched the stopper from the sink.

When Stephen came upstairs to say goodby, five minutes later, his wife was sopping frantically with bath towels, rugs—anything absorbent she could lay her hands on. He wasted no time on words, but stripped off shoes and socks, rolled up his pants legs and waded in. The twins arrived, carrying mops. Margy came upstairs regally, the baby in her arms, and remarked that it was all too sordid for words.

When the last bath towel had been wrung out, Stephen CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

THE WEEK MOTHER WAS SICK

by Ted Key

1



"She must have absolute bed rest for a few days."

2



"When I say 'Quiet' I mean. . . .!"

3



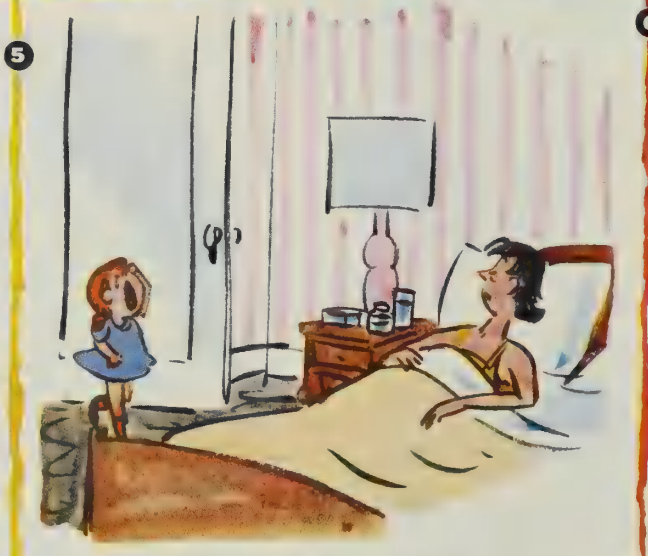
"Mind if I take her temperature?"

4



"The master asked me to ask you . . ."

5



"Daddy won't read to me!"

6



7



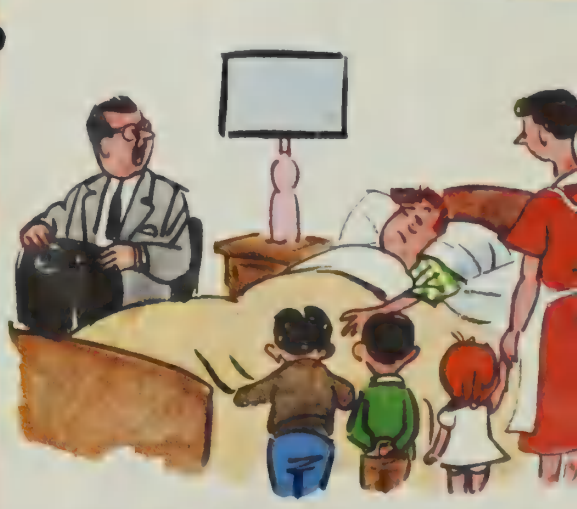
"You'll EAT and you'll LIKE it!"

8



"I HATE daddy!"

9



"He must have absolute bed rest for a few days."

FIRST STEP INTO SPRING



A coat with no boundaries—cornflower-blue fleece by Nat Bader. Silk turban from John Frederics.

WILHELA CUSHMAN



A new color, a new "shape," but above all, a new point of view—the intriguing idea that clothes are judged for their year-round merits. Hence the silks with weight and wools with almost no weight . . . the influx of nonseasonal blues and rose-reds, clean grays, universal beiges, long-lived prints, flower hats that come early and stay for the summer.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor



The bow pump for spring '58 is in patent leather with grosgrain, designed for suits or dresses. The big square silk scarf from Balenciaga is splashed with color.

Calendar-wise suit of pale beige wool, lightly shaped, worn with a straw breton in the same tone, a gold-and-rhinestone bracelet, by Hattie Carnegie. Capeskin bag by Michel.

RICHARD HANLEY

Right: New silk-and-wool tweed in a gray-and-white check, its short jacket faintly fitted, by Philippe Tournaye. The rough-straw breton by Elizabeth Marks. Below: A great black bag from Gucci, a Tourmaline pin and bracelet by Seaman Schepps, and new excitement in a suède-and-kidskin shoe by Roger Vivier of Christian Dior.







The bloused silhouette in checked silk steps into spring and summer, providing a new all-day fashion, by Herbert Sondheim. The shiny straw hat bound with velvet by Adolfo of Emme.



Printed silk-twill blouson dress and new soft hat by Christian Dior, N. Y. Rhinestone bracelets.

FIRST STEP INTO SPRING

Signs of spring: a suit the color of bachelor-buttons or a coat the shade of frosted strawberries . . . a printed silk hat to match a jacket lining, a printed slipper.

Wider necklines and slightly extended shoulders make throats stem-slim and minimize snug hiplines. Most skirts are slender and tapered, but flat box pleats (like a schoolgirl's) appear in the most sophisticated suits.

Four silhouettes give new variety to dresses: the bloused look, the chemise, the easy two-piece overblouse and the small-waisted shirtwaist dress.

The easy silhouette calls for subtle shaping underneath— the figure rounded, slim-hipped, utterly feminine.

The small elegant bag in the hand for evening is in contrast to the calfskin with the look of fine luggage for day. Instep straps and T-straps begin to change the shoe silhouette.



Once again the T-strap in a red leather sandal, or a pump in bright blue. The small blue purse tucks inside the scarlet satchel. Flower pin from Lilly Dache.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.



Silk polka-dot shirtwaist dress by Larry Aldrich has the still-coveted small waistline. Big white horsehair picture hat by Irene of New York.



Tone on tone—a brown T-strap shoe or a caramel-colored pump to match a buckled bag by Gucci. Gloves a shade lighter, compact and earrings by Seaman Schepps.



A new pink wool chemise by Larry Aldrich, for any season.

WILHELA CUSHMAN



The printed silk overblouse matches jacket lining of this wool costume by Adele Simpson. Hat, Irene of New York.



Frosted pink spongy wool coat in the yoke silhouette by William Fox. Accessorize with claret-colored calfskin bag and long crushed capeskin gloves. Wonderful to wear early or late, or for summer vacations.

The Journal's

Gem of a wardrobe

Season after season, year after year, the JOURNAL's basic philosophy on what is a "Gem of a Wardrobe" remains the same. We continue to show you quality fabrics, timeless fashions, seasonal color combinations, but always with new ideas. For instance, on these pages we have made two costumes interchangeable to serve double duty. Your suit skirt with a silk broadcloth shirt and a sweater makes a very casual daytime costume. The black-and-white printed skirt can be worn now with a black wool jersey top and later becomes completely seasonless by the addition of a matching sleeveless bodice. The lovely blue coat was designed to go over everything and is especially pretty over the blue-and-turquoise hound's-tooth tie-silk shirtwaist dress.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor



PEARLS BY DOROTHY ADAMS

MARGARET SOMMERFELD

This blue basket-weave coat has a yoke with easy fullness both front and back. The collar is notched, the sleeves can be three quarter or long. Patch pockets. Vogue Design No. S–4862, 12 to 40.



BEIGE HAT BY SALLY VICTOR BAG ■■ ROGER VAN ■■



Our Gem of a suit is an easy-fitting natural-color raw silk in a herringbone weave. The suit skirt, left, can be worn with a plaid silk-broadcloth shirt, Vogue Design No. 9387, 10 to 40. Matching cardigan. Jacket has an away-from-the-neckline collar. Vogue Design No. S–4863, 12 to 18.



A soft shirtwaist dress is a comfortable timeless fashion. This one in a blue-and-turquoise hound's-tooth tie silk has a pleat and fullness eased into the back belt and a larger-than-usual flattering collar. Vogue Design No. 102.



A crisp black-and-white print can be prettily accented with any color. This skirt has pockets in the seams hidden under pleats. The blouse, a low square neck.

EARRINGS BY HATTIE CARNEGIE

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

This romantic black jersey blouse is cut low in the front and filled with filmy black nylon lace. The lovely full skirt is black printed roses on silk shantung. Both the black and the printed blouses are Vogue Design No. 9408, 12 to 20. The printed skirt, Design No. 9410, 24 to 30.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 66.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

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EZRA STOLLER JAMES C. ROSE, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

Note the luminosity provided by the plastic panels on the sides, the shade and screening by the bamboo awnings above.

A garden is an Open-Air room in city, town or country

By RICHARD PRATT
Architectural and Garden Editor

Because this garden is a New York City back yard, it needed extra-special privacy, not only on three sides but from above where tall tenements looked down on you all day. And because the difficulties of maintaining good growing soil are so great in a big city, the only things that are planted in the ground here are the columnar ginkgoes, which thrive in adversity, are stylishly slender, and take up minimum room. Everything else grows in water or in pots, and offers no problems—little water lilies and other small-scale aquatics, a hanging bowl of begonias, a tub of zinnias. There is a counter for serving and other handy uses; a sheet-metal tank for water lilies, and—blessed relief!—the garden is paved wall to wall with brick. It is furnished to taste, and everything can be kept clean and fresh with a hose. The party-line fences shared by the neighbors are of cedar palings woven with wire; while the garden structure you see here is simplicity itself to buy and to put together (we'll tell you how if you ask), with plastic screening framed on the sides, and with weatherproof bamboo screening fastened on above.

Can this Marriage be Saved?



Broken homes breed broken homes. Sometimes, after a divorce, it is claimed that the children have benefited—that they are behaving better than they did when father and mother were quarreling with each other. Recent studies, when boys were involved, show the change to be mainly that the boys, deprived of a masculine pattern in the home, become less aggressive, show less initiative, are more feminine in their behavior. This docility, this tendency to stay close to mother and imitate her, is interpreted by the mother as meaning that they are now good little boys. Years later, another woman—the wife—pays the penalty for this change, for the boy who is grown up and now a husband doesn't know how to behave like a good husband and father. He had no masculine patterns in his own home—the divorce prevented that. He flounders around in his marriage. That was one of the problems in the present case, in which the counselor was Dr. William O. Walcott.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.,
General Director

SHE: "Tod told me he wanted a divorce. He is the only man I've ever loved, but he said I didn't love him any more, that he had found a woman who did love him and that he had just come from seeing her."

HE: "I was hungry for love. I'd hardly kissed Julie since Joe's birth: any time I tried, I could sense that her true feelings were untouched. She thinks of me as the family *breadwinner*."

JULIE TELLS HER SIDE: "I was in bed pretending to be asleep and Tod was in the living room pretending to watch television," said Julie, five years married at the age of twenty-five and the mother of three preschool children. She was attractive in her blondness, but slightly overweight, and she looked older than her age. "It was only nine P.M., but I was exhausted. The TV program was good and noisy—Tod goes for Westerns and is indifferent to the fact I need plenty of rest—and I had a pillow over my head. Even so, I thought I heard the telephone ring. I didn't hear Tod answer, but pretty soon he tiptoed across the living room to the front door. The floor squeaks.

"By then I was out of bed and listening as hard as I could. I heard the front door open and close very softly. The television was still going full blast. Tod is the production engineer in a small shop that subcontracts for big aircraft plants and occasionally unexpected emergencies call him down to work in the evening. But usually he tells me. And he doesn't leave the television set playing away in an empty room to make me think he is still sitting there.

"I went in and turned off the program. All this happened three weeks ago, on Easter Sunday, which means Tod and I had put in a hectic day with the kids. At the crack of dawn we had staged an Easter-egg hunt in our garden. Anyway, I staged it. Tod read the Sunday papers while I hid the eggs. While Bobby and Billy, our older boys, ran around and hunted I kept the peace between them and also filled a little basket for baby Joe. Tod retreated to the garage and used his electric saw.

"At noon we had to go to my folks' home for lunch, and during the afternoon the children and my mother and my sisters and I went through a second Easter-egg hunt. Tod listened to a baseball game on the radio. At five o'clock we had to go to my mother-in-law's place for supper. She, too, had Easter baskets for the youngsters. At that point the older boys were overtired and cross as bears—Bobby is four, Billy is three—and the baby, who is usually an angel, was crying and I couldn't get him quiet.

"Bobby refused to thank my mother-in-law for his third Easter basket of the day, and she was so shocked I insisted on the thanks. Bobby then hauled off and threw an egg at her. While I was trying to handle his case, Billy proceeded to have an accident on the damask sofa. It was his first accident in months. My mother-in-law told me the sofa didn't matter, but she ran to get the cleaning fluid as though demons were after her. As she mopped at the spot she told me for the thousandth time that Tod was toilet-trained at six months, which is something I will never believe.

"I looked around for Tod to help me—they're his children too—but he had conveniently vanished into the bathroom, another one of his favorite hiding places. Later on, when at long last he decided we could leave and start home, he apologized to his mother for the children's conduct, which wasn't *too* awful, and laid the blame on me. He then let me cram all three youngsters into their sweaters, jackets and caps, a chore that is like trying to put bridles and saddles on a basketful of eels. By the time we reached home it was eight P.M. and I was ready to drop.

"Tod sat himself down with the television while I bathed the children, who were covered with chocolate and sticky goo, and put them to bed. Ever since early morning Tod had been announcing at regular intervals that the day was a mess and that I was wildly inefficient. I'd held my tongue—my mother wouldn't allow dissension in our home—but personally I thought Tod had no kick coming. I didn't think he was entitled to stalk out of the house in a fit of sulks. Half an hour went by. I telephoned the shop, got no answer. I couldn't imagine where he had gone.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



DON ORNITZ

"Suddenly I couldn't keep from crying. I hid my face in my apron and went stumbling out to the kitchen."

KEEP YOUR BEAUTY IN FACT



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Winston Churchill was once in the position of having to exclaim over a baby he considered to be downright homely. He neither lied by offering a compliment, nor hurt the parents' feelings by speaking the truth. To everyone's satisfaction, he simply remarked in a booming, jovial voice, "My, that is a baby!" Here are some more examples of how saying and doing the right thing can turn even the most average person into someone who is a delight to be near and befriend.

By **DAWN CROWELL NORMAN**
Beauty Editor

Recently a little six-year-old girl was acting as junior hostess at her parents' party when, in her excitement, she stumbled and broke her mother's favorite china dish. The mother quickly jumped to her daughter's aid, hugged her, and announced, "Honey, that's the first time you've ever broken a dish, and boy, you did it like a *pro!*" Every guest in the room showed signs of acknowledging the mother's sweet and quick-thinking action which not only dried the child's tears and erased her embarrassment, but eased the tension all around.

If love and consideration of other people's feelings are what make *your* home go round, you've probably discovered that this talent for being tactful can get off to an early start. Two little boys were playing together when the mother of the young host came into the room to serve refreshments. The little guest looked up at the stout woman and remarked, "Gee, *my* mommie is real *thin!*" The other child thought a moment, then countered with, "Yes, but does she put chocolate *and* vanilla icing on the brownies?"

All of us, in everyday life, have the choice of accenting the gay or the cheerless, the positive or the negative. With a word, look or gesture we can lift a person's heart sky high, or plunge it downward. Some women consistently make the right choice—a choice based on generosity of spirit and a fine sensitivity toward others. Day by day, month by month, their little "upbeat" approaches to life, and to the *niceties* of life, make them special and popular.

A three-year-old girl was riding in a taxicab with her mother when she pointed to the Negro driver and asked, "Mommie, why is he so *black?*" The mother, seeing the man's shoulders tense, hastily searched for just the right words to satisfy both her companions. She said, "God makes people as He makes flower gardens, so the world will be more colorful. Some of us are white, some brown, some black, some yellow—and there are variations of all these shades. That makes us all the more interesting to look at, don't you agree?" The little girl nodded, and when she and her mother got out of the cab, the driver said, "Ma'am, I feel lucky to have had you ride with me. When my little girl gets big enough to ask me why some people are so *white*, I'll be very happy to know what to tell her."

Being a tactful person is just as often a matter of knowing what *not* to say—of knowing when to keep your troubles, your aches and pains to yourself, in favor of creating a cheerful impression. At a party, or on some chance encounter, you greet a friend and ask, "How are you?" and she answers enthusiastically, "I'm just *fine*, thank you!" then she adds something such as "How becoming that shade of blue is to you," or "I saw your daughter last week and she looked so cunning in her bright red coat." Her eyes twinkle, her voice is warm and vibrant, her handshake firm and friendly. She may not be pretty or prepossessing in any particular way, yet the day seems better for your just having seen her.



How Tactful are You?

Time out for tact! *On her visit to America, Queen Elizabeth was scheduled to listen, while seated in her car, to a little speech given by fourteen-year-old Eagle Scout John Rowsey. Quite understandably, the youngster became flustered at taking a leading role in such a formidable occasion. He blushed, stammered and gulped as he fought his way through to the end. "How nice," the queen said, smiling; "thank you very much." Then, touched by his jitters, she invited him into the car to sit next to her. Like a mother soothing a child, the young sovereign talked softly to the boy until slowly his blush receded. Comforted and reassured by the pretty queen's thoughtful gesture, young John was soon able to launch excitedly into answering her questions.*

Your hostess can't hide her dismay over the roast beef which is too well done. Do you commiserate with her at length, or do you take her mind off the overcooked beef by telling her you've never tasted such a delicious salad?

You meet a friend whose husband has lost his job. Do you ask her anxiously, "Has Harry found anything yet?" or do you comment cheerfully on other things, knowing well that if she cares to discuss Harry's job status she'll bring up the subject herself?

Can you pride yourself on genuinely admiring someone else's possessions without being guilty of trying to snoop out such information as how much they cost or how come she can afford them?

A friend returns from her vacation in the South. Do you put a damper on her fun by saying, "Dearie, you've gained weight!" or do you make her feel like a lucky girl with, "What a heavenly tan!"?

Even though you're sure you have an answer to a friend's personal problem, can you refrain from offering advice until she indicates she'd like to have it?

Mary, with no outside help, is struggling under the burden of giving a dinner party for twelve. Do you sit back with the others and wonder aloud how she does it, or do you unobtrusively, and without getting in her way, take over some of Mary's little chores such as emptying ash trays or passing hors d'oeuvres?

Your datebook is filled for the rest of the month, but Susan's is one blank page after the other. Do you regale her with stories of your own popularity, or do you wait until she asks before telling about the parties and dances?

A friend pridefully shows off her new brass-and-glass coffee table. You happen to think it is hideous. Do you take the edge off her pleasure with, "Well, you know me, Sarah, I've never been one for modern furniture," or do you underscore her happiness with something such as, "How beautifully it fits into the rest of your room"?

It's grandma's first outing since her bout with influenza. Do you remind the children, in advance, to confine their comments to exclamations of how wonderful it is to see her again, and put a firm foot down on such pint-size observations as, "Look at grandma's hands shake"?

The conversation at the dinner party comes to a deafening halt. Do you suffer in silence with the rest of the guests, or try to help out your hostess and get things going again by introducing some sure-fire topic such as, "I was certainly surprised by the front-page news today!" or "I wonder what changes Frank Jones will make as new president of the school board"?

You meet a friend for the first time since she suffered some personal loss (death in her family, breakup of her marriage, serious financial reverses). Do you go into an elaborate demonstration of your sorrow for her, or (no matter how sincerely sorry you may be) do you spare her feelings by not actually mentioning her loss but indicating, with some warm little gesture (a squeeze of the hand, a pat on her shoulder), that you are in sympathy—and then get on to some other subject?

All of us, from time to time, find ourselves in the awkward position of forgetting someone's name. Do you settle for a frank, unflattering "I don't remember your name," which might make the other person feel like a Mrs. Nobody, or do you get a lick in first with "Hello! I'm Ellen Smith," thus setting the stage for her to respond with, "And I'm Mary Brown"? (There are times when it's just downright necessary for us to explain our forgetfulness, but it can be done appealingly—"My mind has been a blank all day. I'll bet I wouldn't recognize my own husband!")

This appealing quality of personality has nothing to do with "buttering up" people with false compliments or undeserved praise. We are all quick to detect and resent insincerity and to distrust the person who indulges in it. We steer clear of the woman who swamps her hostess with gushing "compliments"—"What a divine soufflé," or "Your children are angels"—only to turn around and remark later, "The luncheon was quite uninspired," and "Really, those children are beasts!" But when your kindly gesture is backed up by sincerity and thoughtfulness, it can instill in you a quality of beauty which manifests itself in many enchanting and rewarding ways.

A new mother, just home from the hospital with her baby, was expecting her first visitor, a woman with excellent taste and money to indulge it. The "nursery" was a crowded corner of the young parents' bedroom, furnished with clumsy hand-me-down pieces. The mother was painfully aware of the shabbiness. The only bright touch she had been able to wangle out of the budget was at the window—a pair of frilly pink-and-white organdy curtains, pretty but out of keeping with the rest of the room, like shiny sparkle buttons on a threadbare suit. The elegant visitor arrived and spent her first few minutes ooh-ing and ahh-ing over the baby. Then she glanced about, taking in her forlorn surroundings. Her expression was pleasant but noncommittal until quite suddenly she smiled radiantly and exclaimed, "They're the *sweetest* curtains. I'd love some just like them for my own house!" Her real enthusiasm cheered the young mother and filled her with pride. This tactful visitor, with very little to inspire her, had neatly turned the occasion into the happy one it deserved to be.

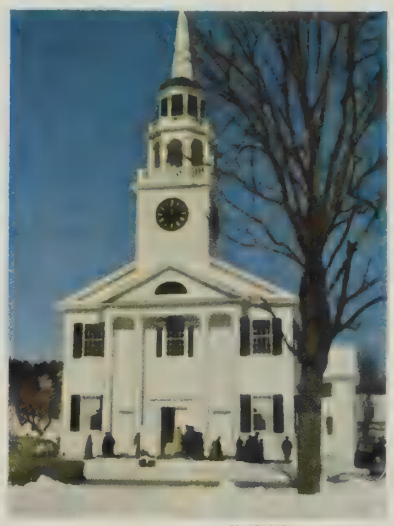
There are some women, though, who never take the trouble to do or say the right thing. They cannot resist the cutting remark, the little "dig." You may know just such a person. She looks about a room filled with animated women in colorful party clothes, but makes no comment until she spots Helen, who happens to be wearing black. Then she says, "Isn't it a shame Helen doesn't realize black makes her skin look so sallow?" Or she might study your new blue sofa and ask, "Oh, do you like blue upholstery? Doesn't it fade terribly?" It apparently never occurs to this Miss Negative that her unnecessary and disagreeable remarks serve only to point up her own lack of self-assurance. This type of woman (very often a young girl) usually is so ill at ease herself that she attempts to draw attention away from her own inadequacies by belittling other people. Or, in her futile attempt at "superiority"—in her selfish desire always to be the one to run the show—she is afraid to chance what competition may arise from acknowledging another person's good points.

A friend tells this story: "Recently I had my living room painted pure white, and I was still in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78


Church Supper Specialties
MRS. APPLEYARD'S MEAT PIE WITH BISCUITS
SCALLOPED POTATOES MRS. APPLEYARD
ALMA VINCENT'S ROAST PORK WITH GRAVY
GREEN BEANS WITH PORK CRACKLINGS
MARY FLINT'S ALMOND, GRAPE AND PINEAPPLE SALAD
RED-PEPPER RELISH
CHOCOLATE ICEBOX CAKE
MARY FLINT'S LEMON-MERINGUE PIE

Appleyard Church Supper



HANSON T. CARROLL

By ELIZABETH KENT GAY

Luscious meat pie topped with feathery biscuits,
a juicy roast of pork, creamy potatoes scalloped with cheese—
these church-supper specialties from Appleyard Center
will be the mainstays of many delicious winter's meals.

According to my mother, Mrs. Appleyard, one way to taste the food of the best cooks in America is to frequent church suppers. She ought to know, for she is one of those cooks herself—the natural-born kind who can produce delicate miracles of soufflés from temperamental wood stoves, to whom a baking failure is unthinkable.

In our town the church-supper planning committee deals out the parts of the menu rather like a local Shakespeare society casting a play. Years ago, when I first set up housekeeping, I used to be asked for a couple of pounds of butter, a role usually reserved for invalids. Then I rose to mashed potatoes and salad. "Even if she's not much of a cook, she can't do much harm with those." Having proved myself on salads, I was promoted after a while to baking-powder biscuits. Finally, when I was asked to contribute one of the main dishes, I knew I had arrived, at least in a culinary sense. Mother, of course, had been there all along.

"I can't promise to get to the supper," says mother, "but of course I'll cook. What shall I send?"

"One of your wonderful meat pies," I said, representing the planning committee, "the kind that grown men have eaten seven helpings of, and asked for more. And how about those heavenly scalloped potatoes with onion and cheese that you bake in the big white casserole?"

Mother purrs. Good cooks are no more immune to flattery than ordinary mortals. "The best cooks in our church are sending one or two of their specialties," I went on. "We're asking Mary Flint for that divine lemon-meringue pie, and I'm taking chocolate icebox cake and several jars of my red-pepper relish."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

STUART-FOWLER

Eggs COLLECTOR'S ITEMS from the Journal Kitchen



Bring spring into your kitchen with a few branches of forsythia in a mixing bowl.

"No wonder, child, we prize the hen
Whose egg is mightier than the pen."

What we like about the egg is not its might, but its versatility. The egg plays as many roles in as many guises as a summer-stock star.

Consider the omelet. It comes to breakfast boutonniered with parsley, accompanied by bacon or frizzled ham—and the day begins on a happy note. It takes to sauces, leftovers, herbs and other trimmings as a good basic dress takes to accessories.

Don't get the notion that a perfect French omelet is to be found only in a little bistro on the Left Bank. You, in your own kitchen, can make an omelet to rival those of the worthy Madame Poulard, and in less time than it takes to pass along the know-how.

Allow one or two eggs per person, depending on appetites. Beat lightly with a fork, adding one tablespoon water, milk or cream per egg. Salt and pepper too. Have ready a piping-hot skillet of ample proportions, in which a generous tablespoon of butter is sizzling but not brown. In with the eggs, lower the heat, then shake the pan vigorously, stirring the eggs lightly as they begin to cook. Then let them set for just a few minutes, until the bottom is delicately brown and the top still creamy. *Don't* overcook. Quickly loosen the omelet around the edge of the pan. Now tip the pan, and with a spatula nudge the omelet gently. It will obligingly fold itself over. Turn it out onto a hot platter. And there you are! Sixty seconds does it, as few as forty-five seconds when you become really adept.

Let's suppose you have a few bits and pieces from last night's dinner. A slice of cooked chicken or ham, a few cooked peas, one mushroom. And you have eggs. Make a cup of medium cream sauce, well seasoned. Slice the mushroom and sauté in a little butter. Add it, the meat, the cooked peas—and a spoonful of sherry if you like—and a bit of pimiento for gaiety. Keep the sauce hot while you whip up an omelet. Turn the sauce over the omelet, add a few toast points and serve with a flourish.

STUART



Puffy omelet filled with a treasure of good things.

Perhaps a quick reconnoiter reveals half a green pepper, an onion, a cup of canned tomatoes and three slices of salami. Not much to work with? Ah, but you have eggs. Slice the onion, dice the pepper and sauté them in a little butter or bacon fat. Add the tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste and a teaspoon of sugar. A pinch of basil or orégano will help, as will a dash of Worcestershire. Taste as you go, adding a whiff of this, a hint of that. Make an omelet, surround with the sauce and top with the salami which you have cut into julienne slivers. (Cold cooked chicken or turkey, ham or even roast pork may be used instead of the salami. Depends on what you have.) Chunks of bread, buttered, sprinkled with caraway seeds and slipped into a hot oven, go along with this, with a pot of steaming coffee. Who would ask for more?

Here's a new twist to the **SPINACH-AND-SOUR-CREAM OMELET.** Make a 6-egg omelet as usual. Meanwhile, cook, drain and chop 1 package frozen spinach. Season with salt and pepper to taste, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and 1 tablespoon each minced onion, heavy cream and butter. When you are ready to turn the omelet, put the spinach in the fold. Transfer omelet to ovenproof platter. Spread 1 cup commercial sour cream over the top. Broil until cream is lightly tinged with brown.

THE OYSTER OMELET is a natural for Friday. Cook a dozen oysters in their own liquor until the edges curl. Drain well and chop. Save the liquor. Make a medium cream sauce using half milk and half oyster liquor. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add the oysters to the sauce. Make an omelet, and arrange on a serving platter, pour the oyster sauce over it and cover everything with a lavish sprinkling of minced parsley.

Variations on the omelet theme: Add a teaspoon of prepared mustard to the egg mixture, cook the omelet as usual and fold it over cooked minced ham which has been well seasoned and mixed with a little cream.

Try an omelet with anchovy croutons. Cut a slice or two of bread into small cubes. Sauté in a little butter mixed with a bit of anchovy paste. Add the croutons to the egg mixture and proceed with the omelet.

Cook a package of frozen mixed vegetables. Drain well and add to half a cup of hot, well-seasoned cream. Serve around an omelet.

Omelette aux fines herbes is a high-flying name for a simple omelet seasoned with a mixture of two or three herbs. Basil, orégano, minced parsley, minced chives—these or any others on your pantry shelf.

Fold an omelet over creamed codfish, haddock or halibut, or over cooked rice mixed with sautéed chopped pepper and minced onion.

Sweets to the sweet. For the **dessert omelet,** omit pepper, of course, and go lightly on the salt. Add half a teaspoon of sugar for each egg. If you like, substitute fruit juice or the syrup from canned fruit for the milk or cream. Cook the omelet as usual. Now for the *aux confitures:*

Spread the omelet with warm orange marmalade, fold, dust with powdered sugar and serve.

Substitute pineapple syrup for the milk in mixing the omelet. Spread with well-drained canned crushed pineapple, fold and sprinkle with toasted coconut.

Spread the omelet with warm peach or apricot jam. Dust with confectioners' sugar and serve.

Sprinkle grated sweet chocolate over the omelet, fold, and sprinkle more grated chocolate on top.

Simplest of all, just before serving sprinkle the omelet with cinnamon and sugar.

Take scrambled eggs. Do them in a double boiler to avoid too high a temperature and to insure those soft, delicate gold-and-white "fluffs" which are the trademark of good scrambled eggs.

Scoop the centers from hamburger buns, butter the insides generously and toast lightly. Fill with scrambled eggs and sprinkle with minced chives.

Add a little cooked rice and a few bits of chicken to the beaten eggs. Season and add a touch of curry powder, if you like, or serve the eggs sprinkled with a few drops of soy sauce.

Scramble eggs as usual, cooking barely enough to set them. They should be *very soft*. Then turn into a greased shallow baking dish, sprinkle with grated Swiss cheese and buttered crumbs. Bake until crumbs are golden brown and the cheese has begun to melt.

Give the **hard-cooked** egg a whirl. This egg, without which a picnic basket or lunch box is not complete, may be plain, or stuffed and deviled. It goes into a salad. It may be creamed, combined with tomato sauce, baked with cheese, scalloped with fish or vegetables, curried, sliced and sandwiched, chopped and dressed for a sandwich spread.

Hard-cook, shell and cut in half lengthwise enough eggs to allow two to a customer. Remove the yolks and mash, adding a little grated onion, salt, pepper, enough dry mustard to give bite, a little minced parsley, vinegar for zip, a little mayonnaise, maybe a grain or two of cayenne. This is a taste-as-you-go affair. Fill the egg whites with the deviled yolks. Arrange in a shallow greased baking dish, filled sides up. Cover with sour cream and bake until piping hot.

Spread buttered toast generously with deviled ham. Arrange slices of hard-cooked egg on the ham. Cover with hot tomato sauce.

Arrange slices of hard-cooked egg on toast. Cover with hot cheese sauce. Sprinkle with paprika.

Start with hard-cooked eggs, well-seasoned cream sauce and canned shrimp or crab meat. In a greased shallow casserole, arrange layers of sauce, sliced eggs and the shrimp or crab meat, topping each layer with buttered crumbs. Bake until the top crumbs are brown and everything is hot. Sprinkle with minced parsley.

Chop hard-cooked eggs and mix with mayonnaise. Add prepared mustard to taste. And make it snappy. Then add chopped cooked tongue. It's a sandwich spread, and a tasty one.

You can go high, wide and handsome with **shirred** or **baked eggs.** Do them in individual greased shallow ramekins. Put a tablespoon of cream in each cup, break an egg into each, sprinkle with salt and pepper, add a drizzle of melted butter and bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are just set. Or try these variations:

Cut green peppers in half lengthwise. Seed and put a spoonful of melted butter into each half. Break an egg into each, sprinkle with salt and pepper and arrange in a greased baking dish. Surround with tomato soup or sauce and bake until eggs are set. Sprinkle lightly with grated cheese and broil until the cheese melts.

Cook fine noodles in boiling salted water until tender. Make a cream sauce, add grated sharp cheese and a little prepared mustard and cook until the cheese melts. Add the noodles. Turn into a greased baking dish. Make little depressions in the sauce and break an egg into each. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake in a slow oven until the eggs are set.

20-MINUTE SOUPER SUPPERS

Campbell's Soups add flavor, and save you time in creating these 4 souper suppers!



Tuna à la Queen so easy with Cream of Mushroom Soup. Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup with ½ cup milk in saucepan; stir in 7-oz. can drained and flaked tuna, 1 cup cooked peas, and 1 tbsp. chopped pimiento. Heat. Serve over 8 refrigerator biscuits or toast slices. 4 servings.





Burgers with yum-yum Onion Soup gravy. Fry till done 4 burgers (1 lb. ground beef). Remove meat from pan. Blend 2 tbsp. flour into drippings; stir till smooth. Blend in 1 can Campbell's Onion Soup; heat, stirring until gravy thickens. Pour over meat. Serve to 4 — with fluffy mashed potatoes.





Tomato Soup Barbecued Franks—terrific! In skillet cook till done ½ cup each chopped celery and onion in 2 tbsp. shortening. Add 1 lb. franks (cut into ½-inch slices), cook till light brown. Stir in 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, ½ cup water, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce. Cover; cook about 10 min. Meanwhile, cook 6 oz. spaghetti. Serve together. 4 servings.





Creamed Chicken so quick with Cream of Chicken Soup. Cook 1½ cups green beans. Separately cook till soft ¼ cup chopped onion in 2 tbsp. butter; stir in 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup, 1/3 cup milk, 1 can Swanson Boned Chicken and 2 sliced hard-cooked eggs (save some slices for garnish). On 4 slices of buttered toast, spoon beans and chicken mixture.



Good cooks cook



with *Campbell's Soup*



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THE GREENGAGE SUMMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

"What *is* the matter with Paul?" asked Hester.

The next morning Mlle. Zizi met Eliot in the hall; he had on his linen trousers and dark blue shirt, the canvas shoes, his old cap, and was carrying dark glasses. "But you said you were going to Paris," she said.

He laughed and put his hands on Hester's and Willmouse's heads. "I must see to my family, Zizi." When he saw her face he went to her and, holding her arms, swayed her gently backward and forward. "Can't a man have a day or two off?"

In the wilderness he picked a bunch of roses and took Joss and me to see mother. The doctor, *M. le Directeur*, met us and, as if we were grown ladies, took us over the hospital.

Eliot talked in the passage with the nun in charge of the private wing while a nurse took us in to see mother. "For two minutes," said the nun through the open door. The private rooms were blue-and-white cubicles that seemed shut in another world of hushed quietness. A strange smell hung round mother—"They had to open her leg again yesterday," Eliot had warned us—and tears ran out from under her lids while she held our hands. I could never have imagined mother pale, but she was yellow-white like wax. We were frightened.

She asked us, "Are you quite . . . all right?" It was a faraway whisper.

"Quite all right." I said it absently, for though I was frightened and full of pity, I could not help listening to Eliot in the passage outside. *He can talk to anyone in French or English*, I thought with a pang. I was suddenly more grateful to M. Armand and his newspaper lessons, and decided to stop being shy and practice my French on everyone from that day.

"I have been . . . so worried," breathed mother.

I do not know how Eliot caught that, but he broke off what he was saying and came to her. "You are forbidden to worry," he said. When he was there mother opened her eyes and smiled at him; she seemed to quieten, not to want to talk any more, and he motioned us to go away.

As we walked back through the town many people greeted him; he was continually stopping and shaking hands with someone. "In France you must always shake hands," he told us. "Watch the children." There were scores of children. We watched and saw, sure enough, that as soon as the children met anyone they knew they gave their hands. The streets were full of people; there were women in slippers, wearing shawls like Mme. Corbet's and carrying heavy shopping bags; there were men in blue overalls, patched and faded, with berets like M. Joubert's. There were businessmen in heavy suits, nuns, boys and girls, children all dressed in pinafores, and I said, "Children don't wear pinafores in England."

Eliot let us linger at the sweet-and-cake shop that Joss had not seen; he explained the different kinds of cakes to us: éclairs, rum babas, meringues with *crème chantilly*, pears and apples crystallized whole in sugar. He did not make the mistake of offering us any, but took us inside to buy a carton of chocolates to take back to Hester and the Littles. There was a rich smell in the shop from the chocolates, for which Vieux-Moutiers was famous.

We watched while the mademoiselle did the carton up in white paper, tying it with golden thread and sealing it with a golden seal. It seemed inexpressibly elegant to us.

"They don't do boxes up like that in Southstone," said Joss.

"In London they might," said Eliot.

"This isn't London. This is a little town, smaller than Southstone."

"The French understand living," said Eliot, and I longed to be French.

Then he took us to the Giraffe. Dazzled, we sat at one of the small marble-topped tables I had passed so often. The waiter poured wine and water for me, but filled up a glass for Joss; Joss tried not to glow, but she glowed. When M. Gérard, the proprietor, came and talked to us she sat very erect, her eyes going from M. Gérard to Eliot and back again as she tried to keep up with the quick French. I remember that her hair caught the sun again as it struck down through the awning, and from the heat, tiny beads of sweat came out on her forehead and neck. Eliot put out a finger and touched

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 56 AND 57

Vogue Design No. S-4862. Coat; 12–40 (32–42). $1.00.
Vogue Design No. S-4863. Suit; 12–18 (32–38). $1.50.
Vogue Design No. 9387. Blouse: 10–40 (31–42). 60c.
Vogue Design No. 102. One-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38). $2.00.
Vogue Design No. 9408. Blouses; 12–20 (32–40). 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9410. "Very Easy to Make" skirt; 24–30 waist measure. 60c.



one. "Dew of Joss," he said, and Joss sat oddly still.

"Does it taste of salt?" I asked.

"Sugar and spice," said Eliot, and once again his eyes stayed on Joss and he seemed to listen half absently to M. Gérard.

Then we went back to Les Oeillets and on the hall table were our packages laid out.

"What are those?" asked Eliot.

"Our picnics"; and I explained to Joss, "We have to go out now."

Eliot looked at the packages, at Joss, and then out to the orchard shimmering green in the sun. A noise of people came from the bar, loud voices and laughter, the sound of glasses. "I will have a picnic too," said Eliot.

"A picnic! For you?" asked Mme. Corbet.

"For me," said Eliot. Mme. Corbet seemed not to know whether to be shocked or pleased, but she went to get another package ready.

We went to the cove. At the blue door we met M. Joubert coming in. When he saw Joss he took off his hat—he changed the beret, when the sun grew hot, for a panama. He smiled and stood back to let us pass. Joss walked one side of Eliot, her head level with his shoulder. Vicky was on the other, swinging on his hand; Willmouse and Hester were in front, Hester walking backward and talking all the time, and I came behind. When I looked back M. Joubert was still gazing thoughtfully after us.

It was a gay picnic. We felt more as if we had escaped than as if we were shut out. After luncheon Vicky fell asleep, her head on Joss' lap; Hester and Willmouse paddled and I lay, as Eliot liked to do, flat, face downward on the sand. Joss' and Eliot's voices were a low murmur; they seemed to have a great deal to talk about, but I was too peaceful to be jealous; everything—and everybody—was at peace.

Then, "Come along, all you lazybones," said Eliot. "I have to go to Soissons. Who would like a drive?"

I sat up and, "In your Rolls-Royce?" breathed Willmouse in awe, coming out of the water.

"Yes. We can look at the cathedral."

In the Rolls-Royce! We looked at one another, excitement spilling out of our faces. "But . . . won't Mlle. Zizi mind?" I said.

"Why should she mind?" Eliot's voice had the coldness that only I knew and I was quiet, but none of us went into the house; we washed our faces and hands in the river and left our packages on the back steps.

As we drove along the road to Soissons the stooks were piled in the fields, stooks of dark-colored corn, darker than in England. In the woods the woodcutters had stacked cut logs to dry. "Think of having *fires!*" said Hester. The heat was shimmering between the trees and hot air fanned our cheeks. At last we drove into Soissons, with the twin towers of its ruined abbey, its thick-walled houses, honey-colored plaster wash and wide cathedral square.

Outside the cathedral, "Put something on your heads," said Eliot to Joss and me; "the people like it," but neither of us had anything.

Eliot lent me his handkerchief, but there was nothing for Joss; then a woman coming out paused to admire us—it was part of the warm, happy day to be admired; she had been in the cathedral and in her hand had a black lace veil. She came up and put it gently over Joss' hair. "*Enfin, vous voilà, mademoiselle,*" she said and showed Eliot a door in one of the houses opposite where we could bring back the veil.

The meshes of the veil made Joss' hair look even finer and shadowed her face so that it seemed mysterious; her skin looked more ivory than ever and Eliot kept glancing at her. I went and walked by myself, trying not to feel the hot sharpness in my heart.

Inside, the cathedral, with its wide doors opening on the sunlit square, was light, not dim. The long nave was of pale stone cut like huge bricks, the floor was stone, too, and worn. Why was it so worn?

"This is the old floor. The walls are newer. Soissons cathedral was knocked down in the war. They built it up," said Eliot.

We had to tilt our heads back to look up at the vaulted roof with its flutings of stone, at the huge rose window in the transept, the long windows below with their amber and red and brilliant blues that sent colored light down to the floor stones. It was all vast, sealed in quiet.

We had not been in a Catholic church; it was interesting, from the massive stone pillars to the gilt Stations of the Cross along the walls. There was a smell of incense that made us sniff, and we liked the candles that gave a warm light to the small side chapels.

People were coming in and out all the time, though there was no service. They came and prayed on their own, some of them with beads; some brought flowers and some lit candles. They were not dressed up; some even had shopping bags or tools, one woman was wearing slippers as if she were at home; indeed, they all seemed comfortably at home. I had not imagined one could feel so in a church.

In the Chapel of the Resurrection the flowers and candles were white but, to our intense astonishment, the Virgin was black. "Isn't she beautiful?" said Eliot.

"Why is she black?"

"She often has a black statue in France," said Eliot.

"The guidebooks say the very first sacred statues were carved from bog oak, which is black," said Joss, and she asked, "Would this one be as old as that?"

"I don't know," said Eliot. "But she is very, very old."

"How old?" asked Hester.

"Hundreds of years, I expect," said Eliot. "And she is supposed to be miraculous."

"Miraculous?" Hester was puzzled.

"She can work miracles."

"*Really?*" We all gazed at the statue.

"They say so," said Eliot. "And so thousands and thousands of candles have burned in front of her and the smoke has turned her even blacker."

Both she and the Holy Child had on small crowns set with jewels. "Rubies and turquoises," said Eliot.

"Real?" breathed Willmouse and gazed at them, rapt, as Eliot nodded. Hester, who always wanted to test things, held her hand over a candle flame and, sure enough, it made a black mark. Vicky tugged at Joss' arm. "Let me see the rubies," she whispered, and Joss lifted her up.

As she held Vicky up to see the crown, Joss' face was lit by the candles so that it was gilded, framed by the black lace. Mother had said Joss was beautiful "just now," but in this moment I knew it was more than that: my sister's beauty was real, for always—like a painting, I thought, marked out, and then Eliot's hands held my shoulders. They hurt and I craned my head back to look at him and saw what I had guessed from the hardness of his hands: he did not even know he had touched me; he was looking at Joss as Willmouse had looked at the jewels.

A few minutes earlier I should have jerked away, hurt and angry, but now I stood quietly. Perhaps the black Virgin had worked another of her small miracles, because I did not struggle any more; Joss was beautiful and I was not; Eliot looked at her and did not even notice me and yet I was not jealous.

When we came out of the cathedral it was good to feel the sun again, warm on our arms and heads. Hester and Willmouse went back with the veil and Eliot made them rehearse what they would say: "*Mille remerciements, madame,*" and "*Merci pour votre bonté.*" When they came back he took us all into a *pâtisserie* for coffee, chocolate and cakes. The *pâtisserie* was if anything more elegant than the one in Vieux-Moutiers, and Joss must have been feeling what I felt, for presently she said to Eliot, "I am sorry about our clothes."

"Your clothes?"

"Yes," said Joss briefly.

"I like your clothes," said Eliot.

"You couldn't possibly." I could tell by the way she said it, her nostrils pinched in, that she was suffering.

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.
COLTON



How to be younger than your years

When you meet a grandfather like this who's still "young," vigorous and active . . . *even though he's nearly 65* . . . you're likely to exclaim, "He certainly doesn't look his age!"

The truth is he's what he *should* be . . . and what most of us *could* be when retirement draws near. Better still, anyone who has reached this age in good health can usually look forward to many more useful and happy years.

You should start taking *extra* precautions for your physical and mental health *before you get along in years.* Then, you will have far better chances of making your later life rewarding. Why?

The answer is that diseases of later life seldom appear suddenly. They start gradually and may quietly develop for a number of years before they become evident or cause disability.

Even if your retirement may be years ahead, you should begin planning now for the time when you'll become a senior citizen. Here are some things you can do:

1. Keep your mind open to new ideas. If you always have something to do tomorrow . . . something you *want* to do . . . your mind will be alert and active.

Working with and for others—in community, church and fraternal organizations—can also be a deep and lasting source of satisfaction at any age.

2. Select your foods carefully. Your diet should provide all the elements for good health—*proteins* for body upkeep and repair, *carbohydrates* for energy and foods that supply protective *vitamins* and *minerals.*

3. Control your weight. Overweight makes your heart, kidneys, lungs, liver and arteries work harder all the time. Overweight also tends to increase your chances of developing diseases of these organs.

4. Try to keep your emotions on an even keel. It is unhealthy to keep emotional tensions "bottled up." Instead we should look for ways to work them out. Just talking over problems with a friend or advisor often helps to clear the air.

5. Plan for your financial security. It is not necessary to have a lot of money to enjoy later life. Nevertheless, your financial needs during retirement should be carefully planned long before you stop working. Advice from some competent person on personal financial matters will help you avoid "money worries" later on.

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"I like them," said Eliot and put his hand over hers. "I like everything about you."

Again that momentary stillness; then she took her hand away.

The color of that day was gold, but the next was green, for Eliot took us and our picnics to the forest of Compiègne.

All day we wandered and walked in the long avenues and glades of beech trees. In that high summer the forest was intensely green, laced under the trees by green-white cow parsley, with sturdier shapes of bracken and, underfoot, white shamrock-leafed wood sorrel. We found honeysuckle and Hester twined it into wreaths for the Littles. We came upon two empty lakes, reflecting the green and the stretches of blue from the sky where there was not a cloud; white water lilies rocked a little when Hester and Vicky splashed sticks in the water, making ripples.

When we were tired we got back in the car and drove; the Rolls seemed to go soundlessly down the long avenues and everywhere was the same filtering green, sun rays coming through branches, flickering gently on the ground. We came to a village, and it had a château, a castle with turrets and walls. "Like the Sleeping Beauty's," said Hester.

I said prettily, "It's a fairy-tale day."

"It isn't. It's true," said Joss. She said it vehemently, and vehemence was so unlike Joss that we all looked at her.

"It is true," said Eliot. He drew her arm through his, but I could see it was not possible for Joss to walk arm in arm with him, and as soon as she could she took her arm away.

I do not know what time we ate our luncheon—perhaps three o'clock—and afterward we lay in the warm grass and slept. Then we met a French family picnicking too. I remember they were playing patball, but we taught them rounders, playing England against France. They gave us lemonade and we drank their health before we drove away.

Toward evening we got out of the car and walked again. The sun was lower now and the light slanting down the glades and through the trees was deeper, richer . . . and heavier, I thought. We were heavy, too, surfeited with happiness. Vicky dragged her feet, Joss looked pale. "I think we had better have some dinner," said Eliot. "Do you remember that little restaurant on the lake? Let's go and dine there."

"In a *restaurant?*" Joss and I said it together. We had forgotten about trying to be sophisticated.

"Why not?" asked Eliot, and Hester promptly exposed us.

"We have never been in a restaurant," she explained. "Only in the Violet Tearooms or the Oriental Café."

"Would you like to go in one?"

"But . . . can we?"

"Of course we can," said Eliot.

Joss looked at her watch. "It's nine o'clock!" She sounded a little alarmed.

"All the more reason to dine."

"Won't"—I could see Joss did not want to mention Mlle. Zizi—"they be cross?"

"We shall telephone," said Eliot, but when we came to the chalet restaurant, La Grenouille, there was no telephone. "They will guess," said Eliot. "Come along."

At first we were disappointed. The word "restaurant" for us meant places like the glimpses we had taken into hotel dining rooms as we walked along the promenade at Southstone, the hotels Hester admired. We had thought of waiters, white tablecloths, shaded lights, silver, flowers. La Grenouille was a holiday restaurant. The dining room was pitch-pine wood, with glassed-in side walls. It was used for shooting parties in the autumn, the *patron* told us, and on the wooden walls were stuffed heads—a boar, foxes and chamois—while antlers were made into electric lights. The tables had paper tablecloths in green and red plaid and the chairs were folding wooden ones. The *patron* came to meet us in his shirt sleeves and wearing checked cotton trousers. Our eyes examined him disapprovingly while he and Eliot talked. "He can give us soup," said Eliot, "fillet steaks, *tarte* and cheese. Will that do?" Distantly, because we did not want to show we were disappointed, we said of course it would do. "Thank you," added Joss and we chorused, "Thank you."

The soup and the yard-long bread from which we broke off pieces as we needed them were good, and as the *patron* cooked our steaks in front of us and dusk came down, shutting the little glass-sided restaurant into a world of its own, the disappointment went. Eliot talked to the *patron* and his wife, and we began to talk too; then we were laughing. Everything made us laugh, for this was better, happier than anything we had imagined.

The steaks were cooked with field mushrooms and served with fried potatoes; after them was a salad; and when the great *tarte* was brought, its apple filling glazed with apricot jam, even Vicky thought the dinner complete.

Eliot's face looked calm and happy. *He is happy with us*, I thought; and when at last we got up to go it was nearly eleven. "We shan't get back till twelve o'clock," said Joss.

"Well, what of it?" asked Eliot. He sounded a little defiant and we looked at one another, our faces scared.

The evening before, when we came back from Soissons, Mlle. Zizi had joined us for drinks; we had the pink grenadine syrup we liked while she and Eliot drank martinis. We had told her about the cathedral, the cake, of all we had done and seen. It had all been pleasant and easy, but we guessed it would be different tonight.

Mlle. Zizi was waiting when we got in. Eliot had taken Vicky, asleep, from the car, and as he carried her in she still slept soundly against his shoulder, while his other hand held up the stumbling Willmouse. The honeysuckle wreaths were crooked now, Hester and Joss and I had our hands full of flowers and ferns, our dresses were crumpled, and our faces were flushed. "So! You had a good time!" said Mlle. Zizi.

"Thank you, a very good time," said Eliot. Mauricette was peeping; he beckoned her and gave Vicky into her arms. "Take Monsieur Willmouse as well," he said. Mauricette would always do anything for Eliot and she obediently took them. "Zizi, give me a drink."

"You look as if you had had a drink already."

"I have had a little *vin rosé*," said Eliot. "I want a real drink." He looked at her face that had strange pouches under the eyes, patches of red on her cheek and neck. "So do you."

I did not think she did; she looked as if it were she who had had one already . . . or two or three or half a dozen, I thought. I know now it is children who accept life—grown people cover it up and pretend it is different with drinks—and, as Eliot turned her toward the bar, he whispered over his shoulder, "Go up to bed." It was not an order, but said as if in a conspiracy. We silently disappeared and he led Mlle. Zizi away.

The little present must not be allowed wholly to elbow the great past out of view.
ANDREW LANG

"But it was spoiled," Hester said and I think she was right. Nothing had that pure happiness again. I wish we had stopped after Compiègne, but the next day Eliot said he must take us to the *caves* at Dormans. "And it was very spoiled," said Hester.

It began with trouble over Paul. Eliot had gone down to the Giraffe for cigarettes. When he came back he found Paul in his room.

"Stealing?" asked Mlle. Zizi, frightened.

"I don't think so," said Eliot. "He was just nosing around, but you can't have that. He must go. At once."

"In the middle of our season?" said Mme. Corbet dryly.

"Yes. You can't employ a boy like that."

"*Mais*, Eliot ——" pleaded Mlle. Zizi, but Eliot would not relent. "I said he must go."

Hester tugged at Joss. "Ask Eliot not to," she said urgently. "Please, Joss. If Paul has to go now he will lose his summer bonus and he will never get his lorry. Ask Eliot, Joss."

Perhaps Joss was not unwilling to try where Mlle. Zizi had failed. She went to Eliot and put her hand on his arm, looking up at him, and presently we heard him say, "Very well . . . if you will come out with me again today."

"Can you spare the time?" said Joss doubtfully.

"Of course I can. We will go to the *caves*."

"What *caves?*" we said. It was pronounced "carve," not "cave."

"The champagne cellars. You can't be in the champagne country and not see those."

"Are we in the champagne country?" asked Joss, startled.

"I shall show you," said Eliot.

In our bones we knew it was better not to go, but Eliot was queerly determined that morning . . . as obstinate, I thought, as Vicky. When one came to know them it was surprising how childish grown people could be. I think, too, he did not mean to take the rest of us. He began by trying to get rid of the Littles.

"But I *need* to go," Willmouse pointed out to him. "I must know about champagne."

"We shall leave Vicky, then," said Eliot, but he did not know Vicky as we did.

"We are going where we have to walk a long way in the dark," he told her.

"I like the dark," said Vicky.

"You wouldn't like this."

"I would."



Marie Gifford's secret—

perfect pie crust in 5 minutes

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"You stay with Monsieur Armand and I will bring you back a doll. You must have a French doll."

"All right," said Vicky placidly, but when we were ready in the hall she came downstairs. "I will help you choose the doll," she said to Eliot and put her hand in his. "And it was odd," said Hester. "If he had not taken Vicky he must have been seen."

For us champagne will always have a ghost; it can never be a wine for feasts, but one for mourning. "Because it made the first crack," said Hester.

When we drove in through the important-looking iron-and-gilded gates at Dormans we had no inkling. It was more magnificent than any place we had seen. There was a lodge by the gates, then a great courtyard laid out with lawns and flowers, and facing the courtyard what looked to us like a palace but Eliot said were packing rooms and offices.

An entrance with turrets led into the cellars. "But you must not call them cellars," said Eliot, "they are *caves*, ten miles of galleries, like the catacombs."

"Tours go over all day long in summer," Eliot had told us and, sure enough, a tourist party was there. It was French, but we were allowed to join it and Eliot interpreted for us.

We went down into the darkness and coldness of the galleries. "But it is warmer than aboveground in winter," said the guide, "because the temperature never changes." First we saw the enormous casks in which the wine waited until it was bottled, then we walked after the French party down the long cellar lanes where the bottles were racked, neck downward in the *pupitres*, as the stands were called, and the bottle twisters moved with their jets of light among the racks, twisting, twisting the bottles with a rattling rhythm that echoed in the vaulted roof.

"Every bottle gets a twist every two days," said Eliot.

"Why?"

"To bring the sediment down on the cork; and this is an art," said Eliot. "The *remueur*—bottle twister—is a devoted person; all his thoughts are for the *cuvée* he is working on. You see," he said to Hester, "*he* doesn't talk. The whole racking place must be quiet and still; even the currents of air we make as we walk by disturb the wine."

We had not heard of wine being disturbed before, and the Littles looked solemn and walked on tiptoe.

We saw magnums and jeroboams and half bottles, and some 1893 champagne draped in the strange webbed fungus that always comes in the *caves* from the wetness of the chalk. We saw pink champagne—"For the English," said the guide contemptuously, and the whole party turned to look at us—and we were shown the rare red wine of the champagne country. Then we came up into the daylight again, to the packing room where women worked at unbelievable speed putting on the gold-foil tops, the scarlet seal, the label, and giving each bottle the final wrapping in pink paper.

When we were out in the sunlight again, still surrounded by the party, the guide asked if we would like to visit the museum, in the office opposite. "Would you?" asked Eliot. As we stood debating a man in a black coat, striped trousers, white shirt, silver-and-black tie and a red carnation came from the office doorway.

He spoke to us in English. "May I say you have a fine family?"

"We like being called a fine family, don't we?" Eliot asked us and, in this junketing mood, we did.

"Perhaps you would care to take a glass of our champagne with us, monsieur, you"—I noticed he was looking especially at Joss—"and mademoiselle and the demoiselles?"

"*Champagne?*" We were dumfounded.

"Would you like to?" asked Eliot.

"Champagne, for *us?*" I could not believe it and even Joss was shaken out of her calm.

"I don't want champagne, I want a syrup," said Vicky.

"If you would step into our little museum you could look at the pictures until it comes," said the man.

He led us to the door, opened it, then closed it again. From inside we had heard the sound of voices, men's voices speaking French, and footsteps coming near. "A moment," said our man. "They are just coming out. There has been a luncheon in the directors' room." As we looked impressed, "It is the annual convocation of Le Brochet de la Marne. That is a fishing club. Every year they come here for four days—it's a competition, you understand—and on the last day every year the directors of Dormans entertain them at luncheon. We have some famous members. This year the guest of honor is what in your country you would call your Sherlock Holmes, one of the greatest detectives in France. If you wait a moment you will see him coming out, Inspector Jules Cailleux."

"Cailleux!" I suppose it was Eliot who said that, but it did not sound like Eliot, and I saw he had picked Vicky up and was holding her in front of him on his arm.

"Put me down!" Mortally offended, she slapped Eliot, but he did not put her down.

"We have forgotten your doll," he said and looked at his watch. "*Nous vous remercions infiniment, monsieur, mais nous n'avons vraiment pas le temps d'attendre. Merci mille fois,*" and—what was he saying?—"I had forgotten. I have an appointment in Reims."

"*Mais, monsieur* ——"

"*Je regrette* ——" and he turned to us. "Come along."

"But ——"

"Eliot!"

"You said ——"

"Come *along!*" Eliot's voice was as I had heard it once before, cold and clipped.

He went toward the car holding Vicky, who hid his face from us. We were following, amazed, when a group of men came out the door, three of them dressed like our man, the rest in suits or flannels and tweed jackets; there were two priests and, in the middle, a little man in a suit of mixed sand-and-olive-colored cloth that went well with his sand-colored hair and clipped mustache. "That

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

must be the inspector—did he say Cailleux?" asked Joss. The men's faces all looked jovial but, great detective or not, we were given no time to look. Eliot had started the Rolls and we had to run across the courtyard and scramble in, even Joss. It was the first time he had treated her in this undignified way and her cheeks looked as if they burned.

He drove swiftly round the courtyard and through the gates, and before the men had left the office steps we were out on the road and speeding down it.

We drove in dead silence until at last Hester spoke. "This is the road to Soissons, Eliot."

"I know."

"You said you had an appointment in Reims."

"I know."

After a moment Hester asked, "Do you tell lies, Eliot?"

"Yes."

He drove fast into Soissons and stopped at a toyshop, got out and helped Vicky from the back seat; he glanced at Joss and said, "Cecil, you come."

In the shop he was not as he usually was with people. "*Une poupée? Mais oui, monsieur. Voulez-vous une belle petite poupée ou une originale?*" the shopgirl asked. I did not know what *une originale* meant, but Eliot did not answer and I had to say, "*Une belle petite poupée*—that means a pretty little doll," I told Vicky.

Vicky took a long while to choose, but when we were back with the others and heading for Vieux-Moutiers the silence was still unbroken.

At last Eliot stopped the car. "I'm sorry I had to do that," he said.

"Then why did you?" asked Joss.

"I had a reason," said Eliot, "that you would not understand."

"Then you can't expect us to understand, can you?" asked Joss. Her voice was cold, but it trembled a little.

"All right. I tell lies," said Eliot violently. It was the first time he had come up against a family opinion. "I tell lies and so do you and you and you, all of you."

"For you to tell them is different," said Hester.

"I didn't ask to be a hero."

"They mean you are grown up," said Joss coldly.

"I see," said Eliot. "You expect yourselves to be comfortably riddled with faults ——"

"We are."

"And you think you will lose them when you grow up."

"I hope so," I said firmly.

"You poor little fools!"

Joss put her hand on Eliot's knee. "Eliot, what has made you so unhappy?"

He looked down at her hand and I shall always remember his answer. "What has made you so unhappy?" Joss asked and he answered, "Being perfectly happy for two days."

After a moment he turned to look at us in the back seat. "Have none of you ever tasted champagne?"

"Don't be *silly*," said Joss, exasperated. "How could we?" and I said sorrowfully, "We have never even seen it."

"It is not as exciting as all that," said Eliot. "You soon get tired of it." Silence. "I suppose, to you, that is another silly thing to say."

"Yes."

He did not say anything more, but started the car. When we got back to the hotel, we separated; it seemed by mutual consent.

There were roses on our table that night. Usually ours was the only one without flowers. Nobody else was dining but M. Joubert and Eliot; Mme. Corbet's and Mlle. Zizi's places had not been used. Besides the roses we had a clean starched cloth—often ours was left on dirty—clean napkins, and by each place was a new kind of glass, high, with a three-inch stem. "What are these?" we asked.

"*Flûtes de champagne*," said Mauricette.

"Glasses for drinking champagne," said M. Joubert in careful English. He had never spoken to us before except to say, "*Bonjour*." Now he was as interested as Mauricette. "They have a hollow stem and keep the wine to sparkle," he explained.

Mauricette served our soup. She was friendly that night and did not slam things down on the table nor lean across us. After the soup there was chicken. Then Mauricette, with a smile at the corners of her mouth, brought in one of the silver wine buckets we had often helped to fill with ice. Eliot left his table, came to ours and drew the cork, making us jump. Then Mauricette wrapped the bottle in a napkin, carried it to Eliot's table and poured a little into his glass and gave it to him to taste. He sipped it and nodded. For one moment we had thought it all might be for him, but she filled Joss' glass, and went round the table. After Hester, she hesitated, but Eliot said, "Monsieur Willmouse will take a little. Bring a grenadine for Mlle. Vicky."

We sat in amazed silence, looking at the glasses and the pale sparkling wine. I think our eyes must have been quite round, our faces awed, but I admired Joss. No matter how moved, she did not lose her manners. She got up, went to the bucket, reverently lifted the bottle from the ice, copied Mauricette by wrapping it in a napkin, took it to Eliot and filled his glass up.

"May I offer some to Monsieur Joubert?" she asked.

"It's your wine," said Eliot. "Say, '*Vous prendrez bien une verre, monsieur?*'"

She took it to M. Joubert. "*Vous prendrez bien une verre, monsieur?*" Mauricette ran with a glass and Joss poured. "Thank you, Mlle. Hébé," said M. Joubert.

When Joss was back in her place he lifted his glass and called, "*Santé!*"

"*Santé.*" . . . "*Santé.*" . . . "*Santé.*" . . . "*Santé.*"

Willmouse was white, Hester approached her lips as if she were afraid champagne might bite, Joss looked over her glass at Eliot and quickly lowered her lids, and we drank. "It goes up your nose," said Willmouse.

"Monsieur Eliot," called M. Joubert, "you must take the *bouchon*—the cork—wet it and touch it behind mademoiselle's ears"; and to Joss, "Always with the first bottle of champagne you taste that must be done."

Eliot came over to us. Mauricette gave him the cork; he wetted it and we watched, as in a ritual, while he lifted Joss' hair and touched it behind her ear. I do not know why, but we all clapped. "Now you must keep it forever," said M. Joubert to Joss.

"Eliot! *E-liot!*" Mlle. Zizi's voice rang through the hall. The next moment she appeared in the dining room. "Eliot!"

I thought that, quite deliberately, he touched the cork to Joss' other ear before he answered, "I am here, Zizi."

"Irène says you ordered champagne, Dormans—for those children."

"Yes."

"Are you mad?"

"It was for a reason, Zizi."

Had Mlle. Zizi forgotten her rouge? She was curiously white; her eyes had dark, purple-colored stains under them as if she had spilled the eye shadow, only it was darker than that. "I know your reason!" said Mlle. Zizi.

Those haunted-looking eyes took in the table, the roses, the chicken. "Who said you could do this?"

"*Pauv' p'tits choux!*" said Mauricette. "*Armand et moi leur avons préparé une petite surprise.*"

"With my things?"

Joss got up. She did what she thought was the best thing. Taking Vicky's *flûte de champagne* from where it stood unused beside the glass of grenadine, she filled it from the bottle and brought it to Mlle. Zizi. "*Mademoiselle, vous voudrez bien prendre une verre?*"

I thought she would not, but Mlle. Zizi took the glass. Her eyes turned from Eliot to

Regret is an appalling waste of energy. You can't build on it; it is only good for wallowing.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

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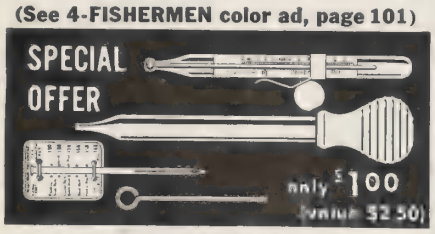
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Joss and back to Eliot. "*Santé*," said Eliot pleasantly.

Mlle. Zizi went even whiter; her mouth made an ugly grimace, and she threw the champagne at Joss.

We knew from newspapers and books that grown people quarreled, but we had never heard them.

After Mlle. Zizi had thrown the champagne no one moved or spoke; the glass had fallen with a tinkling crash and the tinkle seemed to go on and on. Then M. Joubert got to his feet and walked out of the dining room and Vicky began to cry. "I want mother. I want mother," she wailed. Joss' dress was wet with champagne, she shook her hair back as if she were dazed, then ran out of the room and through the hall. We heard the terrace door bang, and Eliot said to Mlle. Zizi, "I want to see you alone."

They did not wait to reach the office before they began; their angry loud voices rang through the hall. They spoke English when they remembered because of Mauricette and the rest who were listening with all their ears, but they kept breaking into French.

"I should never have let them be there at dinner," cried Mlle. Zizi. "That girl!"

"She was quite right," said Eliot. "The small ones could eat with the servants, but she and Cecil are big."

"Of course you take her part."

"I don't."

"You do. For three days I have scarcely seen you."

"For heaven's sake, Zizi! I happened to have a little time and amused the poor brats."

"You don't think of them as children."

"Don't be ridiculous."

"Ridiculous! For three days ——" Mlle. Zizi was crying.

"*Don't keep on saying that!*" Then Eliot's voice altered. "Zizi, you're not jealous of a little girl?"

"First she is big, then she is little. Remarkable!" That was Mme. Corbet, who had come out of the office.

"Is it too much to ask," said Eliot, his voice like ice again, "that we might occasionally talk without Irène?"

"And why may I not remain?"

"Because this is not your business."

"Irène, please go." That was Mlle. Zizi.

Mme. Corbet came through the dining room. Her neck was patched with crimson, her topknot shook and the bobbles on her shawl danced up and down. "*Ah, le vaurien! Canaille! Fripouille!*" said Mme. Corbet as she passed. We shrank down in our chairs.

"Eliot, *écoute. Écoute-mois.*" Mlle. Zizi's voice was soft and I guessed she had gone close to Eliot. I stood up to see and yes, she had; she was standing in front of him pleading. "Eliot, please let us send for this uncle and get them away."

"Dear Zizi, because of a child ——"

"She isn't a child."

"Don't be absurd."

"Then send for the uncle."

"Zizi." Eliot had taken her hands. "I gave my word; besides"—I had the feeling he was choosing the words very carefully—"I can't have the uncle, an Englishman, here now."

"Because he is English?" She sounded scornful.

"I explained to you, Zizi. I can't have talk yet."

"But a man in Southstone. That is in Sussex, it is far away from London."

"Not so far. I can't afford to risk it."

I did not know what they were talking of. I could have told them that Uncle William never went to London, but Eliot sounded as if he were . . . making excuses, I thought. He said now, "You never know."

"N-no," said Mlle. Zizi slowly and . . . *She is coming to heel*, I thought.

"Zizi, promise. Promise me you won't do anything."

"Irène says ——"

"You know Irène would do anything to separate us. Promise." Without looking I knew he had put his arm round Mlle. Zizi. I looked at the floor, the blood thrummed in my ears.

"Let's go out," whispered Mlle. Zizi. "Let's go away from here. Somewhere. Anywhere."

"Get a coat, then," said Eliot. He sounded as if he had given up. Why should he sound like that when it was Mlle. Zizi who had been defeated? I tiptoed out into the hall. He was there alone, but Mlle. Zizi was only fetching her coat; and she soon came back. He said as if he were very tired, "Come through the garden. We will go to the Giraffe."

As they reached the glass door it opened and Joss stood there. Behind her the garden was twilit now; she must have been alone in the dusk—in the orchard, I thought, looking at her drenched sandals; her feet and the hem of her dress were soaked, and it was only in the orchard that the dew lay like that. I did not think Joss knew where she had been. Her eyes still looked shocked.

For a moment Mlle. Zizi and Eliot stopped. Then Mlle. Zizi walked past, her head high.

Joss' eyes went to Eliot. There was no appeal in them, she simply looked. There was a pause, like a breath. Then Eliot squared his shoulders as if he had made up his mind. He went after Mlle. Zizi and passed Joss as if she were not there.

TOILERS

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Who'll break the tough glebe now?
"I," said the patient plow.

Who'll smooth the field tomorrow?
"I," said the sturdy harrow.

Who'll wet and warm the clod?
"I," said unfailing God.

Who'll gather in the grain?
"I," said strong Farmer Lane.

And gather him, who must?
"I," said the quiet dust.

When someone has been slapped in the face it is polite not to look at them. I went to a table, picked up a magazine and turned the pages over while Hester quietly gathered Vicky and Willmouse and took them to bed.

The house had never seemed as big. I could hear Mme. Corbet scolding Paul; I knew it was Paul because he did not answer as Mauricette did, then I remembered that Mauricette was not there. She had gone to the cinema with M. Armand.

Mme. Corbet came from the kitchen and went into the office. I heard her lock up, take the keys and go out. Would she go to the Giraffe and spy on the others or to the convent? I could not guess, but soon after all the lights went off. That was one of Mme. Corbet's economies: if she wanted to go out and the house was empty of people—we and Paul did not count as people—she would turn off the electricity at the main; she would be back, the lights suitably burning, before Mlle. Zizi and Eliot came in.

Though it was only dusk outside, the house was immediately dark, which made it more desolate. At other times when Mme. Corbet had done this Hester and I had been in the garden with Paul. "Talking gossip," said Joss scornfully but, quite often, "Not gossip, dreams," I could have said. We talked about what we should do when we were grown: I was to be a writer or a nun; Hester thought she might keep a teashop or a hotel like Mlle. Zizi; Paul talked about his lorries. "If I stay the summer," he said, "I shall get the bonus," and he told us again how, at the end of the season, Mme. Corbet shared out the tips. "It makes a lot," said Paul; he had seen a good secondhand Berliet at the garage. But now Joss and I were inside; even the dogs were away, they had gone with Eliot and Mlle. Zizi, and the house was eerie. Joss must have felt it, for she came and sat at the table by me. I could just see the pale oval of her face, the whiteness of her arms.

"Shall we go to bed?" I asked.

"I . . . can't." There was a pause. Our voices in the emptiness seemed small, then. "They have even kept our passports," said Joss.

"Our passports?" I asked.

"Yes. How dared they!"

"But why do you want them?"

"I'm going home," she snapped, "and one can't travel without them."

"But ——" Every sentence I said seemed to begin with "but." "But how can you go?"

"By myself if I must," and she thrust at me, "You were quite happy without me when I was ill. You were happier."

The way in which she said it made it a guilty thing to have been, but I had to admit it. "But it is far more interesting now," I blurted out.

"You call it interesting!"

"Yes. Oh, Joss! Don't, don't spoil it."

"*Spoil* it!" She bent her head.

"I know it is sometimes difficult ——"

"Difficult!" All she seemed able to do was echo my words, spitting them out as if they tasted bitter.

"Yes, I know, but we are *alive*," I argued. "It isn't like Southstone where nothing ever happened. Here I can feel us living. Don't you feel as if you were being stretched?"

"It hurts to be stretched," said Joss.

There was a flapping sound that was oddly cheerful, and a glimmer of light appeared that grew larger. Joss raised her head as Paul came through the kitchen doorway carrying two lighted candles in bottles. Paul put the bottles down on our table.

"*V'là ce que j'ai trouvé!*" he said, felt in his pocket and brought out the champagne cork. He put it beside Joss.

"*Merci*," said Joss dully.

"*Vous n'en voulez-pas?*"

Joss shook her head. "It doesn't seem very lucky," she said and, laboriously, "*Pas bonne chance.*"

"*C'est la vie*," said Paul without rancor. "*Des gens.*" *People!* I thought, and winced.

"Psst!" Paul spat the people out on the floor. Joss did not even flinch. In fact, she looked better. Perhaps it was the chili in the elephant's eye. Father had told us about that: in India when an elephant has a wound that hurts so that the pain cannot be borne, the mahout squirts chili juice into its eye for the smarting to distract it.

I guessed that Joss would have liked to have spat too; then the anger faded; she rolled the cork forlornly on the table.

Paul looked at it and her, then he whispered to me. "He kept the champagne," I told Joss.

"I don't want it."

"*Le champagne c'est toujours du champagne*," said Paul. He added that he was not going to let that she-cat have it.

"The she-cat is Mauricette," I explained to Joss.

"What can we do with it?" asked Joss.

"We could . . . drink it," I said timidly.

"Out of other people's glasses!"

"Only ours. Monsieur Joubert drank his. Ours and . . . Eliot's." Joss turned her head away.

Paul came back with a round tray. He had tactfully poured all the glassfuls back into the bottle so that no one could know which was which. There were two clean glasses. "Where is yours?" I asked.

A pleased look came into his face, but he looked at Joss. "*Certainement*," said Joss.

He fetched another glass and I filled it.

We drank. I tried not to grimace at the strange feeling in my nose, but my eyelids flickered so that Paul laughed. Joss managed to hide everything but one long shudder.

Paul and Joss finished the bottle, then he looked at the empty glasses and asked, "*Encore un coup, hein?*" Paul tapped the bottle and pretended he was opening another.

"But it's all locked up," I said.

"*Si*," said Paul mockingly.

Joss thought he had not understood. "Mme. Corbet has taken the keys—*les clefs*," she said.

"*Si*," said Paul and laughed. Then he flapped across the hall and went into Mlle.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

Zizi's room. In a moment he was back holding up a bunch of keys.

"Zizi, where are your keys? You had better give them to me." How many times had I heard Mme. Corbet say that, and, "You are not fit to have them." It seemed Mme. Corbet was right.

Paul turned toward the kitchen door. Behind it stone steps went down to the cellar.

"But, Paul ——"

Joss cut across me. "Go on," said Joss. "*Allez-y*." She was not despairing now, but sitting up straight. "Go on," she said to Paul, and I knew that the hurt was really angry now. That made me afraid; when Joss was angry she did not care what she did.

"Joss. He shouldn't ——"

"Shut up," said Joss.

Paul came back with two tall bottles. "*Vous en boirez pas du comme ça à l'étranger*," he said. "*C'est moi qui vous le dis*."

I was proud that I could understand him when Joss could not. "You won't drink this away . . . outside France."

"Why?" asked Joss. "What is it?"

"*Champagne nature*"; and seeing we did not understand, he said, "*Blanc de blanc*."

When I think of that evening it seems to run together into that name: "*Blanc de blanc*."

"We mustn't drink it," I said, but the words seemed to burst in the air and disappear.

"We drank the other," said Joss.

"Our wine . . . given to us." Now I seemed to have lost some words.

"Shut up."

Paul caught that. "Shut up," he said amiably to me and poured the wine. Joss lifted her glass to me and drank; she emptied the glass straight off. Paul filled it again and she laid her hand on his. "Thank you, Paul," she said. "It was s-sweet of you to get this for us." She had drunk too quickly. The "s-sweet" was a tiny hiccup, but it was not that that sobered me. It was Paul's face. Paul had not understood what she said, but his face had flooded with crimson and that pleased look was in his eyes.

"Joss, don't. He will think you mean it."

"W-what if he does?" She leaned toward Paul and said, "You give cigarettes to Cecil. Why not to me?"

"Cigarette?" Paul sounded dazed, but he brought out his packet. Joss took one and he tossed her the matches. It was not that he meant to be rude, but he did not know how to treat girls. Joss tried to light the cigarette, but the smoke got into her eyes. Paul laughed at her and, taking the cigarette, lit it himself, then he put it into her lips.

For some reason I did not like to see that. "Joss, don't."

"Why not?"

I would not say why not; I said instead, "You will hurt him."

Her eyes narrowed into small glints. "I am g-going to hurt him." This time the hiccup was loud.

"You are getting drunk," I said.

"I want to. I am going to get d-drunk." She lifted her glass. "I am g-going to do all the d-disgusting things they do." She drank the wine off and held out her glass while I was doubtfully sipping mine. I do not know how many Paul had had, but when he had poured for her the bottle of *blanc de blanc* was empty. "*L'autre*," commanded Joss.

Paul picked up the other and showed it to me. "Bouzy Rouge," he said.

"*Bouzy? Bouzy. Bouzy*." Joss started to laugh and the laugh turned into giggles like the bubbles coming up. "C-Cecil. *B-bouzy!*"

Paul was having difficulty with the corkscrew. He located the cork, but as soon as he tried to spiral the screw in, it slipped sideways. Now he tried again and seared his thumb. "*Aie! Merde!*" said Paul. "Hit it," said Joss, "*tapez dessus*," and he hit the bottle against one of the console tables. The neck smashed off on the floor with a gush of red wine that spattered his apron and hand. There was an ugly great gash across the table.

I was horrified. "Paul! *Paul!*"

He swore at me with his new word, "Shut up!" and poured the wine.

"I don't want any," I said, but he picked up my glass, drank the white and filled it with the red. It seemed to my bleared eyes that the whole hall was spread with red wine; the glasses were red, and the pool on the floor. Paul's and Joss' heads seemed to come nearer and go away again, as did the candle flames in the bottles. When I looked at the walls they moved inward a little, while the stairs went sideways. It was no longer *blanc de blanc*, that happy time; the red was terrible, and I began to cry.

Joss had drunk her glass already. I do not know why she was not sick. "Another cigarette. *Encore une Gauloise*," she said.

Paul looked at her. His eyes seemed to squint so that he looked hideous and he said, "*Viens la prendre*."

He was sitting back from the table, his knees apart, his apron dangling between them, a cigarette stuck to his lower lip. Now he pulled open his shirt and showed where the cigarettes were crumpled inside. "*Viens-y*," he said. Joss went pale and stood uncertainly up.

I knew what he would do. I had seen him with Mauricette too often. Mauricette could look after herself, but, "Joss you are not to!" I screamed. "You are not to!" I pushed her down and screamed at Paul, "*Ne la touchez pas!*"

Paul picked up the bottle. I do not know what would have happened if Joss had not settled it herself. She had been sitting where I had pushed her; now, quite softly, with a sigh, she fell forward on the table, knocking over my untouched glass. Her head rolled a little, her hair tumbled forward into the wine and began to soak it up.

We heard footsteps. The garden door opened. M. Joubert and Mlle. Zizi came in and stopped,

Why the bees should pamper their mothers whilst we pamper only our operatic prima donnas is a question worth reflecting on. G. B. SHAW

with Eliot close behind them. At the same moment the lights went on and there was a scurry of steps in the kitchen passage: Mme. Corbet had stayed too late and the others had beaten her; she came running in breathless and stopped too. "*Grands Dieux*," said Mme. Corbet. The others said nothing, they simply stood.

It must have looked an orgy with the bottles and glasses, the candles burned down in the bottles, the wine on the table, the cigarette ends where we had thrown them down on the floor with more wine and broken glass. "*Grands Dieux!*" said Mme. Corbet again.

Then I saw the rat in Paul. "*C'est pas moi! C'est pas moi! C'est elle!*" His voice was shrill with fear—he pointed at Joss—"*elle et Mademoiselle Cecil. Elles m'ont forcé!*"

"*La ferme!*" said Eliot, which was the rudest way I had heard of saying "Shut up."

Mlle. Zizi had stayed in the doorway; it was as if she kept her skirts held back. Eliot crossed at once to Joss, but before he reached her M. Joubert came up behind and stood with his hands on her chair. It was as if he kept Eliot off. M. Joubert bent and straightened Joss up, but she could not sit; her head fell forward again. "She is drunk," said M. Joubert to Eliot as if it were an accusation, and he said, in English too, "I do not know what has been going on here, but it is not good." He was not looking at us but at Eliot and Mlle. Zizi.

"Good!" Mlle. Zizi was defensive. "To be drunk at their age! On my wine!"

"And look at the table!" cried Mme. Corbet.

She darted forward and picked up the bottles. "Zizi! The Villers Marmery and Bouzy Rouge!"

Paul had been picking up the broken glass. Now he rolled it in his apron and slipped adroitly through the kitchen door. Joss was insensible; there was only I, Cecil, to face them. I was standing unsteadily where I had risen by the table and Mme. Corbet turned on me and slapped my cheeks. "*Petite canaille. J'm'en vais te flanquer une correction. Drôlesse! Oh! Cette petite crapule!*"

"Stop that, Irène," said Eliot. "Stop. Hush!" he said more loudly as the stream of names went on.

"Hush! And who is to pay for it?"

"You can put it on my bill," said M. Joubert and there was silence. He bent and picked Joss up. "Mlle. Cecil, can you walk upstairs to your room?"

My ears were singing with Mme. Corbet's slaps, but I managed to leave the table and zigzag to the stairs; there the banister rail came unexpectedly into my hand. M. Joubert followed, carrying Joss.

"Let me take her," said Eliot.

"I think you have done enough," said M. Joubert. He carried Joss up. I followed, missing some steps but holding by the banister rail. Eliot was left standing at the foot of the stairs.

"If this is how grown people feel," said Joss, "they are even worse pigs than I thought."

I said, perhaps tactlessly, "They know when to stop."

"Do they!" said Joss. "Look at Mlle. Zizi," but I had to be fair.

"Of all the grownups she is the only one who doesn't seem to know," and I sighed.

I did not remember getting into bed, but I had wakened to find myself under the clothes though dressed.

When I had gone in to Joss she, too, was in bed, the covers tucked carefully round her, her sandals placed neatly side by side on the rug, but she also was dressed. I felt so miserable that I woke her and she was cross. Then, sitting up, she had taken in where she was, her crumpled dress, the smell on her hair, and she gave a sound like a moan and shut her eyes.

Too shamed to go down to breakfast, we stayed in Joss' room. "But it wasn't our fault," I argued and used a phrase I had read in M. Armand's newspapers, "They drove us to it," but Joss was more truthful than I.

"It was our fault," she said wearily, "and we shall have to learn."

"Learn what?"

"To manage."

"Manage what?"

"Manage what happens to us better than this. I smell," said Joss.

"I smell too," I said.

"Not as badly as I do," and she covered her eyes with her hand. It was only to shut out the light, but it looked tragic and I felt torn.

When something is badly needed it is amazing how an answer will come. I was moved to tell Joss about M. Joubert. She was quiet as she listened, then she took her hand down. "You mean he said, 'Put it on my bill,' just like that?" she asked.

"Just like that."

"He wasn't angry?"

"Not with us. He carried you up to bed."

"Not . . . Eliot?"

"Eliot wanted to, but Monsieur Joubert would not let him."

Joss thought for a moment, then got out of bed, went to the washstand, poured water into the basin and began to splash her face. She did not speak while she dried her face and hands, then stripped off her crumpled dress; I knew she was thinking very deeply or she would have told me to go away. At last, as she was putting on a clean dress, I asked, "What are you going to do?"

"Give Monsieur Joubert one of my paintings," she said.

"But Joss! He is famous. He gets hundreds of pounds for a portrait. He has paintings in big galleries like the Salon and the Academy."

"Not the Academy. The Uffizi in Florence. They have just bought some of his," said Joss calmly, putting on her shoes.

"He is to have an exhibition in London this year," I argued. "Mme. Corbet said so. He—he won't be bothered with a girl, Joss. He is Marc Joubert. Mme. Corbet says he is one of the best painters in the world."

"Then he will know when a painting is good," said Joss.

She was, of course, right. M. Joubert did not send her away; he held the little painting at arm's length, looked at it again, put it up on a chair and went away from it. Nor was he play-acting—I do not think M. Joubert ever acted. We all stood round in a chorus while a



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familiar catechism began. "You did this yourself?"

"Yes," said Joss, and we nodded.

"No one helped you?"

"No. I am going to an art school soon."

"When?"

"Perhaps when the holidays are over."

"Painters don't have holidays," said M. Joubert. "They don't know how. Why an art school?"

"I need to learn to draw," said Joss meekly.

I thought he would say "Nonsense" but he nodded. "That won't spoil you. When madame your mother is better I will speak with her"; and he said to me, "Does she talk?"

"Mother?" I asked, startled.

"Mademoiselle." He pointed at Joss.

"Oh! She! Sometimes."

He pounced. "Not all times?"

"Oh, no! That's Hester."

"Then," said M. Joubert, "Mlle. Joss can come and paint with me. Not near but near enough, but no other child must come," and he said fiercely to the rest of us, "Keep away!"

We nodded again, our eyes wide with respect. This, we knew, was something different from Eliot.

Eliot made one approach to Joss. Before dinner she stayed out on the terrace so that she need not meet him. Mlle. Zizi was talking to some American arrivals and he went out.

"Joss."

"Yes."

"I'm sorry. Joss, I had to do that."

Joss said nothing.

"You won't talk to me?" asked Eliot.

"No," said Joss.

"Tomorrow I'm not going to Paris and ——"

"I will be busy tomorrow," and it was true, not an excuse.

From that day we were split as we had been . . . *before Eliot*, I thought. Joss got up in the mornings now as early as M. Joubert; almost before it was light she was out on the bank—she, too was painting two pictures—and she went early to bed. "There is no light then. I might as well go to bed," she said. The other people in the house hardly saw her at all.

As Hester and I dawdled at the cove we would watch her. She had none of the trappings M. Joubert had, not even a camp stool; she sat on an upturned wooden box and held her board on her knee. She had not any proper canvas, only a piece of linen stretched on the board, but M. Joubert showed her a way of washing it over with two or three coats of white—"not paint, tempera," said Joss—to make it smooth. He had given her a flat tin box filled with jars of tempera and, "One day he will help me with oils," she said. Worst of all, she had no umbrella and she had to sit out in the heat with only her old straw hat to shade her. Every now and then she climbed down the bank and wet her handkerchief to spread on the crown; even so, she was sickly pale at the end of the day.

"Monsieur Joubert ought to send you in."

"He doesn't notice me," said Joss with pride. She knew how to please him and she interrupted her work only to join us when we went to pay our evening visit to mother. We were allowed to go and see mother every day now and, "I'm painting," Joss told her and mother looked relieved.

"And what are you doing, Cecil?"

"Nothing."

"But you are looking after the Littles?"

"Yes," I said grudgingly. I had to. Joss was as good an elder sister as any, but when she was painting Vicky or Willmouse could have fallen into the Marne and she would not have known.

"Only they wouldn't," said Hester.

"No, but Willmouse goes off every evening alone and he shouldn't."

Every evening when he had finished his work Willmouse put his things away: his box of scraps, his sewing box, Miss Dawn and Dolores, and their new confections; then he would wash his face and hands, sleek down his hair and, like any old gentleman, go for a little walk. A new barge, the Marie France 47, had anchored above the cove; he liked to walk up and look at that.

"Why don't you go when we go?"

"I like to go by myself."

I let him. It was too hot, everything was too strained, to bother.

Before Eliot. We were back to that time, yet we were not back. It was the same, and it was not the same. A curious tenseness was in the house. Eliot when he came from Paris looked bone-tired and haggard, and he was so curt with Mlle. Zizi that her eyes looked bigger than ever with perpetual tears.

For three days he did not come at all. Mlle. Zizi went to the telephone four or five times. We heard her ask for the same Paris number, then wait, listening, while that far-off bell rang and rang. There was never any answer.

Then there was Paul. I could bear his having tried to make Joss come to him, that was to be expected of Paul; if he had hit me that night, as I think he meant to with the bottle, I could have expected that, too; but he had sneaked out and left me. In our code that was mean.

Neither of the Littles liked Paul. Hester, of course, took a more lenient view. "But you were not there," I said. "You don't know how awful he was."

"More awful than you and Joss?"

"Yes," and then, thinking of what Paul had been through, the camps and the almshouse, I had to say, "I don't know."

I did not want to see all these things in Paul, but since coming to Les Oeillets I seemed to see a long way into people, even when I did not wish it. "You think of no one but yourselves," mother had said on that long-ago day on the beach, and how much more comfortable that had been. I seemed to see into everyone and, "There isn't anybody good," I said in misery.

"Yes, there is," said Hester. "Monsieur Joubert."

Perhaps even he was not completely good but he was . . . kept good, I thought; we could see him now, with Joss faithfully behind him, both of them busy. "I wish I had painting or something," I said. "How can you be good if you are just lying about?"

Hester was looking at the river, at the water eddying down. There was a long silence, then, "Cecil, is Eliot good?" she asked.

The question seemed to fall with a plop into the peaceful water. "We love him," I said uncertainly. Is Eliot good? It was a question I would rather not have answered and I was glad when the water whirls took it away.

It was the third week of August, and the same high-summer weather: even in the cove it was hot; hardly a breeze disturbed the willows so that they hung dustily green, not showing their silver; the grass was dusty and untidy, filled with the litter left by Sunday walkers and picnickers. Mother was better but still not out of bed, not even sitting up. Next month the holidays would be over, but there were still three and a half weeks to go and at Les Oeillets each day was like a year.

There seemed nothing wrong; in fact, there was a new friendliness in the house. We had put Paul out of bounds so that we heard no scandal; Mlle. Zizi and Joss kept truce under M. Joubert; Mme. Corbet, perhaps because she wished she had not slapped me, was less sharp; and for us it was as if we had taken a step or two backward: we were children again, and that was a relief.

Joss finished her first painting and took it to mother. Vicky had her fifth birthday; M. Armand made her a cake and we had a French birthday party. We were to remember it always. "Because it was from then," said Hester, afterward. "That was the day," she said, "when Eliot began to be where he wasn't."

"And wasn't where he was."

It was a queer birthday party. A table was carried out in the garden. Mauricette covered it with a white cloth and decorated it with vine leaves from the arbor. In the middle was the cake, covered with cream icing and nuts, and round it Mauricette put a ring of wineglasses filled with grenadine. Mlle. Zizi came, and Mme. Corbet, Mauricette, M. Armand, Toinette and Nicole, Robert the gardener and his wife and baby; M. Joubert and Joss left their painting, Willmouse his sewing. Paul curtly refused to come out of the kitchen and Eliot, though he had known about the party, had gone to Paris. That made it more amiable but less exciting.

It did not last long; there were no presents—we had no money; but Vicky, with so few birthdays behind her, was not in the habit of presents and did not know what she was missing. We drank her health, cut the cake and, after eating and drinking, broke up. Joss, Hester and I went to the hospital, Willmouse took his walk, and Vicky had more cake in the kitchen.

When Willmouse came in he said, "Who told you Eliot was in Paris?"

"He is."

"He isn't. He's here."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him," but Willmouse seemed perplexed.

"What is the matter?" I asked him.

"It was Eliot, not in Eliot's clothes."

"You must have made a mistake."

"I don't make mistakes about clothes," said Willmouse.

He had been walking home along the bank—"You know the bit along the path where the cove is hidden in the bulrushes?"—when Eliot had appeared, walking in front of him. "And he was wearing blue, like the overalls here but trousers, and one of those striped jersey shirts."

"Eliot doesn't wear those sort of clothes," said Hester.

"I *know*," said Willmouse, exasperated. "That's why."

"Why?"

"Why it seems funny when he does. He went off the path just above the bulrushes where it has a side path into the wood." Willmouse wrinkled his forehead again. "Do you know it looked —— I thought —— But he couldn't have ——"

"Couldn't have what?"

"Come off the new barge." Willmouse sounded oddly sure, but what would Eliot have been doing on the Marie France?

"It wasn't Eliot," I said, and that seemed positive when Eliot came back at nine o'clock that night.

"Did you have a good day?" Mlle. Zizi asked anxiously.

"Damnably hot," said Eliot. He looked exhausted.

He had brought Vicky a box of chocolates such as we had never seen or imagined; it was a pink satin box painted with roses and tied with wide velvet ribbon. It was marked Dorat. "One of the most expensive chocolate shops in Paris," exclaimed Mme. Corbet.

"You see he was in Paris," I told Willmouse.

"Yes," said Willmouse, but he did not sound convinced.

Eliot stayed at Les Oeillets next day, but he did not sit, as he usually did, reading in the garden. First he took the Littles to see mother; when he came back he asked Hester and me if we would like to go with him into the town. We passed Joss on the riverbank but she did not turn her head, nor did Eliot say anything. In the town he bought post cards, giving them to us, and then some grapes for mother which we took to the hospital, calling on *M. le Directeur*, who called out, "*À ce soir*," when we left.

"Why '*à ce soir*'?" I asked.

"He is coming tonight. There's a big dinner," said Eliot. "Didn't you know?"

"We are not told things," I said.

As soon as we got in, Eliot coaxed Mlle. Zizi out to the Giraffe. "That's three times," said Hester.

"That Eliot has gone into the town?"

"Yes. Isn't he fidgety?" said Hester.

He could not have had very much lunch, for just after twelve he came to the cove where Hester and I had taken our picnics and turned us out. "Keep away," he said. "I want to sleep."

"But we haven't eaten our picnics."

"Well, go and eat them somewhere else."

There was no one about. M. Joubert had gone in; he lunched at twelve. Joss could not accompany him; she ate her picnic humbly in the orchard; after that they both went to their rooms to sleep. Willmouse, too, after his picnic, would take a nap under his cherry tree. Vicky was still at the age when she was put to rest and was collected by Joss on her own way up. Hester and I had meant to bathe, immersing ourselves, coming out now and again in the sun, going back; the water would have been cool, but now we could not bathe.

Eliot must have divined this for he asked, "Did you want to bathe? Go to the *plage*."

"We should have to pay," said Hester.

Eliot laughed. "You little skinflints."

That hurt us. "Ever since we have been here," I said in a muffled voice, "we haven't had any money."

"Why not?" asked Eliot.

"Nobody has given us any. Usually we have pocket money every week," I explained.

"I'm sorry," said Eliot. "Why didn't you ask? Look. Have three weeks' now," and he took out his wallet, fat with French notes, and peeled off seven. "One for Hester, one between Vicky and Willmouse, two for Cecil and three for Joss."

We looked at them, stunned, and neither of us moved. "Take them," said Eliot; he sounded impatient, but we shook our heads. "What's the matter now?"

"It's too much," said Hester and I added, "More than a pound each."

"If I say you can have it?"

"We can't," said Hester, shocked. "You see, Vicky has sixpence, Willmouse has ninepence, I have a shilling, Cecil has two, and Joss has another arrangement." I would not have told all this, but Hester never minded exposing the family. "She has ten shillings, but she has to pay her bus fares and buy her own stamps and soap and tooth paste and handkerchiefs and stockings."

"Don't. You make me giddy," said Eliot. "Well, have this for now," but we still shook our heads.

"Look," said Eliot, "I'm tired." He did not seem tired, but . . . was it excited? Why? I wondered. "Take this." He gave us a note. "Go and bathe and we will settle the rest this evening." We still hesitated and he shouted, "Go! If anyone comes near me before five o'clock I shall skin them alive."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78



"But you're eating a full meal—I'm just eating a salad."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

In fairness we ought to have gone and fetched the others when we had finished our picnics, but, "They are probably asleep," said Hester. "They can go afterward. There's heaps of money," and so we went to the *plage* we had looked at and yearned after so often. We walked over the white bridge; we rented one of the red-and-white cabins and used all three pools and the low, the middle but not the high diving boards. I could dive, though sometimes I hit the water with a slap; Hester simply jumped off, holding her nose. It was blissfully cool and for an hour or two we were like a pair of porpoises playing. At last we came out, and after we had dressed we bought strawberry ices from the kiosk and ate them at one of the white tables. "Eliot *is* good!" said Hester reverently as she licked her cardboard spoon.

The ices we spun out as long as we could. "We had better not have another one, had we?" asked Hester, but in the end we had another between us. We spun that one out as well. Four o'clock struck.

Don't throw a stone into a well from which you have drunk. PROVERB

We left the *plage* and walked back along the bank; it was then that Hester said, "Let's creep up on Eliot."

"For what?"

"Just to love him," said Hester. Another Eastern idea of which father had told us was the taking of "darshana," that even to look on anyone good or great would feed the soul.

"He told us not to."

"How will he know?" asked Hester.

Les Oeillets had taught us to be as adept as red Indians in stealing up on what we wanted to see, and we came up to the cove without a sound. Eliot was lying, as he always lay, face downward on the sand, his length pressed into it, his head pillowed on his arms, the old cap tilted over his eyes. Behind the bulrushes we crept up on him. He was lying with his head toward us.

"Fast asleep," breathed Hester.

That must have made a sound, for he stirred, stirred and lifted his head and . . . it was not Eliot.

In Eliot's clothes, under Eliot's cap, we were looking into the face of a dark, unknown man. I do not know why it was so frightening, but for the long moment he looked we froze as rabbits do and the river seemed to be running in my ears. When his head went down again we retreated backward through the bulrushes so fast that we were covered in bulrush dust. Then we ran. We reached Joss' box and I sank down on it while Hester fell on the grass. My neck and the backs of my knees were clammy and cold; her chin was shaking.

We sat there a long while without speaking and the sun did not make us any warmer.

At last, "Do you think it could be us—after the ices?" asked Hester.

"No."

"It was another m——"

"Yes."

"Then?" The question seemed to go on and on in the hot summer air.

It was some time later that Hester looked round and said, "Hullo! Monsieur Joubert's things have gone." There was no umbrella, no easel or stool, and Joss' box, alone on the riverbank, looked small.

The light grew deeper, swallows were beginning to skim the river as they did when the insects flew down; five o'clock struck from the Hôtel de Ville and we got up to go in. As we reached the blue door it opened and Mlle. Zizi came out.

She was in white and carried a deep mauve sunshade, the color of heliotrope. She was freshly powdered and made up and her scent came to us in waves. "Are you going out?" we asked stupidly.

"Only to the cove, to meet Eliot," she told us.

We looked at each other, opened our lips and shut them.

"Why didn't you tell her?" said Hester after she had gone.

"Why didn't you?"

We did not go in, but stayed in the orchard. We talked to Willmouse, admired Miss Dawn's new hat, and played with the dogs. We did not say it to each other, but we were waiting to see, and after what seemed a long while the blue door opened again. Mlle. Zizi came through, and behind her was Eliot.

(To be Concluded)

KEEP YOUR BEAUTY IN TACT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

the process of pushing furniture around to see where it looked prettiest, when my aunt arrived. Even in what might laughingly be described as her cheeriest moments, Aunt Belle views the world with the hangdog expression of a homeless basset hound. (The sun may be shining brilliantly, but Belle dwells on the drizzle we had last week.) On this day, she viewed my newly painted room with great sad brown eyes and moaned, 'All I can say is it looks like a hospital.' Then she waggled over to the coffee table, picked up my bowl of flowers, rearranged them to suit *her* taste and placed the bowl on the desk. 'That bowl is too big to be on that low table,' she grumbled, plumping herself down for a visit which lasted an hour but which seemed to me to be an eternity. Friends ask why I tolerate her rudeness. I do because I pity Belle. She is alone in the world and in view of her outlook it's easy, though sad, to see why."

Being a truly tactful person, having the ability to meet people and face situations with pleasant perception, is not something that comes to us, as if by magic, the instant we slip into our first formal dress or sit down to our first dinner party. The fact is that courteous manners must be practiced and polished at home before we can expect them to be dependable traveling companions, ever ready to help us in and out of other people's lives with grace and comfort. From the first long-playing tune of, "Let Susan share your toys" . . . "Serve Jamie the largest slice, he's your guest," mother and father are in the driver's seat steering their offspring this way or that toward the final destination of getting along well with others.

One way for parents to cut teaching time in half is to let their own pleasing behavior serve as a useful example. A group of young mothers were discussing the problems of bringing up children when one asked, "Julie, how do *you* do it? Four children, a new house and a full-time office job. Yet your family life is exemplary in every sense. In your situation, I'd go to pieces!" Julie laughed and answered, "Some mornings when I'm still half asleep and the children are tumbling over the bed wanting 'mommie' for four different reasons, and my husband is yelling from the shower, 'My pants need pressing,' I wonder myself. I close my eyes for a moment and think, 'Can I really make it this morning? Can I dress them, feed them, brush, wash, breakfast and press them and *still* find time for myself?' And the answer is always, not *can* I, but *how*. I can do it cheerfully, for I have to do it no matter what, or I can grouch my way through the next hectic two hours, making everyone cross and irritable. So I force myself, if necessary, into a good mood and I keep up an 'Isn't-this-a-glorious-day' attitude as I hustle all of us into action. I compliment Nancy on the way she sets the table, tell Stevie I've never seen such neatly tied shoelaces. I absolutely refuse to get flustered, even if the iron goes on the blink, or the school bus arrives just as Patty announces, 'Skirt is torn.' It may sound silly—after all, who really feels *that* exuberant at six-thirty or seven o'clock in the morning? But it works. We all really *do* work up a good mood, the mornings go pleasantly (if not smoothly!), and I feel better knowing that Bill and the children are leaving the house in a happy frame of mind." END

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Bright Ideas . . .

for mother and daughter

Janice Harayda loves the idea of dressing like her mother—and what eight-year-old girl doesn't? Her mother likes to sew for her and finds she can fit her to perfection. Both love color and enjoy shopping for pretty fabrics. This Easter you will see them both in gray flannel suits . . . the linings and blouses are in a bright cotton print. Their quilted robes, appliquéd smocks and peasant dresses round out their mother-and-daughter plan for spring.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor



One of Janice's hobbies is painting. Her cover-up smock buttons in the back and has ample pockets across the front. Vogue Design No. 2817, 4 to 14. Mrs. Harayda's apron smock wraps to the back and can be made full length as well. She has added chintz appliqués of fruit to both. Vogue Design No. 9121, 12 to 20.



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

Janice is shown here having her pretty blond hair brushed and wearing her quilted print cotton-satin robe completely bound in washable grosgrain. Janice's robe, Vogue Design No. 2819, 6 to 14. Mother's robe, No. 9409, S, M, L.



Both Mrs. Harayda and Janice will be wearing these washable gray wool-and-nylon flannel suits on Easter Sunday. Both have pleated skirts and short jackets with brass buttons. The cotton print blouses and linings are a bright contrast. Mother's suit, Vogue Design No. S-1806, 10 to 18. Child's, No. 2758, 2 to 10.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

For back and other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns, see page 129. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.



MARGARET SOMMERFELD

Hearts and flowers in a striped design make these charming peasant dresses trimmed with coarse cotton lace. The aprons are in the same print, but in a different color. The pattern also includes sweaterlike jersey bolero jackets. Mother's dress, Vogue Design No. 9420, 12 to 18. Child's, No. 2818, 6 to 14.

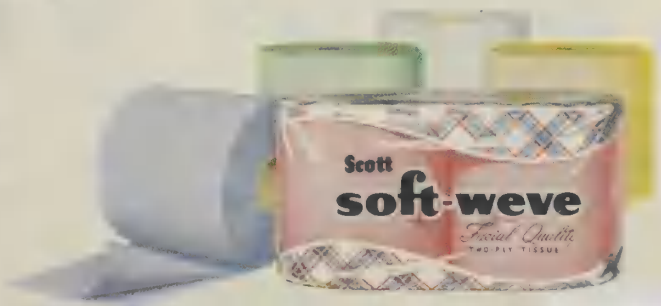
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A DAY OF REST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

hurried Beryl back into their room, and into dry pajamas. "You should be in bed," he told her solicitously, "resting."

After a while, the ice in her veins thawed somewhat, and she began to grow sleepy. Not much damage had been done, she reflected thankfully; the dining-room ceiling had been spared this time.

Kathy crept in, a chastened and white-faced culprit, who disarmed her mother completely by bursting into tears. "It was my fault, mom. I forgot to turn off the water—and I meant to leave the bathroom all nice and clean, so you'd be proud of me." She wept bitterly, dabbing at her eyes with the hem of the sheet. "I'm always doing such clumsy, dumb things!"

Beryl pressed a handkerchief into Kathy's hand, forgetting entirely the scolding she had been grimly preparing all during the mopping-up operations. Suddenly, miraculously, the barrier of years was gone, and she was thirteen again, awkward and uncertain, with arms and legs that had grown too long for comfort. She hugged the sobbing child. "Why, honey, I am proud of you! Don't cry so, Kathy."

But Kathy cried forlornly for a long time, her mother's arms close around her. "I—I don't know what's the matter," she stammered thickly. "It's just that I feel sad, somehow."

Beryl stroked her daughter's hair gently. "I know. Someone once said that tears are 'white bleeding'—you just had to get it out of your system." The loneliness of growing up, she meant. The strange nostalgia for a childhood so recently left behind, the eager reaching toward maturity. The sense of being stranded, halfway between.

Kathy roused herself finally, smiled mistily at her mother, gulped, "You're swell, mom."

A crash and a thud in the hallway brought Kathy to her feet, her eyes wide with horror. "Oh, golly, mom—I left your breakfast tray on the top step ——" She fled, banging against the doorjamb with her elbow. Beryl knew she was crying again as she ran down the hall to where the twins, with much shouting, were gathering up the remains of the tray.

Beryl lay staring out the window for a long time after Kathy left. Thirteen was a hard age to live with, she thought, but it was much harder to live through. She began planning a spring outfit for Kathy. One of those dresses with the swirling skirts, for grace; shoes with little French heels, for dignity.

The breakfast tray, when it finally arrived, was a triumph. A frosty glass of orange juice, a cup of perfect coffee, toast triangles, and a soft-boiled egg in a fragile pink cup. "Why, Marge," she said to her eldest daughter, "I didn't know you could cook like this!"

Margy's face was a thundercloud. "Mrs. Arkwright's downstairs, bossing everything. Mother, did you, or did you not, say I could bathe the baby?" She tossed her hair back in a gesture Beryl found familiar, but could not quite place. Some movie star, probably. Margy's roles were many and varied.

"Why ——" Beryl considered the problem gravely. Diplomacy of the highest order was required here.

"Because Old Lady Arkwright is planning to give him a bath in the kitchen sink. Imagine, right in with the pots and pans, of all the sordid ideas!"

"I expect she'd take the pots and pans out first," said Beryl mildly. "But I'll tell you—why don't you bring Suzie and Dickie upstairs, and I'll bathe the baby in the bathinet while you give Suzie her bath in the tub." Margy's face was still mutinous, so Beryl added hastily, "We could run through the play while we're scrubbing the babies."

Margy brightened. "Oh, would you, mother? I've been wanting someone to go over it with me. But shouldn't you stay in bed?" she added, belatedly concerned. "Dad said you should."

Beryl flung back the covers and reached for her robe. "I'll get back as soon as we're through."

The babies were bathed to Shakespeare's music. It was fun, Beryl decided, and most companionable. She rather fancied herself as Romeo. "But soft (*No, no, Dickie, not in your mouth!*), what light through yonder window breaks (*Hand me that jar, will you, Marge*)?" The babies liked it too. Dickie cooed and kicked, sending water flying in an arc all over his mother's robe. Suzie sang "M-i-c-k-e-y M-o-u-s-e" and dangled a dripping washcloth over the side of the tub.

The bathroom was mopped dry again, and the babies settled off for their morning naps. Beryl climbed back into bed and adjusted her pillow. There'd be time for a nice nap before luncheon.

She switched on her bedside radio, the dance music turned low. Her headache was gone, but her throat still felt raw. *I really should take an aspirin*, she thought, yawning. It hardly seemed worth the effort.

Mrs. Arkwright loomed tall in the doorway. "Did you tell them twins they could make fudge?" She glowered at her employer. "Panocha fudge," she further enlarged, as if that compounded the felony.

"Good heavens, no!" Beryl snapped off the radio and sat up, the pillows bunched behind her back. "Tell them absolutely no fudge today!"

Mrs. Arkwright leaned precariously over the railing. "*No fudge!*" she bellowed. Then in her normal tone, "Sick, huh, Miz Oliver? How many will this make—lessee, there's Margy and Kathy and the twins ——"

"No, no," Beryl hastened to correct her, "it isn't that, really! Just a cold, and I'm feeling much better. but Mr. Oliver felt I should stay in bed."

Mrs. Arkwright looked unconvinced. "Well, maybe. Still, babies sometimes start that way, with a little case of sniffles."

Beryl wondered where Mrs. Arkwright had studied biology. "It's just a cold," she repeated firmly.

A call from downstairs sent Mrs. Arkwright to the railing again. "What's that, Margy?" she shouted.

"I'm calling the grocer. Ask mom if she needs anything."

Still hanging dizzily over the railing, Mrs. Arkwright bellowed lustily at Beryl, "Margy wants to know if you want anything at the store."

"I heard her. Why, yes—ask her first to look in the back hall. The milkman was supposed to leave some eggs today."

In a voice undiminished in volume, Mrs. Arkwright passed on the query. There was an interval of peace. Mrs. Arkwright examined her fingernails and hummed nasally.

"O.K., there're two dozen here, and a quart of buttermilk, of all the sordid things! What else does mom want?"

Mrs. Arkwright opened her mouth to relay the message, but Beryl had already slipped on her robe. "Tell her never mind. I'll call Mrs.

NECESSARY EVIL

By JANET HENRY

My stand is firm and resolute
On letting children watch TV;
It's just a parent's substitute
For his responsibility.

It undermines the family ties,
Discounts ideals that should be taught.
It stoops the shoulders, strains the eyes,
Disparages creative thought.

But halfway through the day I find
Without it I would lose my mind.



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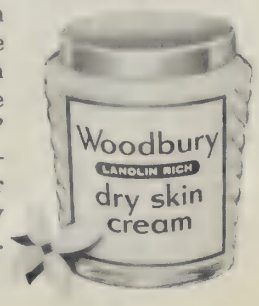


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Glutz myself. There are some things I need for dinner."

The telephone call involved a dissertation on spring colds, and a detailed account of Mrs. Glutz's harrowing adventures in the dentist's chair, where she had recently parted with what she proudly referred to as an "unpacked wisdom tooth." When Beryl at last succeeded in getting her grocery list across, the babies were awake again. It took Margy, Kathy and Mrs. Arkwright to prepare a bottle for Dickie and invest him with clean diapers. The sky had cleared and the twins, with many admonishments from Mrs. Arkwright and the girls, wheeled Suzie off for a ride in her stroller.

Quiet took possession of the house. Beryl swallowed experimentally. Her throat was much better. She picked up a magazine from the bedside table, turned pages idly, yawned. The house was so silent, almost as if it were the middle of the night. Unconsciously she listened for children's voices, but heard only the fusty, busy murmuring of the clock and the dreary swish of tree branches against the house.

Somewhere a door banged. There was a sudden rush of footsteps, a muffled, whimpering cry.

Beryl was running, stumbling down the endless hall, the slippery stairs. She was in the kitchen, reaching blindly for Suzie—dazed, frightened Suzie, on whose soft forehead a hideous purple bump was forming. Mud smeared her new pink coat, her hands and plump round legs.

Both the twins were sobbing out their story, turn and turn about.

"She stood up in the stroller, mom." Dusty's face was paper-white, the freckles stood out on his snub nose like tiny gold coins.

"And before we could catch her, she fell. It knocked her out for a minute." Bruce leaned against his mother's shoulder, she could feel the trembling all along the slim length of him. "We couldn't catch her, mom." He sniffled into the kitchen towel, leaving streaks of dirt across its whiteness. Margy wept in sympathy with her brothers. Mrs. Arkwright leaned against the sink and complained of feeling faint.

But it was Kathy who brought the bowl of ice cubes, and whose firm, suddenly capable hand held a cold compress to Suzie's forehead. "I called Doctor Curtis. He'll be over before he goes into his office. In about fifteen minutes, his wife said." She lifted the compress and examined the bump. "I don't think it's anything, mom. It just looks bad, and she's so little."

Doctor Curtis confirmed her diagnosis when he came strolling in, a half hour later. He lifted one eyebrow when he saw Beryl in pajamas. "Good grief!" he said softly, under his breath. "How old is Dickie, anyway?"

"It's just a cold!" Beryl told him crossly. "I don't know why I can't have a common cold, just like anyone else."

"You can," conceded the doctor, with cheerful unconcern. "Feel free!"

He distributed sticks of gum to the twins, patted Suzie's cheek and praised Kathy's coolheadedness. "You'll make a good nurse someday, Kathy girl. A fine nurse!"

Beryl forgave him everything when she saw the glow in her tall daughter's eyes.

"As for you," he told Beryl, at parting, "you should be in bed, resting. Only way to lick these spring colds."

Mrs. Arkwright declared herself as being "too shook up" to cook lunch. Beryl sent Dusty upstairs for her robe and slippers, tied on an apron and whipped up a cheese omelet. The twins wanted cocoa, so she made enough for everyone. Margy toasted bread with the air of a tragedy queen, and Kathy set the table, breaking a plate in the process, and upsetting the bottle of catchup. In the midst of the activity Stephen called.

"You sound better," he told her. "But stay in bed, anyway. A little extra rest won't hurt you a bit."

Beryl made no mention of the events of the morning. After all, Stephen had only an hour for lunch.

She fed Suzie her baked potato and lamb chop. Below the darkening bruise, the innocent baby eyes looked up at her. "Mom-mom-mom," she crooned, joyously banging her high-chair tray with her curved silver spoon. Beryl kissed her.

The twins were clumsily clearing the table. Margy scraped plates with an air that said, more clearly than words, how sordid she found the task to be. Mrs. Arkwright was lying down on the living-room sofa, a cold cloth on her head. "If you'll just close the door," she called as Beryl passed. "Them twins is enough to wake the dead."

"Why don't you go on home, Mrs. Arkwright? The girls can manage all right now."

"What, and leave you with all this on your hands—sick like you are and who knows what all?" Mrs. Arkwright's tone was shocked. "Why, I wouldn't do that to a dawg! No, I'll just lay here a minute, kind of pulling myself together, then I'll be up and at 'em again." With the competent air of one who leaves no stone unturned, she adjusted the pillow under her head and composed herself for slumber.

Beryl tucked Suzie into bed, peeked in at the angelically sleeping baby, and went back to her own room. The rain had started up again, the bare trees looked dark against a sky grown leaden and heavy. She smoothed the bed, pulling the sheets taut, and turned back the blanket invitingly. With the babies both asleep the afternoon stretched ahead, golden and idle.

The telephone shrilled, next to her bed. She replaced the receiver noiselessly when she heard a young, uncertain male voice say, "That you, Margy? Say, Marge ——"

A few magazine pages later, the twins shot into the room and disappeared, as one boy, under the bed. Kathy's feet thundered on the stairs. Once more Beryl got into her robe and slippers, hauled her sons from their hide-out, and marched them through the door to settle with their accusers.

Afterward, Mrs. Arkwright looked pathetically at Beryl. "I don't know about you, but I could stand a nice hot cup of tea."

"Make mine coffee," said Beryl. "Strong and black."

Margy hung up the telephone receiver as they came into the kitchen. "Have you been talking to that same boy all this time?" Beryl measured coffee into the percolator with a lavish hand.

"Rupert Bagley." Marge stared dreamily out the window. "His mother plays the violin and his father went to school with Senator Armbrugh."

"My!" Beryl was properly impressed.

"Is he that tall boy with the Adam's apple, that wears sideburns?" asked Kathy interestedly. She spread applesauce thickly on a slice of bread, bit into it, chewed thoughtfully. "Because if he is, he's a drip."

"He is not a drip! And what's more, he asked me to go to a movie tonight. In his father's new car."

Mrs. Arkwright stirred her tea, her eyes fixed on space. "It was at the moving pictures I first met Mr. Arkwright. He had on an ice-cream suit, and one of them straw skimmers ——"

Beryl relaxed, sipping her coffee. It was snug in the kitchen, with the rain sluicing down outside. She glanced at the kitchen clock. Four-thirty. She patted back a yawn, considered the supper menu. Chipped beef on toast, she decided, and scalloped corn. There was plenty of ice cream in the freezer, and the children could have cones if they wanted them.

The twins came in, each with a baby in his arms. "They were both crying," they explained virtuously, "so we changed their diapers, and brought them down."

Beryl fed the new baby orange juice, cuddling him in her arms. His minikin soft hand clung to her thumb with a surprising strength, his wide eyes never left her face. "Bum," she said tenderly, browsing kisses along his fluff of hair.

Mrs. Arkwright lifted Suzie to her lap and poured more tea. "Thirty-one years ago tomorrow, we was married." She was still in a reminiscent mood. "Stood up in my mother's little parlor in the Bronx." She sighed gustily. "Yep, thirty-one years; don't seem possible. Seventeenth of March, and warm as June ——"

Beryl set her cup down hastily. "The seventeenth! Tomorrow?"

Mrs. Arkwright consulted the wall calendar. "Says so right there—Sunday, March seventeen."

Beryl handed the baby to Kathy, and stood up. "Then Cousin Alma and Harold are coming for supper tonight! I asked them a week ago and completely forgot it until this minute."

Mrs. Arkwright emptied the teapot into her cup. "Call'm up and say you're sick. It's no day for traveling, anyway."

Beryl was distractedly examining the contents of the refrigerator. "I can't. Alma's so sensitive she'd never get over it. Anyway, they've probably started by now."

"Well, I'll stay and cook supper, providin' you keep that woman out of my kitchen." Mrs. Arkwright rattled pans capably. "Him, I like. But her! Pokin' around here, puttin' herbs into my good roast every time I turn my back ——"

"I'll keep her away! And you're an angel, to help me out like this."

Within the next hour they accomplished miracles. The boys ran to the butcher's. The vacuum whined, dustcloths were run swiftly over the visible surfaces of the furniture, clutter was swept out of sight. Beryl showered, dressed, ran a comb through her hair, superintended the twins' baths, zipped Kathy's dress, telephoned the greengrocer to order celery, dressed Suzie in a fresh pink pinafore, and slipped a clean flannel nightie over the baby's head.

At five-twenty-nine she sat down in the living room to catch her breath. Promptly at five-thirty, Cousin Alma and Harold arrived.

"We almost didn't come"—Cousin Alma kissed Kathy and Margy, and looked around for the twins—"what with the rain, and all. But I said to Harold, here you were expecting us, and going to no end of trouble, and I just couldn't disappoint you." She captured the twins and kissed them resoundingly.

"I'm so glad you did come." Beryl led the way into the living room. "We're having veal cutlets, just the way you like them, Harold, and apple pie." Her tone was the composed one of the housewife whose household machinery runs on greased wheels.

"You always do things so nicely," beamed Cousin Alma.

One of the twins' model airplanes was protruding slightly from under Beryl's chair. She pushed it out of sight with her foot. "Why, thank you, Alma. It's nice of you to say so."

The girls moved softly around in the dining room, setting the table. In the kitchen, Mrs. Arkwright hummed. The fragrance of spice, and of browning meat, drifted in whenever the door was opened. The twins sat together in a big chair, angelically reading from the same book. Suzie flirted with Harold through the bars of her playpen, and the baby smiled his wide toothless grin at Alma.

"Such a lovely family," she sighed. "So well behaved and adjusted to the group." Alma, who had no child at all to raise, was currently studying child psychology.

Stephen came in, his shoulders spattered with raindrops. He had brought home yellow daffodils. He shook hands with Harold, accepted Alma's kiss. "How're you feeling?" he asked Beryl.

"Why, I'm just fine, dear," she assured him in a bright social tone, but with a slight movement of head and tiny warning frown.

He nodded cheerfully, not getting her message. "You never looked better. Took it easy all day, didn't you?" His eyes approved of her. To Harold and Alma, he explained, "Beryl had a little cold this morning and I made her stay in bed and rest. Only thing that'll cure them!"

Harold nodded judicially. "Rest, and take an aspirin every four hours."

"Orange juice," added Alma; "and a hot footbath is good too."

They filed out to the dining room, and Beryl sank gratefully into her chair. With any luck at all, she should be able to relax for a little while. She looked around at them all: Kathy and Margy, their eyes shining in the candle glow; the twins, brushed and unwontedly neat; Suzie, whose hair drifted over the ugly bruise, concealing it; the baby, propped on pillows, one fist aimlessly waving. Her eyes met Stephen's across the table and they smiled at each other.

They bowed their heads, and she spoke from the fullness of her heart: "Dear Lord, we thank Thee for this food, and for this day ——"

END





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Tender macaroni, juicy beef, rich, tangy tomato-cheese sauce... just as Italian children might be eating it near Rome. Grown-ups love it too...for lunch, for dinner, for company snacks. And it costs about 13¢ a serving! Get some today.



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Conversation piece



DI PIETRO

The dessert, thin French pancakes with a creamy filling and delicious raspberry sauce, may be served from a chafing dish in the living room.

In February, a heavenly, hearty French soup and an incomparable dessert are the basics for a wonderful party!

By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

In many parts of the country the weather in February is nothing to brag about—in fact, it's often worse than that—but it's a fine time to get together with our friends and make with the merry. We can ignore the weather if we're in a congenial group with plenty of good talk and delicious food to enjoy. Here's a meal that fits this program and won't put too great a strain on the hostess—mainly because practically everything can be made in advance.

The hors d'oeuvre will be marinated mushroom caps filled with salmon or chicken salad. With these we can serve something crisp, a bowl of toasted mixed cereals and nuts, as a taste contrast. The main dish is bouillabaisse, but a version different from the bouillabaisse we encounter in fine restaurants here and abroad. The ingredients are the same (except that availability must be considered), but the shells of the various sea foods have been removed. This is for me, and unless you're a purist on this subject I think you'll agree. As excellent as this famous dish is, it's a messy chore to eat when the succulent morsels are encased in shells. With the bouillabaisse we'll have garlic French bread and a crisp salad of shredded celery cabbage (Chinese cabbage), raw-cauliflower flowerets and pimientos tossed with French dressing. And there's the main course. The dessert, *crêpes aux framboises*, is something of a do, but truly a chef-d'oeuvre and well worth a little effort. It is French pancakes filled with a mixture of cream and cottage cheese, rolled and served hot with hot raspberry sauce and very cold sour cream. Doesn't this sound good? Well, it is, I assure you.

We'll plan for eight people.

STUART



A steaming tureen of hot bouillabaisse, full of succulent lobster chunks, shrimp and scallops. A crisp salad of cabbage and crunchy cauliflowerets, and savory garlic bread, make a really sublime meal!

MUSHROOM CAPS FILLED WITH SALMON SALAD

Get medium-size mushrooms, allowing at least 2 to each person. Remove stems; wash and peel caps and put them in a marinade of ½ cup of vinegar, ¾ cup water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar and 3 tablespoons grated onion. Shake well, store in refrigerator and repeat shaking occasionally. This should be done the morning of the party day. The stems can be used for mushroom soup or in a sauce for steak or other meat. Drain a 7¾-ounce can red salmon; remove bones and skin and mash with a fork. Combine with ⅔ cup celery, ¼ cup onion, 3 tablespoons sweet-pickle sticks and 3 hard-cooked eggs, all *very* finely chopped. Season with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151

MAKE IT A DINNER TO REMEMBER...

Make
FRENCH'S
Crown o' gold Meat Loaf



Crown o' gold Meat Loaf

1½ cups fine soft bread crumbs
1½ lbs. ground lean chuck beef
4 egg yolks
1½ tsps. salt
2 tbsps. French's Mustard
1½ tbsps. prepared horseradish
3 tbsps. finely diced green pepper
2 tbsps. French's Minced Onion
⅓ cup ketchup

Crown o' gold Topping

4 egg whites
¼ tsp. French's Cream Tartar
4 tbsps. French's Mustard



High . . . Gold . . . and Handsome . . . Here's a brand-new meat loaf idea with a savory, golden topping. Mix bread crumbs with the meat. Combine remaining ingredients. Blend into meat-bread mixture. Pack lightly into a 9-inch casserole and bake in a moderate oven (325°) 30 minutes. To make topping: beat egg whites until foamy; add cream tartar; continue beating until very stiff. Fold in mustard gently. Swirl on hot meat; return to oven; bake 20 to 25 minutes longer or until crown is tipped with brown. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Friendly warning: Because French's Mustard is made with rare spices, specially grown mustard seeds and finest vinegar, it has a special flavor, texture and color all its own. Don't expect the best results from this recipe with any other mustard.

On food . . . In food

no other mustard has the light and lively flavor of

FRENCH'S MUSTARD

THE TROUBLED HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

The house the Kings had leased was one of those big old English types, high and dark and surrounded by an iron fence. I parked the car and walked up the crushed-stone drive.

I lifted the ornate bronze knocker and somewhere inside a dog barked. An instant later the heavy door swung open. "Yes?" She was tiny against that huge dark door, golden-tanned, with pale, soft-looking hair piled high and twisted back in a knot. "What is it, please?"

"Mr. King telephoned me this morning ——"

"Why, yes!" She smiled, stepping back, opening the door wide. "You're Beth, aren't you? How nice of you to come! The Bannisters have told us so much about you. I'm Fredrika King. Rika, everybody calls me." An exquisite figure in her dark green toreador pants, she drew me into the cool dimness of the big hall. "Stan's expecting you."

Her thin silver bracelets jingled softly as she led me through the high dim hall, going to the right of the open stairway, passing a room with an enormous television set squatting on the floor, on into a room much larger, brighter, lined with bookcases. "We were just saying how lucky it was Stan had to telephone Lew on business this morning." She waved me to the leather couch. "Stan happened to mention he could use some help, and right away Lew thought of you. Almost as if it were planned somehow, you know? Your quitting your job, I mean, and coming here."

"I grew up here," I told her. "I'm visiting my sister."

"Lucky you. I always wished I had a sister." She sank down gracefully at the other end of the couch. "Lew Bannister hated to lose you, you know. We could tell the way he talked to Stan on the phone this morning. How could you bear to leave?"

"I wanted to get away. Too long in one place, I guess."

"Too long in New York?" She shook her head. "I can't imagine that. I don't think I'll ever get used to country living."

"Maybe you haven't been here long enough."

"We've been here exactly four months, two weeks and one day."

I smiled. "That's not long."

"It's more than half my married life." But she smiled back at me. "To tell the truth, it has been kind of fun. After Stan got the incinerator incinerating again, and the water softener working—no matter what it is, animals or machines or somebody's old-fashioned kitchen appliance, he always makes it work. It must be the engineer in him."

"Nice for you."

"And nice for our friends too. Well, anyway, I'm not sorry we came here. It's done him a world of good. He was so tired and irritable for a while; couldn't write, couldn't sleep, couldn't get along with his friends"—she looked at me—"not even Lew Bannister, can you imagine?"

I shook my head. "No, I can't."

"Well, that's how bad it was. So when he got the idea of leaving, of coming here ——"

I nodded, watching her. Such utter perfection, the heart-shaped face so smoothly golden, the wide gray eyes tilted like a kitten's at the corners. "Someday," I said, "you'll probably be just like the rest of us here." I quoted the old quote: "New York is all right to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there."

She laughed. "That's exactly how I feel about this place, but I hope you're right. I don't know why it is; New York has always been the place for me. I can remember when I was little. My family had a summer place in Maine, huge, as I remember, high up on the rocks with a veranda that went all around it, jutting out over the cliff in front. And there were a million stone steps down to the rocks below, with an iron-pipe handrail. Friends came from all over the country to visit us there, and they raved about the coolness and the clean cold water. But did I like it?" She shook her head. "All I could think about was getting back to the city. I loved the excitement and all the people and the wonderful places to go. But maybe if you came I wouldn't be thinking about going back so much."

She's lonely, I thought. I said, "The only work I've ever done has been in a law office."

"Then for you this will be a snap." Suddenly she was anxious. "Or did you mean you might not like it here?"

"Oh, no, it isn't that, Mrs. ——"

"Rika." She was still looking at me anxiously. "Please call me Rika."

"Rika," I repeated. "What I meant was that maybe your husband won't ——"

"Oh, yes, he will," she said. "I worked for him once myself, before we were married. It was for only three months, but if he hired me he'll certainly hire you."

She changed the subject, lightly, easily, mentioning people she had known in New York, the things she and her Stan had done together. Perhaps, as rumor had it, he was cruel to her, but she obviously was very much in love with him.

I only half listened, watching her, fascinated. Always before, when I had seen a face I would like to paint, if only I could paint, the hands did not go with it, or the legs did not, or perhaps there was a thickness at the waist or shoulders. Here was perfection. Why had someone not discovered it? Then I thought, *But someone has; Stanley King has.*

"—— wonderful place for children," Rika King was saying. "She loves the pool and there's a place now for all the pets she wants—and then of course there are all those children up and down the road to play with. Debbie's especially fond of the Benson twins ——"

"Debbie?"

"Yes, Debbie. And you haven't heard a word I've said, have you?" She laughed. "Oh, you might as well confess. I'll —— Oh ——"

The breath seemed to go out of her. The laughter disappeared from her face. I followed her eyes to the door.

"Sorry," he said, "I didn't mean to interrupt." He was tall and lean and dark, and he was wearing jeans and a T shirt and, except for startling blue eyes, he was the homeliest man I had ever seen. He did not smile, but something in the long face seemed to change, and I got the impression that he was surprised to see Rika and me together there. "I lost track of the time," he went on, "but I suppose it's still early. I'm expecting someone around two-thirty."

"I know who you're expecting." Rika got up and ran toward him, slipping her arm through his. "This is Beth, Stan. You thought she was one of the neighbors come to call, didn't you, darling?"

"If I did, I should have known better." His arm did not tighten on the slim golden one through his, and he did not smile back. "Why didn't you call me?"

Her smile faded. "You're always so busy. I didn't think you'd mind if we sat here and talked until you ——"

"Talked." The lean jaw tightened. "Oh, sure." Moving away from her, expressionless, he went to the big desk. "This won't take long." He stood there, obviously waiting for her to go. "Will you close the doors, please?"

She hesitated, and then, as appealing as a lonely child, drew the great doors together.

I stood up uncertainly, looking around the long paneled room at the handsome tables and leathered chairs. What a room to work in, to read in!

"Do you want to sit there, or would you like to come over here?"

Courtesy or sarcasm? I moved around the end of the couch toward the desk. "No, over there will be fine."

It was the way she left us that made me sure the interview would not be a success. Not that Stanley King was not polite enough as he came around to place the chair for me in front of the desk, as he moved back to the one behind it.

But the brilliant blue eyes, such a contrast to the thin dark face and the close-cropped black hair, were withdrawn, watchful. The voice that had seemed so easy and friendly on the telephone was cool and impersonal now.

I thought, *He knows I am still thinking about his wife, about the way his cold words changed her, took all her laughter away.*

"Do you like children?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes. At least most of them, most of the time."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I shouldn't have said it that way. Yes, I like children."

"But why did you say it that way? Most of them, most of the time."

"I don't know; I was just being honest, I guess. I don't think anybody likes everybody all the time, even if they are children."

Was there a flicker of something in those cold bright eyes? He said, "Have you had much experience with them?"

"Quite a bit. My sister has five. I grew up in her house."

"Any girls?"

"They're all girls."

He looked at me thoughtfully. "With all those girls in your family, you'd certainly be able to spot a child who isn't quite normal if you saw one, wouldn't you?" He stretched sideways in his chair, reaching into the back pocket of his jeans for cigarettes. "It wouldn't take you long to tell if there was something seriously wrong with a child, emotionally or otherwise, would it?"

"I don't know. It's hard to tell."

"You're familiar with normal, well-adjusted children. You've seen a lot of them ——"

I frowned a little, hesitating. A spoiled child, my sister had said. "If you're troubled about . . . anything, I think you should consult somebody who is qualified to ——" He had the coldest blue eyes I had ever seen. "Lew Bannister could help you," I said quickly. "He'd be sure to know the very best."

"Lew doesn't think we need that kind of help, any more than I do."

I thought, *Then what are you worried about?*

"I understand you swim quite well," he said.

"I used to. I taught lifesaving at Camp Wilderness for seven years."

He nodded, and somehow I knew that not one of my answers was news to him. Lew, of course. So why had he bothered to ask?

My gaze wandered past the man across from me to the windows beyond him, to the wide sill where two little dolls about eight inches high were sitting. When I looked back at him, I saw he had been watching me.

"Do you like dogs?" he asked.

"Yes. I don't know much about them, but I like them, yes."

"That's good, because that's important here."

He was perfectly serious. Hiding my bewilderment, I looked down at the desk between us. Was I, I wondered, being employed as a secretary and typist? Or as a baby sitter and keeper of the pets?

It was I who brought up my business qualifications, my references.

"No need to go into that," he said. "I know all about you." Then he hesitated. "Maybe you'll want to think this over. Whatever you do for me will be pretty routine."

"I take dictation," I suggested.

"Yes, I know. I work best this way"—he gestured toward the clipped piles of yellow paper with their neat scrawls and blacked-out spaces.

I waited, glancing again at the little dolls on the wide window sill behind him.

"I need a part-time secretary," he said, "and my daughter needs a companion. Lew tells me you're exactly the one for us both."

"Sometimes Lew overestimates me."

"No, I don't think he ever did." Nice words, but how cold; how formal. "There's just one thing."

I looked at him.

"No matter what you're doing, if you think my daughter needs you, I want you to forget everything and everybody but her. Never mind me or the work I might have for you, or anything anybody else says. She's the important one. Do you understand?"

He was a tricky one. I never would have answered an ad for a nursemaid. On the other hand, I was curious. And I could always quit.

"All right," I said. "I understand."

"One other thing ——"

"Yes?"

"I want you to live here."

I hesitated. "I'm only ten miles away."

"That's the most important part," Stanley King said. "You've got to be here to see. Work or not, it's up to you. But I want you to live right here."

"Your little girl, you mean?"

"Debbie, yes. My little girl."

"All right," I said again. What did it matter where I lived?

Going back down the drive to my brother-in-law's car, I found myself thinking not of Debbie, the little girl, nor of my new living quarters, not even of the rather startling salary I was to get. All I could think of was Fredrika and Stanley King. Rika and her lovely expressive face, and her husband who had not smiled once. He was the man who had become famous because his books were full of clever fun and unexpected touches of tenderness. But he had been cold and not noticeably polite to his wife.

And he had not smiled even once.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

I had expected, I suppose, that when I returned to the King house with my luggage the following evening I would be greeted by one of the Kings. Instead there was a sallow-faced woman in a maroon cotton-knit suit who introduced herself as Mrs. Bales, and a fat golden cocker spaniel that barked peevishly as it came waddling from the back of the house.

"All right, Trix. All right." The white-haired woman did not look down, but the dog immediately subsided. "She isn't feeling well, poor thing. Here, let me ——" She reached for my armful of books. "I'll take you up and help you get settled." Turning, she almost fell over the dog. "Back in the kitchen, Trix."

The cocker sat, spinning her stub of a tail, her golden eyes pleading.

"Is she yours?"

"Oh, no. Theoretically she belongs to us all. Actually she is Debbie's, and Debbie's alone."

She took me through the hall into a pleasant room done mostly in pale yellows, high-ceilinged, with tall windows. "Stanley had to go to Wilmington—some article he's working on—and tomorrow he'll be in New York."

"Will he be gone long?"

"He expects to be back tomorrow night, but he wasn't really sure. He still does a lot of work for the industrial magazines."

"Is Mrs. King here?"

"Yes, but she's lying down."

I was disappointed a little. "Perhaps I'll see her later on this evening."

"I doubt it." Mrs. Bales went over to the two doors on the right, opening them. "This is your bath . . . and this is your closet." She stepped in, snapped the light on and off. "I hope you have everything you need."

"I'm sure I have, thank ——" I lifted my head. Was somebody crying?

"Debbie will be in to see you as soon as she can manage it," Mrs. Bales said. "Right now she's taking a bath, but she's been waiting for you ever since dinner. As soon as she's finished with her bath ——"

I was sure of it. Somewhere in the house someone was crying.

This time Mrs. Bales heard. She paused, her face tightening, all pleasantness gone. Without a word she reached for the door.

"Is anything the matter?" I asked. "Has something happened?"

"No. Nothing unusual."

"But isn't—is someone ill?"

Out in the hall now, Mrs. Bales turned to look at me, her mouth grim. "No. No one is ill." Then just before she closed the door she said, "You'll get used to it."

I started to unpack, uncomfortable, still hearing the weeping. I moved around my room noisily, trying not to listen. It was not a child—that I knew. It was a woman and she was crying not in pain but in some deep, terrible grief. Was someone with her? I wondered. Was someone comforting her?

I went over to the small bedside radio and turned it on low. Whoever she was, whatever had happened, the weeping woman obviously did not know there was an outsider close by.

I hung up my dresses, still seeing Mrs. Bales as she had paused there at my door, all pleasantness gone from that plain face.

There was a sound outside my room, then the click of a latch. I turned to watch my door slowly opening.

"Hi." The dark-eyed little girl peering around the edge of it grinned, her teeth gleaming big and square and white in her thin, tanned face. "I know I'm supposed to knock, but I heard your radio, and anyway I knew you were unpacking, not undressing or anything."

"Well, hi yourself," I replied. "Come on in, Debbie."

"Thank you." Her sheer, little-girl housecoat swirling, she turned to push the door closed, looking at me over her shoulder. "I've been wondering what you looked like."

"Me too." I smiled. "And you look exactly as I thought you would."

"Do I?" Pleased, she came over to me at the bureau, peering down into the drawer I was arranging.

"Will you bring me the hankies and scarves, please?"

She trotted over to the suitcase on the bed, and brought them to me. "Aunt Isobel said she is going to call you Beth. May I too?"

"I want you to. Who's Aunt Isobel?"

"Mrs. Bales. She's not my real aunt; she's daddy's. She takes care of me." From that other room came the sound of weeping again. Debbie flicked her dark eyes up to see if I had noticed, then looked intently down into the drawer. "There's a pretty hanky," she said quickly, "that pink one."

"If you like it, I insist right this minute that you have it." The cries grew louder, too loud now to be ignored, even pretending. "Who is that, Debbie?"

She looked away from me. "Rika."

"What's the matter? Why is she crying?"

"Because daddy wouldn't take her with him."

"Oh, surely it must ——" I caught myself. I reached out for the pink handkerchief and tucked it in the pocket of her pink housecoat. "Your daddy tells me you like to swim."

She nodded. "We have a pool." Carefully, seemingly oblivious of the weeping, she added one more silk scarf to the neat folded pile. "Did you know my dog is going to have puppies?"

"No. But, thinking it over, I'm really not surprised."

"Because she's fat, you mean?"

"Yes. I guess I really don't know much about dogs."

"I didn't either until we had Trix. But the more you get to know about dogs, the more you like them. Doc Benson said people are like that about a lot of things, other people even. Trix is his patient now. He's the one who told us she had to get all grown up before she got pregnant. Daddy and I took her through two times before this last one. The first two weren't bad because we were way up high in the apartment, but this last one was awful." She shook her head. "Here Trixie was, engaged to one of the Benson dogs, and here were all these other ones coming around all the time. One—he was a big one, a collie—he even put his paws up on the window sill and looked in our kitchen window. It's like courting, Doc Benson says. We had to be awful careful."

"I can imagine."

"Rika forgot and one night she let Trixie out when that collie was here," the little girl said. "She and daddy had an awful fight. I heard them. He said she did it on purpose, and she cried and cried." She turned to look at me. "Did daddy show you the nursery he built?"

"No. I'd like to see it."

"I'll take you down after. Trixie used to go swimming with me. Would you like to see the pool? You can see it from my room."

"I'd love to."

We went out into the hall. Debbie turned to point back to the doors on either side of mine. "That's Aunt Isobel's room there, and the one by the stairs is Rika's and daddy's. Only daddy always sleeps in here now."

Moving across the octangular hall, she waved toward the room directly opposite mine, and through the open door I caught a glimpse of an old oaken desk with stacks of paper on it, and a worn studio couch.

"And this is mine." Debbie opened the door into a room that had been lovingly planned with its delicate pink rosebud paper, fluffy white curtains, and the wide window sills that comfortably accommodated every one of the little dolls she had placed there.

"You have quite a family," I said. "Do they always live on window sills?"

"Most of the time, but not always. They keep wanting to move."

She took my hand and drew me to the window, and we stood looking down through the dusk at the darkly sparkling pool, and the rose-covered rustic fence that enclosed it. "Daddy says that's the only reason we took this gloomy old house, on account of the barn and the pool."

"I don't think it's so gloomy. The library is lovely, and I like my room—and yours, too, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. But nobody's lived here for a long time, and daddy says the wiring is terrible, and Aunt Isobel hates the kitchen, and Rika —— Oh-oh." She started to smile. "Do you hear what I hear?"

It was the dog, slow and clumsy on the stairs. Debbie hurried across the room and out into the hall. "She has to have her nails clipped pretty soon. There's no pavement out here for her to wear them down on. Hello, Trixie, dear. You're not supposed to be up here, you know."

I stood in the doorway, watching as she knelt, as the cocker circled around her, rear end wriggling awkwardly with its stub of a whirling tail. "Why isn't Trix supposed to be up here?" I asked Debbie.

"Rika says she might have her puppies on somebody's bed or in a closet or something." She rose. "I'll take her down in a minute."

"But if it's against the house rules ——"

"They're not the house rules," she said matter-of-factly. "Only Rika's."

I looked at her. So far I had seen no sign of the spoiled child my sister had mentioned.

"Do you like licorice?" she asked.

"Yes, very much."

She went over to the little chest next to her bed and opened the top drawer and took out a small brown paper bag. There were two long strips of licorice folded inside. She took them out, unfolding them, and brought one to me. "Are you going to eat it now, Beth?"

"Are you?"

"Yes."

"Then so will I."

I went over to the white-painted Boston rocker and sat down, leaning over to pet the dog, and then I began on my strip of licorice.

Debbie watched me with a curious intentness. "You really do like it, don't you."

"I told you I did, and I thank you very much. Next time it will be my treat."

"I'll show you something if you won't tell."

"I won't tell."

She went back to the little chest and reached under folded things to draw out a large, leather-framed photograph, then brought it to me. "Guess who this is."

I looked down at the calm quiet face, at the dark eyes and the smooth dark hair. "I don't have to guess. It's your mother, isn't it?"

She nodded, her dark braids bobbing, pleased that I had not had to guess.

"You look like her," I said. "What was her name?"

"Diane." She pointed to the lower right-hand corner. "Right here, on the picture daddy had on his dresser before Rika came, it says 'I love you.' The reason it isn't on mine is because I wasn't born then. Daddy had this made especially for me after she died, so of course she couldn't write 'I love you' for me. But he says it's there, even if we can't see it."

"Of course it is. Do you remember her, Debbie?"

She shook her head. "Sometimes I think I do, but Aunt Isobel says I don't really. I was just little." She took the picture back to the chest and put it carefully in the bottom drawer, then pushed the drawer closed and stood up. "Don't tell anyone I showed you my mother's picture, will you?"

"No. Not if you don't want me to."

"Promise you won't tell?"

"I promise," I said.

Mrs. Bales and Debbie were watching television, and I had not seen Rika all day, not even at dinner. I wandered into the library, hoping to find something that would help me learn a little about dogs.

I came to the dog books and chose a slim one that seemed to start with the barest fundamentals. I found other books that interested me too. But there was none by Stanley King.

"If you're looking for any of Stan's stuff, you probably won't find it there."

I looked up to see Rika smiling in the doorway. "Well, hi. I was beginning to think you'd gone into hiding."

"Not if I can help it. I've been busy. I have all his books in my room. Anything you want, you're welcome to. Why don't you come up with me now? I'm just starting an ironing, and I love to have someone to talk to when I iron."

We went upstairs to a room, all pale greens, cool and airy-looking. There was an immaculately covered ironing board set up. "The books are over there on the table next to my bed," she told me.

She plugged in her iron, and got a bundle of something from the bathroom.

I went past the desk with its snapshots and photographs to a low, wide table that held a pale green telephone, a record player, some albums and a pile of books. All Stanley Kings. There were no other books in the room.

"Which one was the first?" I asked.

"Finest Feathers. I can't remember the sequence offhand. Why don't you take them all?"

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

She was talking rings around him: engagement and wedding.

A crisply ironed, pure-white linen handkerchief in a man's pocket is the letter of introduction his wife gives him to the world.

Home sweet home: It was the kind of house where the apples were always lovingly polished but the furniture remained forever dull.

Whether or not a parent thinks so, it *is* possible to get a small boy to wash his hands before eating without being told: take him to a restaurant with a hand dryer in the men's room.

Relatively new husband comments, "I have not quite arrived at the opinion that America is run by women. For example, I am the ruler of my house as long as my wife agrees with me. Then we discuss the errors of my thinking, and, bathed in righteousness, we do as she wishes. That's why I love her as I do: she lets me rule my home."

Mother to marriageable daughter: "Try to choose the man whose children you would have emulate their father."

One wife, on the subject of a man wielding a paintbrush: "Even with a roller, mine can miss; and after he has finished painting a window it could be used in a greenhouse."

Delighted teen-age daughter's final comment on her newly decorated room: "And it will be the most to be sick in!"

All the world loves a lover—unless it's a teen-ager in your own family.

An egoist is a person constantly contriving to guide the conversation back for station "I"dentification.

You've had a successful day when you arrive home with your umbrella.

The mother who tiled all her floors so her teen-agers could dance anywhere, any time, eventually was told, "But mother, all my friends have carpeting."

I picked up the books, five of them, and paused to look at the record player. "This is a beautiful thing, Rika."

"Yes, isn't it? Stan gave it to me for my birthday. Come on over here and sit down. Surely you can stay awhile."

I went to the desk and sat down. How pretty she was in the crisp, lime-colored cotton, her pale hair curling damply at the temples. *Naturally curly*, I thought.

"How are you and Debbie making out?" she asked me.

"Fine. We had a swim this afternoon. Goodness, how that child can swim!"

"Yes, can't she?" She swooped a crisply starched blouse off the ironing board, slipped it on a hanger and hooked it over the frame of the door into the bathroom. "Debbie's been needing somebody like you."

"Like me? What's the matter with you?"

"Lots of things. First of all, I'm a stepmother."

"Oh, Rika ——"

"No, it's true. I haven't been too happy about it, but I understand. I went through the same thing myself."

"What?"

"All of it. My mother remarried when I was quite little. All I can remember now is that for a long time my father was there and we were really good pals. Then my father went away and we moved to a little house, and then all of a sudden there was someone else I was supposed to call father. We had a big house again and that place in Maine every summer—my mother loved it—and all the clothes we wanted, all the money we wanted to spend. Only he was a new father. I kept wanting my old one."

"Yes, but this is different. Debbie doesn't even remember her mother."

"It's different, but in a way it's worse. She idealizes somebody she never even knew. How can you fight a thing like that?"

I shook my head. "I don't know."

"That's what bothers me. In the beginning I thought we were going to be such good friends. She seemed to like me just as much as I liked her, then all of a sudden —— She's shown you her mother's picture, hasn't she?" she asked abruptly. "Oh, please don't look so uncomfortable. I know she has. She always does."

"Always?" I asked her.

"Always." She went back to her ironing. "Oh, it isn't that I object to the picture itself, it's just that I can't understand why she hides it away like that. She never used to before I married Stan. Why does she do it now?"

"Maybe she thinks you wouldn't like it if she kept it out."

"But why should she think that? I never said so. And why is she always taking somebody up to her room and closing the door and talking about someone she doesn't even remember?"

That was not exactly the way it had happened, of course, but I remembered uncomfortably that I had asked questions, had even encouraged Debbie to talk about her mother.

"I don't think it's healthy for a child, or anyone, to concentrate on the dead like that." She glanced up at me, frowning a little. "It worries me. I don't mind the little fibs, the little things she tries to hide from me, but this business of trying to compete with a woman who's been dead for ——"

"Debbie lies?" I was surprised.

"Yes, but I don't worry about that too much. I can remember telling whoppers myself when I was a child, especially around that time my mother remarried. She'll outgrow that after a while, but right now all this ——"

She stopped abruptly when the phone rang, her lovely face lighting. "I bet that's Stan." Gray eyes shining, she fairly flew the length of the room.

I upended the iron, turning the dial to OFF.

Rika had not said a word into the phone. Holding it close in both hands, pressing it tight to her ear, she sank slowly to the edge of the bed, her eager smile fading. Then carefully she replaced it. She looked up, caught my eyes on her. "He didn't even ask for me."

I didn't say anything.

"That was Isobel he was talking to, on the phone downstairs. Something about a meeting in the morning. He won't be home until tomorrow night." She was perplexed, maybe even hurt.

"I think I'll turn in, Rika."

She smiled politely, absently. "So early?"

"I like to read in bed, and I've got all this ——"

Suddenly she laughed. She stood up. "Why, of course! That's why he didn't ask for me." She was gay again. "I hate it when he's away, and he knows it. And having to stay away another night, he knew how disappointed I'd be. That's why he talked to Isobel instead of me. He didn't want to tell me."

Debbie came to my room the next morning around eight, wearing a cotton-print swim suit, her dark hair hanging loose and uncombed. Around her neck were a couple of striped beach towels, and on a small tray she had crowded two huge, luscious-looking tomatoes, her hairbrush and a salt shaker.

"That's quite a collection," I said.

She put the tray down and handed me one of the tomatoes. "The very first home-grown. The Bensons sent a whole basket to Aunt Isobel last night."

We went into my bathroom and stood leaning over the washbasin and ate the tomatoes whole. Her alert dark eyes took in the faded old cotton housecoat hanging on the back of the door, the cosmetics on the shelf, even the toothbrush. She looked at the ornate light fixture over the tub. "That doesn't work."

"So I found out. That's a bad place for it anyway, with the hand switch right over the tub like that."

"That's why daddy fixed them all so they wouldn't work. When he gets time he's going to change the switches. He says it's criminal. This house was built before there were ——" She frowned, trying to remember.

"Building codes?" I suggested.

"Yes, rules like that. But daddy says there's always some damn fool who doesn't remember you shouldn't touch anything electric while you're in the water."

She looked up expectantly. I shook some salt on my tomato.

"Don't you know that little ladies aren't supposed to say damn?" she asked curiously.

"Certainly I know it, and furthermore I know that you know it."

"Why didn't you say something then?"

"If I had reminded you that little ladies don't say damn, you would have said you didn't say it, your father did."

She laughed, then said, "Did you see the nursery daddy built for Trixie?"

"No. You were going to show me yesterday, but we went for a swim, remember?"

"Do you really want to see it?"

"I told you I did, didn't I?"

"I don't know if you really mean it. Sometimes people say they like dogs just to get on the good side of me, so they can get on the good side of daddy. But they really hate dogs."

"Who?"

"People. Some people."

We finished our tomatoes in silence.

I brushed her hair and we went downstairs and out to a building, more barn than garage—it might have been a carriage house once—that stood about thirty feet behind the house. There were three cars there: two in early middle age; the other, a long pale green convertible, obviously new.

"What a beautiful car!" I stopped, peering in at the deep olive leather upholstery. "Would I love to have a thing like this!"

"It's Rika's," Debbie said. "She hardly ever uses it. Daddy got it for her when we first came here, but she doesn't like to drive it alone. She won't do anything without daddy. Come on." She tugged at my hand, pulling me toward the back of the barn. She made a little crooning sound. "Good morning, honey."

I knelt down next to her in front of the large, fresh-smelling plywood frame raised on low legs a few inches from the cement floor. "Hi, Trix."

But Trix, busy scratching and tumbling at the newspapers on the floor of her nursery, was not much interested in having visitors.

"She scrunches up her rug in the kitchen like that all the time." Debbie watched the cocker, her face glowing. "Aunt Isobel says a litter of growing puppies is too much for anybody's kitchen. Anyway, it's dry and warm here, and daddy made them this nice bed."

"It's a lovely bed," I said, rising. "Was Trix very little when you first got her?"

"She was five months old. Uncle Lew gave her to me."

"Uncle Lew? You mean Lew Bannister?"

She nodded. "He's not really my uncle; I just call him that. One night when he was at our apartment he said I ought to have a dog, and when daddy said I could, he went right to the phone and called Doc Benson long distance and Doc Benson sent him Trix, and he gave her to me."

"Did you know the Bensons before you came here?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Uncle Lew asked them to find a house for us to rent, and they found this one and that's how we got to know them." She stood up and we started toward the pool. "Rika doesn't like them much."

"How do you know?"

"I heard her telling daddy. She's always saying it's like a plan the way we ended up living so near the Bensons, especially when they're against her just like the Bannisters are."

"Against her? What did she mean by that?" I asked.

"I don't know. She says all kinds of funny things."

We opened one of the gates and passed through the rustic fence with its tangle of pink roses and came to the edge of the pool. Debbie's dive, while I was still standing there poking my hair up under my cap, was unexpectedly into the deep end.

"Debbie!" I went in after her, but she was way ahead of me. A water baby, no doubt about it. "You don't need me," I gasped. "I can't imagine what in the world your father is concerned about."

"He says nobody should ever swim alone, and he says he has to work sometimes."

Breathless, I pulled myself out of the water and stretched out on the oversized striped towel on the edge of the pool. Debbie performed for me, swimming under water, holding her breath until thirty, bobbing around like a cork doing the jellyfish. Presently I called out to her, "You'd better come out now, Debbie."

"Oh, not yet. Please. I'm not tired."

"No, but you're cold. Come on, now."

She came out, not liking it, her hair clinging sleek and black to her head.

"You look," I said lazily, "like a little-girl witch."

She stopped, halfway up the ladder, her eyes wide and disbelieving.

"What's so awful about that?" I asked, smiling. "I think it would be fun to be a little-girl witch."

She came up the ladder the rest of the way, and I leaned over to straighten out her towel for her. She thanked me, but she didn't look at me.

"Honey?"

She put her face down on her folded arms, her hair falling like seaweed all around. "What?"

"What's the matter? I was only trying to make you laugh, you know."

At first I thought she wasn't going to answer. Then finally she lifted her face, all flushed. "That's what Rika says."

"What, Debbie?"

"Rika says I'm a witch."

"Hey, now ——"

But she was scrambling to her feet, reaching down for her towel, not looking at me. "I'm hungry."

I got up slowly, looking after her. Then I picked up my own towel. Why had I said that? I kept thinking about it as I went up to my room to dress. When would I ever learn that words that were a joke in one house could be hurting ones in another?

From the room next to mine I could hear the sound of Rika's radio, could hear her moving around. "I thought Debbie and I were going to be friends," Rika had said. *Is this what happened to her?* Had she started out the same way I had, relaxed and easy, saying foolish things in fun? And had her gay words been twisted, misunderstood?

I put on some lipstick and went down to a table set for one, and Isobel Bales to serve me.

"But I'm used to getting my own breakfast. You go on with what you were doing."

"Nonsense. That's what I'm here for. You sit down, everything's all ready."

I sat down. "I'm sorry I'm so late."

"You're not late. It's been a long time since everybody sat down to take a meal together in this house."

She disappeared through the swinging door to the kitchen, returning a few minutes later with a tray of scrambled eggs and blueberry muffins, and a flowered china pot of steaming coffee. "I have to have something to do. If I didn't keep busy, I'm sure I'd go straight out of my mind. When I came east after Diane died I never thought I'd be here this long."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94



"I didn't know he was trying to rob the bank. I hit him because he pushed ahead of me."





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

The scrambled eggs were done just right; not too damp, not too dry.

"Was Mrs. ——" I hesitated, but I had been wanting to know. "Was Diane ill long?"

"All her life, poor thing. But they didn't know how bad it was until after Debbie was born."

"Sad."

"Yes."

"Your nephew was lucky he had you."

"I don't know how lucky he was, but at least I was available. Someday, though, I'm going to buy a trailer and see the country, maybe even Canada and Mexico too."

"I'd like to do that. I should think now that Rika is here you could come and go pretty much as you please."

She gave a short laugh. "That's what I thought too. For a few very short weeks, that's what I thought." She said it bitterly, and I could almost physically feel her dislike of Stanley King's new wife. "I've cared for Debbie ever since she was nine months old, and I couldn't love her any more if she were my own. I'd no more leave her with that ——" She stopped abruptly; sighed. "I better get going." She picked up the tray. "There's salad and dessert in the refrigerator for your lunch. I probably won't be here. I have a lot of shopping to do."

"Has Debbie had her breakfast?"

"Yes, in the kitchen. She's going to a birthday lunch at the Bensons'. She's upstairs getting dressed. I'll drop her on the way."

"Is"—I hesitated—"is Rika up?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Bales said dryly. "She came down and made her own breakfast and took it back to her room. If she follows her usual routine, she'll be there until Stanley gets back."

I finished breakfast, lingering over my coffee. With everyone away and Rika closed in her room, I would have a whole day to read. How many years since I'd had that luxury?

And as Mrs. Bales said, I probably would not be seeing Rika. I had been past her room three times this morning, and each time the door had been closed. What did she do in there all by herself? I wondered, and then, remembering her husband's coldness and Mrs. Bales' obvious dislike, I felt a rush of sympathy for her. Such a gay little thing, and even Debbie seemed not to be her friend.

I rinsed the china and went out into the yard. After the coolness of the house, the heat seemed to rush at me.

I strolled around the house in time to see one of the older cars backing cautiously out of the barn. Mrs. Bales sat tall and sedate behind the wheel, Debbie beside her.

"The dog isn't out there, is she?" Mrs. Bales called.

I looked down the driveway. "No, I think she's back in the barn."

"Good-by, Beth." Debbie waved to me.

I waved back, smiling, glad to know we were friends again. "Have a good time."

The only reason I was in front of the television that night was that there was a scheduled repeat of a play adapted from one of Stan's short stories. I did not want to miss the program but, sitting there with Debbie and Mrs. Bales, I was uncomfortable. Isobel Bales and I had had an argument. We sat together amicably now, speaking pleasantly, trying to pretend it had never happened.

It had begun late in the afternoon. I was on my way downstairs after freshening up for dinner when I met Rika coming up, her eyes on the tray she was carrying.

"Aren't you coming down?" I asked her.

"Not tonight." She laughed shortly. "Isobel and I just had a few thousand more words, and right now I wouldn't force myself on her for the world."

"Oh, Rika, I'm sorry."

"So am I. She's peeved because you came to my room last night, because we talked."

I was dumfounded. "Why would she object to that?"

"I don't know. That's how she is." She looked at me, her eyes suspiciously bright. "I don't suppose you'd like to have dinner up here with me?"

I hesitated. "I'd like to, Rika, but Debbie's home. I'm supposed to ——"

"I know, I know." She sighed, then she smiled. "I'll see you later, I hope."

The dinner table was set for three, and when I came into the dining room Mrs. Bales had already dished up. For two. When she saw me she reached across for my plate. "I was sure you'd decide to eat upstairs."

"Why, no. Unless you'd rather I did."

"I'd rather you be right here with the rest of us, if you care one bean what I think."

I pulled out my chair and sat down, remembering Rika and her tray. "You have only three places set. There must have been one of us you didn't expect."

"There were two of you I didn't expect," she said dryly, "knowing Rika as I do."

"I think you should have set a place for her at her own table."

"Why? I knew she wouldn't be down."

"How did you know?"

"Because she never has anything to do with either of us when Stanley isn't here."

"Maybe it's because she thinks you don't want her."

Mrs. Bales snorted. A nasty little snort. "Going where she's not wanted has never bothered her before."

I waited a minute. It's a thing you can learn.

"You doubt it now," she said, "but it's the truth." She looked up at me, and from her eyes, her sallow face, I could tell what she thought of me. "Even if her royal highness hadn't already informed me you two are now the best of friends, I would have known."

I put my fork down. "You don't like her at all, do you?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because of Debbie. Ever since I found out she had no affection for the child except when Stanley was around, I haven't liked her."

Parents wonder why the streams are bitter when they themselves have poisoned the fountain.

JOHN LOCKE

"And when did you find that out?"

"Sooner than anybody else, let me tell you. I tried to warn Stanley, but he wouldn't listen. 'Nonsense,' he said; 'Rika loves the child.'" Her pale mouth tightened. "Well, he learned. They weren't home from their honeymoon three days, and he learned."

"But maybe it was the other way around. Maybe it was Debbie's affections that changed after the honeymoon."

"Well, that settles it!" There was a mottled pinkness in her sallow cheeks. "She hasn't wasted any time, has she? There's no point in trying to talk to you ——"

"I'm here." Debbie came swishing through the swinging door from the kitchen.

Mrs. Bales took a moment. Then: "It's about time. I called you ten minutes ago." She turned in her chair. "I can see the wetness on your hands from here. Go back and dry them."

Debbie grinned and revolved herself back through the swinging door, and Isobel Bales and I picked at our food in silence until she returned. Still little-girl glamorous in her fluffy party dress, Debbie said the prayer and then, not paying much attention to her food, reported on the party.

Mrs. Bales stood up and brought an angel-food cake and a bowl of crushed strawberries from the sideboard. "When you're finished, help yourselves. I'll be back in a minute."

She did not look at me when she spoke, and a moment later I heard her go quietly out the back door.

"Aunt Isobel used to take Rika's trays up to her when she wouldn't come down because daddy wasn't here," said Debbie, "but she doesn't any more. She says she's no servant." She paused. "She used to like Rika, but she doesn't any more."

Mrs. Bales did not come back to the house until after Debbie had got ready for bed and we had seen the first act of the Western that preceded Stan's story. Standing behind Debbie's chair, she looked at me. "Thanks for doing the dishes." She picked up her mending basket before she sat down.

We were watching a local-talent program when Rika joined us. It was going on ten.

"Oh, isn't she darling!" Rika paused, watching the little tap dancer on the screen. Then, her chunky bracelets clanking, she sank into the low chair near the door. Lovely in a slim dress of the softest green, she had piled her pale golden hair high tonight.

"I like your hair that way," I told her.

"Why, Beth!" She seemed surprised that I even noticed. "Thank you."

During the commercial Mrs. Bales looked at Debbie. "You ought to be in bed."

"You said I could wait up for daddy."

"Yes, but look what time it is."

"Just a little longer. Please."

We were watching blond twins doing a soft-shoe when the headlights hit the front windows; when the car an instant later came crunching up the drive. Rika gave a little cry and was instantly out of her chair. Debbie sat up, her face lighting. Seeing her stepmother rushing out into the hall, she settled back again.

"Go on out and meet him if you want to," Isobel Bales urged impatiently.

Debbie shook her head.

There was the slam of the car door, and directly outside the windows the sound of Rika racing across the lawn. "Darling, darling! I've missed you so ——"

The background music for the mock-melodrama pantomime rose to a crescendo, drowning out all outside sounds.

A few minutes later Stanley King came in, his wife's arm through his. "Evening, all." To my surprise he was smiling, his bright blue eyes including us all. He moved toward Debbie, bent to kiss her. "Hi, honeybunch. How was the party?"

"Fine. I won a prize."

"Good for you. What'd you win?"

"A barrette. It has rhinestones in it."

"Your Aunt Isobel has been trying to get you to bed for half an hour now." Rika, her hand still on her husband's arm, smiled down at the little girl. "I think it's about time, don't you?"

Debbie's dark eyes flicked up at her father's, past her great-aunt's. Without a word she got up, obediently. Stan made an almost imperceptible movement away from his wife. "I'll tuck you in, toots."

"Me, too," Rika said.

"Why don't you stay and see the end of your program?" Stan said pleasantly.

"I don't care about any old program. I was just killing time, waiting for you."

"I'll be right down ——"

"I want to come with you." Rika ran her small hand down the inside of his arm, slipping her hand into his. "I've missed you, darling. I haven't seen you in three whole days."

Watching her I thought, *As beautiful as she is, why does she always beg for attention like this? For affection?* Yet, in a way, there was something about him. He was not as homely as I remembered him. Perhaps it was because for the first time I had seen him smile. Nice smile; bright blue eyes warm.

He reached for his daughter's hand and the three of them started for the stairs.

"Are you hungry, darling?" I heard Rika ask him. "Are you tired?"

Mrs. Bales made an impatient sound, then hurried out toward the kitchen.

I turned off the television and picked up my book. It was quiet in the house then and that was why, although their voices started out low, I heard them as they came down the stairs about fifteen minutes later.

"Debbie, Debbie, Debbie." Rika sounded as if she wanted to cry. "It's always like this. You're away for days and days, and all I do is wait—just waiting for you to come back again—and then when you do come it's always Debbie. You can't sit down and talk to me alone for five minutes because Debbie's doll has to be fixed, or Debbie has a new trick in the pool to show you, or Debbie's dog is having pups. What about me? I'm your wife!"

"We've gone through this before. She's my daughter."

"A wife should come before a daughter."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

"That may be." (I could see those bright blue eyes so cold.) "I think it depends on the circumstances."

"You mean because she's your daughter by your first wife, don't you? Diane's daughter."

"That has nothing to do with it. Those weren't the circumstances I was referring to."

"Yes, they were," she said bitterly. "If it weren't for Debbie we'd be happy—the way we used to be, before we were married, on our honeymoon ——"

"You know very well we wouldn't, and if you think I don't know why, you're —— What are you following me for? I told you; I'm going out to the barn!"

"If you're going, then I am too."

"You stay here."

"I want to come with you." She was crying now. "Why can't I?" She cried out something else, but I don't know what because by that time they were out in the kitchen and I, one finger marking the page in my book, was hurrying up the stairs.

She's doing it all wrong, I thought. And then I thought, *But she's young, madly in love, jealous. Why can't he spend a few minutes alone with her if it means so much to her?* I went to bed and I read, and after a while I slept.

"Seven of them and they're just the sweetest little —— Beth! You're not hurrying ——"

"Yes, I am." I had expected Debbie to be early this morning, but not this early.

"Doc Benson says it's most unusual to have seven in the first litter. They're beautiful, he says."

"Well, he ought to know; he's seen enough of them." I hurried with comb and lipstick, then saw the little doll, about eight inches high, complete with poke bonnet and parasol, sitting primly in the corner under the table. "I didn't even know she was here." I looked at Debbie over my shoulder.

"Her name is Mrs. Appleblossom. I brought her because you haven't any mother."

"That's very thoughtful of you. I'm pleased and honored," I said, and I was. Debbie's dolls did not go living around in other people's rooms unless Debbie's love went with them.

Debbie was not listening. "They're all blond like Trixie except one. He's the runt, daddy says, and he's black as coal all over. Oh, Beth, come *on!*" Impatient, she was like a jumping jack.

Trix was giving breakfast when we got to the plywood nursery in the barn, but her beautiful golden eyes and the windmilling of her stubby tail made us welcome.

"Why, they don't look like cockers at all!" I looked down on the tiny square heads with the slits that would someday be eyes, and the small flaps where ears should be. "Those long tails! They look like little rats!"

Debbie laughed. "They're all males except this one." With her forefinger she softly touched one tiny blond head.

We went back to the house for breakfast. Mrs. Bales brought us tomato juice and golden waffles with tiny curled sausages. Debbie began chattering again.

"You like the runt best, don't you, Beth?"

"Oh, no. I like them all."

"I think you like the runt best. When daddy and I were out there, before I called you, I told him you'd like the runt best. He thought you would too."

"I don't know why."

"Because he's different—not as pretty as the others. He's littler, kind of helpless."

I kept glancing at my watch, wanting to get to work. I wondered how he would be. Would he be the cold-eyed one I had first met? Or would he be the one who had come in last evening as we sat watching the talent show? The one who spoke gently, the one who could smile a slow quiet smile.

He was hunched over his desk, writing on a long yellow pad. He stood up in his T shirt and jeans, pleasantly and remotely polite. "The desk down there will be yours. But if you'd rather work by yourself, I'll move the typewriter up to your room."

"No, no; this is fine."

There was a pile of letters on the desk that was mine, all with notations at the bottom. I answered them, saying what Stanley King wanted me to say, using the soft-sounding words Lew Bannister had taught me to use. Yes, no or maybe; always do it soft, Lew said.

"I don't know why you want to paint," Stanley King said after he had read them over. He had the bluest eyes I had ever seen. He smiled a little, and I wondered how he knew I wanted to paint. Lew, probably. He handed me a thin sheaf of handwritten notes. "Just this and then you and Debbie can go for a swim or whatever you want to do."

I had almost finished when Rika wandered in. "Go on with what you're doing, you lovely people." She smiled at both of us. "I just thought I'd come and set a spell."

Turning in my chair, I smiled back at her, thinking how beautiful she was in her flowing peignoir. But her husband watched with cold eyes as she settled in the wing chair. "Beth is almost through," he said.

"Darling, I didn't mean to intrude. I thought you were working, that you wouldn't mind my sitting here."

"You know what I think."

She twisted in her chair to look at him. "But if I'm quiet, what difference does it make?" She turned to me. "Will I make you nervous? Be honest."

"No, not at all." I said it hastily.

IT'S LATER THAN I THINK

By ALBERTE WRIGHT

For every year the tree survives
It adds another ring,
But does it secretly—inside—
So no one knows a *thing*.

Ach! Nature's ways are really
snide.
I'd change them were I bidden,
And put the rings on trees outside
But keep the ring-kles hidden.

"There! You see? Darling, she doesn't care."

There was silence then and after a few minutes I took the typed notes over to his desk, picked up the letters with the neat signature.

He looked up at his wife, expressionless. "All right; she's all through now. You don't have to stay any longer."

"Why do you always make it sound that way? Why are you always twisting things around? Just because I want to be with you for a little while!" Then, contrite, she jumped up, came toward him. "Oh, darling, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to say it like that."

Sealing envelopes, licking stamps, I could see her imploring look. I saw her turn away from him, saw her when she got to the wide doors—"How long are you going to keep on being angry with me?"—saw her backing out of the room.

I piled the sealed letters neatly. Suddenly, to me, he was homely again.

I went out into the hall. Rika was standing at the foot of the stairs, one small hand on the newel post.

"It looks like I'm through for the day," I said. "What do you say? Let's go for a swim."

She shook her head. "You wouldn't have been through if I hadn't come in right then. That's how he is." I watched her in her bitterness, so young, climbing up the stairs.

Debbie and I had our swim and then, still wearing suits that had seemed to dry almost immediately in the blazing sun, had lunch with Mrs. Bales in the kitchen. Now Debbie was busy showing off the pups to neighbor children from up and down the road, and I was free.

I went up the stairs. I knocked. "Rika?" She did not answer, and I knocked again. "Rika, it's Beth."

"Oh, it's you. Come on in."

She was lying flat on her stomach on a mat in front of the tall screened windows, wearing nothing but the ribbon that caught her silken hair back in a rippling pony tail. Her small body gleamed golden with oil, and hanging over her was an enormous sun lamp.

"What are you using that thing for? It must be almost ninety out."

"I know, but it's not so complicated this way." She waved a hand toward the jars of creams and lotions on the floor beside her. "Besides, I've been using it every day for years and I know what my skin can take. Being a blond, I have to be careful. Sit down. Oh, first, would you turn off the radio, please?"

I looked around for it.

"It's over there on the radiator."

I walked around her to one of the tall radiators that stood at either end of the room next to the windows, and reached to click the small knob. The sudden tingle that shot up my wrist made me step back abruptly. I stumbled, then caught myself.

"Oh, Beth—did you hurt yourself?"

"No, no, I'm all right." I had stumbled over a thin extension snaking from somewhere under the bed. "I got a shock and it startled me, that's all."

"I'm always doing that too." She turned back on her stomach again, resting on her elbows, watching me over one smooth shoulder. "I know I shouldn't have all those extensions around; Stan is always telling me not to. But then he scolds if I put too much on this line, and he won't let me use any of the plugs in the bathroom." She laughed. "He's an electrical engineer, you know, and he never lets me or anybody else forget it."

"Well, if he's an electrical engineer," I said mildly, rubbing my right hand with my left, "he ought to know what he's talking about."

"He does, I guess. Come sit where I can see you. It's so wonderful to have someone around my own age to talk to!"

It was out-and-out flattery—she was at one end of the twenties and I at the other—but I went over to the ottoman and sat down.

"I hate this house," she said moodily. "What with all his reading and writing and the trips he's always taking and then fooling around with the house here, I never see Stan any more. I wish he'd stuck to engineering."

"How is it he didn't?" I had been wondering about that. "How did he get started in the other direction?"

"Oh, he always wrote, I guess; I don't know. But when he went back to finish college after the war ——" She lifted her head to look at me. "Isobel Bales is always telling me about it; how desperate he was for money, how hard he worked—I get so sick of listening to it!"

"It doesn't sound as if it had been very easy."

"No, I know it wasn't. Even that first job he had after he finished school —— You heard us last night, didn't you? Stan and me fighting."

"Part of it, yes."

"I didn't know you were still down there."

"We all say things we don't mean when we're mad."

"But that's what depresses me about me. That's why I'm so ashamed. I *mean* what I say when I'm mad. I know Debbie is a darling child, loving and affectionate and all that. She has her faults; she fibs, does little things—but she *is* only a child. Probably Mrs. Bales is all right, too, if you don't take that tongue of hers too seriously. But I don't care any more." She pulled herself to her elbows, looking up at me. "Just once, Beth, I'd like to be the most important person in the world to somebody. I'd like to know I counted more than anybody or anything else."

Like a baby, I thought. I tried to think how to say it. "No matter what," I said carefully, "there are always other kinds of loves, other loyalties. Someday you'll have children; then you'll know."

"My mother had me." She dropped her head to her arms again. "I was no other love, no other loyalty. She couldn't wait to get rid of me. I spent most of my life in boarding schools."

I didn't know what to say.

"That's why I'm the way I am, I suppose. No wonder everybody in this house hates me."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

Sitting pretty

with the *Light* refreshment



LOOK around at any party today. You can't help noticing today's slim, trim figures—and the preference for the lighter food and drink.

Pepsi-Cola, of course, is right in step with this idea. For today's Pepsi, reduced in calories, is never heavy, never too sweet. Make friends . . . with Pepsi. Refresh without filling.

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IN THE NEW **NO-DRIP BOTTLE**



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

"I don't hate you," I said.

"No, but you probably will, sooner or later. There's something wrong with me; I know it. Nobody will ever adore me the way my father and stepfather did my mother. They waited on her hand and foot, and I used to think it was so nice. Now it makes me sick. I don't want that because it would make me sick now too." She made a convulsive movement. "I'm not going to think about it."

She reached out to pick up the tiny diamond-studded watch that lay among the collection of bottles and jars. "Will you hand me that towel, please, Beth?"

The phone rang, then rang again. Rika, tucking one corner of the towel inside itself at the cleft of her bosom, made no move to answer.

"Mrs. Bales is out in the barn with Debbie," I told her.

"Oh?" She rose gracefully, went to the pale green instrument on the table next to her bed. "Hello. . . . Oh, Minnie, dear. How nice of you to ——" She sank to the edge of the bed. "No, much better today, thank you ——"

I waved and started toward the door. "I better go see what Debbie's doing. Why don't you come down when you're finished?"

She nodded, smiling, listening to the phone.

Debbie was in the barn with the puppies. When she saw me she gave Trix a pat, then came running toward me, my swimming cap dangling from her wrist. "Put on your cap, one, two, three! I'll race you to the pool."

We went in together, but she beat me. When we got to the other end Stan was there, in trunks.

"You're way out of practice, or you're getting old." He reached lean tanned arms to pull me up, his brilliant blue eyes smiling. "Isn't that what you're telling yourself?"

"It sure is." I was gasping for breath. "I thought it would be only a couple of days and I'd be as durable as ever, but that child of yours ——" I lifted a heavy hand to my cap, fumbling at the strap. "I'll never be able to keep up with her."

He laughed. "Sure you will. You're trying to do too much too fast, that's all." He gave the towel a flip and spread it out. "Here, sit down."

I sank down tiredly, and he turned to watch Debbie thrashing in the pool.

"Daddy"—she came toward us in her highly personalized interpretation of the dog paddle, her hair hanging lank and sleekly black around her eager face—"come on in with me."

His dive was quick and smooth and shallow. They raced with perfect crawl strokes, and played all Debbie's favorite water games, the child laughing, shrieking. I had never seen her so boisterous, so openly affectionate before.

"It sounds as if you're all having more fun than I am." Rika, lovely as always in a crisp off-the-shoulder cotton, had nudged my back gently with the toe of her shoe. "I bet they can hear Debbie clear down to the Bensons'."

"Hi. I bet they can too. Come on, sit down." I sat up and shook out the towel Stan had brought down. "You can tell where she gets that fine swimming form, can't you?"

She nodded. "She looks cold, Beth. I think she ought to come out."

"The water's almost as warm as the air is. She's not cold."

"It's well water; it can't be warm," she said worriedly. She cupped her mouth with both hands. "Debbie—come out now. You're cold. Debbie ——"

"This isn't running water, Rika. The sun warms it. She's all right."

But Debbie had heard. She lifted her head, her laughter vanishing. She looked almost guilty as she struck out, swimming quickly away from her father.

"Hey!" Stan, surfacing, looked around for his daughter. "Hey, Deb! What's the matter?"

But Debbie was climbing the ladder. Frozen-faced, she started running toward the house.

Surprised, I looked at Rika. "Tell me, what's your system? I've never seen any kid come out of the water so fast without an argument in my entire life!"

But Rika was walking around the edge of the pool to where Stan was standing.

"It was time she came out," she called to him. "This is polio season, and you know she's not supposed to get chilled. They talk about it on the radio all the time!"

Stan started to say something and then, perhaps remembering that I was there, turned abruptly and started swimming toward the end of the pool.

Picking up my towel, I could hear Rika, trying to keep up with him: "—— to look after her as a mother would, that's what I promised. Darling, her lips were blue ——"

I went back to the house, surprised because although it was still only afternoon I felt a little tired myself.

When Rika wandered into my room late that night saying, "It seems I always do everything wrong," I wondered what was the matter with her husband. Or with Debbie, or even Mrs. Bales. A few words of explanation and Rika would not always, in spite of her intentions, find herself playing the role of a killjoy.

It was Debbie's idea that we walk down to The Corners.

"What do you want to go down there for?" I asked.

"Don't you want to go?"

"I don't care. You better tell somebody we're going. Go ask your aunt or your father."

"It's all right. They know I want to go."

"Go ask them anyway. I'll run upstairs and put a skirt on."

Rika's door at the top was held halfway open by the big ottoman. "Beth?"

"Hi."

The best preacher is the heart; the best teacher is time; the best book is the world; the best friend is God.
TALMUD

"Can you come in a minute?" Sitting at her desk, she turned sideways to look at me. "I need somebody to talk to."

"I can't, Rika. We're going to walk down to The Corners. Why don't you come along?"

"Who's going with you? Aunt Isobel?" There was a curious accent on that last.

"No; Debbie."

Rika's answering smile was an absent one. Then, motioning toward the little chair; "Please? Just for a minute?"

"Just for a minute." I sat down, looking curiously at the green leather journal open in front of her on the desk.

"My diary," she said. "I've kept one all my life off and on. Just the other night I was looking through my last year's diary. I was simply furious because my stepfather made me go to New York and take that business course because I wouldn't finish college." She hunched up her shoulders. "Now it gives me the shivers whenever I think I almost didn't go out on that interview."

"With Stan, you mean?"

She nodded. "He called the school and when Mrs. Durkee asked me to go, I said I would but I really didn't intend to. Then on the way down in the elevator one of the girls told me who he was and ——"

"And that was that."

"And that was that." Her eyes were soft. "I knew from the moment I saw him, he was the one for me." She sat back, looking at the framed photographs on her desk. "I suppose you think I'm foolish."

I shook my head. "No, I don't think you're foolish."

"You said you were engaged once." She looked down at the desk. "You couldn't have been jilted or anything like that. I mean, I can't imagine anybody ever ——"

She stopped, flustered, and after a moment looked up at me with eyes dark with self-reproach.

"That isn't what I meant to say at all. You're angry. I don't blame you."

"No." I shook my head. "I'm not angry."

"Maybe when I reach age ninety I'll learn to mind my own business. But I am fond of you, and sometimes when you think nobody's looking you look so darned unhappy."

That surprised me. It had been days since I had felt sorry for myself. "I'm not unhappy," I said truthfully. Then, remembering Debbie, I stood up. "Sure you don't want to come down to The Corners with us?"

"No, thanks, really."

I went to my room to change, then hurried downstairs. Debbie was not there. I went out through the kitchen to the barn. Debbie was sitting on the floor, watching the puppies.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting, Deb. I was talking with Rika."

"I know. I didn't think you'd come down again."

"I said I would, didn't I?"

"I know you did, but most of the time when people start talking with Rika they don't come back." She stood up.

We started down the road, Debbie glancing back now and then to see if Trix was following. "She always used to follow me," she said.

"She won't now. Not while she has the puppies to take care of. Stop worrying."

The Corners was an incongruous combination of country store and downtown delicatessen, with its candy case and dusty collection of straw hats, cosmetics and glass-enclosed racks of thread at one end, and a modern meat counter and freezer at the other. Behind the stand that held the cash register sat three gray-haired women.

The youngest-seeming of the three, a short mannish-looking woman in her early sixties, came around from behind the cash register. She looked at Debbie without a suggestion of the smile most people usually have for children. "Hello, Debbie."

"Hello," Debbie said diffidently. She went over to the candy case, stood waiting patiently.

The woman looked at me. "You must be Mr. King's new secretary." Then her face lighted with recognition. "Why, you're one of the Bellamy girls, ain't you?"

"That's right. Beth."

"I'm Minnie Pruitt. You don't remember me, but I remember seeing you bicycling around town when you was a little girl. That's Mrs. Hayes sitting over there, and Mrs. Painters. My sisters."

The two women nodded and smiled.

"How's Rika today?" Minnie Pruitt asked.

I looked up in surprise. Rika? "She's fine."

"Glad to hear it. She ain't been feeling too good lately. We're pretty good friends, you know, Rika and me. She comes down every day or so, and when she don't come, I kind of miss her. We all do"—she looked at her sisters—"don't we?"

The two women nodded, one of them murmuring, "So nice."

"Yes, she is." I waited for somebody to say something more, but Minnie had gone over to the candy case and, seeming to know what Debbie wanted, was bending to reach the tray of long licorice sticks. "How many?"

"Fourteen," Debbie said. "And I'd like them in two bags please, seven in each."

After she carefully counted her change Debbie said a polite thank you, and we started our walk back.

"Don't you like Minnie Pruitt?" I asked.

"Not very much," Debbie said. "She doesn't like me much either."

"For heaven's sake—why not?"

"I don't know. She used to, but she doesn't any more." She handed me one of the little paper bags. "I bought this for you. One for each day. It's a present."

"Thank you, Debbie."

"You're welcome. Should we eat one now?"

"Let's."

We walked slowly along the road, enjoying the sun on our backs, chewing on licorice sticks.

It was not until I had been with the Kings eight days that Stanley King had any real work for me and, as luck would have it, Debbie did not wake me for our swim and I overslept. I had been unable to fall asleep; perhaps it was the talk Rika and I had had until the small hours, or the sound of her record player later. "Diane," she had played, over and over. Diane was the name of Stan's first wife. Why that one?

I went down for a quick breakfast and hurried to the library. On my desk was a pile of



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handwritten pages with the notation: *Yellow paper—triple space*. I felt a twinge of excitement. The new book.

At about twelve-thirty Rika wandered in, smiling at me as she moved toward the desk where her husband was working. Later Mrs. Bales stuck her head in. "Lunch is ready. Want it in here?"

"Yes, Isobel, please."

"You are not going to work through your lunch hour ——"

"I can't stop now, Rika."

Touching his face, forcing him to look at her, she said gently, "You mean you don't want to. But you're going to sit back and relax, and we're going to enjoy a quiet lunch together."

"Rika, for the love of ——"

"Sh-h-h ——"

I followed a rather grim-looking Mrs. Bales into the dining room. "Has Debbie eaten?"

"An hour ago." She reached for my plate.

When I returned to the library neither Rika nor Stan was there. All afternoon I expected Debbie but, although I heard her outside calling to Trix, she did not come. Around four, Rika did.

"Have you seen Debbie?" I asked her.

"Not since last night, before she went to bed." She made a face. "All she could talk about was dogs, dogs, dogs." She sighed. "I guess I better be going upstairs."

But she did not go upstairs. An hour later when I leaned back for a break she was sitting in the big chair, taking the clip from each handwritten chapter as she read it, then carefully replacing it. She looked up at me. "Could I see what you have over there? I'd like to see how it begins."

I hesitated and then, not understanding why I hesitated because no one had ever told me not to, I picked up the pile of typed sheets and handed them to her.

It doesn't take long to read triple-spaced pages and soon Rika was reaching for the sheets as I rolled them from the typewriter. I could feel that first annoyance growing, turning slowly to anger.

She noticed it finally. "Beth, I'm so sorry! I'm making you nervous!"

"Knowing you're just sitting there, waiting, isn't helping. Why don't you go away and come back in about ——"

Outside Trix barked, and a second later Stan's car passed the windows. I could hear Debbie shouting a welcome.

Rika put the papers on my desk and stood up. "I didn't mean to be a nuisance. Naturally I'm interested in my husband's work."

A moment later I heard her out in the yard, calling to Stan.

Debbie had not come near me all day, and when I went up to shower and change I discovered that my little Mrs. Appleblossom was no longer on the bed where I had left her. No matter where I searched, I could find no Mrs. Appleblossom.

At dinner there were only Mrs. Bales, Debbie and I; but Debbie ate silently, speaking to me only when I forced her to.

"What was that all about?" Mrs. Bales asked after the child had gone.

I shook my head. "I don't know," I said.

I helped clean up in the kitchen, then went out to the barn, sure that I would find Debbie there. She was kneeling close to the big plywood box, talking to Trix and the pups.

"—— nice girl, Trixie, dear, and I'm so glad all your children are beginning to grow their ears. They were awful skimpy there in the beginning, awful skimpy ——"

"Debbie," I said, kneeling beside her, "what's the matter? Are you mad at me?"

When she did not answer I leaned forward, trying to see her face.

"Where is Mrs. Appleblossom, honey? Why did you take her away from me?"

Debbie concentrated on Trix, smoothing the gleaming neck with one brown hand. Still not looking at me, she said, "You know why."

"No, I don't. Please tell me."

"You broke your promise. You promised, and then you told anyway."

"Told what? I never broke any promise to you, Debbie."

She pulled away from me. "You did, too, Beth! You said you wouldn't tell Rika I showed you my mother's picture, and then you went right to Rika's room and told her!"

"No!" Startled at what I saw in her dark eyes, I stood up. "I promised you I wouldn't tell anybody, and I didn't."

"You did! You did—you promised a lie, and now Rika's taken my picture away and it's all on account of you ——"

"Debbie, please!" I reached for her, but she wrenched away from me. "Honey, Rika wouldn't take your picture away. You're mistaken ——"

"I am not! You told Rika and I know you did, because Rika said so. How would she know if ——" Her voice broke. Head down, she dashed past me, sobbing. At the door she whirled. "You wait, Beth! Something terrible is going to happen and it will be all your fault ——"

I looked after her, shaken, not trying to follow. It wouldn't do any good anyway. I hurried to the house.

Mrs. Bales was ironing in front of the open windows in the kitchen. "I thought if I waited until tonight to do this it would be a little cooler," she sighed, "but it isn't."

"Is Rika upstairs, Mrs. Bales?" I asked.

"No, she went out. Down to The Corners, probably."

I opened the screen door and went out. "I'll be back in a little while."

Trix barked from somewhere in the barn as I started down the driveway. Looking back, I saw that Stan's car was not there either.

I kept thinking of Debbie. Certainly, as much as she disapproved of Debbie's devotion to the memory of her mother, Rika would not take that picture away from the child. Certainly—and I remembered Rika's troubled groping for understanding of her own self—certainly she had never said the things Debbie seemed to think she had.

Through the dusk I could see the cars parked at all angles at The Corners, could see Rika's convertible, top down, its shining newness glittering like a jewel in the midst of the jalopies.

I went in, absently saying my thanks to chattering youngsters as they moved to let me pass.

Rika waved to me from a corner behind the meat counter. "Come on back here, Beth. We're having a Coke."

I went back. It was a good spot. From there Minnie Pruitt could watch the door, the cooler and the cash register.

Rika reached for a wire-back chair and pulled it up to one corner of the table. "This is Miss Pruitt and ——"

"We met the other day ——" All three sisters started to say it at once, then all stopped, tittering.

"You remember," Minnie Pruitt said to Rika. "I told you on the phone." She straightened on her chair. "One Coke, Alvin," she bellowed. "Lots of ice."

"Right away, Min." One of the boys at the door, stocky and muscular, moved away from the rest of the group.

"This is where I always come," Rika said, "when Stan's busy and I get lonely." She smiled at the three women. "They always make me feel so welcome."

"Why shouldn't we?" Minnie Pruitt asked heartily. She looked at me. "The only complaint we got is she don't come often enough. Now you're here, maybe you'll see to it she does."

"I'll do my best."

"Ain't that nice," one of the women said, "you two being such good friends?" She spoke as if Rika were not there. "It's going to mean so much to her. She needs a good friend."

They were fond of her, these three; that I could tell. They hung on her words, watching with gentle half-smiles as she talked about New York and the people she had known there. They laughed when she did, watched the play of expression on the perfect face, the sparkling eyes that grew darker and darker as the sun went down.

Minnie stood up to pull on another white-globed light.

"We've got to go," Rika said. "It must be after ten."

We went out to the convertible, Minnie Pruitt walking to the car. "Is he home?" she asked, low.

"I don't think he could be, yet," Rika told her

"Will you be all right?"

"Of course I will." Rika leaned over the half-open door and kissed Minnie Pruitt on the cheek. "Why shouldn't I be? You go upstairs now and go to bed, and don't think about me one bit."

"I can't help it."

"You're just an old worrywart, you doll."

Minnie laughed at that, and as we pulled away from the store I could see her still smiling as she went back into the building.

"What was Minnie so worried about?" I asked.

I could see her glance at me in the light of the dash. "Worried?"

"Yes. I heard her ask if you'd be all right."

"Oh, that. I've been having headaches lately. It's just the heat, but she does worry. She told me tonight that you got your job

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Blue Lakes Pan Fried—Heat 1 (1-pound) can Blue Lake variety whole or cut green beans and liquid in a small skillet; drain. Add ¼ cup French dressing and a little crumbled crisp cooked bacon to beans; heat a few minutes longer. Serves 4.



and fancy!

Blue Lakes Tetrazzini—Combine 1 (1-pound) can drained Blue Lake variety cut green beans with 2 (10½-ounce) cans condensed cream of chicken soup, 1 (2-ounce) can mushrooms and liquor, 1 cup diced cooked chicken, ⅓ cup cream and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Heat and serve with noodles or in patty shells or toast cups. Serves 6.



Meet Mr. Blue Lake—the aristocrat of the green bean family from Oregon and Washington. Blue Lake is a variety of green bean that is stringless, straight, round, firm, and has a *wonderfully* delicious flavor.

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with Lew Bannister through Doc Benson. You never told me you knew him."

"Didn't I? I've known him practically all my life. I used to baby-sit with the twins when they were tiny."

"And you got your job with Stan through Lew Bannister."

"Yes. But Stan called me, if you remember; I didn't call him."

She was quiet a moment, and then she laughed. "The trouble with me is that I'm bored. I let my imagination run away with me."

"Well, don't waste it on me."

There was only one dim light in the front of the house.

"That's Isobel for you," Rika said crossly. "She knows how I hate to come into a dark house."

She left the car halfway up the drive, and we could hear Trix barking in the barn as we made our way across the lawn to the darkened kitchen.

"It's so hot," Rika said. "Let's make some iced tea."

"Thanks, Rika, but I'm full of Coke up to here. I think I'll go up and read."

"Oh, please don't. It will be terribly hot up there. Let's just sit here and talk." She reached out to turn the dial that said Right-Front on the range, then went over to the table and dragged it over in front of the two narrow screened windows. "I'll put lots of lemon in it," she said.

I sat down in the chair she brought and said what I had been waiting to say all evening. "Something happened tonight, Rika. That's why I came looking for you."

Her smile faded. "What?"

"I never told you I saw Debbie's mother's picture."

She shook her head. "No. I assumed that she had shown it because she always does. But no, you never told me." She looked at me questioningly as she poured hot tea over the ice heaped in the blue pottery pitcher.

"Debbie told me you said I did."

She shook her head again. "What's this all about?"

"Debbie said I broke a promise, and that because of it you took her mother's picture away from her."

"I took her mother's picture!" The gray eyes grew black. "Why should I —— Oh, what's the use? You won't believe me ——"

"I might."

"You'd be the only one if you did. Nobody else ever does."

"Try me. What happened?"

"I don't know." She sank back in her chair. "That's just it. I don't know anything about it."

"Then what did you mean when you said I wouldn't believe you?"

"Things like this have happened to me before. I did this; I said that; I never know anything about it. Nobody ever believes me."

"But this thing tonight. There's a misunderstanding somewhere; there must be."

"No, there isn't." She shook her head. "Not the honest kind of misunderstanding you mean. This is just the beginning for you, Beth; you wait and see. She's just a child; that's what's so horrible. To me it's a nightmare. Who will ever take my word against hers?" She was quiet a moment. Then she picked up the long spoon, began absently to stir her tea. "Why should I take anything away from her? I want her to love me."

"Do you love her?"

"No. I have to be honest about that. I wanted to, and I began to, and I still want to. But she won't let me get anywhere near her. She's crazy about Stan and that's natural, I suppose, but she likes Isobel and she likes you. But me, I'm a stepmother, and it will never work out. Sometimes I wonder if it wouldn't be better for all of us to send her away to school."

"Oh, no. She's much too young."

"But she isn't happy here and you can see what she's doing to Stan and me. We're growing farther and farther apart."

"Do you think it's Debbie's fault?"

"Not all of it. I have my faults, but so has she. Only nobody can ever see hers. She's done everything she could to cause trouble." She stared at her tea, poking at the ice cubes. "Before she turned against me we were the happiest little family—but now . . . I don't dare say two words to her unless Stan's there. She's too smart to be rude to me in front of him."

"I've never known her to be rude, Rika."

"Not to you. But to me she is, and I think Isobel encourages it. Another of her tricks is pretending she's afraid of me. In front of other people, I mean." She looked at me indignantly, then she sighed. "Tell me what happened tonight."

I told her, and she listened, staring at her frosty glass of tea. "Why didn't Debbie want me to tell anyone about the picture in the first place?" I asked when I finished.

"I don't know, I don't know, I don't *know!*" One small fist clenched hard on the edge of the table.

I got up and rinsed out my glass at the sink. "Are you going to finish yours?"

She shook her head.

I went back for her glass, for the blue pottery pitcher. "You shouldn't leave your car out all night with the top down."

"I know. I didn't intend to." She stood up. She was hurt and angry. Just a kid, really.

Going toward the front of the house toward the stairs, I flinched at the sound her foot made on the accelerator, at the way she roared her handsome automobile into the barn.

Knowing that Debbie would not be coming to call me, I had carefully set my alarm, but to my annoyed surprise I was fully conscious long before it was due to ring. I lay there waiting to doze off again. But I came wider and wider awake.

Might as well get up. The house seemed strange; so quiet. I tiptoed down the stairs and, because I was not yet ready for breakfast, went to the library to finish up some work there, then to search the files for a few pages Stan was sure were there somewhere.

"No hurry," he'd said, "but when you start looking, try the bottom drawer. It's all old stuff I chucked in there. I haven't looked at it

Savory supper, Brazilian-style...

with 4 Fishermen® Fishsticks



The Premium Brand

2 packages 4 Fishermen Fishsticks • 4 oz. shell macaroni
3 tablespoons fat • ⅓ cup chopped onion • ⅓ cup chopped green pepper
1 clove garlic, minced • 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
1 6-oz. can tomato paste • dash of pepper • ¼ teaspoon basil

1. Cook macaroni. **2.** Heat 4 Fishermen Fishsticks—they're the premium-quality kind, cut from snow-white center fillets. (It takes 3 pounds of fresh fish to make our ½ lb. package—that's why they taste so good!) **3.** Melt fat in skillet and saute onion, green pepper, and garlic until tender, about 5 minutes. Add remaining ingredients and bring to boil. Lower heat and simmer 5 minutes. **4.** Drain macaroni. Place bowl with sauce on serving platter. Surround with macaroni, top with fishsticks (*mmm*—that golden egg-batter crust!) and dribble a little sauce over all. Makes 4 to 5 servings. Look for 4 Fishermen Fishsticks in the 8-oz. or 14-oz. economy package in your grocer's frozen food cabinet. Cost a bit more—but they're worth it. *Fulham Brothers, Inc., Boston, Mass.*



Special Offer:

For yourself, for gifts—**a 4-piece Thermometer and Baster Set** for crisp fried foods, taste-tempting candy, perfect roasts. Less than half price! **See 4 Fishermen Special Offer ad, page 72.**

in years. But it must be there. Just a couple of pages, in pencil on blue letterhead."

I knelt, pawing through the scrambled mess. Seeing the dates, I realized that this was all material from eight and nine years ago, during the time of his first wife's illness when he was either in school or on his first job.

"What are you doing up so early? I thought you were the kid who liked to lounge around in bed until at least seven-thirty."

I looked up at Stanley King. "And I thought you were the kid who always beat the sun up."

"I got home late last night."

And late to bed, I thought. I had heard him and Rika quarreling down in the kitchen long after she'd run down to meet him. "Some filing system you have here."

"Yes, isn't it?" He sat down. "Have you had your breakfast?"

"No."

"Don't you think you better go get it?" he asked.

"It's too early. My stomach isn't awake yet."

"Oh, isn't it?" His bright blue eyes smiled a little.

Out in the hall someone was coming quietly down the stairs. He lifted his head, listening, then turned to look down into the chaos of the open file drawer.

I put the loose papers back into the heavy drawer and pushed it closed, then got to my feet, the faded blue sheets in my hand, "Is this it?"

He glanced at the notation across the corner. "This is it. Thanks, Beth."

"I'm glad we found it. You ought to take a day off and go through all those drawers."

"I've been intending to ——"

And then we heard Debbie. "Daddy ——" The screen door slammed. She came screaming from the back of the house. "Daddy ——"

Stan's chair crashed to the floor. He came swiftly around his desk, caught his daughter as she flung herself into his arms.

"Trixie won't get up! She's got blood in her mouth, and she won't get up!" She shrieked it. "Daddy ——"

"All right, honey. All right. We'll go see." He spoke quietly, but his face was tight. "Here, you stay with Beth."

But she jerked away and followed her father. Isobel Bales came running down the stairs. We hurried out to the barn together.

Trix was lying on her side about two feet from the plywood nursery, a thin trickle of blood at her mouth. Her breathing was so shallow that for a moment I did not think she was breathing at all. The puppies were crying.

"Isobel, get me a blanket or sheet or something." Stan rose and started for his car, parked halfway up the drive where he'd left it the night before. "Beth, call Doc Benson. Tell him we're bringing Trix over."

Isobel and I went running to the house. I got Mrs. Benson almost immediately, and as I was hanging up Rika came down the stairs, tying the ribbons on her sheer housecoat. "What happened?" Her face, bearing marks of cream hastily rubbed away, was anxious. "Is someone hurt?"

"It's Trix. I don't know what happened. Stan's taking her over to the doctor."

"What's the matter with her?"

"I don't know."

When we got out there, Stan was lifting Trix, wrapped in a blanket. "Want me to come with you?" I asked.

"Thanks. If you want to." He put Trix in the back seat and I got in beside her.

"I want to come too." Debbie began to cry again.

Rika reached for her. "No, Debbie, that's no place for you. Stay here, and look after the puppies. They'll miss their mother."

Debbie wrenched away. "I want to go with Trix."

"Try to calm down, then," her father said, sliding under the wheel.

Debbie, her dark eyes still welling tears but her lips resolutely closed, ran around to the other side of the car and got in next to her father. Rika, watching, made a convulsive movement as if to join us, but Mrs. Bales said something and Rika looked down at her night clothes and stepped back again.

Doc Benson came out the side door as we drove into the yard, and led us to a new-looking building behind the house. The room was much like any doctor's examining room, shining instruments, long white-sheeted table.

He took Trix from Stan's arms and laid her on the table.

"I want you to go home, Debbie," he said quietly after a moment. "Take the blanket and go home."

"I want to ——" Debbie stopped when her father touched her shoulder. "Can't I leave the blanket here? When she wakes up she'll smell it's like home, and she won't be lonely."

"You better do as Doc says," Stan said.

I reached for the blanket and folded it. "Come on, Debbie."

She sat way over on her side of the car all the way home. "See," she said, "I told you something terrible would happen."

"It's a coincidence," I said. "We don't even know what's the matter with Trix yet."

I left the car in the drive, quite a distance from the barn. But even from there we could hear the puppies crying. It had been a long time since they had been fed last.

About an hour later Doc Benson brought Stan home. Doc went out to the barn, but Stan, carrying a paper bag, came directly into the kitchen. "Where's Isobel?"

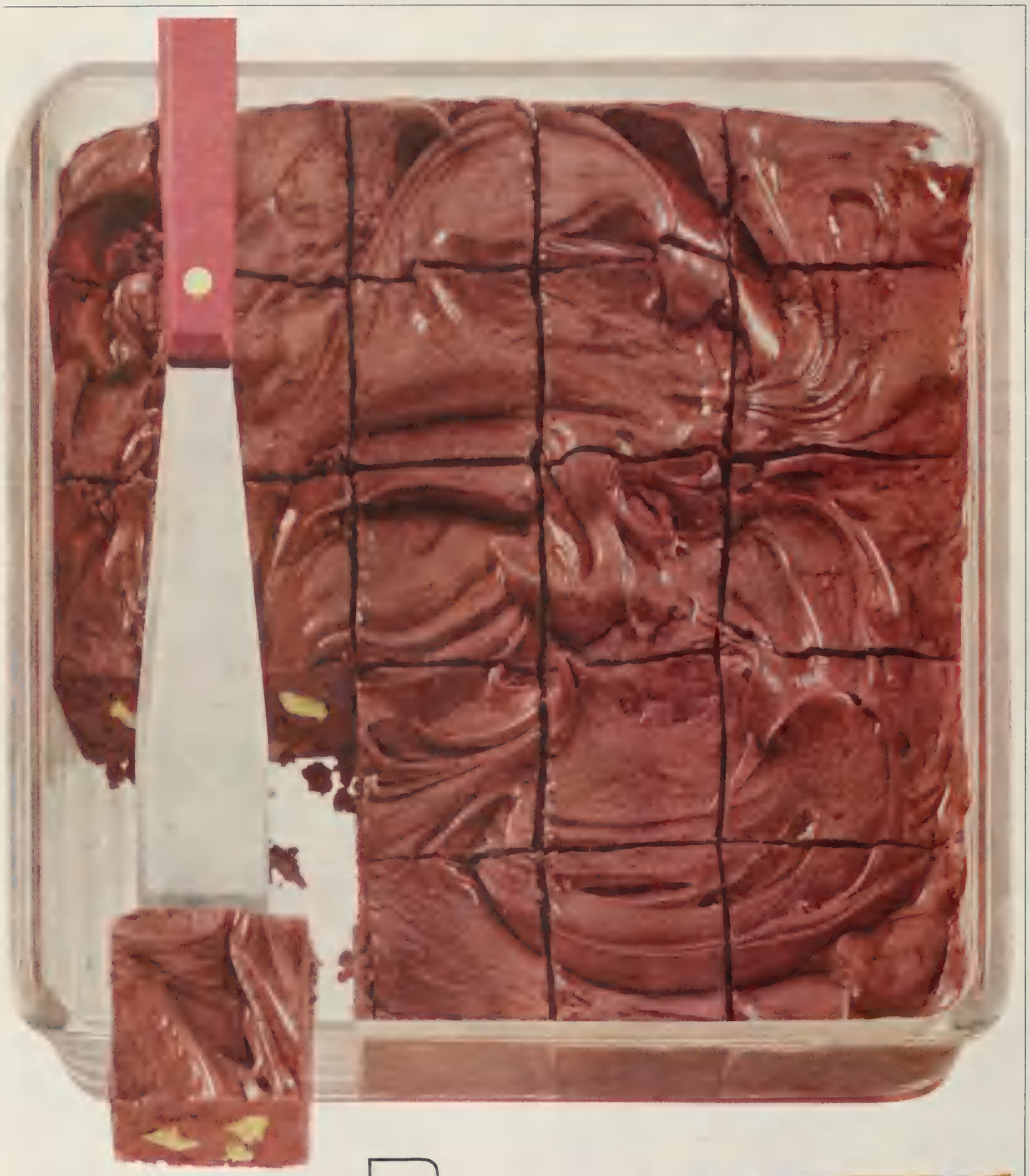
"Out with the puppies. She's trying to figure out how to keep them warm tonight if Trix has to stay at the vet's."

"I'm going to use the infrared. Here." He thrust the bag in my hands. "Evaporated milk, sirup—here's the formula." He started for the barn, letting the screen door slam behind him.

"Trix can't live," Mrs. Bales said. She came in quietly, closing the screen door, and came to where I was standing at the stove, and looked down into the pan of warm milk. "Internal injuries."

"Internal injuries?" I thought of Debbie. "From the puppies' birth, you mean?"

She shook her head. "No. She was hit by something. Probably a car."



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NESTLÉ'S MARSHMALLOW CREAM FUDGE*

BRING to *full boil*—stir constantly: one 5 to 10 oz. jar marshmallow cream; ⅔ c. evaporated milk (Nestlé's preferred); ¼ c. butter; 1½ c. sugar; ¼ tsp. salt.

BOIL 5 min. over moderate heat, stirring constantly.

REMOVE from heat. STIR IN till melted: 12 oz (2 c.) Nestlé's® Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels; 1 tsp. vanilla; ½ c. nuts, chopped (optional).

POUR in greased pan 8" x 8" x 2".

CHILL well. YIELD: approx. 2¼ lbs.

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"When? She couldn't have been. She never went any farther away from those puppies than the driveway."

"Yes, I know."

I had always thought, when I heard about the bottle feeding of young animals because their mother could not care for them, that it would be a long and tedious routine. But for us, for Debbie and Isobel Bales and me, it was not tedious and it was not routine.

At two-thirty I returned to the barn. Every three hours, Doc Benson had said.

Stan's car was gone when we went out again at five-thirty with our handfuls of small warm bottles, but there were two old car seats there to sit on, and we could see the heavy-duty lead, not yet plugged in, stretched across the rafters, and the end of it with its flat maroon bulb hanging a few feet above the plywood nursery.

"I wonder what time he intends to turn that contraption on," Mrs. Bales said. "It's warm enough now, heaven knows, but the minute the sun goes down it could get damp in here." She looked at Debbie. "Where did he go?"

"Into town." Debbie reached for one of the puppies. "Something to fix a wire, I guess."

Rika came into the barn then. She stood just inside the wide doors. "I think it's cruel, getting the child's hopes up this way."

I twisted to look at her. "Hopes up about what?"

"You know what I mean. You won't be able to save them. They're much too young to be without a mother."

"We'll save them," Mrs. Bales said, "every last one of them."

Debbie looked at me, her eyes frightened. "They have a mother ——"

There was the crunch of wheels on the drive but Debbie, unhearing, whirled and ran to the socket high on the wall, and picked up the end of the long black lead.

Isobel Bales half rose. "Your dad told you not to touch that!"

"The sun's going down," Debbie cried. Standing on tiptoe, she plugged in the heavy lead. "It's going to get damp ——"

We could hear Stan walking up the drive, could hear Rika running to meet him.

A small brown paper bag in one hand, Rika holding onto his other, he stopped short when he saw the red light glowing. "Who turned that on?" he asked harshly.

"I did, daddy."

"I told you no one was to touch that until I got back!"

"But they have to keep warm. They're too young to be without a mother."

"How many times have I told you!" He roared it, flinging Rika's hand aside. He started toward the child, black brows low. "Don't you ever listen?"

Debbie's eyes widened, but she did not move. "We have to save every last one of them ——" Her voice broke.

He stopped, his face suddenly strange. He went over to the plug and pulled it out. "Honey"—he picked her up, turning to the socket high on the wall of the barn—"honey, do you remember all the times I've told you never to plug in a lead when any part of it is frayed or cut? Look here, right near the plug. See the cut? It must have got caught in something pretty sharp to tear away the covering like that. That's why I went into town, for tape to close it all in again." He reached out with one hand to turn back the heavy black covering on the dangling lead. "See the black and white under here? If you had touched that spot when you plugged in, it could have tossed you clear across the barn."

He put her down gently, then cupped her flushed face in his hand. "Deb, listen to me. I want you to remember this. If you had touched both those wires, if you had been standing on anything wet, or near a pipe, the shock would have killed you."

Rika and I said nothing.

On the way back to the house Mrs. Bales said crossly, "What was he trying to do? Scare the child to death?"

It was the first time I have ever heard her criticize her nephew, and I looked at her in surprise. Under all that anger hadn't she seen the fear in his eyes, the love for the little girl as he picked her up and held her close?

"If it was so dangerous," she said, "he shouldn't have left that thing dangling in the first place."

"He probably thought she couldn't reach it," I told her. "I was surprised to see that she could."

Isobel Bales nodded, forgetting her displeasure. "She is growing fast, isn't she? It's this air, all that swimming."

When I went out to the barn to look, I wanted to be sure that no one else was there. *If anyone catches me*, I thought as I scrambled into my clothes, *I'll say I wakened early and came out to see if the puppies seemed hungry. It could have been an accident*, I thought. *Perhaps she drove in and hit Trix and then was afraid to tell. Who wouldn't be afraid in her spot? All this hostility around her.*

But, remembering that night —— No, it couldn't be. Rika had bathed and changed to the filmy night clothes she always wore, and when she knocked at my door it had been the same as it always was, Rika sitting at the foot of the bed, brushing her hair as we talked. Stan. The current top record. Isobel Bales.

She and Isobel had had another quarrel. I could not remember what it was about. All I could remember now was saying, "Maybe if you worked a little around the house with her, or out in the kitchen, you'd get to know each other better. You might even become friends."

"She doesn't want to be friends," Rika said.

"Well, maybe not. But you could try."

"You don't know Isobel Bales. How would you like to come home from your honeymoon to a house run by somebody else, and a child who began to hate you the minute your wedding ceremony was performed?"

"I wouldn't like it. But I don't think I'd give up trying. I'd take over with the house more if I were you."

"Why? According to law, it's my house; actually it's hers. As long as she has to be here, isn't it easier to let her do as she pleases?"

"She's not always going to be here. She wants to ——"

"—— buy a trailer and tour the country." Rika looked at me scornfully, her brush in mid-air. "Don't tell me you fell for that!"

"That's what she says she wants to do."

"She's been saying that ever since I knew her," Rika told me. "But she's still with us, you'll notice."

Going through the kitchen now, and quietly out the back door into the damp warm morning, I shook my head. Rika could not have hit the dog the night before last because when she came to my room later she had been just as she always was. Gay and laughing one moment, morose and bitter another.

All three cars were in. I went first to Stan's, then to Mrs. Bales', knowing all the time I was putting off something I had to do. Slowly I went to Rika's car. I looked at the bumper and the grill and the headlights, walked around to the back of it, then to the front again. In the dim morning light there was nothing. Nothing!

I went to the light switches and turned them on, and looked again. Every bit of that beautiful car was as shining and unmarked as it had been the first day I saw it.

"There's not a mark on it. I've already looked." I whirled. Stan stood in the doorway. "What were you looking for?"

"I came out to see if the puppies were hungry."

"The puppies," he said, nodding his head, "are over there. Trix died last night."

"Mrs. Bales told me she couldn't ——" I leaned against the fender of Rika's shining car. "I'm sorry, Stan."

"I haven't told Debbie." He went to the back of the barn and stood looking down at the puppies. "Isobel tells me you came home with Rika from The Corners night before last."

"Yes, a little after ten."

"You were with her, and the headlights were on when you drove into the barn?" he asked.

"The headlights were on, but we didn't drive into the barn. She left the car in the drive near the front door."

"Were the garage doors open, do you remember? Did you see Trix?"

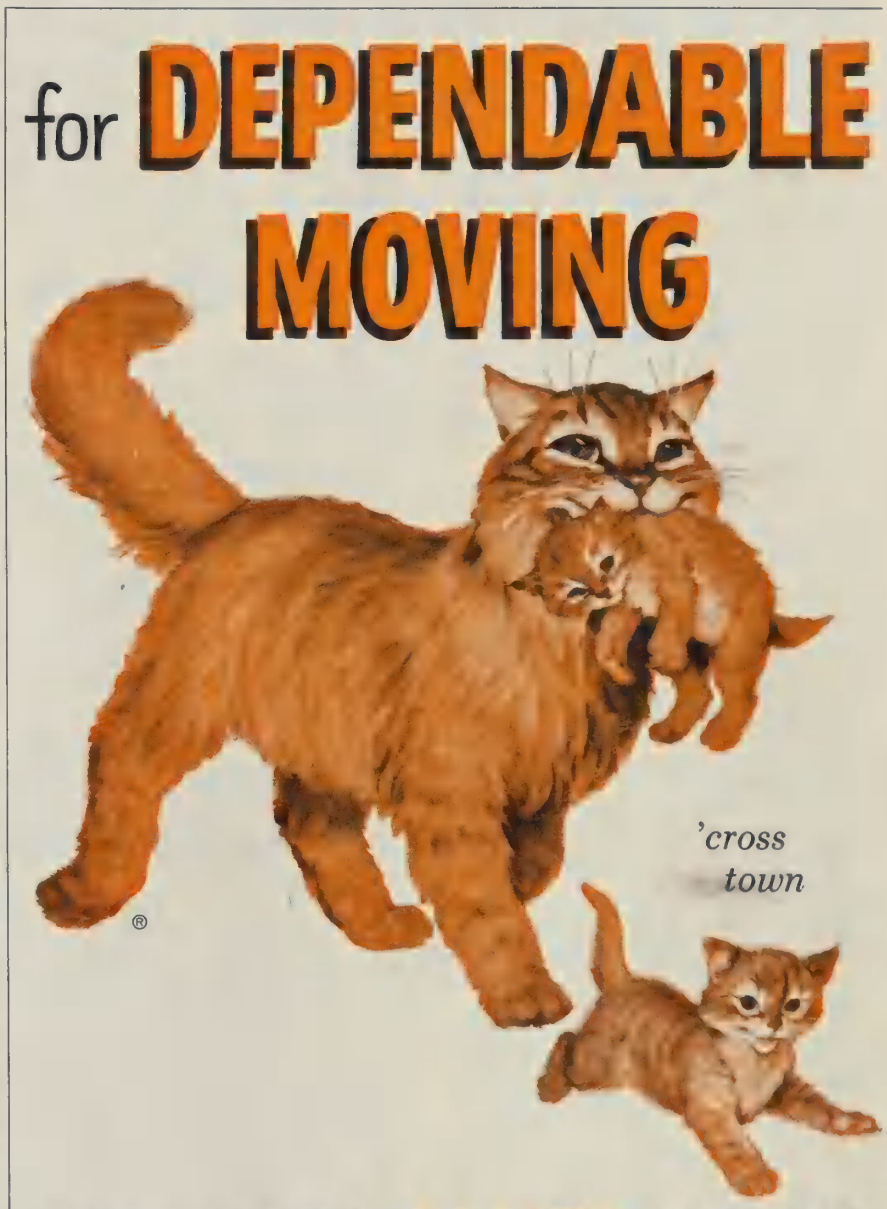
I thought a minute. "The two doors on the right were, but I didn't see the dog." Then I remembered. "She barked, though. I remember hearing her."

NEXT MONTH

Two young strangers in London, in wartime, in love. Cousins—yet strangers. He had crossed an ocean to find her, and now he might lose her. For Wallis lived a life of danger, and Alix was afraid of love. Were they doomed to disaster?

SEARCH FOR AMELIA
By D. K. FINDLAY

condensed novel, complete in the March JOURNAL



"Rika's car wasn't in the drive when I got home. Who put it away? You?"

"Rika did. I reminded her."

"Did you go out with her when she drove it into the barn?"

"No," I said, remembering the sound of the motor as she tore into the barn. "No, I didn't."

"And that's why you're down here now, isn't it? That's why you were looking at her car."

"No, no! I looked at all the cars. I thought one of you might have hit the dog and not even known it."

"Nobody could hit anything as hard as that dog was hit, and not know it."

I looked at him helplessly.

"Do you want to know what happened?"

No. "What?"

"Somebody," he said grimly, "came barreling into this barn and just inside that door"—he pointed to a spot behind Rika's car—"the dog was hit so hard she was thrown into the air and landed over there by the pen. She didn't crawl, because she was hurt so badly she wouldn't have been able to. She was thrown there. Now"—and he lowered his head, looking at me from under angry black brows—"Isobel Bales didn't use her car at all that night. I came in after you and Rika did, and I left mine in the drive. You think about it, and then you tell me. What's the answer?"

At noon Mrs. Bales brought me a sandwich and a glass of milk. "Debbie knows about Trix," she said. "Stanley told her."

"Is she all right?"

"As all right as she can be right now, I guess." She started for the door. "I don't know how any of us are going to forget this thing. Any animal killer, in my opinion, is a potential murderer."

I opened my mouth to say that as yet we had no proof an animal killer existed, then closed it again, letting her go. I knew what her answer would be.

They were so sure it was Rika. Had I done such a thing, accidentally or otherwise, I would have been shaken, unable to face anyone. Was Rika so different? Would she have been able to come to my room afterward, chattering about records, complaining pettily about Isobel Bales?

And last night after a stormy session in the library with Stan, would she have come running up the stairs, tearful, bewildered? "I don't know how it happened, Beth. I hardly ever saw that dog. I had nothing to do with it, but he won't believe me!"

Was it an accident? Or was it something planned, something meant to look as if only Rika could have done it? The death of a cocker spaniel was a minor matter, perhaps, but the cause of it, the motive, if there was one, was not.

Stop thinking about it!

I went back to work. I had begun early, because I wanted to get done in the comparative cool of the morning; to get done before Rika came down. Not that I minded having her there. It was just that I had never worked easily when I knew someone was waiting and watching.

I finished the pile of papers Stan had left for me the night before, and went out into the kitchen. Isobel Bales was at the sink. "All through?"

"For the time being." I picked up a towel and began to dry the dishes.

"You don't have to do that."

"It feels good to stand up."

Stan and Debbie, coming up the path from the pool, let the screen door slam as they came into the kitchen, their suits already dry from the hot sun.

"We're thirsty," Stan said with a heartiness obviously false. "Any lemonade?"

"Just made." Mrs. Bales was busy with hand lotion. "Part lemon, part orange. There's some cold beer there too. Help yourselves."

He looked down at his daughter. "O.K., honeybunch. Lemonade for you; beer for me."

Debbie, at the refrigerator, handed a bronze can to her father, then poured a glass of the fruit mixture for herself.

"Do you want some, Beth?"

"No, thanks. I just had lunch."

She sat down at the table.

Except for the clatter of dishes as I reached up to put them away, the kitchen was quiet. Debbie's small face was full of grief. She had not touched her juice. Suddenly she pushed the glass away. "I like the puppies," she said unsteadily, "but I want Trixie back. I like her the best, and I want her back ——" She put her face down in the crook of her arm.

"I thought we weren't going to talk about it any more." Stan's voice was quiet. "You can't have her back. You told me you understood that."

Knowing that no dog could take the place of her Trix right now, I said, "Little Darling looks like her, Debbie. And she acts like her, too, always wanting to be cuddled ——"

"You don't care about Trixie." Debbie lifted her head. "You don't care if she died." She got up, started for the kitchen door. "You talk soft and nice like that when daddy's around, but you don't mean it. If you hadn't told Rika, Trixie wouldn't be dead right now."

"That isn't true. We still don't know ——"

"It is. It is!" She slammed the screen door, shouting back through it, "It's all your fault! You're just like Rika and it's all your fault——"

"Deb!" Stan started after her.

I reached out impulsively, stopping him, my hand on his arm. "Don't. She has to blame somebody."

I could feel the tautness go from the arm under my fingers, could see the concern going back into hiding in the bright blue eyes. "I thought she was all right. I thought she had accepted it."

"She will. But you can't help her. She'll have to do it all by herself."

I hung up the towels, then started for the front of the house. Stanley King and his household of women. I didn't envy him.

"What did she mean, you're just like Rika?" Carrying his can of beer, he had followed me, and now at the foot of the stairs he looked down at me. "Why did she say if it hadn't been for you Trix wouldn't be dead?"

I told him about the picture, and my promise not to mention it, and Debbie's report about Rika. Breaking all confidences. "I can't believe it," I finished, "but Debbie seems to."

"Why can't you believe it?"

"I don't know. I've spent so much time with Rika ——" I lifted my shoulders helplessly. "I just can't, that's all."

We stood for a moment in silence. I stared down at the first step of the stairs, feeling his eyes watching me. I said, "Out in the kitchen Debbie said I talked soft and nice only when you were around. That's what she called it, soft and nice." I looked up at him. "That isn't true."

"I know it. Beth?"

I had started to turn away.

"Beth, just a few minutes ago you reminded me that for now she has to blame someone, has to strike out at somebody."

"I wouldn't have cared if she'd struck out at me. But I don't like it when she says something about me that isn't true."

"I wouldn't either, but maybe right now she's fooled herself into thinking it is true. It's a funny thing about people, Beth; children included. They want to know who's on their side, and they want to be sure they'll stay there. Why don't you go talk to her?"

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I can't talk to her any more. At first we had so much fun together, then all of a sudden ——"

"Sure." He looked down at the can of beer in his hand. "The same old pattern."

"What same old pattern?" Rika, crisp in beautifully fitted Bermudas, started down from the top of the stairs. "What are you two lovely people conniving down there?"

Stan turned. Then, flatly, "Did you take Debbie's picture?"

"What *picture?" She stopped where she was, her smile fading. "She won't let me take even one shot of her any more."

"That isn't what I mean, and you know it. Did you take the picture of Debbie's mother from Debbie's room?"

"No, of course not. Why should I?" She looked from him to me. "What's the matter?"

"Debbie said I was responsible for the dog's death, and Stan asked ——"

But Stan was going up the stairs, stopping below her, his eyes level with hers. "Did you threaten to destroy that picture if Debbie showed it to anyone?"

"No. I didn't even know she had it."

"Yes, you knew she had it. She showed it to you the first time she ever saw you."

"But I didn't know she still had it. I didn't know it until the other night when Beth and I were talking."

"Did you take that picture and destroy it when you found out Deb wasn't doing what you told her to do?"

"No." She leaned away from him, her back against the railing. "Why should I care about a picture?"

"That's what I'd like to know. But you do care, don't you? Anything that doesn't have Rika's name on it, Rika doesn't want. And what Rika doesn't want, Rika tries to get rid of! Right?"

Rika, both hands on the rail behind her, stared at him. "You don't believe me. No matter what I say, you don't believe me. It's always her word against mine."

"It's always your word against everybody's. Sure, I believe her. Why not? A child with no devious axes to grind?"

"That's the way you always are." Rika began to weep. "Always it's my fault. What about your daughter; have you ever thought about her? Or Isobel? Or Beth? Even Beth, here. Not one of them would be calling my home theirs if you treated me the way you should. I'm the one you should be thinking of—I'm your wife. I should be the most important person in your whole life. Am I? Was I ever?"

She cried that last out despairingly, and with a convulsive move tried to turn away. But Stan caught her wrist, holding her fast. "Every time you have a question to answer, you cry and get us arguing about something else. But you never, I've noticed, answer the question of the moment. Now ——"

"You don't love me—you don't trust me —— Why did you ever marry me?"

With a fresh flood of tears Rika tried again to pull away from him, then with a sudden frenzied movement threw herself against him, trying to push past him on the stairs. Off balance, Stan reached instinctively for her, dropping his can of beer as she started to fall. He caught her, his back thudding against the newel post as she jammed against him, her face hitting the railing above him.

He steadied her, his hands firm and hard on her arms. She pushed him away. "You're not anywhere near the kind of husband I'd thought you'd be. Not like my father or my stepfather ——" Weeping hard now, she put one hand to the side of her face that had hit the railing. "And if you don't believe me about Debbie's picture, you go up to Debbie's room and look! If it isn't there, I don't know where it is. Debbie can lie and lie about me, and you always believe her. But I didn't take it, you hear! I didn't take it!" Sobbing, she whirled and fled to her room.

We stood looking after her. Then Stan bent to pick up the can that lay in a puddle at the foot of the stairs. "You better go see if she's hurt."

Without a word I went past him and up the stairs.

Rika did not answer when I knocked, but I went in anyway. She was lying on the bed, a washcloth tight to her face, a box of tissues beside her.

"Rika?" I went over to the bed and sat on the edge of it. "Does it hurt?"

She had stopped crying, but now her eyes filled with tears. She turned away from me.

I reached down and turned her face back toward me, taking the hot cloth away, seeing the pink welt that started on the bridge of her nose, skipped, then finished on one high cheekbone. "We'd better put something cold on this. It's coldness that keeps the swelling down. Do you think I ought to call a doctor?"

She shook her head. "No. I thought it was warmth that took the swelling down."

"No. Cold."

She was silent as I went into her bathroom and ran the water until it came icy, then wrung out the washcloth and brought it back to her.

"I'm sorry about this," I said. "Debbie made a statement and Stan started asking questions and at the moment it seemed better to explain. I thought—well, sometimes if things are talked out everybody ends up understanding everybody else, and there's no problem."

"It doesn't work out that way here. You've seen how he gets ——"

I didn't say anything, and in the short silence we could hear Stan coming up the stairs.

"He's probably going to Debbie's room," Rika said bitterly, "to look for that picture. Why don't you go with him? Go on," she said impatiently, "show him where it is, or where it was. You know better than I do."

I didn't want to go, but she insisted, and when I went out into the hall, that was where Stan was. In Debbie's room, in front of the windows with all the little dolls, his back toward me.

"Rika wants me to help you find the picture," I said awkwardly.

"I found it." He turned, holding out one hand. The picture had been taken from its frame and torn across and across and across. Eight pieces.

It took me a minute. "Who did that!"

"I could tell you, but you wouldn't believe me. Or have you heard that song before?" He went over to Debbie's bed and sat down on the edge of it. "We know Rika didn't do it because she says so. Isobel didn't do it, because why

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107



"He looks just like Preston when I tell him I've bought a new dress."

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drain your skin of beauty oils — every day

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Baby upsets the bath powder



. . . Your nerves jangle . . .



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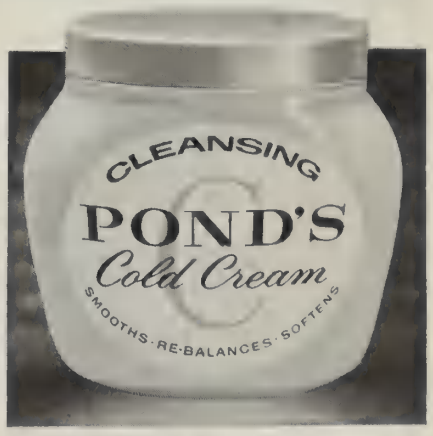
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

should she? I know Deb didn't do it." He looked at me. "Maybe it was you."

"Stan, listen." I sat down on the bed next to him. "Has it ever occurred to you that your little girl has had a lot of upsets in her young life? Did you ever think she might be fibbing a little?"

"Do you call a thing like this a fib?" He opened his fingers over the torn pieces in his hand. Then: "Fib. That's Rika's word."

"No, it isn't. With children it's a word most everybody uses. Your Debbie—she was your whole life until you married Rika. Don't you think she just might resent that a little?"

"She never resented my marriage. She resents Rika."

"But you can't lose your perspective. You asked me before, and I think you're asking me now. Rika's not perfect. Who is? You think something ought to be done, and I do too. I don't know what, but somebody ought to do something."

"What? Name it."

"I can't. But certainly Debbie wants a mother. And certainly Rika wants to be a mother to her ——"

"Oh, for the love of heaven!"

The way he turned away from me! "Stan?"

"Beth, there are forms of cruelty that someone like you would never recognize because you couldn't bring yourself to believe it. You assume all the people you know are pretty much like you, and most of them are, but once in a while you come up against somebody ——" Leaning forward on the edge of the bed, his elbows on his knees, he looked down at the torn fragments in his hand. "Funny how you can get fooled, isn't it?"

"Fooled, or just plain stupid."

"Or just plain wanting love, the real kind, thinking you have it." He straightened, reaching into his hip pocket for his wallet. He put the torn pieces into it. "Maybe because you're a woman you know more about women and little girls than I do. But there's one thing I do know. Debbie doesn't remember her mother, but she loves her. And it isn't because I've been filling her full of my own memories. I've tried not to do that. I always answer her questions, but she has to live in the here and now, and that's the way I want it for her." His bright blue eyes were steady. "Deb never would have taken the photograph of her mother's face and torn it into eight pieces."

Eight pieces.

I had heard about his cruelty, and I had seen him in his rage. Now I wanted to put my arms around him. I did not move. "No," I said, "of course she didn't."

Although I had often longed for a leisurely, uninterrupted evening of reading, I grew uneasy when Rika did not come to my room for her usual nighttime chat. Her record player was going, but I had not heard her moving around in her room and I began to wonder if her fall had injured her more seriously than we'd thought.

At ten, after a string recording of the record "Diane" repeated itself several times, I knocked at her door.

"I heard that record playing over and over again," I told her. "I wondered if you were all right."

"I'm all right. I was just too lazy to get up and change it. Did it bother you?"

"No, not at all."

"Or maybe you don't like that record. Turn it off, if you like."

I turned the thing off and went over to her. She was lying in bed, curled on her side, the bruised side of her face cupped in the washcloth in her hand on the pillow. With her right hand she had been dating photographs in the big black album on the bed beside her.

"Has the swelling gone down any?" I took the cloth from her face. "It doesn't do any good to hold this to your face if it gets warm. I'll go down and make you an ice pack."

"No, don't. It won't do any good. Look how dark it's turning. I think I'm getting a black eye too."

She turned toward the lamp and I bent to look. "You sure are. Does it hurt?"

"It throbs, but not as bad as before," she told me. "Just half a headache now." She moved back on the bed. "Want to see some pictures?" she asked.

The phone rang as I sat down on the edge of the bed, and I stood up again.

"Don't go. I'll make it short, whoever it is." Then, into the phone: "Yes? . . . Oh, hello, Minnie. . . . No, of course I'm all right. Why should anything be the matter? . . . No, Beth is here. . . . Yes, I'll be down to see you as soon as I can. . . . Yes, good night, Minnie." Rika smiled as she hung up. "What did I tell you? Short but sweet."

"Things certainly get around in a hurry, don't they?"

"What things?"

"Your fall this afternoon. Wasn't that what she called about?"

She shook her head. "She's always like that. If she doesn't see me every day or so, boom goes her imagination and she's got me sick or dying or something." She reached for the album and turned it sideways so that we both could see. "Here," she said, starting at the beginning, "here I am as a baby."

"Cute. Who's that holding you?"

"My mother."

"My, wasn't she beautiful!"

"And here I am at three. Notice the Shirley Temple curls. Shirley's older than I am, but my mother thought Shirley Temple was —— And here ——"

The first few pages of the album were filled with pictures of Rika as a baby and then of Rika as a little girl. Rika with her beautiful stately mother; Rika with the tired little man who had been her father; Rika with the stout,

Nothing hurts more than the friendly letter that one never got around to writing. BRENDAN FRANCIS

hearty-looking man who had been her stepfather. And always in the pictures the people next to the little girl, Rika, were smiling down at her as she smiled into the camera.

There were years of pictures missing of Rika around ten and in her early teens, then began inevitable boarding-school and college ones with a succession of "best" friends. "It was hard for me to keep a girl friend in those days," Rika said simply. "Boys are very important at that age, and you know how girls are."

I nodded, ignoring the small prick of annoyance that seemed to come lately when she made a remark like that. Rika *was* lovely, and probably there *were* some of her classmates who'd just as soon have her elsewhere when their favorite beaux came to call.

"Here's the first one I ever took of Stan." Rika pointed to a blurry snapshot of a man coming from a wide, flat-faced building. "I waited outside for him that noon and then I called to him and got him by surprise. How he used to laugh at me and my camera . . ." Her words trailed off, and as she continued to turn the pages, she grew more and more quiet.

Not that there was any need for her to talk, to explain. Every page was a record of her growing romance: the day she and Stan had gone walking and stopped to take turns with the camera, the picnics. And, farther on, the times they had taken Debbie to the zoo, to the beach, Debbie's face reflecting the glow in Rika's. Obviously they were close and loving companions then.

What happened to change all that? I wondered.

Rika seemed to sense what I was thinking and suddenly she pushed the big book toward me. "You finish it. I don't want to look any more."

"I will. Maybe tomorrow." I closed the album and stood up and put it on the table. "You better get some rest."

"Please don't go, Beth. I'm not tired, just kind of discouraged."

I hesitated. Now that I knew she was all right, I wanted to get back to my book. And because of her change of mood brought on by the photograph album, I knew that if I stayed I would be in for another evening of unhappy reminiscences. It was not that I did not sympathize. It was just that I knew there was nothing I could do or say that would help her.

Suddenly I thought of a little girl I used to play with long ago when none of the other children would. Such a lonely child, that one had been, wanting friendship so badly, yet refusing to share her toys, never knowing why the others had shut her out. And once when I had tried in my bumbling way to explain, she had thrown part of her building set at me and hit me on the cheek, and then she had cried.

I said, "I think I'll go down for something cool to drink. Can I bring you something?"

"All right. A little ginger ale, please, as long as you're going down."

I went to my room for an ice bag, then, holding on to the rail, went quietly down the dim stairs.

In the lower hall I saw a light coming from the kitchen. Stan was there in front of the windows at the kitchen table. There was the inevitable yellow pad in front of him, rye bread and cheese on a plate, and a can of beer.

He looked up when I came in. "Want some?" He nodded toward his sandwich. "Take half of that. It's my third."

"No, thanks. I just want something to drink." I went to the refrigerator. "Rika's face is terribly swollen. I'm afraid it's turning black and blue."

"That's too bad. She should have called a doctor." He went back to his writing and in silence I filled the ice bag, poured the ginger ale. *He should be the one doing this,* I thought. *If it were Debbie whose face was bruised* —— Then I thought, *In all fairness, who got so busybodyish about Rika? Who took it upon herself to poke her head into that lonely-seeming room with cheery word of what-to-do?*

I took the ice bag and the ginger ale up to Rika and after a little more depressing talk went back to my own room. Rika kept playing that record, "Diane," over and over again. Yawning, I puzzled over that. If I had been Rika, for Stan's sake and for my own, I would not have had that record in my collection.

I fell asleep wondering how she could like it so much.

Debbie had taken to calling me early again, but until Mrs. Appleblossom returned—to the shelf of my closet this time—I was not sure whether it was because she wanted me, or the supervision that was a must for her early swim.

Even then I could not be sure. Was she, as Rika once wondered, an unhappy, calculating child, wise beyond her years? Or was she just the normal, lovable youngster that she seemed to be?

She was devoted to the pups.

"Did you see the playpen daddy built for them, Beth? He used two-by-fours and chicken wire. Come and see it." She led me out to a spot under some locust trees next to the barn.

I looked down at the puppies, taking their afternoon naps. Round, they were; their coats gleaming. And as Debbie had often pointed out, their ears were fast becoming a respectable cocker length.

"Look how they eat." She pointed to an empty tin dish in one corner of the pen. "Milk and baby food and everything. They even like cod-liver oil," she added incredulously.

Mrs. Bales was just as enthusiastic about the pups, loved them almost as dearly, but she had her other moments too. Most of the time she was as easy to get along with as anyone I had ever known, but let Rika come into the room or let Rika's name come into the conversation, and immediately Isobel Bales was hostile.

One morning, coming out into the big hall with her dustcloth, she stood watching as Rika and I parted, as Rika went up the stairs. "Still the dearest of friends, I see."

"Her face looks terrible."

"For the first time in her life. Me, I think it will do her good." She eyed me sardonically. "You feel sorry for her, don't you?"

"Not exactly sorry. But she is young and probably a little spoiled, and she has no idea what ——"

"It looks to me as if you're going to be a big disappointment around here."

"What does that mean?"



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She shrugged, bent to her dusting. "If you haven't figured it out by this time, you're not the girl I thought you were."

"What are you trying to tell me? Why don't you just say it?"

"Because you wouldn't listen."

"I might, if I knew what you were getting at."

"No, you wouldn't. You believe what you want to. I don't hold that against you, but in a real crisis people like you aren't much help."

And that's all I could get out of her. Questions, and I tried all kinds—but that, or the equivalent, was all I ever got out of her after one of those remarks of hers.

The last week in July Stan left by plane to interview a young manufacturer in the Middle West. "I wish this thing had jelled a little sooner," he said, his blue eyes troubled, "or maybe later. I didn't want to leave right now."

"Why not? I thought you wanted this assignment."

"I did. I do." He sat on the edge of his desk, rubbing his thumb absently over the rubber-tipped end of a long yellow pencil. He looked at me. "Have you ever worried about—well, about anything, knowing you must be wrong, but afraid that maybe you're not?"

I shook my head. "I can't imagine you being afraid of anything."

"Well, I am, and I don't know what to do about it. Sometimes I think I'm the one who's going nuts."

"I wouldn't worry about that if I were you."

"You haven't the faintest idea what I'm talking about."

I hesitated. He looked tired. "You go on, catch your plane," I said. "There's no reason why you shouldn't."

It did not take long to finish up the work Stan had left for me and then, because Debbie had been invited to the Bensons' while her father was away, and because for some reason I was too restless to read, for the first time since I had come to the Kings' I found time heavy on my hands. Isobel Bales was not much company. She spent most of her late afternoons and evenings in front of the television set.

Rika, depressed and unhappy, was no bargain as a companion either. "I look awful," she said over and over again. "How long do you suppose it will take to go away?"

And, looking at the bruised cheek, the blackened eye, I could only shake my head. "I don't know. That swelling should have been gone long ago. And why is your eye still so black? I think you ought to see a doctor."

"It's too late for that now. I should have listened to you in the beginning. I hate looking like this."

"Why don't you try to hide it with make-up?"

I wondered what she found to do all day. I knew her schedule, of course: the leisurely scented baths, the manicures and shampoos, the carefully measured time under the sun lamp. But those activities did not seem enough to fill a day.

Late one afternoon as I passed her open door she called out to me. She sounded a little cheerier, but when I went in I saw immediately that she was still in her emotional low, and I felt again that faint curious nudge of disappointment. Rika gay was so different from a Rika not gay.

"Where are you off to?" I asked.

"A drive. A walk. I don't know."

She was wearing another of those crisp low-cut cottons that emphasized the line of smooth golden shoulders, that set off the smooth tanned legs to perfection.

"You look wonderful."

"Oh, yes. Just take a good close look at me." But she smiled a little.

"What's a black eye? Why don't you put on a pair of dark glasses and forget it?"

"Wouldn't dark glasses call attention to it? But it doesn't matter. I'm not going anywhere important, just down to see Minnie. She keeps calling and I thought I might as well set her mind at ease. She worries so."

"Minnie and her worries. I think I'd get pretty bored with that after a while."

She shrugged. "Minnie has considered herself my closest friend ever since we came here to live," she said, "but now you are here, and I suspect she thinks she isn't my closest friend any longer. Just between you and me, that's all there is to it, but there's no point in hurting her feelings."

"No, I suppose not." Minnie had not seemed that type at all. "Will you be able to drive all right?"

"Yes, thanks, Beth."

"Do you mind if I come along?" I asked impulsively. "I'd love a frosty chocolate malted right now."

Maybe she hesitated, and maybe it was my imagination. "I'd love it," she said. "And you drive. I know you've been dying to."

I checked to see that the puppies were where they ought to be before I backed the car out. "They're in the playpen. Let's go see them."

"Not now."

"They're awful cute, Rika. You should see how they've grown. And intelligent! I've never seen such ——"

But she shook her head, smiling. "You're incurable. Anything little and helpless."

I dropped it. There are people who like animals, and there are people who do not.

I had thought, as we drove, that she would continue to grow more cheerful. But the nearer we got to The Corners, the more quiet, the more dispirited she became. "Why can't I get enthusiastic about things the way you do? There must be something the matter with me."

"You don't even try."

"I do, too, try. I can't help how I feel. I know I have a lot of faults—I hear about them all the time—but I'm no hypocrite."

"Nobody said you were. You asked me a question and I answered it. Let's forget it."

The gray-haired sisters, all three of them, greeted her affectionately. And at first they laughed at the dark glasses.

"You're going Hollywood on us," Minnie Pruitt said, reaching out for them. "I've always said that's where you ought to be."

All three gasped as the glasses came away.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

Fair the Forecast...

. . . and equally as promising the outlook for Barbara J.'s spring wardrobe. Until now, Barbara has dipped only gently into spring buying with her one investment of bright silk separates. Now . . . her fashion plotting thickens, and she concentrates on her next investment of important spring basics. Determined not to be led astray by a hasty purchase of the first glamorous confection she sees, she shops the stores, carefully considers colors and fabrics and takes into consideration what she already has in her wardrobe.

With her planning *behind* her, she goes straight ahead to spring and invests several fashion $'s. The purchase comes in parts, each part a definite basic in her wardrobe. Together, they form a costume (practically a whole wardrobe!) complete.

By BET HART



The three parts of Barbara's new investment? A beige jersey jacket fully lined in taffeta to retain the pretty shape; a black rayon-shantung pleated skirt made from Vogue Pattern No. 9336; and a white cotton blouse, a crisp spring touch. Here Barbara's accent is red—her velveteen bag she bought last September and the brightest flower imaginable.*

**For back view, sizes and price, see page 135.*



The first springlike day, Barbara wears her new costume. If winter weather lingers, but Barbara feels like spring, the costume would look pretty under her red or her beige full-length coat from preceding seasons. Here Barbara carries her beige clutch bag, adds a yellow scarf—the color, a definite sign of spring.



Taking each part of her costume separately, Barbara has further ideas for all. Barbara combines her new separates with her pink-and-red print ones from last month. One of her very favorite combinations: her checked shirt and new black skirt. Over all and cinched in with her black belt, her cherry cardigan.



The shirt is tailored, but with a very delicate air. Barbara's new one is in white cotton, double-breasted and with tiny tucks down the front. Barbara likes the three-quarter sleeves and cuffs. This combination—one of the brightest of all—her new blouse and checked skirt from last month. Barbara wears her red belt, gold chain from December and feels it adds up to a very pretty party mood.

Barbara's fashion addition in $'s is as easy as one, two, three....

1.	Beige jersey jacket	$12.95
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You've never worn a stocking like Supp-Hose! It's the first fashion sheer nylon support stocking designed to relieve leg fatigue—and it contains *no rubber*. Every stitch is nylon—nylon with a special twist that gives it a truly elastic quality to lift and support tired leg muscles.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

Minnie cupped Rika's face in one hard square hand. "How did this happen?"

Rika, flustered at the older woman's intensity, pulled away, sending a quick glance to me. "It—it was an accident, Minnie. I ——"

"She fell on the stairs," I said.

"Fell? And she looks like this?" Minnie's hazel eyes were hard. She looked back at Rika. "What did you do, land on your face?"

"Well, no, not exactly. I was standing on the edge of ——"

I couldn't understand Minnie's anger. "She slipped on the edge of a step," I said, "and hit her face on the railing."

Minnie did not look at me. She was watching Rika. "Who else was on them stairs when you fell?"

Rika hesitated. "Stan," she said finally. Then, "Minnie, I told you, it was an accident. Come on, let's have a Coke." She scurried over to the square white box behind me. I heard her lifting the cover, reaching in.

Minnie did not move. "Was anybody else there when you had this fall?" Minnie wanted to know. "Besides you and him?"

"Yes. Beth was. She was right there at the foot of the stairs."

There was silence then, and I saw Minnie Pruitt looking past me at Rika, a long hard look. After a moment Rika said, "Beth wants a chocolate malted, Minnie."

The subject of Rika's fall was abruptly dropped. Minnie went behind the fountain to get my malted, and then we went back to the table under the white-globed light and sat down.

But it was not the way it had been that other time. The laughter now was forced, the talk punctuated with long silences. Each sister was busy with her own thoughts.

Their eyes on Rika's bruised face were full of concern, and as they realized her dejection their concern seemed to deepen.

"Alvin and his brother was in last night," Minnie said. "Alvin's brother has a new girl."

"Oh, dear," Rika said. "What happened to his old one?"

"I don't know. Last I heard she's planning to shoot herself."

"What a terrible way to do it." Rika smiled faintly. "Think how messy."

The three sisters, happy to hear her talking again, smiled back at her. "There must be a neater way," one of the older ones agreed.

"Electrocution," Rika said. "That's the best."

"Don't say it like that!" Minnie Pruitt looked at her. "We're supposed to be kidding."

"I'm not. I mean it. If I ever wanted to commit suicide, that's the way I'd do it. I'd drop a radio in the bathtub while I was in it, or an iron. Think how painless, how easy ——"

Minnie and her sisters were horrified. "You shouldn't even think such things ——"

Rika gave another faint smile. "Oh, I'm just talking. Ask Beth. We talk about things like that all the time."

I looked at her, my face full of nothing. When had we ever talked about that?

"Oh, Beth, you know!" She was suddenly impatient. "All that advice we're always getting from Stan about electricity. Don't you remember the time he compared the gas chamber to the electric chair?"

I shook my head.

"There, you see? You never listen." She looked around at the three women, then back at me again. "Stan distinctly told us one night—I think it was after a television story—that the gas chamber was the crueler of the two because it chokes people to death. Electrocution is just a matter of seconds."

"He never told me that," I said. "I didn't know that."

"But you were there," she said.

"No, I wasn't." I pushed my empty glass away from me. "You've got your stories mixed."

What I meant, of course, was that she had got her people mixed. But the sisters didn't like my saying that. I could tell by their silence, the way their mouths tightened.

Come to think of it, they had not liked much of anything about me ever since we had talked about Rika's fall on the stairs.

Rika reached out to me suddenly, touching my hand. "You're probably right, Beth. Maybe I do have it all mixed up." She glanced down at her tiny diamond-studded watch. "Goodness! It's dinnertime!"

The three sisters came to the door with us, urging Rika to come again soon, ignoring a group of young girls who waited, chattering, at the soda fountain.

I went out to the convertible while Rika paused with Minnie in the doorway.

"Was he drinking?" Minnie said, low.

"Yes."

Head down, my hand on the key, I paused.

"Was he drunk?"

"I don't know," Rika said. "He had a can of beer in his hand when it happened."

"As usual," Minnie said. "Why didn't you tell me all this on the phone?"

"Because I know you. I knew you'd worry."

"That's just like you. Always thinking about somebody else. Always trying to protect *him*." That last word was emphasized bitterly. "We've been so worried."

"You're a loyal friend, Minnie, and believe me I appreciate it. But I wish you wouldn't worry. I'm all right."

"I knew there was something wrong."

I couldn't hear the rest of it, whatever it was. She slipped into the seat next to me.

The number of people who will go hungry for the sake of their convictions is always relatively small.
HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

I pulled away from The Corners, frozen-faced. "You fell on the stairs," I said.

"I know it." She looked at me. "Who says I didn't?"

"You didn't say you didn't."

"Well, that's a nice nothing statement! What are you so mad about?"

"I'm not mad. I'm talking about Stan. He didn't hit you."

"Who said he did?"

"Nobody said he did. But you made it sound that way back at the store."

"I did not!" She was indignant. "Sometimes I wonder if you're maladjusted, Beth. You must be—always looking for things."

"I can't help what I see and hear. All I know is that nobody hit you, but right now Minnie and her sisters think somebody did."

She leaned forward on the seat, twisting to look at me. "Do you think he didn't want to? Do you think he wouldn't have if you hadn't been there?"

"I don't know. But the truth is, he didn't. You just finished planting a nasty little thought seed back there at Minnie's, Rika."

"Thought seed! What an imagination you have!"

"Maybe I don't have enough. If I hadn't heard what you said to Minnie, I never would have thought of the things you should have said a little earlier. And didn't."

"You're just like all the rest of them. You're in love with him, so you stick up for him."

"I'm not in love with him, and don't try to change the subject."

"There! You sound just like him! I don't have to talk over my private affairs with you!"

"He wasn't drinking that afternoon, and certainly he wasn't drunk. He had just opened a can of beer. He hadn't had any of it."

"How do you know? Were you with him every minute?"

"I wasn't with him every minute. But I know that was the first can of beer he had all day. Why did you let Minnie think it wasn't?"

I turned into the drive, stopping alongside the library windows, halfway between the stone walk that led to the front door and the well-worn path that led to the back.

"Why don't you put the car in?" Rika asked me sarcastically. "Afraid you'll hit one of those precious puppies?" She got out, slamming the door like a child in a tantrum. She went running toward the house.

At ten when I went up to bed, her radio was going. At eleven, when I turned out my light,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

Advertisement



A man never likes to admit to a woman that he's wrong...even a Commander* in the Antarctic

Love Letter from the South Pole

By JANET STEPHENS

"I'm going along on Operation Deep-Freeze—to the Antarctic."

When the Commander told his wife this news, Muriel received it with mixed reactions of shock and pride. She knew what his trip would mean to her: 18 months of cruel separation—evenings alone and long waits between letters.

She knew what the trip meant to him, too: a rare opportunity to join a group that was probing the mysteries of an almost unknown continent.

He would have to endure extreme hardships—sub-freezing temperatures; raw, biting winds; and the constant need to lead his men through icy, desolate wastes. All she could do was send him off with love—and whatever help she could give. She remembered this when he was packing, and when he said, "I haven't room for this," of something she had ready, she quickly replied, "You'll need it down there." He made an unkind remark about women always overpacking but grudgingly let her tuck in the two bottles. They were plastic because glass would freeze and break in the Antarctic.

Now the letter in her hand told her that she'd done more than help—she'd saved his men from intense suffering. The men who'd been on two preceding expeditions to the Antarctic, he wrote, had been severely injured by the cold. Their hands had become so chapped that the skin cracked wide open and bled. Faces were burned raw by cold, wind and glare—so badly that some of the men had to be hospitalized. The men had grown beards, hoping to protect their skin, but this had only made matters worse.

The Commander had encouraged the men to stay clean-shaven and protect their faces and hands by using the preparation Muriel had packed with his other gear. Now their skin was in better condition than on any previous deep-freeze operation. The supply Muriel had packed would not last long, since everyone was using it.

© 1958, Campana Co.

"I'm sorry, darling. You were right. Please send more," he wrote. "It's 50° below zero—and we need it! I know your Mother always used this, and so did you, but I had no idea it could do a job like this."

The preparation that saved the Commander's men was actually discovered in Canada, and has long been a standby of Canadians in caring for skin under the most trying conditions. But it took a team of prominent doctors and skin specialists at a Boston Medical Center to write the latest chapter in the history of this lotion.

The urge to *know*, which sends men like the Commander to an uncharted continent, eager to make the icy wasteland reveal its secrets, moved these doctors, too. Two years ago, they began a comprehensive clinical study of seven leading skin-care preparations. Hundreds of men and women, with severely sore and damaged hands, were involved.

The Commander might have sympathized with any of these people, for their hands, too, were constantly exposed to the hazards of their occupations. One woman, a dressmaker, found her skin developing cracks that could easily lead to infection from fabric dyes. Some of the women have jobs not often thought of as "woman's work"—one is a solderer, handling hot irons and acids for an electronic products company.

As for the men tested, most of them thought, at first, that a hand lotion was "something for the girls." But they changed their minds when the tests were completed. Here's what happened: the lotion that won the test "hands down" was the same one that worked a miracle for the Commander in the Antarctic. It worked better than any of the others—in fact, it was 91% effective in overcoming chapping or dryness from all causes. You may recognize the name of this preparation: Campana Italian Balm.

In the clinical tests, Italian Balm's remarkable superiority was not matched by the leading silicone lotion, nor the leading lanolin lotion. In fact, Italian Balm was proved three times more effective for relieving chapping, dryness and roughness than even pure lanolin. (Copy of this clinical study available on request.) And yet—as many of the budget-conscious women in the tests pointed out—Italian Balm costs just about one-half as much as those other highly advertised brands.

What does this news mean to you? Well, cold, dry weather has the same disfiguring effect on hands as hot water and harsh detergents. In either case, lack of moisture causes skin to become dry, rough, cracked and sore. Moisture makes the difference, and that's why doctors credit Italian Balm's unusual effectiveness to this exclusive formula: glycerin, a moistening agent, combined with TR-1, a "breathing-barrier" agent that holds moisture in the skin.

Someone on the medical staff computed the probable number of times that the hands of a housewife came into contact with hot water or strong detergents. The figure he came up with was 142 times daily. Imagine—142 separate instances of contact with skin-damaging substances!

Count up the number of times your own hands are exposed to the dangers of hot water and detergents...the figure may be higher than you think! Just as a temperature of 50° below zero was a sure hazard to the Commander's hands, today's harsh detergents are a sure hazard to yours. The Commander, whose hands take a daily beating far worse than yours, relies on Italian Balm, which doctors now know is superior to any of the leading lotions, including the so-called "wonder" lotions of today. When cold weather or detergents threaten the beauty of your hands, you can perform a "Miracle in Antarctica" yourself by smoothing on Italian Balm, the lotion proved under the most extreme conditions.

**U. S. Navy regulations prohibit use of actual names.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

she switched from radio to her record player, turning up the volume. By twelve I imagined I could see the wall vibrate between our rooms.

I wanted to charge into that room and shake Rika King until she rattled all over. She never would have dared this racket if Stan were home. At one o'clock I took my pillow and a cotton blanket and went downstairs to sleep on the couch in the library.

"Beth, wake up! Beth ——"

I opened heavy lids to the very beginning of dawn. Rika stood anxiously at the foot of the couch. "What are you doing down here?" she whispered. "Don't you feel well?"

"I feel fine," I said, "and you know darn well what I'm doing down here."

"Was it the radio? Beth, I'm sorry. I fell asleep with it on, and it must have gotten louder and louder. That's what woke me up a little while ago. The whole room was jumping. I feel terrible about it."

"I'll bet you do."

"Beth, please. You know what a deep sleeper I am. I'm apologizing to you."

"O.K."

"Stan will be home in an hour or so. He got a plane earlier than he planned."

I closed my eyes, turned halfway over. "Good."

Then she was shaking me. "Beth, please. He'll be furious. Please come up."

"O.K. All right." I dragged myself up, picked up my pillow, and went sleepily up the stairs.

It seemed like only a couple of minutes but it was three hours later when I wakened again to Rika's calls. She was standing at the foot of my bed, smiling, my breakfast on a tray in her hands.

"With Debbie away I thought this might be a good chance for you and me to have breakfast together. Sit up now."

Only half awake, I sat up. I looked at the cold juice, the cereal and the steaming coffee. Rika had never done anything like this before. "Why all the service?"

"Because I wanted to." She disappeared into the hall and came back with her own tray, settling herself at the foot of the bed. "I love doing things for people. The only trouble, around here, nobody seems to want me to."

I had not noticed her wearing herself out, but on the other hand after a series of rebuffs I suppose I would have stopped trying too.

"I have an apology to make to you, Beth."

"What for?"

"You said on the way home yesterday that I purposely tried to make Minnie and her sisters think Stan hit me. I didn't mean to give that impression, and frankly I don't think I did. But your thinking I did made me angry. And when I feel that way I get mean. I was over it in a flash; that's the way I always am. But that was why I was all ready to fight with you about whether Stan had been drinking or not. I mean, he does drink sometimes, but if you say he wasn't that day, then deep down I believe you. I hope you'll forgive me."

"I forgive you."

"You're being sarcastic. You're still angry, aren't you?"

"No. But I think you ought to be careful about what you say, and how you say it, down at The Corners."

"Don't you like Minnie?"

"That has nothing to do with it. This is a small town and probably everything you've ever said down there has been repeated and interpreted a hundred different ways."

She was quiet a moment. Then: "I think that's horrid!" She put her coffee cup down on the tray, went over to the door. "I'm going to call Minnie. I'll get this thing cleared up."

I crawled out to shower and dress.

Maybe Rika's trouble was not that she was lazy, as Isobel Bales maintained; or that she promised lies, as Debbie charged. Maybe her whole trouble was that she was still a child in many ways, lovable and loving most of the time, trusting and naïve part of the time, and—come right down to it—not too bright.

Piling the china on one tray, setting one tray inside the other, I went downstairs and out into the kitchen.

Mrs. Bales was reaching into the cupboard for the bowl where she kept her car keys. "I'm going over to get Debbie," she said. "She's missed the puppies and all she can talk about is getting home in time to feed them their breakfast." Turning, she saw the trays, and her colorless mouth thinned. "Now she's even got you fetching and carrying for her. What will it be next?"

"I carried them down," I said. "She brought my breakfast to me in bed."

That stopped her, but only for a second. "Well, if she did, believe me, she had a reason for it. I should think you'd know that by this time. How long is it going to take you to find out what everybody else knows around here?"

"I'm sorry you two don't get along," I said, "but why try to bring me into it? I have enough problems of my own."

"Who hasn't? Do you think I like living in somebody else's house? Well, I don't. I want to see my cousin in Ohio. I want us to take that trip we've been planning on before we're both too old to go anywhere."

I remembered Rika's resentment because Mrs. Bales had not done just that. I said, "Stan should be able to manage things here."

"I've stopped thinking about Stanley. But I can't go away and leave Debbie." She turned away, then back again. "Beth, she's trying to destroy that child!" She was not acting. Right or wrong, she believed what she said.

I said, "I don't think Rika knows what she's trying to do. She's just a kid herself. In more ways than one."

Mrs. Bales sighed and went over to the door. Pushing the painted green frame of the screen, she turned and looked at me. "What would you do if a child you loved reverted to infantile behavior all of a sudden? Especially when you knew that child to be quick and intelligent and sensitive? What would you do if you had cared for her ever since she was a baby, and you knew that she had been easily and completely trained ever since she was a little over a year old? Wouldn't that start you thinking? Wouldn't you be concerned?"

"Yes." I straightened, startled. "Yes, I would."

She left me then, and I went slowly, thoughtfully into the library. On my desk where Stan must have put them when he came in this morning was a pile of notes, and another chapter of the book. I knew he wanted the notes first, but I began instead on the latest chapter. By the time Rika came down it would be finished and she would not ask to see it. No reason why she shouldn't that I knew of, but I had noticed that she never reached for the typewritten sheets when Stan was there.

"I thought it would make the time pass faster," Rika said, "if I turned on the radio. But turned way down, you know? Just a little thing like that and he got mad. Told me to quit waiting around."

"What were you waiting for?" I asked her.

"I wanted to go for a drive. It's so hot and I thought it would be fun if just the two of us went off somewhere for a couple of hours."

"Tonight, you mean?"

"Yes, tonight. Why not?"

"He's trying to get some work done in a hurry."

"I know that. He told me. I was perfectly reasonable about it. I said all right, I'd wait. Then he said it would be too late to go anywhere, and I said I didn't care what time it was as long as we went."

It was eleven at night and I had been lying on my bed in a nightgown, reading to the whir of the fans, and the sounds of insects beating foolishly against the screens.

She stood for a moment at the foot of my bed, and then wandered restlessly to the open windows. "Wouldn't this be a wonderful night to go dancing, Beth? A cool place somewhere along the water, an orchestra playing ——"

"There's nothing as fancy as that around here."

"Don't I know it!" She leaned glumly against the tall window frame. "Oh, well ——" She sighed. "Maybe he thinks if I get bored enough I'll leave. Maybe that's his plan."

"Oh, Rika, for the love of Pete!"

"Well, he'd get a lot more work done if I weren't around. He told me that himself."

I said, "Why don't you sit down? Move the desk chair over to the windows if you like."

"I don't need a chair." She sank to the floor in front of the windows, her full skirt billowing out around her. "And I can take a hint. You won't hear another word of complaint out of me."

I reached over lazily and switched on the radio. Bing Crosby's voice came into the room with a melody I had all but forgotten.

"I can remember my mother listening to that one." Rika dropped her head back against the window frame, drawing her knees up. "My mother was pregnant, I remember; so big and balloony-looking. And every afternoon she would take off her high-heeled shoes—she used to call them spikes—and put them side by side under the sofa and then she'd lie down there in the living room, on her back, listening to the record player. That record was old even then, but she'd play it over and over ——" She moved her head, looking deeper into the night. "One thing about me I could never understand. Maybe it was because I was only in the fifth grade then, only ten or so. But whenever I looked at my mother lying there, and her stomach way up in the air like that, I used to feel a little sick." She hugged her knees tighter. "I suppose I should be ashamed to say that, shouldn't I?"

From the very beginning Rika had fascinated me. Later sometimes she had bored me (as no doubt I bored her) and once in a while she had made me briefly, hotly angry. Now I was curious. Her question, put almost casually, was not casual at all. For some reason—and I don't know why I was so sure of it—it was important to her.

"No, I don't think you should be ashamed," I said. "I imagine any girl, especially if she were very young, might feel that way."

She was quiet. Then she said, "I've been thinking about it a lot lately. I thought maybe I wasn't—well, you know . . . quite womanly."

Glancing over at her, seeing her so perfectly formed, so exquisitely beautiful, it was hard to suppress a smile. "You're womanly. Don't worry." Then I said, "You never mentioned a brother or sister."

"It was a little girl."

"How is it you never told me about her?"

"She died when she was six weeks old. I think that's why my mother is so queer. It was her fault." She hugged her knees a little closer. "I told you how our place in Maine was high up on a cliff with that porch all around it and the big gate in the railing at the top of the stone steps that went down to the rocks ——"

"I remember."

"My mother used to put the baby out on the porch in her carriage every day. One day she forgot to set the brake and the carriage rolled off the porch and down all those stone steps."

"Rika, how horrible!"

"Yes, it was." She was still staring out at the black sky. "The most awful thing I ever saw—that carriage turning over and over, and the baby tangled in the white net, and the mattress and blankets flying out all over ——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

NEXT MONTH

"WHY I EXPECT TO LIVE AFTER DEATH"

There are some, says Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, who believe there is evidence of man's immortality which stands the test of scientific inquiry. He gives the reasons for his own unshakable conviction of life beyond the grave.

IF YOU HAVE 5 FUR COATS, 11 EVENING GOWNS AND 225 PAIRS OF GLOVES . . .

You might be a candidate for the list of America's best-dressed women who spend $10,000 to $40,000 at least on clothes yearly, and with jewels have a $1,000,000 wardrobe. But money alone won't buy a place on the list. What else does it take? What happened when Mrs. Winston Guest and Ethel Merman appeared at a party in the same dress? Laura Date Riley sets down all the fascinating details in "America's Best-Dressed Women."

WHAT IS IT LIKE TO BE SIXTEEN— AND A DRUG ADDICT?

"I don't remember when or how I started sniffing horse," Manuel said. "I didn't know I was hooked until a girl I was going with told me to stop. I tried and couldn't." Manuel is handsome, intelligent and now he is frightened. What is behind—and what is ahead—for these boys and girls? The case-history story, largely in Manuel's own words, is told by Margaret Parton.

"LOVE IS A VERY REWARDING EXPERIENCE," HE SAID

Alix thought, this was a very strange evening—shimmering. He was a combat pilot on seven days' leave. She was a girl determined "not to hurt anyone—or be hurt again." "Search for Amelia," new novel by D. K. Findlay, is complete, condensed, in this issue.

ONLY BY MAKING A TRIP TO RUSSIA CAN YOU SEE THESE GREAT PAINTINGS

In Leningrad's Hermitage and Moscow's Pushkin Museum are some of the world's greatest art treasures: Rembrandts, Rubenses, Titians, an unsurpassed collection of the French Impressionists—Monet, Manet, Renoir, Gauguin, Matisse, Cézanne, Picasso, Van Gogh. Six pages in beautiful color, here shown for the first time.

CHICKEN AS TENDER AS A LOVE SONG

Have you ever tried it pot-roasted? The stuffing is made with mushrooms, spinach and French-bread crumbs. Result: a moist, brown miracle with its own gravy. The recipe and other interesting ways to cook chicken: "A Bird in a Pan."

A HOUSE THAT GROWS

The JOURNAL's newest Portfolio House—a comfortable six-room dwelling; add a two-room wing (with kitchen and bath) for in-laws, young marrieds or to rent. The "Extra Dividend House" in nine pages of photographs and text.

Stories by Margery Sharp and others, Making Marriage Work, Dr. Spock's page for mothers and many, many other features, all coming

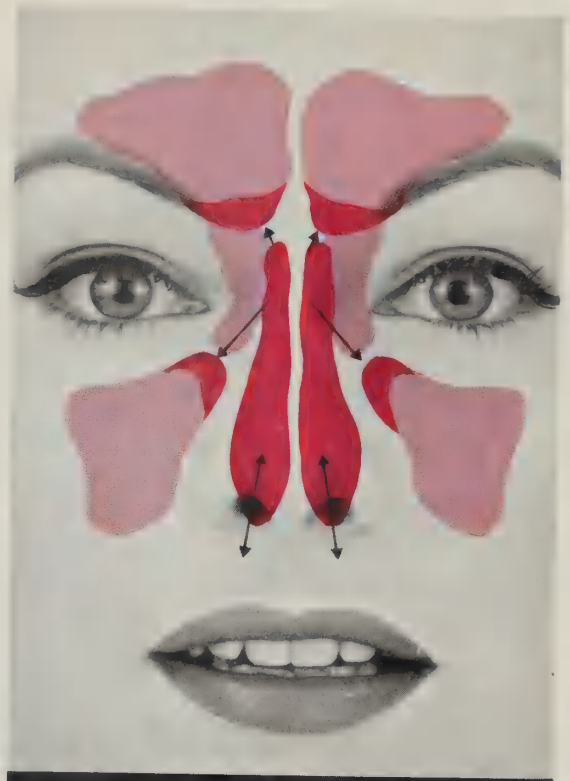
IN THE MARCH JOURNAL

How does your cold develop?



1 SORE THROAT

2. Coughing
3. Sniffles, Sneezing, Stuffy Nose
4. Tight Chest
5. Ache All Over



1 SNEEZING, SNIFFLES, STUFFY NOSE

2. Sore Throat
3. Coughing
4. Tight Chest
5. Ache All Over



1 ACHE ALL OVER

2. Sneezing, Sniffles, Stuffy Nose
3. Sore Throat
4. Coughing
5. Tight Chest

Coldene attacks all these symptoms in any stage of the common cold

Gives feelable relief in minutes . . .
Most powerful cold medicine you can buy without a prescription

The common cold is not a simple ailment. It is a disorder which attacks various parts of your system, bringing a variety of miseries to different parts of your body as it spreads. Some sufferers seem to feel one misery more quickly, others another.

Hence, Coldene is unlike any cold-and-cough medicine ever offered over druggists' counters. For it doesn't rely on the limited powers of one or two drugs, but unites the powers of several potent ingredients . . . all in proper balance.

When you take Coldene, here are the things that happen almost at once—within minutes. **First:** The instant Coldene touches your raw, inflamed throat, relief begins. **Second:** If you've been coughing, Coldene relieves that cough spasm. Right then and there! **Third:** Coldene goes to work to dry up and open your nose. You get feelable relief within minutes! **Fourth:** If your chest is tight and breathing is difficult—you breathe again! **Fifth:** If you ache and feel just plain miserable—Coldene relieves the pain, even reduces fever, gives the fullest possible help.

The reason? There's a powerful, specific, correct ingredient in Coldene for each of the miseries of the common cold. That's why Coldene can catch your cold at any of its 5 stages. Now available in its original Liquid form or in the new Coldene Tablets . . . Coldene, most powerful cold medicine you can buy without a prescription.

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NEW!



Quickly relieves chest colds without grease, strong odor or tears—COLDENE STICK CHEST RUB



For fast, localized treatment of head cold distress—COLDENE ANTIBIOTIC NASAL SPRAY

$1.00 EACH

If you're taking aspirin for colds, try COLDENE TABLETS for broader relief.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

"You saw it? You were there and you couldn't stop it?"

"I was sitting on the floor playing jacks. My back was toward the carriage. I heard a sound, but by the time I turned and saw what was happening, it was too late. I couldn't even scream."

"What a terrible thing," I said finally.

She sat very still. "I'll never forget it. Ever." Then, after a moment, "It was worse for me than it was for them." She didn't look at me. "To this day my mother insists the carriage brake was on, that the gate at the top of the stone steps was closed and locked."

"What's the matter?" Stan asked. "Don't you feel well?"

He had come in and caught me slumped over the typewriter, my head in my hands. I sat up. "I'm all right. Just a little tired, that's all."

"Why don't you go up and take a snooze? If you're tired, go up and rest."

"No, I'll ——" I turned back to my desk, then: "Thanks, I guess I will."

I went wearily up the stairs, hoping I could sleep, fairly sure I would not be able to. I closed my door and threw myself on my bed. I had not slept at all through the night. Every time I closed my eyes, there were those pictures. First Trix lying on the barn floor, that thin trickle of blood at her mouth. Then an unbraked baby carriage twisting and turning in the air, dashing to the rocky shore below. Then Trix again, bleeding at the mouth, and Debbie saying: "I told you something terrible would happen."

What a terrifying experience for the little ten-year-old Rika! An accident she could have prevented if she had been looking. Only she had not been looking. Who could ever forget a thing like that!

It was an accident. Just like what had happened to the dog Trix. Both had been terrible accidents. Wouldn't any mother have made doubly sure that the carriage was far away from the railing, far on the other side of the porch? Wouldn't any mother have checked the brake, checked the lock on the wood-slatted gate?

But Rika never would have told me about it if she had been in any way at fault. Or would she? Would she someday be telling someone like me about a little cocker spaniel found dying in a barn?

Was the brake on? Was the gate closed and locked?

I stirred on the bed, weeping—for whom? for what? I sat up, not quite awake, clothing damp and wrinkled from the heat.

"Beth ——" Isobel Bales knocked. "We've all had dinner. Don't you want something to eat? It's after seven. Beth?"

"Yes. Yes, thanks. I'll be right down."

I dragged myself off the bed, took a quick wash and changed, knowing that Mrs. Bales would not leave the kitchen until I got down there.

"I'm sorry I'm late," I said as I came into the dining room. "I fell asleep."

"Do you feel all right?"

"I feel fine." I pulled out my chair and sat down in front of the single place mat. "You go in and watch your programs now. I'll clean up when I'm through."

I finished my dinner, took my plates out to the kitchen, washed them and put them away. Then I told Isobel I was going for a walk.

Minnie Pruitt's sisters were sitting in front of the store, fanning themselves. They watched my approach coolly, unblinkingly.

"Nice evening," I commented.

They nodded almost imperceptible little nods and looked away.

So? I went into the store. There were only three girls there, trying to decide on a flavor as they rummaged through the cooler. Minnie, behind her cash register, did not look up.

I waited a minute and then said, "Minnie, will you save the Times and the Albany morning paper for me, please?"

She finally looked at me. "For tomorrow, you mean?"

"For tomorrow and every day until I tell you otherwise."

She blinked. She put aside her magazine. "Well, all I can say is good for you!"

"Really? Why?"

"I knew you'd be looking for something else. No matter what happened, I knew you wasn't like the rest of them."

"The rest of who?"

"All them others that worked for Mr. King. You know—so crazy about him, Lord knows why." She shook her head. "What's he got? What do you kids see in him?"

"I'm no kid," I said. "What did Stanley King ever do to you?"

"Nothing. I don't even know him. I just don't like the way he treats his wife."

"Why? What has he done?"

"You don't have to put no act on for me! She said you was like that—loyal. Rika likes you, thinks you're a real nice girl. That's why she was worried. She could tell you was getting to like him, always wanting to work alone with him ——"

"But that isn't ——"

"She just don't want you to get hurt. Believe me, she's a real friend of yours."

I waited a minute. "That's very nice of her," I said finally, "but I do not *like* Mr. King, as you so delicately put it. He does not *like* me, and I am not looking around for something else. The newspapers I ordered are merely for"—here, unfortunately, I stumbled an instant—"for research."

"Sure," Minnie said comfortingly. "I know what you mean. You want to hold on to the job you got until you find something else. How's Rika?"

"All right."

"How's her face? Cleared up any?"

"A little."

"But not much, hey?"

"She had quite a fall," I said, watching her.

"A what? Who are you trying to kid?"

"Rika didn't telephone you, did she? I mean after we were here the other night. She didn't call you to explain exactly how she happened to fall on the stairs."

"Happened to fall!" Minnie's eyes were hard. "Listen, nobody has to explain nothing to me! Do you believe that—that she happened to fall on the stairs."

"I know she did. I saw her."

"So that's how far it's gone! Rika was right! You're as bad as the rest of them!"

The boys came in then. "Hey, Min, a banana split with lots of whipped cream!" . . . "Same here, but really whip it, Min."

Shaking, I turned to go. "I'll be back, Minnie. I want to talk to you."

The draining of the pool had been put off as long as possible, but it was empty now and could not be filled again. "The well for the house has never gone dry," Stan said, coming into the kitchen one morning. "We'll have to go a lot easier on the water."

"Do you think I shouldn't use the washer?" Mrs. Bales asked.

"Not any more than you absolutely have to. And if the pump ever keeps right on going, won't shut off, let me know right away."

"It's too bad you're all such shower addicts," Rika said later. "A shallow tub doesn't take half the water a shower does."

So excusing herself, she continued with her two baths a day. But very, very shallow, she assured me. The rest of us set up a schedule, spacing our sparse showers.

Minnie Pruitt, without consulting me, had made arrangements for a local boy to deliver both morning papers at our door. Sometimes Debbie would bring them up to me; often Rika did.

She was being unusually thoughtful, going out of her way to do little favors for me.

There had been a time when I would have gone to Rika directly, asking questions, demanding explanations. Now I said nothing, waiting for a chance to talk to Minnie alone again. So far I had not had the chance.

Once as I started down the drive, Debbie came running after me. "Are you going to The Corners, Beth? Can I come?"

"'May I,' you're supposed to say."

"May I? I'm all out of licorice."

Another time, and the sun was blazing hot on the road that noon, Rika pulled alongside me in her gleaming convertible. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming out, Beth? You know I'd be glad to take you anywhere."

"I'm just on my way to The Corners. I felt like walking."

"It's too hot for walking. Come on, hop in. I have to go down anyway."

When we got there, the open hostility Minnie and her sisters displayed toward me very obviously distressed her. She did her best with pretended gaiety to make us all seem friends, but the three only looked on her with pity.

I watched the ads in the papers, finding nothing of interest. Going down the columns, one after another, I wondered what I ought to do. Maybe the reason those want-ad columns did not interest me was that I wasn't so sure I wanted to leave. Most of the time I wanted to, and then there were times when I did not. What was the matter with me?

One afternoon the daily papers under my arm, I wandered around the grounds trying to cool off. I settled in the shade at the foot of one of the trees, and opened the paper, turning unenthusiastically to the want ads.

"I take it you're planning to leave us," Stan said.

I had not heard him come and I looked up quickly. Then I saw his face. No longer homely to me now; that thin dark face and the blue eyes, though still quiet and watchful, would never seem withdrawn and impassive to me again.

I folded my papers and got to my feet. "I'm looking around," I admitted. "I don't think I should stay here."

"Has something happened?"

"Yes—no, not exactly." I hesitated. "Someone is doing something terrible to you, though."

"Me?" He was not surprised, only relieved. "What is it you've heard, Beth?"

"It's not what I just heard. For months—before I came, even—the town has been buzzing about the way you mistreat your wife. Now they think you're responsible for ——"

"—— for that bruise on her face," he finished for me.

"You knew all the time!"

"No, not for sure. You can't move into a town and be made to feel welcome, then have it all turn sour, without wondering."

I watched him. I said, "You had a cocktail party here once, and you wouldn't let Rika come downstairs and join you. Why?"

"Who told you that?"

"My sister. Before I knew you."

He thought a minute. "I remember that. It was an impromptu thing. Rika didn't like it because I asked them. Big row."

"And that was all?"

"That was all. She wouldn't come down. I didn't know what to tell my guests, so I didn't tell them anything."

I said, "It's an awful thing, to wonder—to be fairly sure, but not absolutely sure. Good or bad, I'd rather know."

He nodded. "I've been through all that."

"But who else would want to hurt you?"

He didn't answer.

"Why should *she* want to?" I asked, saying something I had been pondering over for days. "You're her husband. She loves you."

He leaned against the tree. "She doesn't love anybody. That's what makes it so bad. She doesn't even like herself."

"Oh, yes, she ——" I caught my tongue. I thought she liked herself very much. "I wish I could help you, but I can't."

"If you could stay just a little longer," he said. "I don't blame you for wanting to leave, but I have another trip to make. I can't ask the Bensons to take Debbie every time I go somewhere. Isobel is here, of course, but she goes to bed early; she's a heavy sleeper ——"

My heart turned over. "You're afraid she'll hurt Debbie!"

"I don't know." For the first time the blue eyes hid nothing from me. "She killed the dog. I'm sure of it."

"I didn't believe it at first. Now I do."

"Why? Why do you believe it now?"

"Her baby sister. Ever since she told me about her baby sister ——"

"What baby sister?"

I reached out impulsively, looking up at him, my hand tight on his wrist. "Didn't she ever tell you ——"

There was movement out under the trees. I jerked away from Stan in confusion, the feel of his wrist still at my finger tips.

"Now, what are you two up to!" Rika's voice was gay, but there was something off key about it. "Why, Beth!" Rika, coming closer in immaculate lettuce-green Bermudas, smiled teasingly. "I was right all along. You *are* in love with my husband!"

"We were just ——"

"Oh, yes! I saw what you were just ——" She laughed. Coming close to Stan, she looked up at him. "Are you being naughty again?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

Stan looked down at her, his dark face tight. Then he turned away.

"You see, Beth?" Still smiling, Rika moved toward me. "I always thought you had a lot to learn about men. You might as well let this be your first lesson. Oh, no! Not your first lesson. You've already had your first lesson, haven't you? Well, then, let this be your second."

With a sharp abrupt movement I went swiftly back to the house.

Maybe Rika was right about more things than I had thought. I didn't hate her, as she said I would. And I wasn't in love with her husband.

But I was beginning to know I could be.

It was nine-thirty at night. I had worked for a while after dinner, then come up for the time allotted me that evening for my shower. Outside there were streaks of heat lightning, the rumble of thunder in the distance. Inside there was the sound of a tub running in the bathroom next to mine.

Disappointed and hot and cross, I threw myself on the bed and switched on the radio. But the air was full of static and I turned it off again.

I could hear the thumping of the pump two floors below, and then the sound of water flowing in the next room stopped. But now the record player came on, loud. "Diane" again.

She was doing it deliberately, of course. Once I would have fooled myself into believing it was just carelessness. Now I knew better.

How long has she hated me? I wondered. *Just these last few days, or right from the beginning?*

Lying on the bed, hot and tired and unbathed, I listened resentfully to Rika's record player. *She's nothing but a child,* I thought; *a child—spoiled, selfish, possessive—in a woman's body. A beautiful woman's body she has never grown up into.*

I kept seeing the misery in Stan's blue eyes when he had asked me not to leave. I thought of the Diane in Debbie's picture, the calm, smiling dark eyes, the smooth dark hair. Every time Rika played that record I thought of her. Did Stan too?

A moment later the record player was silenced. *Maybe it's broken,* I thought hopefully.

I went into the bathroom and stepped out of damp clothing into my cotton housecoat, then came back to the bedroom to stand in front of the windows.

Then came the sound of a puppy yipping outside my door.

I went into the hall. Debbie in her nightgown was on her way to the stairs, the black puppy held out in stiff arms in front of her.

"What's your problem?" I asked her.

"Oh, Beth." She grinned sheepishly. "I think I better put him back."

"We always have to learn the hard way, don't we?" I reached for the puppy. "I'll take him. You clean up."

But Debbie held onto the wriggling animal. "Why can't I take him, and you clean up?"

"No, ma'am!" I shook my head. "That's good planning on your part, but I'm not buying."

I took the dog and went down the stairs, past the closed library door where Stan was working, and out into the kitchen.

In the dim light of one dusty overhead bulb I went through the shadows to the back of the barn, to the pen Stan had had to build higher every week so that it now was almost waist high. I leaned over the side and tumbled the puppy in with the rest of his family.

"What do you think you're doing!"

"Stan!"

He was coming toward me, his face cavernous and grim in the shadows.

"What's the matter?" Suddenly I was afraid. "*Stan!*"

He halted then, looking at me, blinking. "It's you." We stared at each other for an instant. I saw the grimness go from him. "Beth, I'm sorry. Did I startle you?"

"Startle me?" I laughed shakily. "You almost scared me to death!"

"You should have put some lights on. I didn't know it was you. All I could see was someone bending over the pen."

"Well, I could see you—and, please"—I took a deep breath—"don't you ever look at me like that again!"

"I won't."

The runt yipped and Stan came to look down into the pen. All the others were sleeping, but the little black was wide awake and frisky, wanting to play.

"Cute little guy, isn't he?"

"Awful cute. But we'd better go," I said, "or he'll have them all awake."

There was a series of clicks. All the lights in the barn blazed on.

"Well, aren't we cozy!" Rika, in her nightgown, her hair curling damply around her beautiful face, stood smiling in the doorway. "So we're meeting in the barn now! How terribly, terribly romantic!"

Stan leaned back against the side of the pen. "Go on back to bed."

"Darling, whatever made you think I wouldn't know if you came out here? And at this hour, too, in the dark. Don't you think I know you well enough by this time?"

"That's enough!" Stan, pale with rage, started toward her. "You get up to your room, and you start packing."

"Start packing, darling? Why?"

"Either you leave or I do. You be out of here by noon tomorrow, or I will."

Rika's smile vanished. "What do you mean, *I* will?" she mimicked. "Don't you mean you and your precious daughter, and precious Aunt Isobel, and your precious Beth?"

Stan's eyes narrowed. "Rika, this is it. I'm through trying to figure you out, trying to give you a break. From now on I don't give a damn about the mother and father who didn't understand you. I'm sick of your excuses, and furthermore I'm sick of my excuses for your excuses. I've had it. Either you get out, or I will." He turned away. Then, remembering me, he said curtly, "You'd better come along, Beth."

Rika gave a short laugh. "Yes, dear Beth, do come along! You're happy now, aren't you? You've been after him for so long!"

I came from the back of the barn, my heart pounding, my legs not quite steady under me. *Just don't look at her. You'll be all right if you don't look at her.*

"—— all those silly elaborate schemes of yours ——" Rika followed me. She looked after her husband, going out through the wide doorway. "You never heard about that, did you, darling?" she shouted after him. "Like that time when you were away and she came down to the library in the middle of the night to sleep on the couch, knowing all the time you'd be back, hoping you'd find her there when the rest of us were asleep upstairs ——"

I am persuaded that every time a man smiles, but much more when he laughs, it adds something to this fragment of life. STERNE

Stan kept on going, but just outside the wide doors I stopped and looked back at her, at the beautiful face that was now flushed with hate and jealousy. Hate and jealousy of a thing that did not exist.

"I don't know what's the matter with you," I said unsteadily. "You'll laugh, but you break my heart. I could have been one of the best friends you ever had."

"You?" And she did laugh. "You just wait. By the time I get through with you, you won't be able to hold your head up in your own home town! Everybody will know ——"

I followed Stan to the kitchen door, clasping my hands tight so the trembling would not show. "None of that was true."

"I know. Try and forget it." He opened the door and stood waiting.

I paused, not looking back. "Are you going to leave her out there all alone?"

"No."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"No, you go upstairs. I can handle her better myself." He sounded very tired. "And go to sleep. I won't leave her out there alone."

For the first time in many nights I had fallen into a deep sleep. No dreams. Sheer exhaustion, probably; mental—and emotional, too, I suppose.

Thunder crashed overhead. *Windows,* I thought sleepily. I reached for my housecoat and, half awake, groped for my slippers. There were windows all over the house that ought to be closed.

There was another flash of lightning. And outside my door: "—— back to bed now . . . nothing for you to worry about ——"

"No! Go away! Go away ——"

"—— all be over in the morning. It always is. Debbie, please ——"

The child is afraid of the storm, I thought. I went to the door and opened it.

Debbie, small and frightened, crouched at the top of the stairs. She was staring down into the darkness below. Behind her loomed the top-heavy outline of Mrs. Bales in curlers and wrapper.

"What is it?" I said.

Isobel Bales was wringing her hands. "She won't come with me. She should be in bed. Just a child, hearing this ——"

And then I heard it, too, the pounding, the cries: "Let me in, Stan! You let me in! I've been listening on the extension ——"

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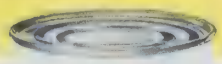
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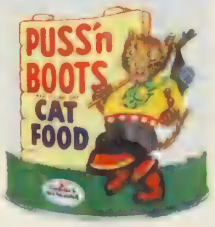
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Isobel Bales moaned.

"—— and if you think all you have to do is call Lew Bannister in the middle of the night and tell him to arrange a separation and a settlement, you're mistaken! It's not going to be that easy—you hear! You hear me ——"

Lightning lit the house blindingly, once, twice. Thunder crashed. Rika's cries grew to a shriek. "I'll fight you ——" We could hear the foul words, the obscenities.

Mrs. Bales, shaking in distress and anger, put her hands on Debbie's shoulders. "Come on, Debbie, come to my room. Please, Debbie, you must come ——"

There was the sound of Stan's voice then, drowned out an instant later by another crash of thunder. Over the hysterical shrieks from downstairs came the most dreadful sound of all. The sound of a child's teeth chattering in terror.

Suddenly, with a strength and speed I never knew I possessed, I swooped down on Debbie, carried her struggling to my room. And while the storm broke wildly outside the windows, I sat holding her in my arms, crooning to her, rocking her in the light of the lamp.

In a little while, after she had wept wildly, after she wept tiredly, she slept.

Toward dawn the storm moved on with its violence, leaving us with a gray steady rain and a drop in temperature.

"One small consolation," I said to Debbie. "If this keeps up you'll be able to use the pool again."

We were lying in the bed, waiting to find out what time it was. The power had gone off sometime during the night and my electric clock was innocently proclaiming the hour of four.

"Let's go down and get some breakfast," I said, sitting up.

Debbie turned her head to look at me. "Aren't you afraid to go down?"

"No. Why should I be? Come on. Get up and we'll go down and have some bacon and eggs."

The kitchen was dark and gloomy and when we switched on the overhead light Mrs. Bales was not there. Seeing the puppy's harness hanging over the back of the chair where I had left it, I knew she had not been there.

"Could you eat two eggs?" I asked as I put the bacon on. "Two, Deb?"

"The puppies haven't been fed."

"Yes, they have. Look." I pointed to the empty baby-cereal box standing on the drainboard. "But go out and say good morning if you want to."

She gave me a quick grin and started to run, ducking her head against the rain.

"And don't stay too long," I called. "This isn't going to take more than ten minutes."

I turned the bacon lower and started the coffee. Then, switching on the little kitchen radio to check the time, I reset the clock on the range.

The door swung open from the hall and Stan came into the kitchen. He glanced at the bacon frying in the pan. "I smelled food and realized I was hungry."

"Well, good. I'll put some more bacon on. How many strips?"

"Four, but don't set a place for me. I'll eat in the library." He turned back into the hall and I stood looking at the swinging door, knowing why he wanted it that way.

If I were a man desperate enough to ask my wife to leave and she refused, what would I do? Pack my bags and leave her? And if she followed, creating scenes, as Rika undoubtedly would, what would I do then?

Stan's name would always make news, but something like this —— I thought of the publicity, the excitement. How Rika would love it!

Out in the yard Debbie was shouting and a second later she burst into the kitchen, breathless, turning to pull two excited little cockers behind her. "Look what I've got, Beth!"

"I see what you've got. And now that you've got them, what are you going to do with them?"

"Play with them here in the kitchen." She bent to untangle their leashes. "They're lonely out there."

"I'm sorry to hear that." I knew who the lonely one was. I said, "You better have your breakfast first. Your father is going to have his in the library. I'll put yours on the tray with his."

She looked at me uncertainly.

"That's all right." I reached for the puppies' leashes. "They won't be in my way. I'll tie them to the radiator while you're gone."

I handed her the tray and held the swinging door for her.

I waited until I heard her greeting her father, then prepared another tray and started up the stairs. It wasn't that I thought Mrs. Bales would enjoy breakfast in bed; I was sure she would not. But, remembering the wringing hands and the distracted air of only a few hours ago, it would give me an excuse to look in on her.

"I was just coming down," she said when she opened the door.

"I know." I moved past her into the plain, neat room. "I thought it might be fun to have breakfast up here for a change."

"But I have to go down."

"No, you don't." I set the tray on a square table in front of the windows. "Debbie's having breakfast in the library with her father, the puppies have been fed, Rika is still sleeping, and I brought enough for both of us." I drew up a chair for her, and the dressing-table bench for me. "Please come, Mrs. Bales."

She came reluctantly to the table, and reluctantly she tried to eat. "Did Debbie sleep last night?"

"After a while. I kept her with me."

"Yes, I know." She sighed. "She'll never leave, you know."

"Rika?"

"Rika. He can hire all the lawyers in the country, but she'll never let him go. She hasn't any friends; she never wanted any. And she hasn't seen her family in years."

I looked up. "Did she tell you that?"

"No, but I know it. We didn't even know she had a family until after she and Stanley were married. She told him her parents were

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dead, but when Mr. Bannister began to check ——" She put down her cup. "One Saturday night when Stanley and Rika were gone for a weekend, Mrs. Bannister came to see me. Finally she came right out and told me about the foul stories going the rounds about Stanley. She said she was sure Rika was responsible because Rika had hinted some terrible things to her. She said, 'I've known Stanley King for over ten years, and my husband has known him longer. Nobody can convince us he's a Jekyll and Hyde. There's something wrong with that girl. We're both convinced she's dangerous!' "

I put my cup down carefully. Ordinarily Mrs. Lew Bannister was a great one for minding her own business. "Is that when Lew started checking on Rika?"

"I suppose so. She said Rika's mother and stepfather were in Europe and nobody seems to know what became of her father."

"Does Stan know? That Lew checked on her, I mean."

"He didn't at the time, but I suppose he does now. The more upset he gets, the less he's inclined to talk."

A door opened out in the hall, and closed again. We could hear Rika singing as she went down the stairs.

I looked at Mrs. Bales. "You don't want your coffee?"

"No, I don't think so." How tired she looked.

"You better go back to bed." I stood up and started to load the tray. "I'll take care of whatever there is to do in the kitchen."

She moved heavily toward her bed. "What will he ever do?"

"I don't know. But it's his problem and I imagine he'll take care of it, one way or another." I went over to her, putting my hands on her shoulders, gently forcing her back to the pillows. "There's one thing we've been forgetting, Mrs. Bales. There are Lew Bannisters working on newspapers too." I picked up the tray and went out into the hall.

"Hi, Beth." Debbie came tiptoeing up the stairs, a squirming puppy under each arm, the leashes trailing. "I was trying to teach them to go up the stairs, but they wouldn't."

"They're too little," I told her. "That big flight of stairs probably looked like a mountain to them."

She put the puppies down on the floor, and one of them began to sniff at something small at my feet.

"Take it away from him, Debbie, whatever it is. He might choke. Here, put it on the tray."

Debbie knelt, reaching into the small dog's mouth, scolding, then put the small object—it looked like a tubular piece of rubber—on the tray. "I'm going to teach them tricks. I'll keep these two up here for a while, then I'll take them back and get two more."

"All right," I said, "but be sure you keep them in your own room. And don't forget, my little pie, you're solely responsible for everything."

She grinned. "Oh, Beth, I know that! I'll be careful."

How could anyone not love Debbie!

In the kitchen Rika was brushing something from her hands into the sink. Ignoring me, she strolled to the refrigerator, opened the door and stood peering into it. After a moment she made herself an eggnog. As she turned to leave our glances caught and held and slid apart. The gray of her eyes was as leaden as the morning's sky.

But wide those eyes were, smiling in triumph.

Stan had said by noon today. I looked at the clock on the range. Eleven-thirty.

But Rika was not packing. Rika was not getting ready to leave.

I stacked the dishes in the rack and went back to the tray. In the corner of it was the small dark thing Debbie had taken away from one of the puppies. I picked it up and looked at it. About three inches long, maybe about a quarter of an inch in diameter, it looked like a miniature hose, slit on one side, black, and probably rubber.

I looked at it, frowning, pulling it open in my hands, letting it fall into its tubular shape again. It was part of something I knew very well, part of something very familiar, yet ——

Yes, of course. I slipped the tube of rubber into my pocket. It was just a piece of casing, insulation, the kind that covers a heavy-duty lead or extension. But where had that piece of casing come from?

Outside the rain drummed gray and cold and steady against the windows. I paused to watch it, frowning a little, trying to think where in the house I had seen such a heavy lead.

Rika's room, I thought. *That monstrous sun lamp of hers.* I took out the piece of casing and looked at it again. Yes, it looked as if it could have come from there. Had it been a repair job of some kind? There was nothing wrong with her sun lamp that I knew of, but if there was, Rika should never attempt such a thing herself. She didn't know any more about electricity than I did.

And where were the bits of wire that should have come away with this piece of casing?

FULFILLMENT

By FLORENCE B. JACOBS

She always wanted a house to
cherish,
silver to polish,
delicate Spode;
so she dowered her child with a
chest of Irish
linens, of damask
in sandalwood.

(The daughter's dream was of
swift, clean wings
riding the great skies, free from
***things*.) . . .**

He gave his son release from the
shadow
of sterile meadow
close-ribbed with slate
which had wasted his own years,
charged his widow
to sell the pastures
and move down state.

(His whole life long, the boy's
deep roots
starved for an old land's stony
fruits.)

I stood there uncertainly. Probably those clipped three inches of copper wiring were lying harmlessly somewhere. But what if they were not?

She wouldn't do it, I thought uneasily. *She wouldn't take the chance.*

But I started for the front of the house, at first slowly, doubtfully, then moving a little faster. *I know what you're up to*, I thought, my hand tightening around the piece of casing in my pocket, *and nobody should fool around with this stuff. Not even you!*

Outside her door I stopped in relief. I could hear the sound of a tub running, the sound of her radio. Surely if she planned anything foolish she would not be taking her usual leisurely scented bath, would not be listening to her favorite disk jockey.

I went to my room, only half hearing Debbie across the hall, shouting, commanding her pups. I sat down on the edge of my bed and took the tubular piece from my pocket and looked at it again.

The water had stopped running. In the tub, whether the door to the bathroom was open or not, she would be unable to see me if I did not move too far into her room.

Wouldn't it be better to go and look instead of sitting here wondering about it? Imagining all kinds of things?

I got up and went to Rika's door. I could hear her radio, the splash of water. I knew the bathroom door must be partly open, and I stood there hesitating. Then slowly I turned the knob, slowly I pushed the door partly open.

I saw first the radiator, and one end of Rika's dressing table with her green leather diary open on it, then the tall windows and the sun lamp in front of them. I tried to see whether or not the sun lamp was connected, but the ottoman blocked my view.

It must be connected, I thought, seeing the lead looping high from the top of the lamp as if the rest of it must be pulled taut, lifted off the floor. What I could see of the lead was intact. None of the insulation, or casing, was missing, and there was none of the black tape that would have marked a repair. But what about the part I could not see?

I slid through the door. Laid out on the wide bed was a nightgown I had never seen before—white and chiffony-looking, shot through with threads of gold—and a peignoir to match.

The phone rang.

There was a sudden surging of water and I went swiftly back to the hall, reaching hurriedly for the door. I had it almost closed when I heard Rika running lightly across the carpeting.

"But you said you'd call me right back . . . I waited and waited . . . I thought you were turning against me too."

I stood holding the door, as near closed as I dared.

"—— I'm going to do it, Minnie! I am, I am. . . . What else is there for me now? They all hate me—they want to get rid of me. . . . No, *he* did! . . . She met him out there again last night ——"

I pushed the door open hard. "Hang up, Rika."

Her eyes grew round, blank, but only for an instant. "Did you hear that, Minnie?" She sounded frightened. "Minnie, did you hear her?" With one hand, she held on to the darkly wet towel dripping from her bath. "Beth's been listening outside my door ——" Suddenly her voice rose. "Don't you come near me!"

I had not moved.

"Minnie, please come. Please! Just as soon as you can ——"

I could hear terrified squawks from the phone. I hated Rika King. I started toward her, stumbled, then caught myself. The blond puppy, waddling across in front of me, trailing her leash, kept going.

Suddenly Rika slammed the phone down. I followed her unblinking gaze to the puppy waddling toward the radiator, toward the wall plug where the sun lamp was connected.

And there it was: three inches of shining copper wire pulled taut from the floor in the heavy lead of the sun lamp.

"You must be crazy." Calm now, I watched her. "Bare wires. You could start a real big bonfire that way."

Her eyes glinted. "I intend to do more than that."

"Poor stupid Minnie. That's why you made sure she'd be down here this morning, isn't it? The perfect witness. You can count on her to call the doctor and the sheriff—to tell them how cruelly you've been treated, how despondent you've been ——"

"Why, Beth!" She smiled in mock reproach. "Are you suggesting I—ah—kill myself? Is that what you want?" She kicked savagely at the puppy lapping her damp ankle. "But of course that's what you want."

"I'm not suggesting you kill yourself. I'm suggesting that you're going to pretend to try."

Her small smile widened derisively. "Don't you know ——"

I darted for the wall plug, bending toward it, reaching. Rika caught me off balance. Her blow was savage. I sprawled backward on the floor.

"This is my house! Don't you forget it!" She reached down for the heavy lead, lifting it so that I could see the three inches of bare copper wiring. She looked down at me with hard eyes. "You get out of here. Out of this room and out of this house! Right now!"

I sat up, hearing Debbie out in the hall: "Little Darling, where are you? Come this minute ——"

"And don't try to take my husband with you!" Rika turned contemptuously. "Try that and ——"

"Little Darling!" That was Debbie.

"—— and I'll make you the sorriest ——"

"Watch the pup!"

But Rika did not hear. Half turned, she fell hard against the radiator, the towel wet from the tub sliding from her body, three inches of copper wiring clenched in a hand that was no longer golden-tanned.

I scrambled to my feet, hearing with part of my mind Debbie still calling her dog. I tugged at the plug. It seemed to take a long time. I yanked it out.

I saw Rika huddled over Little Darling on the floor.

I went to the door, out into the hall. I said, "Call your father. Right now."

Downstairs Minnie Pruitt was angrily demanding to see Rika.

I took the blanket folded at the foot of the bed, and went back to Rika. I pushed the ottoman out of the way, and dragged Rika from the limp body of the dog. Weeping silently, I began artificial respiration.

I'll save you, I wept. *I hate you, and I'm sorry for you, but I'll save you.*

But I did not save her. I guess everybody who reads the headlines knows that now. The fire department came with their Pulmotors and their oxygen tanks and for four hours they tried.

There was an inquest, of course, and of course there was the suicide note that had not been meant to be a suicide note at all. It was worded as I had known it would be, the final entry in Rika's diary: *He told me to get out. He thinks he is in love with her now. This is not the first time he has done this to me, and I cannot go through it again. Now he will be free.*

There were other pages in the diary, too, written as only Rika could have written them, twisted and distorted and ugly.

There was Stan, stern, withdrawn, tired-looking: "Yes, I wanted a separation. No, I was not in love with my secretary."

There was me: "No, I didn't know my employer before I came to work for him. Yes, I wanted to be her friend. No, I never threatened her."

There was Isobel Bales, deep circles under her eyes, but back in stride again: "She rarely told the truth. I'm sorry she's dead, but she was cruel to the child and I'm convinced she deliberately killed the child's pet. No, I didn't like her."

And there was Minnie Pruitt who loved the Rika she thought she knew: "What else could she do? They all hated her; they was all jealous of her. They wanted to get rid of her, and she didn't have no place to go. She told me all about it, the poor little thing. She didn't have nobody but me ——"

Afterward, after it was all over, and we were back in the big house and the door to Rika's room was closed and locked, Stan said it would be better for me if I went away. I didn't want to go, but I went—to a small town upstate, returning now and then for a brief, almost furtive visit.

Now I am here for the last time. Soon the vans will come; soon we shall be leaving. Just a little while ago Debbie came to my room. She had the small portrait of her mother I had commissioned an artist to paint for her.

"Will you put this in your suitcase, Beth? My trunks are all locked."

"O.K." I waved a hand toward the open bag on my bed. "Slip it under something and be sure it's lying flat ——"

I watched as she went toward the bed. How tall she has grown this past year; how beautiful she is.

I saw her pause, her hands lingering over a lacy slip, a pink silk scarf. I turned back to my desk, smiling. She was reaching that age now; now it was beginning. How many times had I watched my nieces doing that very thing!

"Beth?" She was standing beside me at the desk. "I'm glad you're coming back to live with us again."

"Thank you, Debbie. So am I."

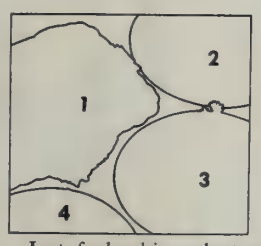
"You're not ever going away from us again, are you?"

I had heard him coming up the stairs. I knew he was standing there in the doorway. I touched the smooth brown hair that always smelled of the sun. I looked up at the tall blue-eyed man in the doorway.

"No," I said. "I am never going away from you again." END



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Their house in North Brunswick, N. J., "was a lovely buy — only $18,000 for 8 rooms on nearly an acre." But they can't afford to fix it up.

MORE DREAMS THAN MONEY

The Haraydas want to *be* more, *do* more than $4500 a year permits.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

"Welcome to Manderley!" Marel Harayda (pronounced Ha-ray-da) stands in the heavy oak doorway of 1185 Williamson Road, North Brunswick, New Jersey. The half-timbered Tudor house is built high and handsome in the style of thirty years ago. Marel's smile is big and warm, her dark eyes brilliantly alive.

She leads the way through a huge beam-ceilinged living room, spottily furnished in rose and blue, with a worn rug which is too small, to the dining room. Here homemade bookcases bulge with books on art, music and science; in the corner stands an impressive new set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. The white-lace-covered dining table is heaped with sewing.

"I've got scale drawings of exactly how I'm going to furnish these two front rooms," says Marel, gesturing over a coffee table laden with papers and unemptied ash trays. "It's a period house, but my love is modern. Sectional pieces and marble-topped tables. Smoky green and violet and avocado. Everything new, of course. A grand piano instead of that old upright. Wall-to-wall carpeting for both rooms." She produces a small square box from an overflowing closet and carefully extracts a solitary Wedgwood cup from a nest of tissue paper. "This green is the key color. My whole dinner service will be Wedgwood someday.

"We own this little château together with the Howard Savings Institute," explains Mrs. Harayda, removing several dirty coffee cups from the top of the piano. "We bought it because we were both working and thought we could afford it and because it was a terrific buy—$18,000, eight rooms and almost an acre of grounds in a beautiful residential area. Now my husband feels we need a new roof, a little wiring, lots of paint, new plastering, some plumbing, new roof gutters and a new furnace, so he wants to sell it. But we'll get it fixed up somehow. In the meantime, I love it even if it is falling down."

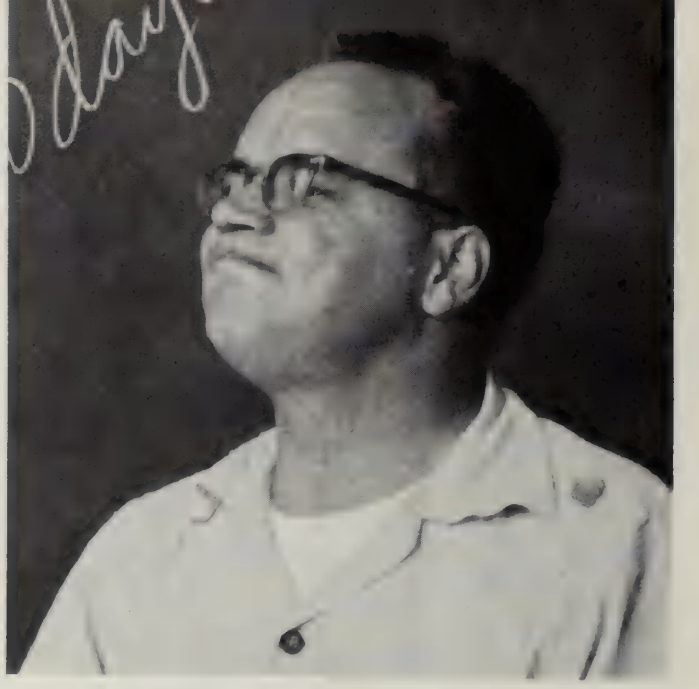
BY BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUTH ORKIN

The "erratic Harayda clan" . . . as Marel sees them



"Mamma Marel," says she, "has only practical talents and no artistic talents."
She gave up her decorating shop to be with her children, now does part-time decorating from home.



"Papa John," teacher.
"His talents include everything that has no practical value. He is the original man who has only thumbs."



Marel made curtains for all eight rooms—"for the outside effect." Janice got an all-pink bedroom.

Marel enters the kitchen at the rear of the house, a small cluttered room with dingy rough plaster walls and chipped woodwork. Moving with a vital grace, she finds two cups and saucers in the cupboard ("Nothing matches," she explains ruefully) and wipes off traces of breakfast cereal from the oilcloth on the table. "This is the house of accelerated living," she smiles, measuring instant coffee into the cups. "If it isn't fast, we don't do it."

A sleepy-eyed child with long, tangled blond hair comes into the kitchen in her nightgown. "This is Janice; she's eight," explains her mother. "She's my big helper. She reminds me of all the family birthdays and sets the alarm clock so we all get up in the morning. . . . My, look at your hair!"

"You haven't washed it in a month," says Janice accusingly.

"Is it really eleven o'clock?" exclaims Marel, glancing at the clock. "Run and get dressed, Janice, and I'll fix your breakfast."

As Mrs. Harayda, an attractive brunette of thirty-one, starts mixing eggs and melting butter, she continues, "The boys spend most of the summer at the seashore with their grandmother, Johnnie's mother. She just adores them and waits on them hand and foot. It takes me two weeks to get them pouring their own milk again. Billy—my problem child—is seven and Jackie's four. Sometimes I worry about them. Their grandmother's shack is in the pine woods with no telephone, and she's subject to fainting spells. She's somewhere between seventy and eighty.

"Johnnie's mother is Hungarian and so clean you could eat off her floors," Marel goes on. "When she comes here, she marches through the house pointing and saying, 'There's no excuse for that!' My hit-or-miss housekeeping floors her, but luckily Johnnie never cares how much of a mess the place is in. At least, *inside*. He spent $250 this year for grass seed and topsoil and driveway gravel so the yard would look nice for the neighbors.

"I could go to a formal in dungarees," she adds, "but my husband worries a lot about appearances."

Her little girl comes back into the kitchen in a rumpled pair

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Jackie loves the vacuum cleaner. That's one reason why Marel wants wall-to-wall carpeting. Other reason: bad floors. "I can't possibly bring customers into my house the way it looks."

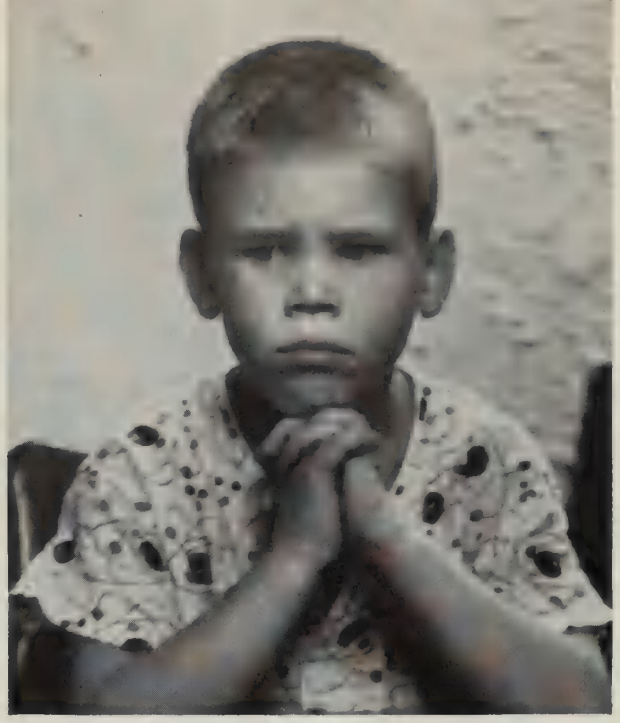


HOW AMERICA LIVES

"I send Johnnie out for moth balls and he comes home with a badminton set!" Marel complains. "There's no romance in buying moth balls," says Johnnie—and brings up the $90 she spent on a crèche one Christmas.



Janice—"not outstanding, but normal as blueberry pie. She is all woman—lies about her age, though she lies upward!"



Billy—"a problem to me. At times I think of taking him to a psychiatrist, but other times he is so lovable I feel I am the one who belongs on the couch."



Jackie—"every mother's dream child. He has not had a cranky day since the day he was born!"



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

of shorts and a shrunken shirt showing three inches of bare middle. "But you never *wash* anything, mother!" Janice complains as her mother sends her out again.

"Look at the ironing basket," directs Marel. "I just never catch up. I've got four customers waiting for orders now and that means leaving the breakfast dishes in the sink and going right upstairs and sewing until dinnertime.

"Johnnie's a schoolteacher," she explains. "His take-home pay is only about $400 a month ten months of the year, and in the summer his pay stops. Our mortgage payments are $116 a month; usually in the summer we miss a payment and that means $232 out of his first pay check in September. I used to run a decorating shop for six years; I quit last January and have been taking orders at home for draperies and bedspreads. To get people to come way out here to Colonial Gardens, I do the sewing for nothing, and make my profit in the difference between the wholesale and the retail price of materials. So far, I've been making about $150 a month, but it's hard work and everything else gets neglected.

"This summer Johnnie looked for work for weeks. He could be a camp counselor, but then we'd never see him all summer. He tried a lot of factories, but they're unionized and won't take temporary help. The stores let their help go in the summertime; it's their slow season. Johnnie had to lie to get a job, finally. He's a trainee for a salesman's job with a roofing-and-siding company. He didn't tell them he was a schoolteacher and would quit in September. Anyway, it pays $75 a week."

Janice comes back in a new clean outfit and her mother places before her a delicious-looking omelet with currant jelly and crisp buttered toast. "Johnnie's high-strung and moody," she goes on. "He's very talented and creative and can't stand the monotony of a desk job. He speaks four languages fluently, German, Hungarian and French as well as English, and he's had a song played over the radio and sold several oil paintings, although he's completely self-taught. One night we wrote a musical comedy together until three A.M. I put down the tunes Johnnie composed and we dreamed up a plot and lyrics, but we couldn't get together on what Broadway theater to use," Marel finishes with a laugh.

A medium-sized man with a magnificent chest and shoulders and a gentle, self-deprecating smile comes in the back door and Marel introduces her husband. As he lights a cigarette, his big hands are shaking.

"I quit my job today," he says.

"And tomorrow's payday!" wails Marel. "Couldn't you be practical and wait one more day?"

Johnnie shakes his head, his gray eyes somber. "I lied to get the job—I didn't like that. And then all those poor little people, high-pressured into buying a $2000 roof they could never afford!" He sighs deeply. "It gave me a weak feeling across my stomach. I flipped. I couldn't do it another day.

"I know a high-school principal who tried to get a summer job as a bartender," continues Mr. Harayda. "Another friend of mine who teaches is selling tickets at a race track. I hauled lumber one summer, and put on weight just from the splinters. Anyway," he adds more cheerfully, "I got another job tomorrow."

"Selling new Buicks?" asks Marel hopefully.

Again Johnnie shakes his head. "Selling men's pants in a clothing store. Over the telephone."

For the past five years, Johnnie has taught at the Middlesex County vocational and technical high schools. "Our students don't go to a regular high school, because they want to learn a trade," explains Johnnie. "We get our share of the big, tough, dull ones or the guys with problems. There are no girls in school and discipline is our biggest headache. I don't stand for any horseplay," states Johnnie, expanding his great chest, "and at first the boys hate my guts. But after a few months they like and respect me. I can reach them."

Johnnie teaches the history of the labor movement, New Jersey history, freshman English, and runs the library. Last year he threw in some Shakespeare, the theories of Einstein, Galileo, Copernicus, and whatever else the boys showed any interest in. "One year they got all excited about the newspaper accounts of Arthur Godfrey's run-in with the CAA, so we ended up studying civil aeronautics," Johnnie says, and adds with a trace of pride, "I even persuaded fifteen boys to take up oil painting. It made a big splash in the papers."

"Johnnie loves anything that's a challenge," says Marel. "But he needs a job with more pay."

"I used to have a lot of self-confidence," muses Johnnie.

"You got idolized too much in high school. Big football hero. Too much of that is bad for a boy, I think," says Marel.

"A girl in high school wrote to the local paper that she had accidentally *touched* me in the hallway," recalls Johnnie, grinning. "Hip-hip-Harayda, they called me. All-state halfback."

Johnnie's parents were both Hungarian immigrants, his father a factory worker, and they lived in Hillside, New Jersey, near Newark and Elizabeth. "My father ruled the family in a heavy-handed, old-country way," says Johnnie of his awesome parent who rose at 6 A.M. and retired shortly after supper, after which no noise was allowed. "I don't think he exchanged a hundred words with me in his lifetime." When his older sister reached thirteen, his father ordered her to quit school and go to work. When she objected, Johnnie recalls his father's opening a second-story window and lifting her off her feet to throw her out.

"My father ruled the roost, but mother was just as strong-willed as he was and found plenty of ways to get around him. Once he took his razor strop to me and mamma got so mad she cut it to pieces with his own razor the next day. When he broke all my toys one time, she went right out and bought all new ones.

"We never had any money, but somehow I always had the biggest apple for the teacher, shined with the best butter. I got two-inch steaks for dinner, and beautiful, expensive clothes. Mamma could never understand why the kids in the flat upstairs who wore rags and ate once every two days were always in perfect health while I had colds constantly."

When Johnnie became a legendary athlete in high school, his mother saved the price of a ticket by watching through the fence. A Hillside town official promised to buy Johnnie a car if he helped win a particular game and Johnnie asked instead for a job for his widowed mother. So a spot was found for her in the local jail, cleaning up and escorting disorderly females to various houses of correction, a job she pursued enthusiastically for many years. When Johnnie won a full scholarship to Muhlenberg College, in Pennsylvania, she sent him so many cashmere sweaters that Hip-hip-Harayda was soon known off the gridiron as the Duke.

After three years in Muhlenberg, where he majored in psychology, Johnnie joined the Army and was sent to Harvard for a year's course in German and German culture. Afterward he served as interpreter at various prisoner-of-war camps throughout the Midwest. Marel was attending Western Illinois State Teachers' on a scholarship, with only the haziest idea of why she was there, when she met Johnnie at an Army dance.

Marel (a contraction of Mary and Elsie) had been raised in Peoria, Illinois, one of four children of the manager of the Brink's armored-car service in that city. Marel remembers an ugly, racket-ridden town, reeking of breweries, and parents who put a high premium on conformity and gentility. "Mother still boasts that we were the best-behaved children on the block," says Marel rather bitterly. "But at home we never could please her. She criticized everything we did. My father ignored us. I always felt like the black sheep of the family—maybe because I was so sloppy. In raising my own children, I've tried to do just the opposite of what my parents did. I try to reach inside them, to give them love and understanding and a sense of self-confidence.

"I had such a narrow upbringing I thought all Americans lived in five-room bungalows and ate pork chops and mashed potatoes. I want my kids to know how lots of different kinds of people live, both rich and poor. I want them to develop all their potentialities. I was so unaware that I thought the only possible careers open to women were teaching and office work. I had no self-confidence, a roomful of people terrified me."

But to Johnnie, Marel appeared a quiet, stable girl with a whistle-provoking figure. "Simplicity," he wrote soon after their first meeting, "that captivating grace in women, as rare as it is attractive."

Within two months, Marel knew that this was the man she wanted to marry. She was intrigued with Johnnie's mind and many talents, his apparent strength and independence. She sorely missed Johnnie when he went back to New Jersey to study at Rutgers University. So she followed him there. When she was twenty-two, and working as a waitress, she eloped in a bright red suit. The minister, on discovering that the groom was a G.I. student, refused a fee. Instead he pressed into Johnnie's hand a five-dollar bill. Johnnie slipped it into the poor box on the way out of church and then spent his last two dollars on a bottle of wine.

In fear and trembling the newlyweds told Mamma Harayda what they had done two weeks later. "We knew no girl was good enough for her Johnnie." The doughty police matron, a warm and volatile little woman, wept on the bride's shoulder. "You got a good boy. You take good care of him," she ordered.

Marel found a secretarial job at Rutgers and Johnnie got his B.A. degree and then a master's in education. He did his practice teaching in a high school with crackajack students. "Every night he came home in a glow," Marel recalls. "But after he got his master's, the best teaching offer he had was $2600. We had a baby on the way then. We couldn't live on that. So Johnnie, who is good at selling, drifted into the used-car business."

This was right after the war when "anything on wheels" would sell. "I'd buy a used car for $100 and sit playing cards on my car lot until somebody came along and paid me $150," Johnnie sums up the used-car trade.

But Marel didn't approve of the people in the business. "They got Johnnie into gambling and drinking hard liquor and going to the race track and they were always underfoot in the house. What's more, they were profane in front of the children; and if there's anything I can't stand," exclaims Marel, "it's profanity."

She added that money slips through Johnnie's fingers and that with his pockets full of cash sales he began putting $40 and $50 bets on the horses. One night he came home with cruise tickets to Bermuda. Marel returned them the next day and with $1500 she managed to scrape together bought a small sewing-supply business directly across the street from their house. Her divorced mother, who was then living with them, alternately baby-sat with their two children and helped out at the store.

Marel knew nothing about keeping records or inventories, or buying in the wholesale market, or where or how to advertise. The first day she took in twenty cents. When neighborhood people began to drift in, she waited on them dumbly. Johnnie, pressing his face against the glass, made gestures with his hands of a duck quacking. "Talk, talk, talk!" he mouthed. Marel, giggling, began to talk. And the customers who came in for needles and thread left with materials for dresses and curtains.

Then Marel came out of her shell in a big way. She sponsored an art exhibit and a baby contest, appeared on radio broadcasts, joined the League of Women Voters, and headed a Metuchen Chamber of Commerce committee.

"About this time I forced Johnnie to get out of the used-car business," Marel says. "He still had some education coming to him under the G.I. bill, so he went to a TV-directing school in New York for six months. Then I heard of a teaching job that was open, and remembering how much he loved his practice teaching, I made an appointment for him. I wish now that I had encouraged him to find a job in TV—he really loves creative things like that. You see, Johnnie won't make any decision unless I push him into it."

With Johnnie's teaching job and Marel's shop, the Haraydas were clearing over $10,000 a year, but they had no idea of where the money went. Marel assumed the family food and clothing and entertaining bills. She shopped for food each night on the way home. "I'd get a steak, chops, strawberries, anything that appealed to me. I paid as much as $50 for Janice's coat-and-legging sets. Then I was so tired and cranky at night I craved diversion. We were always going out to the movies or Hungarian night spots or to the races."

Janice was one year old and Billy an infant when Marel bought Milady Fabrics in Metuchen in 1950. After she discovered a third child was on the way two years later, she kept working until the last possible moment. She awoke one night at 3 A.M. and realized that she had better get to the hospital. She dressed in her best bright blue wool suit and high heels and stockings and added a rhinestone pin to her lapel. It seemed a shame to bother Johnnie ("I have my babies with three pains," explains Marel) and so, instead of waking him, she phoned the doctor and persuaded him to pick her up on his way to the hospital. When he arrived, she was incapable of travel.

"While the doctor phoned for an ambulance and then paced up and down wringing his hands and Johnnie boiled water in the kitchen, I had the baby all by myself on the sofa," recalls Marel.

With three children to support, Marel decided to expand into the decorating business and to sell custom-made draperies, bedspreads and slip covers. So she rented a $300-a-month Metuchen shop, added a pretty striped awning over the doorway, and Milady Fabrics began grossing $50,000 a year. Now her once-a-month buying trips to New York became twice-a-week. Three nights a week she returned to the store after dinner to labor over her books; Saturdays she worked all day. Still she managed to see the children at odd moments, since the store was only a mile from home.

Then she decided the Haraydas needed more living space, as none of the rooms in the $10,500 house they owned was much more than nine by nine feet. Johnnie had in mind (and still does) a new brick ranch home, but Marel dismissed this idea as too costly. North Brunswick appealed to her because it was near Johnnie's school (in New Brunswick), and because, with all the industry, property taxes are low. Colonial Gardens sits in a deeply wooded section of that town near busy Route 1 with good public schools nearby. Manderley, as Johnnie and Marel call their dream house, was sitting in a tangle of high weeds when they first saw it, but bright Virginia creeper covered the chimney and dozens of locust trees threw their light feathery shade across the white stucco and timbered gables. It was not until after their first year in Manderley that Johnnie, trying to fit screens, found that his eight-room mansion was not quite plumb; furthermore, that the heating bill ran to $350.

Now Marel's problems really began. The new home was ten miles from the Metuchen store, and shortly after they moved in her mother left to live permanently at the Jersey

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

NEXT MONTH

■ Why does a young girl start taking narcotics? Or a boy turn junkie at 16?—the common age for becoming a drug user today. Stories of youngsters trapped by the dope habit help to explain the actions of

OUR TEEN-AGE DRUG ADDICTS

By MARGARET PARTON and MARY ANNE MACKAYE

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the March JOURNAL

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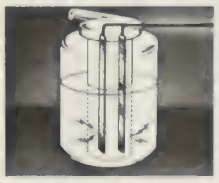
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

shore. The children were then aged three, five and six. Marel advertised for a housekeeper at $1 an hour, no washing or cooking. The first married helper gave the children some affection, but left when she got pregnant. The next had four children of her own and an alcoholic husband. There was a girl from Nova Scotia who lasted two days and a moron who lasted even less, and a woman who brought a child of two who kept falling down the steep stairs. "I told each one to concentrate on the children and let the house go," says Marel, "but they let the house go and the children too."

Responsible little Janice seemed to adjust to the situation, and Marel frequently took Jackie with her to work ("A doll—he's never had a cranky day since he was born," Marel crows about her youngest), but Billy in kindergarten soon developed violent moods and tantrums. When she tried to leave the house in the morning, he would cling to her skirts, screaming, "She doesn't like me! She doesn't like me!" upsetting his mother for hours. At four o'clock the housekeeper left and Johnnie, arriving home from school, took over the three children until Marel appeared at seven o'clock to fix supper. One afternoon Billy came home to a completely empty house. Sometime later his father found him crying, threatening to kill himself.

"Billy's teachers claim he has unlimited possibilities and ranks at the head of his class, but I am completely unable to cope with him or to understand why he adores Shakespeare's plays so much," relates Marel. "He watched Hamlet on TV three times, and The Taming of the Shrew and Richard the Third. He can take a lamp apart and put it back together and repair electric cords even though he's only seven. But when he comes home from school I can hear him blocks away, screaming and sobbing and shouting. I have to put him in a hot tub for an hour to calm him down. Sometimes I think of taking him to a psychiatrist, but other times he's so sweet and lovable I think I'm the one who belongs on the couch."

One of Marel's difficulties is showing affection. "I have the most romantic husband," she says, "even after ten years of marriage! When Johnnie tells me he loves me madly, I wish I could tell him sweet things—I really do—but I can't. The words just stick in my throat. And Billy, when I try to tuck him in at night and kiss him, giggles and hides his head under the pillow. Yet he complains to his father I don't kiss him enough. I never seem to know what Billy is thinking or brooding about until suddenly he explodes. I know he needs something from me *but I don't know what it is or how to give it to him.*"

Under the double strain of worrying about her children and a business which took fourteen and fifteen hours a day, Marel's nerves began to give. Johnnie tried to help with advertising ideas, selling, and even going out to visit homes on drapery orders, but "Marel seemed to feel she had to carry the whole load," he claims. "It got so that at the slightest criticism she would burst into tears. You couldn't tell her the potatoes were underdone without her taking it as a personal affront. One night she was screaming and crying and carrying on until I picked her up by the armpits and literally dragged her to the doctor's. She was in the hospital two weeks."

"Other people live on a teacher's salary. Why can't you?" scolded Mamma Harayda. "You're the talk of Metuchen," said Marel's mother, "the way you neglect your children."

It was about this time that Marel sat down and wrote the following letter to the JOURNAL:

Running a full-time business and a family is the most satisfying and most frustrating experience any human could ever endure.

The satisfaction comes from watching the business grow and expand, from competing with men, living in a man's world, and knowing that you are succeeding.

The frustrations far outweigh the satisfactions. . . . Today one of my operators let me down on a set of drapes which must be finished for tomorrow. Into the workroom and work 11—12—1 A.M. Every stitch wondering how I ever got into such a situation. Midnight. Argue with my husband over the attention he doesn't get. And what do you say to a man who *likes* to teach? "Look, fellow, get another job so we can live like humans!"

Other frustrations: What do you do when you get an early morning call from the housekeeper saying she can't come in today, followed by a call from the girl who opens the store saying she can't come in? What do you do when the doctor says you must spend two weeks in the hospital?

This list could go on and on, but the most frustrating of all is the neglect of yourself. The book you'd like to write, the New York show you'd like to see, the friendships you haven't time for, the constant pressure that never comes off your back.

I'm only thirty and I keep saying to myself, "Is it possible I will ever see forty?" At this pace it doesn't seem likely.

Finally, Marel decided to give up Milady Fabrics, but she wanted to wait for the right time and the right buyer. "But Johnnie twisted my arm and made me sell right then, in December. It was a sacrifice price and I just about broke even. I was so furious at Johnnie and worried about our finances that I went to bed for six weeks with a splitting sinus headache."

When Marel recovered, she faced the situation with typical energy and resourcefulness. She was stunned when Johnnie informed her they would have to eat on $15 a week. She was used to spending $40. But by bargain-hunting in three chain stores and bulk buying ("A half a spring lamb costs us less than $8 and does for twelve meals, for instance") Marel is now managing to feed five people on about $20 a week. "And we almost never have a meatless meal, either."

Anger is a stone cast into a wasp's nest.
MALABAR PROVERB

She now sews most of Janice's clothes, the boys' shirts and shorts and slacks, and her husband's sports shirts. She made all the curtains for eight rooms and gave Janice an enchanting room with matching pale pink bedspread, vanity skirt and curtains. She and Johnnie patched, replastered and painted all the upstairs, as well as laying new tile floors, at an estimated saving of almost $700.

But since she has been home Marel has made little headway with what she considers the family's three prime problems: Billy, making more money, and getting Johnnie into The Job Perfect for Him.

Dr. Burr Coe, director of Middlesex County's three vocational high schools, says that Johnnie is a hard-working, conscientious and capable teacher. "We particularly appreciate his interest in art and the art classes he has conducted purely on his own time," says Doctor Coe. Johnnie can expect an annual raise of $500 until he is making $7000 as long as his work remains satisfactory. He is making $5000 in 1957–58, but Marel states, "If Johnnie stays in teaching, then I will have to supplement his earnings."

She would like to give up sewing ("too time-consuming") and is considering holding a nursery school in her home, since the downstairs TV room has its own outside entrance and toilet room.

"You could never stand all those screaming kids," comments Johnnie.

"Nonsense," replies Marel crisply. "I love children. When I yell at my own, it's not because they get on my nerves but because they need correction."

Marel feels that "things are too soft" for children today. The Haraydas both believe in spankings, clean plates, prompt obedience, required chores. "No dishwashing, though," rules Marel. "Most mothers palm off on their kids the job they hate doing themselves."

In the evening, the Haraydas often play word games with their children. Johnnie rigged up a couple of isolation booths for a quiz game which led to Billy's interest in Shakespeare and Janice's in the American Presidents. A great many discarded library books from the high school where Johnnie teaches find their way to the Harayda bookshelves. Marel has never allowed comic books.

She is especially proud of the fact that "we can take our children anywhere and they are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



Fragile... handle with Johnson's

Skin so delicate, you stroke it in wonder...
You know that only the finest skin care will do...
Only the purest powder...
Only the gentlest oil...
Only Johnson's.



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always well behaved." Billy's first-grade teacher says that in school he is exceptionally quiet and obedient. She was surprised to learn that he comes home from school near hysteria.

"He is a bright child, about sixth in his class," the teacher says. "If you are having difficulty with him at home, Mrs. Harayda, my suggestion is that perhaps you are treating him too much like an adult. A first-grader should not be breaking his brains over seventh-grade books or listening to Shakespeare. Just let him be the sweet, bright, lovable boy he is."

Marel replies rapidly, "I think Billy's trouble is that he's just too bright and eager for his age. Once he really learns to read all the big words in his science books he'll be much happier, I'm sure."

She occasionally feels that she should put all three children into parochial school (they are Catholic, along with their father) where "the work habits are stricter."

"Billy needs less, not more, pressure," believes his teacher.

When she is not stewing about Billy ("My other two are as normal as blueberry pie," says Marel), Mrs. Harayda is thinking of ideas to supplement the family income. Recently she organized a group of seven young couples into the Advance Club. She explained to them the first evening that perhaps they could buy their food co-operatively, or invest jointly in the stock market, or promote one another's inventions. "We all want to be able to live better, to send our children through college, and maybe take that dream trip abroad," Marel exhorted the group, tossing back her thick, uncombed black hair. "We want to advance ourselves, financially and culturally."

Johnnie hovered in the dining-room shadows, saying little. At midnight the meeting broke up with everyone promising to appear the next week with ten bright ideas. Afterward, looking stimulated and pretty, Marel sat up with Johnnie amid the debris of glasses and cigarette butts having a final cup of coffee.

"How many pairs of pants did you sell today?" she asked her weary-looking husband who finished his summer vacation working until nine o'clock at night six days a week in a clothing store.

"A hundred and one," replied Johnnie proudly. "The manager said I have a voice to sell. He thinks I'm sensational."

"I heard of a plasterer today who would plaster this whole kitchen for $50," said Marel eagerly.

"Paneling," replied Johnnie grandly. "I like a pine-paneled kitchen."

"Maybe we should send Billy to private school," worried Marel. "It would cost only $500 a year."

"Next summer we'll make two house payments in advance and take the kids to California," promised Johnnie.

"And instead of buying a tent and sleeping bags and all that equipment we could buy an old school bus and take out the seats and sleep in that," Marel joined in enthusiastically. "Jackie wants to see the Liberty Bell and Janice dotes on Williamsburg and Billy simply must see the Okefinokee swamp, he says."

"You have a beautiful mouth," said Johnnie. "and I hate to see you neglect your teeth the way you do."

"And sometime — Johnnie, listen to me! I've worked every summer since we were married. Some summer we'll just stay home and I'll write that novel and you can paint and we can finish that musical comedy and make a million bucks. And *someday*," Marel added softly, her eyes like stars, "we'll all of us—the whole family—fly to Paris!"

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

"Ordinarily my disposition is mild as milk—my mother demanded harmony as well as absolute obedience from my sisters and me, and as a child I learned to control my emotions. On the occasions I do feel angry inside I hardly ever show it. But suddenly I was in such a rage at Tod I went and locked the doors on him, the front door and the kitchen door. Of course when I went back into the bedroom I immediately started worrying about how he would react to finding himself locked out. To tell the truth, I've always stood in awe of Tod and been a little—well—afraid of him. Although Tod is only two years older than I he has a brilliant mind and a quick, sarcastic way of speaking that flusters and scares me. Eventually I realized I couldn't stand the suspense and I jumped up and unlocked the two doors. I wasn't a minute too soon. Just as I hopped back into bed, Tod came in the front door. He slammed it behind him.

"There was no use my pretending to be asleep. Tod walked into the bedroom and turned on the lights. He had been gone nearly two hours. I forced myself to smile at him—my lips felt funny and stiff—and said I hoped he'd had a nice walk. My voice sounded pleasant and normal, not a bit scolding. Tod didn't answer me. I watched him undress and then he lay down on our double bed. He lay as far away from me as he could possibly get. By then I must have sensed that something was wrong, but I was determined I wouldn't ask questions and stir up trouble.

"I started to switch off the light. Tod said to leave it on, that there was something I should know. And then," Julie said incredulously, "Tod told me he wanted a divorce. He told me I didn't love him any more, that he had found a woman who did love him and that he had just come from seeing her. She had telephoned our home and he had gone to her at once. At first I was so stunned I thought he was just kidding and being sarcastic. Tod soon convinced me he was in earnest. The other woman—her name is Carol—is an engineer like Tod and she works with him. Carol is eight years older than Tod and I don't consider her as attractive as I am, although she is thinner. No doubt she is far more effi-



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"I started to switch off the light. Tod said to leave it on, that there was something I should know. And then," Julie said incredulously, "Tod told me he wanted a divorce. He told me I didn't love him any more, that he had found a woman who did love him and that he had just come from seeing her. She had telephoned our home and he had gone to her at once. At first I was so stunned I thought he was just kidding and being sarcastic. Tod soon convinced me he was in earnest. The other woman—her name is Carol—is an engineer like Tod and she works with him. Carol is eight years older than Tod and I don't consider her as attractive as I am, although she is thinner. No doubt she is far more effi-

cient and intelligent than I am. Apparently she is sexier. Anyhow, Tod seems to think so.

"According to Tod, he and Carol have been having an affair for nearly six months. Perhaps I should have guessed the explanation of his frequent absences and long hours at work. I guess I was aware of growing tension between us—after little Joe's birth Tod very rarely made love to me—but I was too busy and overworked to be suspicious. I still can hardly conceive that Tod is willing to give up his home, his three sons and me, in order to marry Carol. I've cried such gallons of tears in the past three weeks that Tod finally agreed to come to the Institute for counseling, to postpone consulting a lawyer and to stop seeing Carol outside working hours for the next two months. I've already begun to fight to preserve my marriage.

To be successfully married, you've got to be prepared to give more than you take—and then you generally find that you don't have to.

STANLEY J. RUBINSTEIN

"Since the night I heard about Carol I've been struggling with all my might to be a better wife. The very next day I went on a diet and started taking reducing pills. I've lost eight pounds and intend to lose fifteen more, although I'm doing a great deal of rich cooking. Tod is fond of pies, cakes and puddings. Because of running after three kids—sometimes it seems to me none of my children will ever be old enough to enter school—I let my baking slip. Well, I picked it up in a hurry. Occasionally the smell of the baking nearly drives me crazy and I think I will faint from hunger and fatigue. Tod has always complained that I'm a poor housekeeper and don't keep the children clean. For three weeks now I've done two loads of laundry daily—we have an automatic washer but no dryer—and I've tried hard to keep up with the ironing. Yesterday I dressed all three children in clean clothes and scrubbed the woodwork and used the vacuum before Tod arrived in the evening, but I forgot and left a big basket of clothes I'd been sprinkling on a chair in the living room. The first thing Tod's eye lighted on was that basket of laundry. I snatched up the basket and whisked it out of sight, but Tod went into a long harangue on the subject of my untidiness. A few minutes later he wanted to wash his hands and we were out of soap. Tod does all the marketing and the driving—I have no license—and I'd neglected to put soap on his morning list. There was another sarcastic blast from him. I didn't hear a word of praise for his clean house, his three clean, well-behaved children whom I'd fed in advance so they wouldn't be whiny. I heard no praise for the good dinner on the table.

"Suddenly I couldn't keep from crying. Tears streamed from my eyes and wouldn't stop. I hid my face in my apron and went stumbling out to the kitchen. I felt the exact, desperate way I used to feel as a child when I would do my best at some task but would fail and my mother would make me stand and listen to her lecturing until I broke down and bawled like a baby. I cried for fifteen minutes before I could pull myself together and join Tod at the dinner table. I could tell from his disgusted expression that he was mentally comparing me with Carol and it nearly broke my heart. But by then I was in control of my feelings and I didn't let him know.

"I haven't nagged Tod about Carol. In fact, I've done my best to resemble her. Since she seems to be so sexy, I've tried to be sexy too. After I put the youngsters to bed last night I came out wearing a tight skirt and a sweater without a bra and I made the most provocative remarks to Tod that I could think of. Although Tod made love to me—in the past three weeks he's made love to me several times—he wasn't satisfied with the way I responded. He says I'm not in love with him.

"Tod is mistaken. He is the only man I've ever loved or ever could love. In the beginning—we met six years ago—Tod loved me, I know. On our second date he asked me if I believed in love at first sight and later confessed that he was already thinking of marriage. We met each other at a concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra; both of us were college students at the time and we were ushering for free so we could hear the concert. Tod is very talented musically. During our courtship he and I used to compose and play duets on the baby grand piano my parents gave me for my sixteenth birthday. Within three months Tod proposed and I had my engagement ring. My mother promised me a big fancy wedding if I would finish out the college year, but Tod wouldn't agree to the delay and so my mother bought my trousseau—I heartily disliked my wedding dress—and in March we had a very simple ceremony with just the two families.

"I'm sure our honeymoon was a disappointment to Tod; maybe that is a part of our trouble now. I received no sex education from my mother, who doesn't really approve of sex, in my belief. However, I took a marriage course in college. I tried to follow Tod and to be responsive and loving and to please him in every way he suggested. Perhaps the marriage course wasn't very good or else I misunderstood the rules. Anyhow, I know I wasn't an exciting bride.

"We were supposed to have a two-week honeymoon at the beach. On the third day, at Tod's suggestion, we left the beach and went to his mother's cottage in the mountains. We

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 80

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spent the balance of our honeymoon in the mountains building a garage for my mother-in-law. Before the garage was finished Tod got a nasty case of oak poisoning—the worst case the doctor had ever seen—and was two months getting over it. During that period we couldn't make love. By the time Tod was fully recovered I was pregnant with Bobby and awfully sick; I suffered from pernicious vomiting with all three of my pregnancies. In a way, you might say Tod and I haven't ever had much opportunity to enjoy the sexual side of our lives.

"It seems to me there is more to marriage than sex, important though sex may be. It seems to me that I have proved my love for Tod by bearing him three sons. Tod wanted children too. Often during our courtship we spoke of our future family. It's true we hoped for two boys and a girl, and it's true our boys came awfully fast and are now at difficult ages.

"But I carry most of the burden of looking after them. I ask very little of Tod except that he drive us around occasionally; he begrudges us that pleasure. During the Christmas-holiday season last year he took the children and me to visit Santa Claus in the downtown shopping section, but only the one time. He gave me a coffee table for Christmas and I praised his taste, but I would have preferred to accompany him to the furniture mart and help with the selection. I hardly ever have the chance to set foot inside a big store—or any kind of store, for that matter. Weeks pass when I go nowhere except to our parents' homes.

"Tod complains bitterly when I give in to my mother's ideas, although it has always been impossible for me to stand out against her. My mother treats Tod with perfect consideration, as he will admit. His mother criticizes and picks at me whenever I'm in her company, which is something he either doesn't notice or doesn't mind.

"I've never complained to Tod about his mother. Indeed, I've never complained to him of any dissatisfaction I may have felt in our marriage. We've never had an outright quarrel. I've been the best wife I know how to be. I hope you can explain why my best isn't good enough. I will turn myself inside out, I will make any sacrifice whether it's reasonable or not, to hold Tod and prevent our sons from growing up without a father."

Tod Tells His Side

"I love my three sons, but I can't help believing they robbed me of my wife," said twenty-seven-year-old Tod, a tall young man with bitten nails and a handsome but scowling face. "In a sense I feel I've never had a wife—the warm and loving woman I dreamed of as a boy, the devoted homemaker, the real companion. When Julie and I had only two children our house was bedlam and I received very little attention from her. After the baby appeared I woke up to the fact that I mattered less to her than last year's calendar, which typically enough is still hanging on our kitchen wall.

"Since the night I told Julie about Carol there has been a sharp change in her manner, but I'm pretty sure it's only a surface change. Julie has been putting forth a monumental effort to make like a flesh-and-blood wife, but in her heart I'm certain she thinks of me mainly as the family breadwinner. I don't intend to evade my financial obligations to Julie. If she agrees to a divorce, she can have the house and furniture and the amount of alimony she thinks necessary. My present income is six hundred dollars a month and she and the boys are welcome to every penny. My salary is bound to go up. For the time being Carol and I can get along on her earnings. I don't consider that an ideal arrangement, although Carol herself proposed it.

"To tell the truth, I wasn't exactly ready to ask for a divorce, but Carol kept on pointing out that our irregular relationship was unfair to her and was ruining her health. I could see that myself. For several months Carol has been losing sleep and losing weight; she's drinking too much, her nerves are shot. There is something else I should add on the question of finances. There is no risk Carol and I might be faced someday with the expense of a second family. Carol can't have children; an automobile accident years ago ended her chances in that direction. Both she and I are satisfied with the situation.

"Proud as I am of my sons, I think three children are plenty for any man. During the major part of my marriage, largely because of Julie's lack of organization and her own childishness, I've been run ragged trying to be a good father. I've changed diapers, I've bathed the children, occasionally I've even washed the fancy clothes Julie insists on dressing them in. Often in the evening I've washed the children's breakfast dishes. Twice a week I drive to the supermarket and buy the family groceries, praying that Julie's list will be complete. Every weekend I devote hours to driving her and the boys to visit both grandmothers.

"The Christmas season last year is still a nightmare to me. I spent the holidays at the wheel of my automobile. Seemingly Julie can't learn how to drive—her mother used to lug her and her sisters everywhere—and so inevitably I was involved with the Christmas shopping. Suppose I describe our first trip. I suggested to Julie that we hire a sitter and leave the baby at home. Julie seemed to feel that an infant in arms—Joe was then barely three months old—was entitled to a peep at Santa Claus and I foolishly gave way to her.

"Little Joe was frightened out of his wits at Santa Claus, as any sensible person would have anticipated. He began to scream and his two brothers, not to be outdone, joined in the uproar. Hordes of female customers glared at me as though I regularly ate small children for lunch. A floorwalker came rushing up to investigate. By then three-year-old Billy, alarmed at Santa Claus himself, had dived behind a counter and was hiding inside a big cardboard carton that was filled with rubber beach balls. Billy had bitten holes in five of the balls before we finally located him and I paid for them. A sitter would have been considerably cheaper.

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"I took the baby away from Julie, left her with Bobby and Billy and went outside to wait in the parking lot. I waited for two hours and twenty-five minutes before Julie and the older boys showed up at the car. Julie hadn't bought one darn thing, not one thing. Instead, scattered over the five floors of the store she had staked out an array of toys, gimcracks, presents for my mother, my brothers, her sisters and her mother—my mother-in-law invariably exchanges anything you give her—that I was supposed to go inside and examine and help Julie decide among. Well, I blew my top and bawled her out and drove her and the three kids straight home.

"Afterward, of course, I was sorry. Julie didn't bawl me out, although I deserved it and I sort of wished she would. Instead, she was so teary and woebegone I felt like a complete heel. That evening I went back to the store by myself with her list. Half the things she'd picked were sold out and some of the others I couldn't locate. So the next day I took Julie shopping again, this time without the boys. For three days in a row I took Julie shopping in jam-packed stores and stood first on one foot and then on the other while she was making up her mind what to buy. Julie is the most indecisive person, bar none, I've ever met. Once—once was enough—she persuaded me to help her select a dress. The first dress she tried on was very becoming and I O.K.'d it, but Julie tried on nine other dresses before settling on dress number one.

"On Christmas Day Bobby had a cold, which he'd probably acquired on that shopping trip, and had to stay at home in bed and miss the festivities arranged by both my mother and my mother-in-law. Professional sitters were unobtainable, but Julie's older sister volunteered to sit if I would go and fetch her, which I did. For the rest of the day I ferried Julie, Billy and the baby between my mother's place, her mother's place and our place.

"When evening came and my chauffeuring was finished, our house was in chaos, with the living room knee deep in paper, ribbons, tinsel and stepped-on toys. I had the choice of straightening up the mess—as usual, Julie and the kids whizzed into bed—or going downtown and fooling around in the shop, a busy, productive place that is a miracle of order compared with our sloppily run, unproductive, inefficient home. I chose the shop. To my surprise, I found Carol there. Her reason for being in the shop, she confessed, was that her lack of family on the holiday had made her feel lonesome. It may sound odd, since I'd been buried in family since early morning, but I, too, felt lonesome. We went to Carol's apartment for a snack and cup of coffee; her apartment was as orderly and well organized as the shop.

"You can probably fill in the rest of the picture for yourself, but I'd like to supply a few extenuating circumstances. Julie hadn't actually listened to a word I'd said all day. I gave her a coffee table for a Christmas present, and though she thanked me sweetly I had a hunch she didn't honestly admire the table. I'm like most men: I prefer genuine appreciation.

"On the way from the shop to Carol's apartment, I stopped and bought her a carton of cigarettes. Carol thanked me as though I had handed her a deed to the Waldorf Towers. Making a cup of coffee in our house, what with locating the pot that Bobby and Billy are forever dragging somewhere, is a major production. In no time flat Carol whipped up grilled sandwiches and strong coffee. One of the things I first admired about Carol was her dexterity and quickness; she darted around her kitchen that night like a hummingbird. Unless Julie has nine or ten hours of sleep—and sometimes even then—she wanders around our kitchen like a somnambulant.

"I was hungry for love on that Christmas night. I'd hardly kissed Julie since Joe's birth; any time I tried she would obediently raise her lips, but I could sense that her true feelings were untouched. In staying with Carol that first time I broke my own moral code, and I knew it. At dawn I sneaked in home, feeling guilty and ashamed of myself. Julie didn't open an eye when I crawled into bed beside her. Since she was that uninterested in my comings and goings, I stopped feeling guilty. Until I told Julie there was a Carol, she was so preoccupied with our kids I doubt she noticed how seldom I was home, how late I stayed 'at work.' She never questioned me, never complained.

"Possibly she didn't care enough for me to be curious or possibly she decided to ignore the situation. I don't know which. After five years of marriage there are still many times when what Julie is thinking and feeling, what she likes and what she dislikes are a mystery to me. It does seem she would rather cry than laugh, rather meekly accept anybody else's opinion than form an opinion of her own.

"Back in the days I was courting Julie and we were composing duets I thought we understood each other and were ideally suited. I didn't know Julie would drop her music with the birth of our first child. I didn't know she was such a leaner that she would telephone my place of business to ask me what she should cook for dinner. I didn't know our sexual relationship would be unsatisfactory. Perhaps it's my fault Julie doesn't enjoy my love-making. Perhaps I'm just not adequate enough to please her. On the other hand, my guess is that my mother-in-law may be responsible for Julie's indifference to sex. When we took possession of our first home her housewarming present to us was a pair of bunk beds—an upper and a lower—that Julie and her young sister had used as kids. Julie and I were newlyweds, but my mother-in-law expected us to occupy those bunk beds.

"In her own way my mother-in-law is a good woman, but she orders Julie around as though she were still ten years old. I blame her for Julie's limp way of following the line of least resistance and for her sloppy housekeeping. My mother had to work—my father deserted her when my three brothers and I were very small—but she managed to keep a neat, tidy house.

"I want to be fair to all concerned. I don't want to hurt my sons. But my parents' divorce apparently did no harm to my brothers and me. And I'm doubtful that anybody's advice can straighten out my marriage."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"Tod had been more damaged by his parents' divorce than he supposed. For one thing, he lacked a man in his boyhood home upon whom to model himself. For another thing, Tod grew up short-changed on affection and attention, and as an adult he demanded an inordinate amount. Psychological tests revealed as plainly as did our interviews that Tod was disposed to view marriage mainly in the light of his own comfort and convenience; that he was inclined to be selfish, unsympathetic, deficient in understanding the needs of others. He behaved like a petty autocrat at home, denouncing Julie for very trivial lapses. It was most unjust of him to expect grade-A housekeeping at a time she was looking after three active preschool youngsters. Tod's career-woman mother, whose meticulous housekeeping he so fondly remembered, had always employed a full-time maid. In this day and age, as I hardly need remark, live-in servants have practically disappeared. But I might point out that Julie failed to utilize such hired service as was available to her.

"In many ways, Julie was an exasperating person to deal with because she consistently refused to be herself. Despite her strenuous outward efforts to meet all Tod's wishes, she failed to satisfy him because he sensed the artificiality of her efforts. Julie's personality quite correctly seemed phony and unreal to him. She swallowed a college marriage course without attempting to adapt the teachings to her own special case; uncritically, she adopted Carol for a model, which was ridiculous. In her fear of displeasing, she completely smothered her own individuality.

"Bullied by her mother throughout her girlhood, Julie subconsciously invited Tod to bully her in their marriage. She reacted to him emotionally exactly as she had reacted to her mother. Instead of facing her problems squarely and voicing her candid opinion of Tod's rages and unreasonable expectations, she took refuge in self-pity, poured tears like a leaky faucet and turned into a human doormat. Most men quickly tire of doormats.

"The toughest-minded character in this triangle was thirty-five-year-old Carol, who fully intended to bully a man with three little children into the divorce court. In the midst of Tod's nervously explaining to me the advantages of a divorce, I could hear the echoes of Carol's firm voice. The fact was that Tod had been too weak to resist the pressures applied by the older, more experienced woman. Inwardly he was aware of this. Some weeks before the end of the two-month 'trial period,' he openly acknowledged that the welfare of his three small sons was important to him, that his duty lay to his wife and family. He then permanently broke his association with Carol, although it wasn't easy. She threatened suicide, she even threatened to come gunning for me, but Tod stood his ground.

"For several months he worked beside Carol, resisting her threats and declining her invitations to drop by her apartment in the evenings. From this uncomfortable experience he gained strength. Incidentally, he also gained the sure knowledge that Carol would have been a very poor wife for him. Today Tod works as the engineering supervisor in a large aircraft plant and he hasn't seen Carol for many months.

"A long course of counseling was necessary before Julie was able to comprehend the reasons for her distorted personality. She then was able to stop being a doormat that other people automatically trod on, lay aside her martyred airs and become the forthright young woman she was capable of being. In the beginning she and I studied the practicalities of her situation. Her inability to drive was an unnecessary nuisance. I suspect Julie may have been unconsciously appealing to Tod to treat her like a little girl, just as her mother had treated her, in limply expecting him to drive her everywhere. His objections on this score were natural. There was an obvious solution. Professional driving lessons were recommended.

"I believe Julie's driving license marked the turning point in the case. Relieved of chores he disliked, Tod plainly showed that he admired Julie's gumption in learning to drive. Julie acquired some badly needed self-respect and felt the thrill of pride in her accomplishment. On at least one evening a week Tod began to stay at home with the youngsters while she drove off to the shopping center. Less housebound, she became more stimulating company. On independent shopping trips, she practiced and slowly learned the art (so difficult for her) of reaching independent decisions.

"During her absences Tod had the opportunity to get well acquainted with his young sons, and when this occurred he became a willing and loving instead of a reluctant father. Also, he lost his secret jealousy of his children when he and Julie became a team and shared

A PHILOSOPHIC THOUGHT BASED ON INCOME, LACK OF

By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

A man who was rich (that is,
he had money)
Was envied by me, until he
said, "Funny.

"Most everyone thinks pure joy
is my lot,
Yet I can't go out on my
fifty-foot yacht

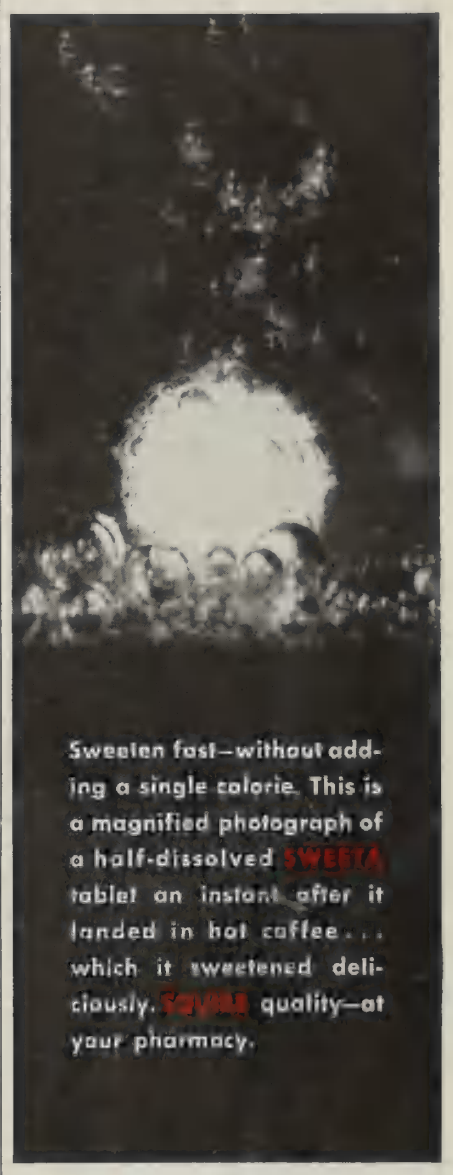
"For a casual cruise, that fish
boats don't come
And clutter my course. I'm
ever so glum;

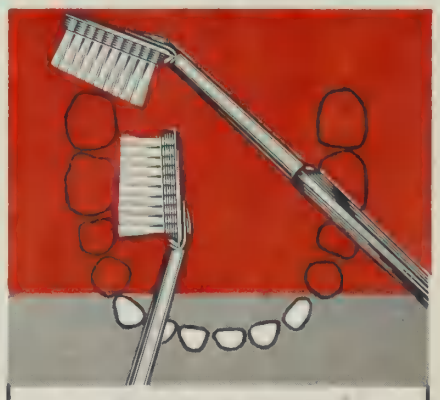
"The butler eloped with the
cook—before dinner.
Despite all my money, my hair
has grown thinner."

And, "Few understand," he
said with a sigh,
And he went away, his face all
awry.

•

May I never get rich! is my
cry, low and steady.
I'm misunderstood well
enough, already.







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the responsibilities of rearing them. Julie was an oversolicitous mother. It was foolish of her to want to take three such young children into public places, foolish of her to dress them elaborately. She began to choose more simple clothing and her laundry burden was reduced.

"I am not an authority on housekeeping. Julie herself analyzed her technique—or, rather, her lack of technique—along with Tod's numerous criticisms. She decided his chief annoyance was the clutter and untidiness of their living room. Without undertaking any detailed scheduling of her time, virtually impossible in her circumstances, she discovered she could set aside fifteen minutes directly before his evening return to pick up the living room, remove any pots and pans carried in from the kitchen by the children, put their toys in the toy box, and so forth.

"Tod was grateful to come home to a picked-up living room, grateful for the change in Julie's whole attitude toward housekeeping and toward him. Her disorganization and her lethargy had been partly due to the fact that her psychic energies had been employed in feeling put upon and abused. In many subtle, subconscious ways she had let Tod guess that she considered him a tyrant. He felt the difference at once. When he rewarded the improvement in her with words of praise and saw the wonderful effect, he learned to curb his biting, sarcastic tongue. In criticizing Julie less, he learned to love her more and understand her better. She was naturally the lower keyed of the two and required more sleep to be effective; Tod taught himself to stop grumbling at something that could not be altered.

"The couple's sexual problem was neither serious nor deep-seated. It was merely a reflection of their unsatisfactory marriage. By nature Julie was an affectionate young woman. So long as Tod was inconsiderate, thoughtless and selfish, it is hardly surprising she couldn't be warmly responsive to his overtures. When Tod stopped browbeating her and became helpful with the children, when he showed her tenderness and consideration, she responded to him quickly and warmly enough.

"At my suggestion Julie and Tod cut down on the number of their visits to both sets of parents. These visits had weakened them as a separate family unit. At my suggestion, too, they hired a baby sitter and went out together once a week. It was their own idea to take up playing the piano again. This was another bond among the many bonds now binding them together. I haven't seen Julie and Tod for some time. When I telephoned asking permission for this JOURNAL article, I heard from Julie that Bobby is now in school and Billy is in kindergarten, but there is a new baby in the house—a little girl. She told me happily that four children are far less trouble than three. When I telephoned Tod at the aircraft plant, he assured me that his wife spoke the truth."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

MOTHERS NEED A BREAK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

panionship for their children and social life for themselves. The idea was to find a spot where the children were the right age and the mothers were enjoyable, and there were plenty of spots to pick from. When we went to live in other places we realized how few good parks there were and how few mothers used them. Perhaps it's only apartment dwellers who appreciate a park. Perhaps householders who can see grass out their windows are satisfied to stay indoors.

When we lived in Rochester, Minnesota, after the war, many of the fellowship men in training at the Mayo Clinic, having been in the armed services, were already married and had children or were having them. Most of them lived in a temporary housing development known as the Prefabs. And though the young mothers complained of the cramped and inelegant quarters and the long hours their husbands had to work and study, I had the impression that the majority were able to make the best of the confinement of child care and their low budgets because everyone was in the same boat. They were all close neighbors, there was lots of visiting around and there was sharing of everything. Similar housing developments for young married students were put up in many universities, and I think that most couples who were part of them look back on this as a hectic but very satisfying time of their lives. They were like South Sea Island communities in several ways. The huts were packed in close. There was so little room inside it was natural to go out on every occasion. The earth between the huts was worn down by flocks of children. Often the laundry was done in one public place.

There must be better ways, though, to make it easy for mothers to get together, without having to leave their children behind and without neglecting their other chores.

I keep wondering why none of the giant shopping centers that have mushroomed everywhere has included a large and glamorous Mothers' and Children's Club. There would be playgrounds outside and a number of playrooms inside for children of various ages and interests. There would be rooms or alcoves for block building and toy cars, for doll play, for coloring. When activities such as these are separated, children become more absorbed and quieter. There would be comfortable chairs for the mothers to sit in while they talked with one another and kept an eye on their children.

There would also be rooms in charge of nursery-school teachers where children who had got to trust them could be left for an hour while mothers shopped, had beauty treatments or took part in organized activities of their own. For mothers who were interested there could be art classes, sewing classes, fashion shows. There could be special clubs which met weekly for the discussion of books or current events or child care. The possibilities are endless. The essentials are that mothers have a place to gather and enjoy one another frequently where their children would be welcome too. I picture certain activities occurring each week on the same schedule and each woman making it a habit to come on those hours of those days when she could expect to do the same thing with the same acquaintances. Then her children would see their same friends too.

I don't know whether the lack of such a club means that no man who has developed a shopping center has thought of it, or whether he'd doubt that the increased popularity of the center would pay for these facilities. Maybe the mothers would pay dues or fees.

Why shouldn't churches be interested in providing meeting places for mothers and children, from Monday to Saturday? There could be swings and slides and sandboxes in the yard, with chairs for the mothers. In the church house or church basement could be rooms or alcoves for children's play. If there were enough funds or interest to engage a nursery-school teacher, she and a few of the mothers in rotation could supervise the play while the rest of the mothers carried on recreational or cultural or religious activities in scheduled groups. I realize that a few churches have organized regular nursery schools, and these are fine for the parents who can afford to pay for everyday nursery-school care. But I am thinking now of a meeting and play space that either involved no salary for a teacher, or one in which a teacher with the assistance of mothers could provide supervision for many children and sociable activities for many mothers, each of whom came perhaps only once or twice or three times a week, for an hour or two in the morning or afternoon.

I don't know what would be the best answer. There are probably a number of solutions. Anyway, I refuse to believe that we can't find ways to give mothers the companionship and fun and stimulation which women in more primitive societies get without the asking.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.



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"WE CAN'T LIVE ON $25,000 A YEAR"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

my wife and I enjoy the most. This is a wealthy neighborhood; none of the houses cost less than $40,000 or $50,000 and some considerably more. Most of the Old Guard—people who built homes here in the heyday of the 1920's—have yachts and summer places and large domestic staffs. Many of them hold important positions on Wall Street and Madison Avenue, but they couldn't be friendlier or nicer. It doesn't bother my wife at all to return their weekend invitations with one of our informal steak grills around the swimming pool. Once we had twenty-five advertising men and their wives out from New York and she served baked beans and hot dogs. Everybody had a wonderful time. So we don't feel bound to "keep up with the Joneses." In the first place, we can't; and anyway, families here live pretty independently of one another.

We gave our first really big party this last fall—a cocktail party and housewarming to celebrate finishing the new wing to which we invited about 125 friends. My wife did most of the work herself so it cost us only about $400—and how often do you give a housewarming? Half of the guests were in some way connected with "business," so I intend to deduct half of the cost of the party on my income tax.

Both my wife and I are civic-minded and enjoy getting to know the community intimately. Right from the beginning we stepped forward and volunteered to work for various organizations. My wife helped spearhead two big charity drives to which we also contributed heavily. She attends the Garden Club, P.T.A., and last year headed a Junior League committee that took several mornings and afternoons a week. I volunteered to help put over a bond issue to improve the local public schools. It took several campaigns and a lot of time and effort to get a new high school, which incidentally raised our personal-tax bill by $200 this year. Now I'm busy with a Better Government committee; they've asked me to run for mayor on the Republican ticket.



I really enjoy getting to know the townspeople, but my job and long hours of commuting make my life a strenuous one, and full of harassments. When I get home at night at 6:15 or 7, my wife feeds the children while I sink down in front of television to look at the news and unwind a little. I don't feel like eating until at least 8:30. And if I have some local meeting to attend, my wife and I don't sit down to dinner until 10 or 10:30. Often I have a brief case full of work from the office.

Fortunately I have a strong constitution and not the suspicion of an ulcer, that familiar Madison Avenue complaint. Only sometimes it strikes me that life is slipping by very fast. Every time I see one of those great sleek white transatlantic liners pull out of her Hudson River berth I get a terrific yearning. I saw plenty of the Pacific during the war, but I've never crossed the Atlantic. "If I don't come home some night," I tell my wife, "I'll be passing the Nantucket lightship on the Ile de France."

Another thing I'm dying to do is to buy a boat. I learned all about navigation with the Navy. A friend of mine is having a new fishing boat built for about $45,000, and he's willing to sell me his older, slower one for $4000, which is really a steal. We could keep it near Montauk Point down the island, but my wife tells me we positively can't afford it. She says our most crucial need is a second car—next year our oldest son will be driving. Another of my dreams is to buy a sailing sloop with an auxiliary motor and quit the advertising business for two years and take the family around the world.

What are our total assets, besides four nice kids, a dog and a cat? So far we have invested about $50,000 in a home which I figure is worth $75,000. We have the usual automatic appliances—dishwasher, clothes washer and dryer, fourteen-cubic-foot new freezer-refrigerator, but no color TV and no hi-fi. Only one television set, just as we have only one car, a 1955 Chrysler station wagon. We have an "eating membership" at the local yacht club which costs only $120 a year, and for $12 a year we belong to a small family club in Florida where we sometimes vacation. We do not belong to a country club (the one nearest to us has an initiation fee of $1500 plus dues of $250 a year, plus greens fees) and we don't own a summer place or take family vacations.

For one thing, it's necessary to put chemicals into our swimming pool every day and so we can't leave in the summer. In the spring or fall my wife and I usually take a couple of the children down to Louisville, Kentucky, to visit her parents; then we park the kids there and continue to Florida for a week. That's the extent of our vacation.

The only fur coat my wife owns is a hand-me-down from an aunt and it isn't mink. The only diamond I've been able to give her is in her engagement ring. Although her family always kept servants, she manages a large ten-room house beautifully with the help of a cleaning woman. My wife shops for food at the chain stores and knows all the tricks with inexpensive cuts. Is this extravagant living? I see no way to prune our expenses, nor any solution to our dilemma except for me to earn more money.

THE WIFE SAYS:

(Slim, attractive and animated, she manages to appear very feminine in a well-tailored tweed suit. Gracious in manner and facile with people, she nonetheless shows in her fine-boned face some signs of strain.)

I'm the one who writes the checks and keeps the records. I guess I also do the worrying.

When my husband first left the Navy and started in advertising, he earned only $225 a month, and with a young baby it was pretty hard for us to live on that. So I started a system of paying bills I still use today. We haven't caught up with our bills since 1946, but we've kept our creditors happy.

First of all, I pay *very promptly* everything that becomes due on the first and the fifteenth, such as mortgage or loan payments, insurance, taxes—important things like that. Then during the month I make out about $500 worth of "cash" checks. With this money I buy food, newspapers, boys' haircuts, incidental gifts, and give my husband lunch money ($20 a week). Absolutely everything else I charge. Then when the bills come in, I pay some of them in whole, but most of them in part. Let's say I owe the plumber $100. I'll send him maybe $50. If the milk bill is $21, I might send them $15, or let it lapse a month. If I've charged $85 worth of clothing at a store, I'll send along $40 or $50.

Right at the moment I owe the local liquor dealer $335, which includes $237 for our cocktail party last fall. I'll try to send him $250. I owe the dentist, the pediatrician, the doctor, the TV repairman, the upholsterer and six New York department stores. All these accounts I will pay partially.

As I said, we haven't caught up with our bills since my husband went into advertising. However, last year was even worse than usual. To begin with, we added on a wing to the house. Although we have four acres (worth about $8000 an acre as building lots) the house originally had only three bedrooms and a combination living-dining room; with six of us we felt very cramped. So last year we

New! Liquiprin* for children safer than aspirin, easier to use



Medical tests prove this new, easy-to-use liquid is gentler, less irritating than aspirin ...safe even for children who are upset by aspirin! Gets to work faster, too!



Mothers! Give your child these added benefits of LIQUIPRIN*—the new way to help calm the feverish, fretful child and ease discomfort of colds, minor aches and pains.

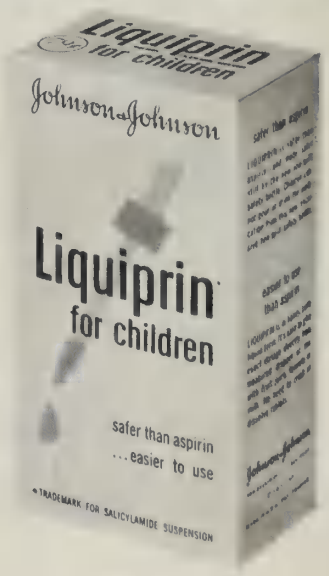
LIQUIPRIN IS DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN! LIQUIPRIN pediatric analgesic-antipyretic was developed to meet the special needs of children for something safer, gentler and less irritating than aspirin.

LIQUIPRIN IS BETTER THAN ASPIRIN FOR YOUR CHILD! LIQUIPRIN contains salicylamide, a pain-relieving and fever-reducing agent of the same type as aspirin ... BUT ... it is **chemically different.** This difference makes LIQUIPRIN basically safer and ideal for children's use.

safer than aspirin—medical tests and actual hospital use prove LIQUIPRIN does not upset or irritate the stomach ... safe even for children who are upset by aspirin.

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non-spill safety bottle

LIQUIPRIN is safer than aspirin and made safer still by a special **medicine-monitor** in every bottle. Children cannot pour or drink from this exclusive safety bottle.

YOUR DOCTOR KNOWS ABOUT LIQUIPRIN Get a bottle today—at all drug stores— 79¢

*TRADEMARK FOR SALICYLAMIDE SUSPENSION

Johnson & Johnson

refinanced the house by taking out a new $25,000 mortgage plus a $4500 FHA loan. First we paid off our former first and second mortgages for a total of $17,000, which left us $12,500 with which to build the wing. Actually, it cost us $17,000 by the time we remodeled other parts of the house. My husband was going to borrow more from the bank, but luckily he happened to switch jobs at this time and received a $4000 check in profit-sharing funds from his old employers. We borrowed another $300 from my father-in-law (who happened to be visiting when the architect came pressing us for money) and we still owe the rest of the cost of the wing.

But to get back to our yearly budget. If only we could save $200 a month, or a little less than 10 per cent of my husband's salary, we could break even.

How could we do it?

In the seven items under "house expense" I see no spot to economize. We did spend some money on new curtains and furniture this year when we expanded from a six- to a ten-room house, about $500 worth under the item "House upkeep." However, next year we expect our heat and electricity ($46 a month) to double, since we doubled our living area, so the total cost of the house to us ($604 a month) probably won't change.

Our biggest item after making allowance for state and Federal taxes is payments for mortgage and home-improvement loans ($333.57 a month). This item includes payments on our new $25,000 mortgage and $4500 FHA loan, plus $252 a year which we still pay on a $5000 bank loan dating back to 1951 when we first bought the house, and payments for a vacuum cleaner and house awnings bought on time.

Bankers say that debt repayment should not exceed one third of take-home pay. Our take-home pay is $1667 a month. So we are really not overburdened with debts and installment buying.

The swimming pool actually costs $1300 for three months' swimming. We pay a crew of men $25 every week during the summer to vacuum it, and then there is the city water bill, cost of the chemicals, and two coats of paint every spring. However, we formed a friendly little neighborhood club with yearly swimming dues which pay for the cost of the pool except for about $100 which we pay ourselves. Our friends are most considerate about bringing their own refreshments, but when we're serving drinks to special guests, how can we ignore our other friends? As a result, our summer liquor bill shoots sky high. However, the pool is one of our greatest pleasures and really takes the place of a family vacation.

We spend only $6.66 a month for newspapers and magazines, another $31.60 a month for private school for one child, and another $2.90 a month for dancing school. These items seem rock-bottom to me.

Under "Recreation and entertainment" we do spend a lot—over $2700 a year—but here it is hard to distinguish between family entertaining and business expense. My husband would never say to me, "I'm afraid you won't like So-and-so, but I have to invite him to the house." We don't *have* to, and we don't, no matter how "important" he may be, unless we like him. Yet there is no denying that when a man starts to make a certain amount of money, how he lives becomes a matter of concern to his employers. And the advertising business is an Ivy League where clothes, manners and gracious living are an essential part of doing business.

The item "Meals charged out" means taking friends to the local yacht club or to other private eating clubs. Last spring while visiting my family down South we took eight people out to a dining club for $77—the only way we had to repay their hospitality.

Work is love made visible. And if you cannot work with love but only with distaste, it is better that you should leave your work and sit at the gate of the temple and take alms of those who work with joy.

KAHLIL GIBRAN
The Prophet
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

The vacation item includes three weeks for four of us, including car expenses, and the cost of a sitter at $10 a day for the two children left at home. We could save $65 a month by eliminating this annual trip down South, but I look forward all year to seeing distant friends and family.

The baby sitter at 75 cents an hour averages $10 a week (our oldest son helps out sometimes by sitting for nothing). This includes sitter's services when I make trips into New York shopping, and for daytime meetings as well as evening affairs. Quite often we entertain business clients at the theater in New York, or we attend business banquets at the Waldorf, or business weekends at Lake Placid. Then my husband needs a white dinner jacket and I need a pretty evening dress, and although we both enjoy such occasions it *is* expensive and we *have* to go.

With all the mouths to feed around here, I can't cut the food bill any lower ($40 a week). The car expense includes $444 in four final monthly installments (after two years of paying for it, the car is now ours!) plus gas, oil, insurance, registration and repairs. We spend only $32 a month for medical and dental care and for drugs for the six of us; this item also includes the $78 my husband spent last year for a complete medical check-up.

Six of us dress on less than $100 a month. I pay under $70 for a good wool suit, and no more than $22 for shoes. Summers I live in Bermuda shorts. Because his clothes have to "belong" on Madison Avenue, my husband spends more than I do. He keeps three suits going, for which he pays $135 apiece ready-made. His shoes cost $30, but he wears them two years. Our oldest boy now requires $16.95 shoes and $22 sports jackets. I do no sewing,



Easy-do! Noodles and stew!

1 Choose Armour Star Beef Stew—the one with plenty of good Armour meat.

2 Lean, tender, juicy meat of good eating—the quality you'd choose yourself.

3 Blended with white potatoes and sweet young carrots. Simmered in its own rich brown gravy.

4 Just heat and pour over noodles . . . *tonight!*

You know it's good!
ARMOUR STAR
The Armour Star label is one of the world's great guarantees of quality!

25¢ REFUND IN SPACE STATION BANK
proves *you can bank on Armour for out-of-this-world beef stew!* Save 25¢ when you try Armour Star Beef Stew. Buy two cans. Send labels along with your name and address to Armour and Company, Box 7767, Chicago 77, Ill. We will send you 25¢ in unique Space Station Bank. Offer expires December 31, 1958.

but even if I could it wouldn't help much with four sons.

There must be *some* place we could save money. That $164 item for "city expenses" for my husband includes railroad commutation ($288 a year) plus lunches at good restaurants ($960 a year), $52 a year for haircuts and $172.80 for taxicabs. It also includes $500 a year for "unreimbursed business expenses," which means signing for other people's lunches and drinks. He never takes clients to night spots or his daily expenses would be much, much higher.

We gave to twenty-two charities last year, including $30 to Community Chest and $150 to the church we attend regularly. Most of the other contributions were for $2 or $3 to solicitors who came to the front door. Altogether, we gave $466.70.

I suppose I could do without a woman to help clean and iron, but on $25,000 a year doesn't that seem ridiculous? When we were first married and living in the South, I had a maid who came five afternoons a week and cooked and did laundry and cleaned and stayed through dinner for $4.50 a week. We were both working then and have never lived so well. We had two cars—one of them a company car and the other a gift from my family—and on our joint salary of $53 a week we regularly saved $5 and $10.

BACK VIEW, SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE PATTERN ON PAGE 108

Vogue Design No. 9336.
Skirt; 24–30 waist measure. 60c.



But since the boom days after World War II we've always been behind.

The $92 "miscellaneous" item in our budget seems high, but includes my hairdresser and incidental gifts.

Where can we save $200 a month? If we gave up our yearly vacation, all baby sitters and household help, and dressed on half the amount we do, we could come out ahead. If we gave up all entertaining, and cigarettes, we would be in the black but probably not in the advertising business. Or we could sell the house, uproot ourselves and the children and move to a place where taxes are less and living costs lower, but then my husband would probably have to commute by helicopter and could we save $200 a month?

I don't know how typical we are, because our friends never discuss money except to complain about taxes. Our children hear us complain enough to decide we're dead broke and then they compare our house with their friends' in the village and conclude that we're rich.

"My mother is *always* running out of money," I heard my son tell a friend the other day as I ran about the house trying to find a dollar for a ticket for a church supper. It's so true. When we gave our big housewarming, I needed cash for the party food and extra help and so I cashed an insurance check which was supposed to pay for a big dent in our car. So the $85 is gone and the car door still isn't fixed!

THE HUSBAND SAYS:

Right now we're severely strapped for cash, but I regard this situation as temporary. When we made the big move to New York City, my salary as an advertising account executive jumped from $8500 to $14,000, and it's been increasing almost every year since. By now I've proved myself professionally and there's no reason why it shouldn't keep on going up. In a few years the house burden should be much less and I should have no trouble borrowing from the bank to send the boys to college.

The thought of another big depression doesn't scare me. If it should come—which I doubt—then advertising men will be in greater demand than ever to keep goods moving. If for any reason the firm I'm with doesn't grow as fast as I think it will, I'll find another job. Advertising people are constantly changing jobs, at higher pay. Talent is always salable.

I took my present job because it gives me a chance to share in company profits (about 15 per cent of my salary a year) and also allows me a stated amount of company stock each year, over and above my salary. This kind of compulsory saving will allow us to live on my full salary while accumulating capital. The former head of our agency—a man in his mid-sixties—just sold his company stock and retired with half a million dollars. I expect to do the same.

If some great calamity should strike us—if I were severely disabled, for instance—we have our families to fall back upon. I never expect the Government to support us. But why anticipate disaster? I'm well covered by health and accident insurance.

At the moment my life insurance is low, only $40,000, but that's because I lost some company insurance in my last job switch. As soon as possible I'll bring my coverage up to $80,000 or $90,000.

So although I dislike owing bills, just as my wife does, I feel that once we get through the next crucial fifteen years and put four boys through college we'll be coasting. I'm not disturbed.

ADDS THE WIFE:

I'm hoping that when we reach $60,000 a year we will be able to pay the milk bill regularly!

END



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PYREX®
RANGE-TOP WARE
Try it for 30 days—like it or your money back



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Teapot. 6-cup, **$2.98**



PYREX Range-top ware
Percolator. 4-cup, **$3.50;**
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VISIT THE CORNING GLASS CENTER, CORNING, N.Y. CORNING MEANS RESEARCH IN GLASS

Mrs. Wizard ... that's You!

A week's tempting menus with Hungarian flavor for five— under $23.00.

By MARY JANE ENGEL

"Saturday morning is shopping time and the busiest morning of my week," says Marel Harayda. "Feeding my family of five on a $20–$23 weekly budget is a true challenge, and I consider marketing my specialty."

Marel wants the best for the least, and in her town knows where to find it. She knows the shops and markets well and where the best buys, the "Saturday specials," are to be found.

Marel always buys her weekly supply of meat first. If chicken fryers are at a good price, she will plan on having chicken. When the meat is purchased, she then builds her menu. She carefully selects vegetables and greens, using what is in season. Marel uses frozen vegetables often, as she has discovered that the markets have excellent sales. The week I shopped with Marel she bought 4 packages of frozen peas for 39 cents. She also found that frozen orange juice was selling at a low 10 cents a can. Buying potatoes and onions in 50- and 25-pound bags, from local farmers, cut prices considerably. Marel also keeps within her budget, as many women do, by buying and stocking canned goods, such as fruits and vegetables, when prices are low, and by using margarine and nonfat dry milk. Marel uses nonfat dry milk in cooking and serves it to the children in cocoa for winter breakfasts.

We have prepared a week's menus for five, typical of the Harayda family. They were priced in New Jersey and the costs will vary somewhat nationally.

7 Days of Menus and Costs*

Sunday $2.86

Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner
Orange Juice	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches	Sautéed Beef Liver
Hot Oatmeal—Milk and Sugar	Sliced Bananas	Baked Potatoes
Fried Eggs	Milk	Broccoli
Toast with Margarine	Coffee	Canned Plums
Hot Cocoa		Milk
Coffee		Coffee

Monday $3.51

Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner
Grapefruit Sections	Vegetable Soup	Pork Chops with Sauerkraut*
Scrambled Eggs	Crackers and Cheese	Parsley Boiled Potatoes
Whole-Wheat Toast with Margarine	Milk	Green Peas
Hot Cocoa		Lemon-Gelatin Dessert
Coffee		Milk
		Coffee

Golden pork chops simmered in sauerkraut, sour cream added.

$1.74

Pork Chops with Sauerkraut. Sauté 1 cup finely chopped onion in 3 tablespoons margarine until golden. Add 3 cups sauerkraut and juice (1-pound-11-ounce can), ⅓ cup water and 2 tablespoons paprika. Simmer gently. Salt 6 pork chops and brown them slowly in their own fat. When they are well browned, place them on top of the sauerkraut in the skillet. Cover and simmer for 1 hour. Five minutes before serving, remove the chops and stir in 1 cup commercial sour cream. Serve chops on top of sauerkraut, and garnish with chopped dill pickle. Makes 6 servings.

* *Menus based on supermarket prices in New Jersey as of September, 1957*



STUART

Frankfurter favorite—a savory dish of tomatoes, herbs and frankfurters, served with a crisp tossed salad, poppy-seed rolls and tall glasses of milk.

Tuesday $3.86

Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner
Orange Juice	Lentil Soup*—	Baked Macaroni
Hot Wheat Cereal with	Crackers	and Cheese
Milk and Sugar	Carrot Sticks	Tomato-and-Lettuce Salad
Boiled Eggs	Apples	Fruit Compote
Hot Cocoa	Milk	Milk
Coffee		Coffee

An old favorite—hearty, appetizing and nutritious.

33c

Lentil Soup. Soak 1 pound lentils overnight. Drain. In a large pot, cook the lentils with 6 cups water, 1 ham bone, ½ cup chopped celery, ½ cup finely chopped onion and 1 carrot, diced. Season with 2 teaspoons salt and a dash of pepper. Cook slowly until the lentils and vegetables are soft. Remove the bone. Strain the soup. Brown 2 tablespoons flour in 2 tablespoons bacon fat. Add 1 cup of the soup, stirring constantly, and cook until thick and smooth. Add the rest of the soup. Heat and serve. Makes 6 servings.

Wednesday $3.33

Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner
Grapefruit Juice	Tomato Soup	Tarragon Fried Chicken*
Fried Eggs	Crackers and Cheese	Whipped Potatoes
Whole-Wheat Toast	Milk	Green Beans
with Margarine		Tossed Salad
Hot Cocoa		Milk
Coffee		Coffee

Crusty, tender chicken with tarragon.

$1.21

Tarragon Fried Chicken. Have your butcher cut up a 3–4-pound chicken for frying. Wash well and dry on paper toweling. Salt and pepper lightly. Flour the chicken, using ¼ cup flour. Beat 2 eggs slightly with ¼ cup milk. Have ready 1½ cups fresh bread crumbs to which you have added 1½ teaspoons tarragon. Dip the floured chicken into the egg-milk mixture, then lightly in bread crumbs. Using ½ cup fat, brown well. Cover, lower heat and cook until tender. Cook, uncovered, 10 minutes more to crisp. Makes 6 servings.

Thursday $3.17

Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner
Stewed Prunes	Toasted Peanut-Butter	Veal Paprikas*—
Hot Oatmeal with	Sandwiches	Shell Macaroni
Milk and Sugar	Tomato Wedges	Tossed Salad
Scrambled Eggs	Milk	Cherry-Gelatin Dessert
Hot Cocoa		Milk
Coffee		Coffee

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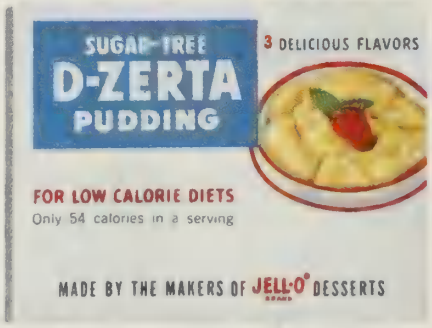
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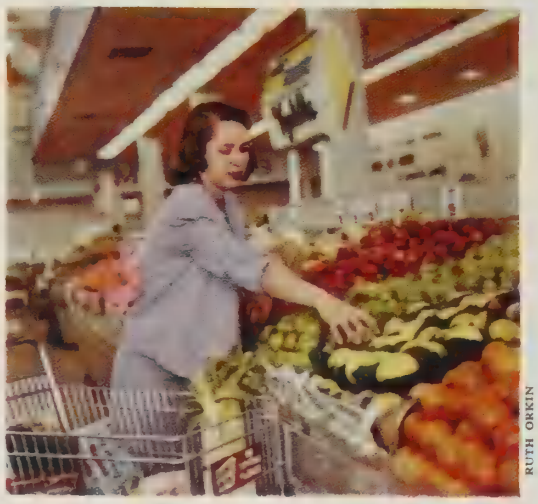
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Cherry Pie	360
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Baked Custard	205
D-ZERTA PUDDING *(with skimmed milk)*	54
D-ZERTA GELATIN *(all 6 flavors)*	12



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MRS. WIZARD, THAT'S YOU!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137



Marel shops with skill and careful selection.

Tender veal cubes in a rich paprika sauce.

Veal Paprikas. Cut 2 pounds veal shoulder, boned, into 1½" cubes. Flour them lightly. Sauté 3 strips bacon, cut into small pieces, in a large skillet. Then brown the meat and 1 cup onion, finely diced. When the meat is well browned, add 3½ cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate and 3 tablespoons paprika. Cover and simmer the meat until tender, about 1 hour. When meat is almost done, add 1½ cups shell macaroni. Cover and cook until tender. The macaroni shells absorb the gravy, so add more water if necessary. Before serving, stir in 1 cup commercial sour cream, more salt if desired, and cook a few minutes longer. Makes 5 servings.

$1.34

Friday $3.33

Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner
Orange Juice	Baked Beans	Creamed Sea Food*
Hot Wheat Cereal with Milk and Sugar	Bread with Margarine	Fluffy Rice
Fried Eggs	Celery Sticks	Green Peas
Milk	Milk	Salad
Coffee		Canned Sliced Peaches
		Milk Coffee

A "Quick and Easy" dish, colorful and hearty.

Creamed Sea Food with Rice. Heat a 10-ounce can frozen cream-of-shrimp soup according to directions on the can. Meanwhile prepare 2 cups medium cream sauce, using 2 tablespoons margarine, 2 tablespoons flour and 2 cups milk. Combine with the soup. Drain the oil from 2 small cans tuna, and break into bite-sized pieces. Add to the soup-sauce mixture. Cook 1 package frozen peas according to directions. Drain and add. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Heat thoroughly. Serve over hot, fluffy rice. Makes 5 servings.

97c

Saturday $2.81

Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner
Stewed Prunes	Toasted Lettuce-and-Tomato Sandwiches	Frankfurter Favorite*
Scrambled Eggs	Corned-Beef Hash	Tossed Salad
Toast with Jam	Cookies	Poppy-Seed Rolls
Milk	Milk	Coffee
Coffee		Milk

A distinctive dish in taste appeal and price.

Frankfurter Favorite. In a large skillet, sauté 4 onions, sliced thin, and 2 green peppers, finely diced, in a little salad oil. When onions are golden, add 2 No. 2 cans tomatoes and 1 small (8-ounce) can tomato paste. Add 4 potatoes, peeled and diced. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon orégano, ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate and a dash of pepper. Cover and simmer gently for ½ hour. Slice 6 frankfurters into ½" slices and add to the tomato mixture after the first 15 minutes. Add more seasoning if desired. Makes 6 servings.

77c

DO AMERICAN EDUCATORS KNOW WHAT THEY ARE UP TO?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

I *must* read slowly if I am to grasp what I am reading, and often, in some fields, have recourse to a dictionary. There is the phenomenon of photographic memory, by which a reader can repeat back, word for word, what he has read even years earlier. But this, like some mathematical pyrotechnics, is a "sport" and not even an indication of superior intelligence. Speed in reading (or in anything else) is the result of long practice and the breadth of knowledge that enables the reader to grasp immediately what the writer is conveying.

Little Orlo has been the world's most abused guinea pig.

And so we ask, "Do American educators know what they are up to?" And we are compelled to reply: They are up to so many contradictory things, to the achievement of so many divergent and confused aims, that the answer, by and large, is—No.

I THINK I LOVE YOU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

create—well, sort of—just like an actor; I get good money for it and, most important, the public wouldn't know me if it fell over me. People like you live in Macy's window—and only kids or cases of arrested development enjoy that foolishness."

Charley grinned. "Ah," he said, "but what do you think actors are, anyway? Kids *and* cases of arrested development. What other kind of man would paint his face and go on stage to play an empire builder—instead of going right out to *be* the empire builder?"

"You don't have to be so shameless about it," Mike said. "You almost sound as if you're proud of it."

And Charley, scratching his ear, had said very softly, "Proud? I don't know. I don't really know how I feel about it. I've just got to do it. It's as simple as that."

After which they sat silently for a few moments, watching the parade of performers, the grease paint wiped off, coming into the comfortable old hash house to—figuratively—take off their shoes. Celeste Holm. Edward G. Robinson. Paul Muni, virtually getting a standing ovation. Joe Ferrer, grinning and happy with his Rosie. Charley looked at the fair Miss Holm.

"There's a real one—a pro, a fine child," he said with youthful smugness—"but by and large, I give you actresses and six points. What a terrible species."

"It seems more fitting," Mike said, "that women go in for acting. Somehow it doesn't seem like man's work."

If I can advise you, as an old man, my advice is, in all your learning and science, to stick very close to the things you learned from your mothers.

FIELD MARSHAL SMUTS

"You get no argument from me there," Charley said blandly. "I'm not a man. I'm an actor. But I still don't like actresses. Of all the conceited, dreadful, witchy people on the face of the earth, they —— Hi, Kelse!"

Mike looked in the direction of Charley's wave. The girl coming in was—what? five five? five four and a half?—dark, brown-eyed, with a sweet face that was, simultaneously and unbelievably, intelligent and beautiful. She had to be an actress, but he didn't know which one. Probably movies. Mike didn't get to too many movies. She stood there with a petite blonde who looked like a press agent while Jimmy looked around for a table for them, and Mike just stared and for some reason remembered a brook in which he used to dangle his feet after playing tennis in the long ago.

In fifty years, a lucky man gets to feel maybe once the way Mike West felt at that moment. In a hundred years, maybe twice.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"Kelcey Banks. You know, the one who almost married Harry Barnes, the novelist."

"She's an actress." Charley looked at him sidewise.

"Sure she's an actress. A good one. She's on her way up right now, out of the B movies into the presentable ones."

"Bring her over here. Or bring me over there."

It was a good time for Charley Richards to renew the talk about what impossibilities actresses were, but he listened to the sound of Mike's voice and decided not to. He got up and called out to Jimmy to bring the girls to their table. When they had made it and were seated, everybody just smiled for a moment and then Mike turned to Kelcey Banks and gave her a lump of sugar.

"Eat it," he said. "You'll need energy. It's going to be a long night." She looked at him, taking the sugar and fingering it lightly. She smelled of good soap. Of course.

"For whom?"

"For us."

"Gee," she said, and the best thing about it for Mike West right then was that she couldn't stop looking at him, either, "you're serious, aren't you?" She looked at Charley. "All I want from you, Curt Wayne, is the assurance he isn't crazy."

"He's not crazy," Charley said, "but he's a writer. Let me tell you about writers. Boy, any girl that has anything to do with a writer is not only a fool, but ——"

"You're not married or engaged," Mike said to her. "You don't have the look about you."

"No, I don't. Are you?"

"No. I've been engaged twice."

"Why didn't you marry either of them?"

"It wasn't right. Were you at a play tonight?"

"The Tennessee Williams one. I was so impressed."

"I don't like Williams. He ——" Mike stopped. He shook his head. "Small talk. I don't feel like small talk."

"I never do," she said, "but we can't tell each other everything in one night. There wouldn't be anything left."

"Maybe, maybe not. I'm an old thirty-four. I have a thousand stories to tell you and five thousand arguments to pick with you. I grow on people. Honest." She looked at him almost gravely.

"I believe it," she said.

It was one of the strangest talks ever talked in Sardi's. Charley Richards and Phyllis Smith, who was the blond press agent, just kept looking at each other in a kind of startled fashion and raising their eyebrows and shaking their heads.

Mike offered her a cigarette and knew beforehand that she didn't smoke; when she shook her head, he nodded. "You want some black coffee," he said, "and maybe some scrambled eggs." It was naturally just what she did want, but when he went to order it, he stopped. "Wait a minute, I've got a better idea ——"

"Now look here," Charley cut in. "This is beginning to sound like a Saroyan play to me. It's all very well to ——"

Mike turned to him and managed to relax enough to grin a little.

"Charley," he said. He looked at the blonde. "And Phyllis. *Dear* Phyllis. Kelcey Banks and I are going out into the night to talk somewhere. I figure it's up to us to leave, because Phyllis' feet hurt ——"

"They sure do," the blond Miss Smith said.

"—— and I don't want to oust you two, so sit here and be polite to each other." He looked down at Miss Smith. "Are you press agent *and* chaperon?"

She nodded.



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"I don't know when she'll be home," Mike West said, "but don't worry. Her reputation will be the same as always. She's in good hands."

"I'm in good hands," Kelcey Banks said, getting up and slipping into the mink that the studio had lent her for the personal-appearance tour in the East. "Good-by, baby. I'll see you at breakfast. Good-by, Charley."

Then they were out in 44th Street, cold and clear in the New York night, with the pedestrian traffic beginning to thin out and even the customary cop's horse gone. He took her arm and looked at her, except it was really a question of still looking.

"Maybe some piano someplace," he said, "and a corner of a room and all that corny kind of thing, because it's the best kind of thing for talking."

"I don't drink," she said, "so be careful where we go, because this is your town and I don't want anyone laughing at you."

"You don't?" he asked softly. She shook her head.

"No, I don't. *I'll* laugh at you, if I want, but that's all."

"We'll go up to Cy Coleman's Playroom in Fifty-eighth," he said. "He drinks milk while he plays the piano. Maybe he has your brand."

So the night began there and it began in a fine way, because for one lucky break the little supper club wasn't too full, the way it usually was, and quiet nights always seem to inspire musicians somehow, so the elfin, amiable Cy started playing I Concentrate on You and he played it for about three quarters of an hour while they sat there. He played it fortissimo at first because he was a man with the joy of life in him, but then in a little while he looked at Mike West and Kelcey Banks and decided to throttle down and give them what he knew they wanted, so he played endlessly pianissimo. It was a good town, New York, with people like him around.

It was a great town, actually. They saw a lot of it. They saw Park Avenue bare and beautiful in the early morning and they window-shopped on Madison at 3 A.M. and found themselves in a church at 4 A.M., and so on. At 5:30 they were sitting in the living room of the suite she and Phyllis had in the Drake, drinking coffee, and at 6 Phyllis came in from her bedroom in a housecoat, with her hair in curlers, and said, "Listen, go home, will you? This is a respectable house."

At 7 A.M., Mike West put on his camel's-hair coat and Kelcey Banks walked him to the door and kissed him.

"Come by as soon as you want to, this morning," she said. "In about an hour, say. I'm young. I don't need sleep."

"I'm old," he said. "I do. I'll come by in two hours." He kissed her again and closed the door and went down to the street and flagged a cab. "I live at Two-thirty-five East Forty-fifth Street," he told Sol Gold, the cab driver. "I think." Then he leaned back and fellasleep in the taxi, after the best night of his life, the night that he had waited thirty-four years for.

From Wally Warner:

Does Kelcey Banks (pause for whistle) plan to abandon her rising moo'm pitcher career in favor of the ivy-covered cottage and the domestic life with writer Mike West? Many have tried it, dearie, but few have . . .

So that was the way it had begun.

Sometimes it does, you know. Not often, but sometimes. It depends a good deal on the people themselves. With more people than one might imagine, the hair rises suddenly at the nape of the neck at the sight of someone else, the sound of a voice or the look on a face—but people have a way of backing off from such things. People, many of them, become uneasy and frightened or their pride gets in the way and they fight the strong feeling that this person has a power over them. People like that too often end up alone, or with the wrong one.

Mike West and Kelcey Banks were lucky. They knew right away, or almost right away, what it was that had them by the scruffs of their necks, and they went along with it, magnificently, from the start.

That first night had been a Friday. Sunday evening Mike took Kelcey and Phyllis out to LaGuardia Airport and put them on a plane for Cleveland, the next stop on the personal-appearance tour. Just before she gave up her ticket to go through the gate and out to the plane, she turned and looked at him, very wide-eyed, a little scared.

"Look," she said, trying to make it sound offhand and just for kicks. "I think you ought to fly to Cleveland. We'll be there three days. What do you think of those potatoes?"

"I think they're fine," he said, "but I'm supposed to finish a piece by tomorrow afternoon for Era. A fascinating article on teen-age gangs in Chicago."

"Why don't you give up this writing for—for what's the name of that thing?" she asked.

"Era. It's a news magazine. It pays my rent. Listen, don't you read anything but Modern Screen or Photoplay?"

WHERE THOUGHT LEAPS ON

By MAY SARTON

I saw a man bend to a flowing stream
To drink where light and shadow made a fish
A leaping liveness: this was not a dream.
I saw the man bend down as if to wish,
And all around him the green leaves were still.
Leaf folded upon leaf, by the sun drenched.
I saw the man drink deep of miracle.
He made his wish. His dusty thirst was quenched.
And then I knew what I had only guessed:
How past flows into future every hour
And we are by the dead continually blest.
Their lives are a bright stream of power.
And we can drink there deeply if we will
Where thought leaps on although the mind is still.

"Why don't you become a great novelist? Then you wouldn't have to meet deadlines or things like that."

"I thought you'd have had enough of great novelists," he said. He took her shoulder and said he was sorry the moment he had said it. "Anyway," he added, "I make more money than great novelists. I'm really pretty good, you know."

The man at the gate took her ticket and she started toward the plane. Then she turned. "Come to ——" she began to say, but she stopped and hurried off before he could see the tears starting to come to the corners of her eyes.

Era got his story the next morning. At 2 P.M. he was on a plane for Cleveland and at 6 he was knocking on the door of her hotel suite. Phyllis Smith opened it.

"What took you so long?" she asked, because Phyllis Smith was the absolute salt of the earth. "She's inside. Don't smudge her lipstick. She has to be on a television program in three quarters of an hour."

Don't smudge her lipstick. Indeed. In the center of the living room he held her so near to him that she came close to breaking at the waist, and when he had kissed her enough for a starter, he looked down at her and just wallowed in the shine of her eyes.

"It's got away from us, I guess," he said. She nodded.

"What can you do?" she asked philosophically. "That's the way the ball bounces."

"Is that what you always say?" he asked.

"Always," she said. He kissed her again and she put her cheek close to his cold one and talked softly into his ear.

"Stay here until I come back," she said, "which will be in about an hour, and while you're waiting—and watching me on Channel Five—remember this: I'm an actress. That doesn't make any of this easy. Not easy at all, my darling."

"Don't be an ass," he said. When she and Phyllis had headed off for the TV station, in the company of a local press agent, he sat back on a sofa and lighted a cigarette and looked at the drama pages of the Cleveland papers. One of them carried a picture of Kelcey at the airport, and when he looked at it closely, he saw that she was holding prominently a copy of Era.

"That's nice," he said aloud to nobody.

After Cleveland came Chicago. That was where the cold sweats came first.

He had got up early and come and knocked at the door of her suite, which was just down the hall in the Blackstone, and she opened it, yawning and lovely. "What do you want for breakfast?" she asked, so he told her and she got most of it right except the soft-boiled eggs were poached, which didn't matter, because he wasn't hungry. He hadn't been hungry for nearly a week.

Phyllis sat with them and just looked. "I like to look," she said. "It reminds me of my man, who's back in Santa Monica, and I get terribly unhappy and wish I was back there, which is all right, because everybody knows that women just love to be unhappy."

"Bear with us, Smith," Mike said. "This is young love."

"As practiced by an old goat," Phyllis said, grinning pleasantly. "This child is twenty-three. She deserves some clean-cut beardless youth showing her how fast he can drive his Jaguar."

"This child," Mike said, "is older than time."

"Say something very sweet right now," Kelcey said, "because I have to go and be on two radio programs and then we have to go to the theater where my picture is playing, so I can meet people and sign autographs and like that there."

"How's this?" he said. "I love you."

"It's all right for an opener," she said. "What's your next-best card?"

When they had rushed off, this time with a Chicago press agent, he meditated the prospect of a whole morning without her. That seemed a pretty silly thing, so he went downstairs and took a cab to the Primrose movie house and watched the early-morning performance of her movie. It was in Technicolor and in it Kelcey Banks looked just plain beautiful. Or about as she did off-screen.

The cold sweats came when he watched her do a love scene with the leading man—and it cut into him like a very sharp bread knife: *She's like that offscreen too.* When she looked up at the leading man, clear-eyed and candid, it was—or it seemed as if it was—just as she looked up at him, Mike West.

For a swift moment he gripped the wooden arms of the seat. *Wait a minute, now,* he told himself. *Just hold on and wait a minute, because this isn't the way it is at all. If anyone is going to tell you that she was playing a performance when she held her face up to you at Madison and 56th and asked you to kiss her—well, anyone would be out of his fat head.*

I'm thirty-four, he told himself. *I know what's real and fake. Up there on the screen, it's fake. A very good fake, because this girl I love is a very good actress—but a fake. The real part is with me, at night, when the cameras have stopped. The moment of truth, as Hemingway put it, was when she was with me and ——*

But in a few minutes he got up and left the theater and walked through the cold streets of Chicago's Loop, filled with dirty snow, until he tired a little and went to get his shoes shined. Afterward, he stopped by a bookstore and bought her a Debussy record album and a copy of Graham Greene's The End of the Affair. The cold sweats had gone, but as you see, there was some residue left.

"Hollywood and Broadway" item, courtesy Wally Warner:

Say a quiet little prayer for Mike West, the personable wandering correspondent for Era. He's definitely headed for the altar with starlet Kelcey Banks. All right, brave Michael, you tell *us* where you plan to live, and on whose money.

In his general frame of mind, as opposed to the small specific, thoughts like that couldn't hang on, of course. He was too rolling in love. Early that afternoon back at the hotel they came together again and the sadness went—whoosh!—away like that. That was the afternoon she had told him about Harry Barnes. He had thought it might make him feel a pang of jealousy, although he wasn't a jealous-type man, but it didn't; there had been, it appeared, less to the relationship than the newspaper headlines would have had you believe. "He's a fine, dear, sweet man," Kelcey said, "only not for me."

They sat up almost until dawn that night, sitting close to each other on the sofa by the window and watching Chicago slow down and get as close to sleep as the noisy old town ever did. Phyllis had said good night about one and gone into her bedroom—"I wouldn't leave you alone like this, but I trust Kelcey. Not you, West. Only her"—and they had settled on the sofa and, for a few hours, given themselves over to the luxury of unending talk and wonderful silences, and soft, tender kisses.

Somewhere in the night he told her how he had felt in the movie house that morning. He couldn't explain it too well, but she knew what he meant. She turned away from him a little suddenly, and her voice became heavy and almost flat.

"That should do it," she said. "I knew something like that would happen. That'll fix us up before we even begin, Mike." She held her head in her hands, shaking it slowly.

"You'll *always* wonder," she said.

He got a little panicky then, and took her by the shoulders and held her to him and tried to reassure her.

"That's silly," he said. "This is just something I felt today. It went away the minute I saw you again. It doesn't mean a thing, Banks; don't be an ass."

"You'll have to stop saying that to me," she said. "I'm not used to being called an ass."

She got up and went to the window and turned to look at him. In the winter moonlight she was unbelievably beautiful and Mike West knew that it didn't matter if she was Mephistopheles reincarnated; he had to have her for his own. Nothing else mattered. Nothing.

"Darling," she said, "I've wanted to be an actress since I was three."

"All right," he said. "So be an actress."

"To be a good one," she went on "—and I would hate to be anything but a good one—you have to give up some of your self. It hurts. You have to get it up to the surface and put it out for all the world to see; you have to take the world inside for a look around."

She was right, of course.

"I'm an actress, Mike," she said; "and to be what you must be, the piper must be paid. It's as simple as that. All of what you see when you watch me on the screen isn't fake. Some of it's me. It has to be. Don't you see?"

"Yes," he said, "I see," and he got up and crossed to her and took her in his arms and, for a while, it didn't matter whether she was an actress, a circus clown or the American ambassador to Italy.

"When everything is said and done," she said into his shoulder, standing by the window, "the only thing you can do is trust. Trust what I say to you, as I do with what you say to me. That's all people have, really, trust—and love."

They let it go at that. When she cleaned up her publicity work in Chicago the next day, he started to put her on a plane for Los Angeles—but instead of leaving her this time he got on the plane himself. "It wouldn't be the same without you," Phyllis said, and after he had kicked her gently in the shins, he and Kelcey Banks settled back in a couple of seats in the tail section and they soared happily across the Rockies while he explained how his great-grandfather had crossed them in a covered

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142



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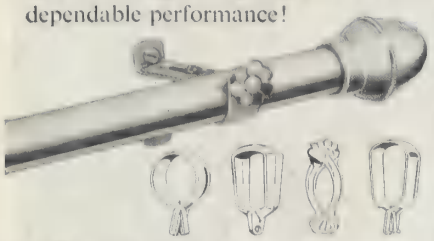
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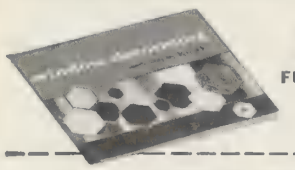
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

wagon. "Or," he said, "a model-T Ford, I'm not sure which."

He stayed a week in smogbound L. A. It was the clincher. By the end of the sixth day, after he had painted the walls of her little apartment in gold, beige and white, he told her that there weren't any two ways about it, they would be married. As soon as possible. She rattled like a diamondback one final time.

"I'm an actress, Mike," she said in a small voice.

"In spite of which," he said firmly, "you'll marry me."

"Yes. I'll marry you."

Seven weeks and thirty-four letters later, he was back in California more or less to stay. "Thank the good Lord," he said when he got off the plane this time and piled into her shiny little blue car, "that I'm a writer and can hang my hat anywhere and work."

"Why don't you write movie scripts?" she asked, and he shook his head.

"Because I don't want to," he said. He looked at her and grinned. "You can get all the ulcers in this family. I've got three months' free-lance work ahead of me for the magazines, including a comprehensive piece on why Mesopotamia ultimately will have complete control of the Suez Canal."

"Writers," she muttered, kissing his ear and almost causing a three-car collision. "I never did have any respect for them." He looked smug.

"Save your respect for them as needs it," he said. "I just want your passion. Your good, clean passion."

"That," she said, "you can have. Pull over to the side of the road and kiss me. You ass." Which, of course, he did.

From Wally Warner:

Dreamland is buzzing about the way Mike West, Kelcey Banks' intended, is giving the cold brush-off to the paragraphers who've been poking into his and Kelcey's private life. Listen, dad, you can't play that way out there, you know that, don't you?

It was one thing to fall in love with a movie actress and follow her to Cleveland and Chicago and California—to be amused at the autograph fiendies following her and to kid about the artistry of her efforts on the silver screen, to look at her with tremendous and deep emotion and to look around at the world and say proudly, "You see her? Well, she's mine."

It was another thing, Mike West learned, to live with it. The—what do the writers say?—tinsel. The make-believe. The half-world.

He got a dose of it the first time they went to Mocambo. "Not because I have to go to Mocambo to be seen," she said, "but because it's a nice enough saloon and the dance band is good. You ought to get used to being a gigolo to a movie queen, anyway." So they went to the place and it turned out to be dark and pleasant and they had a corner to themselves and nobody bothered them. There was even Lana Turner on hand with a group of friends, and Mike West arched an eyebrow and said, "Hey, that's for me," and Kelcey Banks said, "Over my dead body," and so on.

When Frances McKay, the syndicated film columnist, stopped at their table, everything changed a little.

"Miss McKay," Kelcey Banks said almost demurely after she'd introduced Mike, "I think that little paragraph you had about me the other day was just the kindest thing you possibly could do for me. Really, Miss McKay, I mean it."

Mike looked sidewise at her. There wasn't the trace of a smirk around her lovely mouth. How could anyone say something like that—to Frances McKay, a harridan if ever there was one—without at least a *small* smirk?

The battered, slightly unsteady newshen patted Kelcey's arm.

"You're a sweet, sweet child and I predict you'll go far in the profession, dearie," she said. She looked over at Mike. "You've got a big armful of talent at your side, young man. Treat it preciously." He bowed from the waist, a pretty good feat sitting down.

"She's so precious," he said, "that I find it a little hard to believe sometimes." Frances McKay tottered off in the direction of Lana. Mike just looked straight ahead, toying with a packet of matches, and Kelcey put her hand on his arm.

"Don't, Mike. Don't," she said.

"I'm not doing anything," he said. "I'm ——"

"Mike—it's my *business*. There are things I *have* to do, and being nice to Frances McKay is one of them." She was almost pleading. "Don't you have to do things in your business of which you're not overfond?"

He finally sighed and turned to her with a faint smile, shaking his head.

"Yes, I do," he said. "And you have to do them too. I know that, Kelse. Maybe Garbo can say anything she wants to about anyone, but I know you can't, darling, and . . . ah, I'm sorry. I don't mean to needle." He looked at her seriously.

"It's just," he said, "that I've got to get used to it. Bear with me." He sounded almost grim. "I'll get used to it. Believe me. Nothing like this is going to lick you and me. You can count on that."

"Dance with me, Mike," she said softly. "I want you to hold me in your arms." So they did and, the way it always seemed to, the trouble went away in a moment. That was one thing they had going for them, anyway.

There was one other thing that night.

Even with the subdued lighting, it was easy to recognize Valerie Lytton, who was sitting with a man in the nearest corner to Kelcey and Mike. "Statuesque" probably was the word for Valerie Lytton, and had been for a long time. A hundred million movie-goers had seen her over the years, with the exotic tangle of blond hair and the high cheekbones. You wouldn't call her an actress, exactly. She was more like Jean Harlow or Clark Gable. A Personality. In Hollywood, actresses go for a penny a hundred. You can find Judith Anderson in Westerns. Personalities—they come much higher.

Since primitive times, virtually all religious or social systems have attempted to maintain themselves by forbidding free criticism and analysis either of existing institutions or of the doctrine that sustains them; of democracy alone is it the cardinal principle that free criticism and analysis by all and sundry is the highest virtue.

CARL L. BECKER
Freedom and Responsibility in the American Way of Life
Published by Alfred Knopf, Inc.

It was only when you danced near her table—and even then you had to look closely—that you saw Valerie Lytton wasn't twenty-one. She wasn't even forty-one.

Kelcey and Mike weren't dancing when the man got up and started to leave Valerie Lytton's table. They were just watching.

You couldn't help hearing the conversation. After twenty-five years in movieland, an actress grows used to projecting the voice.

"Darling," Lytton said, reaching ever so imperceptibly for the sleeve of his jacket, "I wish you'd stay. Just for a little while, anyway."

He was dark-haired, broad-shouldered, heavy-set. Mike knew he was somebody in films, but which precious leading man he wasn't sure. Valerie Lytton, he remembered, was between husbands.

Dark hair and broad shoulders stood there and looked down at Lytton. "What for?" he asked almost brusquely.

"Well," she said, "for one thing, Frances McKay still is in the place—and I wouldn't want this to go out for four hundred newspapers tomorrow morning. Please stay a moment, Jeff."

He stared down at her. Then he laughed, very mirthlessly.

"Four hundred newspapers? Listen, Mabel—where did you get the idea that the people of America are waiting breathlessly for news of you?" He looked across the room at Frances McKay and her entourage. "McKay doesn't even know you're in the joint," he told her.

"Thanks," she said. "Thanks a lot." He shook his head impatiently.

"Oh, come off it, will you? Don't hang it on me just because you've had your little day in the sun and it's all wrapped up and at the cleaners now. Boy, if there's one thing I can't stand, it's watching some old broad being sorry for herself."

Valerie Lytton let her hand trail away from his sleeve. "Well," she said, her voice a little lower now, "I always *did* pick them. I have to say that. If there's a stinker in sight, little Valerie will find him." She had half a highball in front of her; now she picked it up and drained it quickly.

Dark hair and broad shoulders began to go. Then he turned and looked back at her.

"Tom Mix is dead, honey," he said. "So are Alice Joyce and Fatty Arbuckle. They have talking pictures now. So why don't you go off into a quiet corner and knit socks for the rest of your life?"

Then he was gone. Valerie Lytton sat there, her face strained and yet impassive, for a few seconds after he left. Then, with a straightening of the bare, fleshy shoulders, she held her head up again and lighted a cigarette. As she blew out smoke, she looked briefly in the direction of Kelcey and Mike, and smiled a professional smile. What the smile was supposed to say was, *Aren't men all children, really now?*

Then Valerie Lytton finally pulled her wrap around her and got up and left. For a little time later, a haze of cigarette smoke still seemed to envelop the table where she had been sitting.

"Let's go home," Mike said.

It didn't get any better.

He didn't get used to it. He tried, but he didn't get used to it.

He watched her on the set one morning, doing a love scene with Pike Hunter, one of the newer curly-haired matinee idols, and he couldn't stay. He went off to a corridor and drank soda pop for an hour until she was through. He sat in on a luncheon interview she had one day at the Beverly-Wilshire with a fan-magazine writer, and listening to her being cool and friendly and charming, utterly self-possessed although he felt certain she wanted him to kiss her—and that troubled him too. There were other things she did in her work, other ways she behaved, that—well, which he likely exaggerated beyond their real importance. *Come off it, Kelse*, he wanted to say; *come off it and be my love and forget this foolishness.*

He knew he was being condescending, the way writers always seem to be with actors—they always felt that a scrubwoman could play Juliet and be believable, because the words were all that mattered—and he knew he was being unfair to Kelcey and to her profession. But he couldn't help it.

"The whole thing," he said to the wall of his hotel room one morning, while working on one of his masterpieces, "is bigger than both of us. We can't fight City Hall."

And that was how it had been—Mike West, adrift in lotusland, lost in a world he never had made. Shaken and mixed up. In love with a face that was eight feet high and meant to be looked at thoughtfully over a bag of popcorn from the tenth row.

He sat for a long time on the sofa in the dimly lighted little apartment, with his feet on the coffee table. He smoked cigarette after cigarette and he thought about as hard as the human brain allows, and when he could think no more he got up and walked over and sat on the edge of the opened window. In the long, endless valley stretched below, the lights of Hollywood and, farther on, of Los Angeles formed a blanket of man-made daisies in the night.

Mike West looked down at it. A city built on The Great Train Robbery. On the antics of John Bunny and Flora Finch. On the elder Doug Fairbanks' jumping over walls, on Mack Sennett bathing beauties, and on Ginger Rogers, as Puff Randolph, saying "Cigarette me." On Ronald Colman being so dashing as Beau

Geste and Tom Mix riding off into the sunset on Tony, and ——

He shivered a little. Then, half-aloud, he said, "It isn't real." He rubbed his eyes, then shut them and opened them again, but the blanket of lights, the field of daisies, still covered the darkened valley below. "It isn't real," he said dully. "None of it is real."

After a while, he sighed and walked back to the television set and snapped it on. The awards program was over and Ken Maynard was riding after some Indians in the prairie country. Mike fiddled around with the dial and came up at last with a fairly new movie. It couldn't have been more than seventeen, eighteen years old. The women's skirts were a little longer than those of the Clara Bow era and there were no belts on the backs of the men's suits.

There was something familiar about the slender blonde in the black suit who was playing the career woman who lived alone and was pretty darned tired of it. The high cheekbones, the mop of hair ——

So *that* was how Valerie Lytton had looked.

Mike West had been in his early teens then; he had spent his Saturday afternoons playing tennis or fishing, and he wouldn't have known Valerie Lytton if she suddenly had appeared at the end of his fishing pole.

He backed away from the screen slowly to the sofa and sat down. Then, an unlighted cigarette in one hand, he watched the girl with the high cheekbones act. She was pretty good. And there was something about her that was different. Not just the fact that she was thinner and there were no crow's-feet around the eyes and the voice was softer and warmer.

There was something in her face.

It was the face of somebody who just had been delivered to Hollywood, California, from Butler, Pennsylvania, or Akron, Ohio. In the movie, it was acting, but when you forgot the lines it was saying, the face said, *Gee, look—isn't life absolutely wonderful? It's so good to be alive!*

Mike didn't know how long he sat there, just watching. He looked away from the screen, in the darkened little room, only when he heard Kelcey Banks' voice from the doorway. She was standing there and must have been for some time, looking at Valerie Lytton in the days when the world was young.

"Do you remember what he said?" she asked. "He said, 'Why don't you go off into a quiet corner and knit socks for the rest of your life?'"

Standing there, she looked the way he imagined her when he lay awake at night, staring at the ceiling. Dark and beautiful, with her eyes shining, filling the room with Kelcey Banks, which was all he had felt he ever would want for the rest of his life. Her hair was up in the new chignon, and the green dress that Wardrobe had lent her fitted her magnificently. She was a woman and you couldn't mistake her for anything else. He went over and took her in his arms.

"Kelse," he said, "listen to me." She put a hand over his mouth.

"No."

"I've got something to ——"

"No you haven't. Not to me."

She slipped out of her stole and put something on the coffee table. Then she walked over to the TV set, watched it for one more moment, and then gently shut it off. She came back and pulled Mike West to the sofa so that he lay with his head in her lap.

"The thing on the table," she said. He looked at the big, impressive silver plaque.

"That was given to Hollywood's most promising young ex-actress," she said. She smiled. "Ah, the parts that girl could have played. The hearts she could have broken."

He reached up and drew her lips down to be kissed. When she looked down at him, she was almost irritable.

"Why didn't you lock the door before you turned on that darned thing?" she said, nodding her head at the TV. "I think you planned it. I think you wanted me to see it."

He shook his head no, and she leaned down and kissed him again and then cradled her cheek against his.

"I don't want anyone to tell me to go into a corner and knit socks, Mike West," she said.

"Maybe you're being a little melodramatic," he said.

She shook her head. "No. I just didn't want to see it before. It didn't have to be Valerie Lytton's old movie tonight. I could see the same thing six nights a week, with six other women like her."

"That doesn't mean you have to end up like that."

"I know, I know," she said. "But there's a chance I might—and I don't want to take the chance." She leaned back and sighed. "I sat at the banquet tonight and was being more charming than I ever had been. And then I looked around—at all the other promising young actresses. Do you know what, Mike? They were all trying *so* desperately to please. To charm everyone within twenty feet. They were so anxious to have everybody love them." She shivered.

"And suddenly I realized I didn't *have* to," she said. "All of a sudden I only had to make happy a man sitting back in a tiny apartment in Hollywood Hills, unhappy because of the strange business I was in. So I left. I took the plaque and at the door I looked at Don Allison and said maybe he'd have to get himself another girl and ——"

Mike West kissed Kelcey Banks very long and very thoroughly. "I feel terrible," he muttered. "You'll remember this all your life and we'll both be unhappy about it."

"No," she said, shaking her head. "No, we won't. Just don't ever tell me to go into a corner and knit socks for the rest of my life."

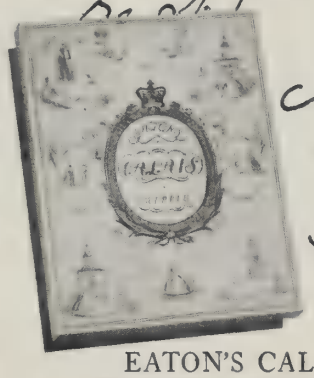
And he never did.

From Wally Warner:

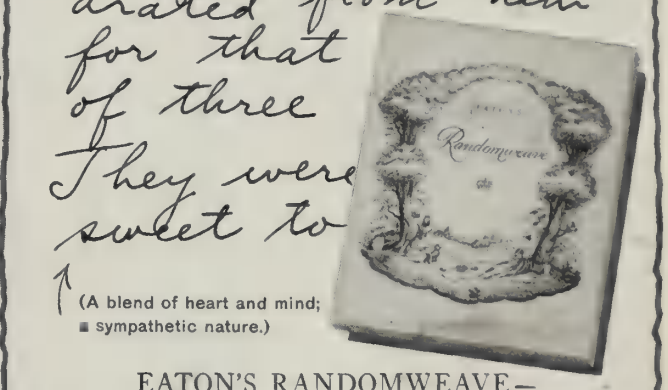
By the time you read these deathless lines, Kelcey Banks and Mike West will have made it legal—but the big news is that Miss B. has tossed her promising career into the ashcan, to be Mrs. W. This is no Betty Hutton retirement, either. Well, maybe she's a fool—but it's six, two and even she's ■ happy fool. END

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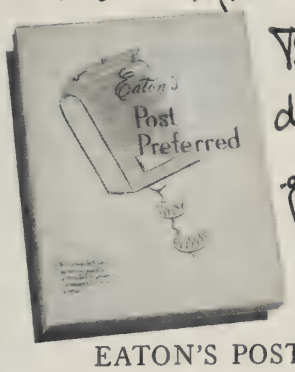
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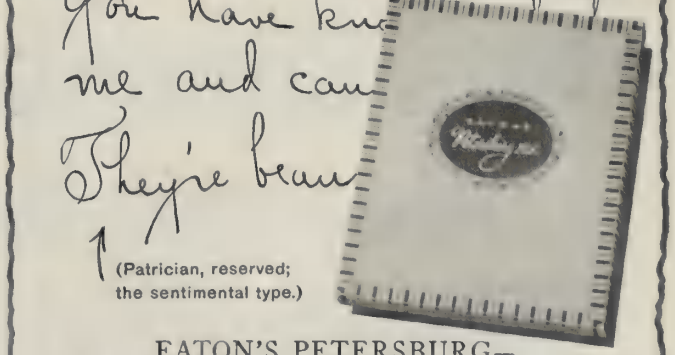
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HOW AMERICA LIVES

DOUBLE FEATURE Dining Room

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND *Interior Decoration Editor*

"Our dining room works between meals and overtime," said Marel Harayda. "The family has too many projects that require working space to allow it to be used solely for dining."

Marel's plan for the 11′ x 13¾′ room demanded that it look like and function as a dining room without its other activities' dominating the scene. Her business as an interior decorator gave her knowledge for planning, and her love of sage-green china inspired the coloring. The first step was to scrape the dark green rough-plaster walls to ready them for fresh willow-green paint, and the installation of white built-in cabinets and shelves. These at once made the room appear larger and provided cupboard storage for linens, china and silver. Even a small desk for Marel's own use was included. Bookshelves in the dining room were a must: "Each evening after dinner," Marel explained, "we hold a round-table discussion, lasting about an hour, and it is usually necessary to resort to reference books to settle the point in question." The shelves also provide space to display her budding collection of Wedgwood china.

Simple colonial furniture in a mellow wood finish was chosen for this small room. The extensible dining table with its matching chairs will become even more of a blessing when the children reach the homework stage, allowing plenty of room for books and papers. With their library at hand, this is an ideal setup for the homework crowd.

Durable plastic tile replaced the old and worn linoleum which had become a problem to keep clean, and a bright cotton-and-fiber rug adds warmth to the room, echoing the coral of the chair cushions. The same canvas duck, a long-wearing and sturdy fabric, covers the small cushions atop the louvered bench which screens the old-fashioned radiator. The green plaid curtains, light, crisp—and washable, of course—repeat the color of the walls, pointing up Marel's treasured collection of china.

APPLEYARD CHURCH SUPPER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

MRS. APPLEYARD'S MEAT PIE

Mother begins by buying 4 pounds chuck steak and having it cut into 1½" cubes. Then she mixes 5 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning, ½ teaspoon pepper, and ¼ teaspoon each nutmeg, cinnamon and ginger. Put the seasoned flour in a paper bag and shake the cubes of beef in it until they are thoroughly coated. In a large frying pan, melt 5 tablespoons butter. Reduce heat and brown the beef slowly, turning occasionally. Cover meat with 2 cups tomato juice and 1 cup beef bouillon or consommé. Season with 2 teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon each thyme and orégano. Cover and let meat simmer gently—never let it boil—for 2 hours. Meanwhile, peel and slice enough tender carrots to make 2 cups, and peel 16 small white onions. About 45 minutes before meat is done, cook the carrots and onions in 1 cup beef bouillon or consommé and 2 cups tomato juice. After 10 minutes of cooking, add 2 packages frozen green peas to the vegetables. Cook for 5 minutes. Transfer meat to a large pan or casserole. Stir in vegetables and 1 tablespoon sugar. Set over medium heat on top of range. Make a *roux* of 2 tablespoons melted butter and 2 tablespoons flour. Stir into sauce until well blended. Let sauce come to a boil and arrange buttermilk biscuits on top.

BUTTERMILK BISCUITS

Sift together 2⅔ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¾ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon baking soda. Cut 6 tablespoons butter into flour until mixture is the consistency of coarse meal. With a fork mix in 1 cup buttermilk just enough to moisten dry ingredients. Flour your hands and shape into biscuits—do not roll—and drop onto *bubbling* gravy. Bake pie in a hot oven, 400° F., until biscuits are delicately brown, or about 30 minutes. Makes 8 large or 12 medium servings of pie and biscuits. Mother always makes an extra batch of biscuits to serve separately with the pie, as there never seems to be enough.

The East Hill Church can be seen from most parts of Appleyard Center, rising from uncompromising squareness into a delicately turned spire, and crowned with a fish-shaped gilded weather vane. The outside is white—what other color is there for Vermont churches? Inside, the church kitchen is a characteristic blend of the modern and the traditional: there are a mammoth old black wood stove, and a shining white modern range; a soapstone sink for pots and pans, and a big new white enamel one for dishes and silver. On the sparkling day of the supper, the roads have been freshly plowed; I get to the church well ahead of time, having promised to help in the kitchen. Some of my neighbors are there already, setting the long trestle tables, which can seat forty people, with blue-and-white-checked cloths, heavy white china, thick tumblers and much-polished silver.

Cynthia, my eldest daughter, just fifteen, is filling big bowls with bright red apples and nuts, which will serve for decoration, and the more practical purpose of munching as well. I see that mother's meat pie has arrived and is keeping warm on top of the range. Alma Vincent, who leads our church choir, is just sliding mother's pan of potatoes into the oven for a final warming. "I'd like the rule for these, if your mother wouldn't mind," she says; Alma is one of Appleyard Center's finest cooks, and it's a compliment to have her ask.

POTATOES MRS. APPLEYARD

First mother butters the bottom and sides of a 12"x8"x2" baking dish. Wash and peel 4 large baking potatoes. Slice them thin as a newly minted dime and put in ice water a little while. Drain. Put a layer of potatoes into the dish, dot with butter and sprinkle thickly with shredded sharp Cheddar cheese, finely minced onion, minced parsley, salt, pepper, savory and paprika. Do this until you have four layers. (You'll need altogether ¼ cup butter, ½ pound Cheddar cheese, 1 cup minced onions, ½ cup minced parsley, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 teaspoon each pepper and savory, and enough paprika to redden each layer.) Save ¼ cup Cheddar cheese for the top of the dish. Now, pour in a mixture of milk and light cream, half and half, enough to cover the potatoes (about 2½ cups). Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., for 10 minutes. Then reduce heat to moderate, 350° F. Sprinkle on the ¼ cup cheese and continue baking until potatoes are tender, or for about 2 hours. By this time they should be brown on top, a sort of well-polished American walnut underneath, and soft and creamy white in between. Makes 8 servings.

I ask Alma what she has brought, and she shows me a handsome roast loin of pork already in the oven, brown and crisp outside, with a hint of spice in its rich, savory fragrance. I suggest to her that we'd like to know

CHAPERON

French noblemen of the early Middle Ages adopted a special type of hood. Because it resembled the shape (mantle) worn by priests, they called it the chaperon. It crossed the English Channel with the Norman Conquest, and was long worn only by men. Edward III made the chaperon part of the full-dress costume worn by members of the Order of the Garter when he founded it in 1349.

In the same spirit which has led modern women to adopt slacks, the medieval lady began to wear her lord's chaperon. For more than a century, the garment was fashionable. Then it fell into disuse; only old ladies who cared nothing about fashion continued to wear it.

It was ladies of that sort who were usually asked to watch over young girls. As late as 1830, it was a stock joke that any attractive miss was likely to be guarded by an old witch wearing a chaperon. Eventually the garment disappeared. But its name stuck to guardians of conduct, with the result that the chaperon is not extinct.

just what she did to make it smell so good, and in just about a minute I'm copying down her recipe for

ROAST LOIN OF PORK

Alma takes a 7-pound loin of pork and has it cut almost all the way through along the bone so that it can be carved easily into chops. Sift together ¼ cup flour, 1¾ teaspoons cloves, 1 teaspoon each salt and poultry seasoning, ½ teaspoon paprika and ¼ teaspoon cinnamon. Rub this mixture well into the surface of the roast. Put the pork on a rack in a large roaster pan and roast for 10 minutes, uncovered, in a very hot oven, 500° F. Reduce heat to slow, 300° F., add about 1 cup water to the pan: cover and roast pork 3½ hours. Remove roast from pan. Now for the gravy: Skim drippings of excess fat: brown ⅓ cup flour in a skillet over low heat, stirring until it tans lightly. Stir into drippings and gradually add 1 cup milk. Heat, stirring constantly, until thickened and smooth. Serve the roast with the gravy. Makes about 15 servings.

Now the waitresses arrive, among them my eleven-year-old daughter, Laura, and we tie blue-and-white-checked aprons around them, to match the tablecloths. Alma gives them strict instructions not to hurry the guests before they've had time to think about second helpings. "Let them sit and visit if they've a mind to." . . . "And don't pour water down anyone's back," cautions Cynthia, veteran waitress of many suppers. Alma tells me that her other contribution came about because she had some pork fat left over that she'd cut off the roast. That's how we happen to have some big, steaming bowls of

GREEN BEANS WITH PORK CRACKLINGS

Cut off ¼ pound outside fat from a pork roast, and cut into ¼" cubes. Sauté slowly, stirring occasionally and pouring off excess fat until they are crisp and delicate brown. Drain on absorbent toweling. Cook 3 packages frozen green beans in a small amount of boiling water until crisp-tender. Season with 3 tablespoons butter or pork drippings, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Scatter cracklings over beans and serve. Makes 8 servings.

Over on the salad counter sits a big cut-glass salad bowl that I recognize as Mary Flint's. She's the kind of cook that can turn out 200 homemade rolls for a supper, each of them light, buttery, melt-in-your-mouth, and all alike. Today, however, she has brought a salad, and is adding something to it at the last minute. "Chopped almonds?" I ask, sampling a few. "And what else went into it?"

ALMOND, GRAPE AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

Brown ½ cup blanched slivered almonds in butter. Drain on paper toweling. Mix together 2 cups diced celery and 1 cup each canned or frozen pineapple chunks and red or green grapes cut in half and seeded. Make a tart dressing by adding the juice of ½ lemon to ½ cup of your favorite French dressing. Pour dressing over salad and toss lightly. Stir in browned almonds. Serve in lettuce cups. Makes 8 servings.

The waitresses have folded napkins, filled tumblers and set out glass dishes of Mrs. Appleyard's red-pepper relish as made by her eldest daughter—in other words, me. A great advantage to this particular relish is that you can usually get the materials for it in winter as well as summer. I made this batch just a few weeks ago so when Mary asks me for the rule I can say it off just about by heart.

RED-PEPPER RELISH

I begin by splitting 12 sweet red peppers and removing the seeds and doing the same with 6 green peppers. Dice fine. Cover with boiling water. Let stand 10 minutes. Drain. Add more boiling water. Let stand 5 more minutes. Drain again. Chop 3 large onions and 6 peeled ripe tomatoes and add to the peppers. Add 2 cups chopped celery and 1 lemon and 1 orange, peeled, sliced thin and quartered. In a large pot heat 2 cups sugar and 1½ tablespoons salt with 1 quart cider vinegar. Boil 5 minutes. Add the chopped vegetables and bring to a boil. Simmer for 10 minutes. Pack the relish in sterilized jars. Makes 6–8 pint jars.

Everything is ready now. The kitchen is full of steam and delicious smells. The mingled fragrances drift out into the vestibule and make the waiting customers press longingly against the doors that lead to the dining room. Alma casts an experienced eye over the tables; "Center table needs another dish of butter," she says to Laura. Somehow a pattern of unrehearsed teamwork always takes over at this point, as we set out casseroles, platters and vegetable dishes. Making coffee, cutting cake and pie in equal portions, washing and wiping dishes as soon as they are cleared away—if someone comes to help, she *helps!* Crises come and go. The hot dishes threaten to run out, and Alma dashes home across the road to get an extra pan of beans she'd made "just in case."

What a serious lot the diners always are! A meal is a solemn business when you've braved snowdrifts to get to it, and the people who come are always intensely devoted to the matter at hand. Not until the dinner plates are cleared away, and the desserts and coffee have come on, is there much conversation beyond, "Would you please pass the relish . . . and the salad too."

"A man wants to know how to make our icebox cake," says Cynthia, bursting into the kitchen. "He calls it 'that cold chocolate pudding.'" Cynthia is delighted, as she is the one who made it.

CHOCOLATE ICEBOX CAKE

In a saucepan melt 2 packages semisweet chocolate pieces with 4½ tablespoons hot water. Add 7 well-beaten egg yolks and cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. This will take about 7 minutes. Remove from heat and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cool. Line a glass loaf pan with waxed paper. Use 2 wide strips of paper, one laid lengthwise, the other crosswise, leaving enough paper to cover the top from both ends and sides. Beat 7 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold egg whites carefully into the chocolate mixture. Pour into the paper-lined loaf pan. Layer the top of the mixture with ladyfingers, about 18 (or 2 packages if they are small ones, fewer if larger: if ladyfingers are unavailable, use strips of sponge-cake cut to fit). Fold over the waxed-paper ends, and fasten with paper clips. Refrigerate for several hours. When ready to serve, cut away the top paper and turn out on a platter. Remove the rest of the paper. Just before serving, whip ½ pint cream and frost the loaf. Garnish with semisweet chocolate shavings. Makes 6–8 servings.

I'm hoping for a piece of Mary Flint's lemon-meringue pie—such a pie, a good four inches from the feathery crust to the cloud of meringue above it! The kitchen help and the waitresses get to eat after the customers are through, but I don't stand a chance tonight. My Tommy got there first, and the last gold-and-white triangle is rapidly disappearing. A proper mother should be happy to see her child enjoying himself so. Here's how Mary makes it:

LEMON-MERINGUE PIE

Mix together 4 tablespoons cornstarch and 1¼ cups sugar. Add ⅓ cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind and 4 slightly beaten egg yolks (save the whites for the meringue). When well mixed so that there are no lumps of starch, pour in 1¼ cups hot water. Place over simmering water and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Cover and cook for 20 minutes more, stirring from time to time. Taste to make sure no taste of starch remains. Cool slightly and pour into a baked 9" pie shell.

Beat egg whites until quite frothy. Gradually add 8 tablespoons sugar and continue beating until peaks will form. Add a pinch of salt. Spread over the filling, being sure it is well sealed to the shell. Bake in a very hot oven, 425° F., until delicately browned, about 4–5 minutes. Set on a cake rack or trivet to cool.

"Why can't you make lemon pie like Mrs. Flint?" Tommy rebukes me as we're trudging home down the snowy road with a basketful of empty dishes.

"I can," I answer. "I've got the recipe."

Behind us the church kitchen is swept and tidy, the tables scrubbed and the chairs straightened. And in the cashbox are seventy-five dollars toward a new furnace.

"The best cooks are men," Tommy proclaims, and runs ahead to take a long slide down the snow-packed hill to our cedar-lined driveway.

Men are good cooks when they're cooking, I think to myself. *Only mostly they don't. The best cooks are people, and a lot of them live right here in Appleyard Center.* As I reach home, our dog barks a short welcome. The pony whinnies from her warm stable. Northern lights are rippling and crackling over the house. "Why do you live in the country?" people sometimes ask me. On nights like this, after a successful church supper, the answer is clear. END







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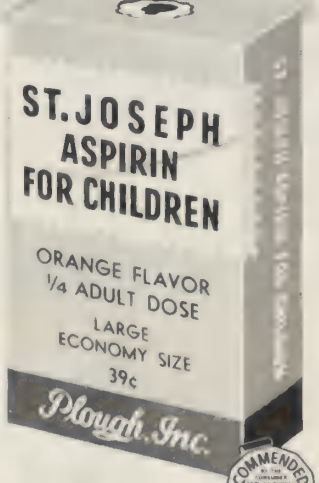


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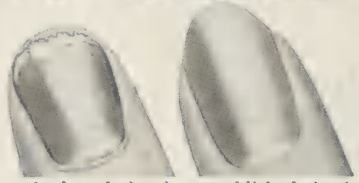


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1 THE DISAPPEARING DOLLAR 1

By MARGARET DAVIDSON,
Homemaking Editor

HOW AMERICA SPENDS

Only at the bottom of the scale do any sizable number simply break even.

Every income group allots the biggest part of its budget to groceries and the house. But note that the bigger your income, the smaller the share that food and shelter demand.

Some percentages stay fairly level—personal care, for instance, and recreation. But as income climbs, the same percentage equals more dollars.

Some proportions fall when income goes up—for instance, the share going to medical expenses. Others increase with income: the more you make, the larger the share you give away, for example.

Take a look at those savings and deficit figures. Did they raise your eyebrows? If you're a $2000–$3000, did you howl to see Mr. $5000–$6000 spending an average of 2 per cent more than he takes in? If you're a bill-hounded $7500 family, did you wince to see that 45 per cent of the $3000–$4000 families save money?

Well, those savings and deficit figures are tricky. Any big buying on loan or installments in a given year (houses excepted) is likely to throw a family over onto the red-ink side, for the total price is written into the expense. But the year afterward, assuming that they don't borrow more, they'll probably show up in the black again, as they pay off. A planned withdrawal of savings will show up as overspending. Also the average amount people borrow is likely to be larger than the average amount they save in a black-ink year, which pushes the average of the two sets of figures into the minus column. Finally, most people have some untabulated savings hidden, as cash values in the insurance figures.

Actually, the more helpful data are probably those lower down on the table—the percentages of each income group who save as against the percentages who go in the hole. Every income group, you'll notice, has its savers; good income helps, but so does good management. Once over the $3000 hump, the division is pretty much 50–50 until you hit the big money.

This article is condensed from Changing Times, W. M. Kiplinger's monthly magazine, with table based on surveys by Bureau of Labor Statistics, Census Bureau, Dept. of Agriculture and private researchers. Mr. Kiplinger also publishes the Kiplinger Washington Letter for businessmen.

HOW THE HARAYDAS SPEND

You can change spending patterns—but only before, not after, the money goes.

Marel and Johnnie Harayda never quite know where their money goes. So when Marel saw us looking over a chart on average incomes, her curiosity was piqued. The first thing that surprised her was that the Harayda income was above average. The second: that in the $6000–$7500 income bracket (although Haraydas are at the low rung of it), 57 per cent save, 43 per cent end the year with a deficit.

The Haraydas have to cope with income that is unevenly divided through the year. Johnnie's take-home teaching salary for the ten months of 1957, including his raise, came to $4125. Marel's income fluctuates, averages around $1800 a year. So planning is hard. Savings are nonexistent at the moment. Looking at the chart on how others spend, Marel noted that their house and its upkeep is the biggest imbalance in their budget (43 per cent). "We figure that we are putting something aside in a way as we buy the house." Spur-of-the-moment buying for the grounds and recreation are other top-heavy items.

Even getting the figures together was a chore and an eye opener. "Johnnie and I never keep track of money—except for knowing it runs out." Many of the check stubs were illegible, not filled out, or made to "Cash." So Marel phoned three local utility companies to find out what her bills came to. The reason behind last year's plumbing bill, several hundred dollars, is lost in mystery. The price of a hot-water heater is lost, too, in the household records. Recreation is high, but the $565 total includes many books and magazines Marel considers good for the children.

Even a year's income is guesswork, and bumpy for a budget. The two summer months are lean. Johnnie's earnings drop to about half his winter average, are $440 when all goes well, but July and August jobs are unpredictable. "We sometimes have to skip the mortgage payment. Then we take out too much from his teaching pay later, and have to skimp on other things." Marel's income is vague as well. Her decorating can bring in from $25 a week up. As a working figure for the year, she thought a clear $1800 might be realistic. Her supplement, added to his earnings, brought their income to $6365 last year.

To ease the unknown months, the Haraydas decided they needed a clearer plan for income and outgo. Income in the flush winter months would have to be divided and a sum banked to cover the summer and also start an emergency fund, now lacking. Outgo would also have to be figured on a yearly instead of spontaneous basis, they decided. To meet fixed bills, such as yearly auto insurance, they would have to set aside a regular amount during the ten teaching months of the year.

Food and clothing expenses have never been a problem. Marel is a canny shopper, seldom spends more than $5 for a dress, makes many of her own and the children's clothes and slip covers, draperies. Johnnie buys some of his clothes at factory outlets and Marel picks up bargains for him too. She waits to do the back-to-school shop-



RUTH ORKIN

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Marel and Johnnie Harayda, whose story appears on page 121, shop thriftily for food, spend 8 per cent below average. Clothing bills run 8 per cent below average too. But in big categories—such as impulse buying for the house and grounds last year—outgo runs high (19 per cent above average).

HOW DOES YOUR SPENDING COMPARE WITH THE NATIONAL AVERAGE?

income after taxes	$2,000 to $3,000	$3,000 to $4,000	$4,000 to $5,000	$5,000 to $6,000	$6,000 to $7,500	$7,500 to $10,000	$10,000 and over
food	38%	32%	30%	27%	25%	22%	17%
shelter							
housing and utilities	20%	16%	16%	13%	13%	12%	12%
household operation	5%	5%	5%	5%	5%	5%	6%
furnishings and equipment	6%	6%	6%	7%	7%	6%	5%
clothing	12%	12%	13%	14%	14%	13%	10%
automobile	7%	8%	10%	10%	8%	10%	6%
other transportation	1%	2%	1%	1%	2%	1%	1%
medical care	8%	6%	5%	5%	4%	4%	3%
personal care	2%	2%	2%	2%	2%	2%	1%
recreation	3%	4%	4%	4%	5%	4%	4%
tobacco	2%	2%	2%	2%	1%	1%	1%
other expenses	2%	2%	2%	3%	2%	2%	3%
insurance	4%	4%	4%	5%	5%	5%	5%
gifts and contributions	2%	3%	2%	4%	4%	5%	8%
savings (+) or deficit (—)	—12%	— 4%	— 2%	— 2%	+3%	+8%	+18%
per cent who save	27%	45%	52%	46%	57%	66%	74%
average amount saved	$260	$416	$472	$696	$769	$1,718	$6,000
per cent with deficit	56%	51%	45%	52%	43%	32%	26%
average amount of deficit	$666	$679	$788	$953	$1,235	$1,456	$1,615
per cent who broke even	17%	4%	3%	2%	0%	2%	0%

HOW THE HARAYDAS CAN AFFORD THEIR BIG HOUSE

The Haraydas compare their spending with the average for their income group.

1957—income after taxes, including Marel's earnings and Johnnie's summer work—$6365

1957—outgo	Dollars	Per cent	Variation from Average Per cent
food	$1100	17	—8
shelter			
housing and utilities	2053	32	+19
household operation	104	2	—3
furnishings and equipment	604	9	+2
clothing	368	6	—8
automobile	257	4	—4
other transportation	10	0.2	—1.8
medical	216	4	Same
personal care	52	0.8	—1.2
recreation	565	9	+4
tobacco	190	3	+3
other expenses	242	4	+2
insurance	200	3	—3
gifts and contributions	404	6	+2

ping until the term has started and clothing prices have dropped. Food sales on Thursdays have always stocked the larder, and the Haraydas have saved by buying bulk (for instance, 20 cans of tomatoes at a sale price of 10 cents a can).

It would be worth while, the Haraydas decided, to settle on a working budget, to stabilize some of their heights and depths through the year. Then they would be more assured of getting what they really want from the money available.

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CONVERSATION PIECE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

white pepper and salt to taste and bind with about 5 tablespoons mayonnaise. If you like, you can substitute finely chopped chicken for the salmon—the other ingredients will be the same. Dry mushroom caps thoroughly inside and out, and fill with the salad. Sprinkle tops with paprika. These look attractive and taste even better. The salad can be prepared the day before, all but adding the mayonnaise.

CEREAL COCKTAIL SNACKS

In a large flat baking pan spread 1 package crisp, oven-popped rice cereal, 1 package bite-size shredded wheat, 1 package pretzel sticks and 1 can cashew nuts (or peanuts). Dot all over with ½ pound butter. Place in a very slow oven, 200° F., 2 hours, tossing occasionally with a fork. Serve hot, in small bowls, as you would salted nuts.

BOUILLABAISSE

Buy 1¼ pounds cleaned, shelled and deveined shrimp (about 18), 1¼ pounds scallops (about 16), three or four 1½-pound lobsters (or an equivalent of frozen lobster tails if fresh lobster is not available) and 3 fillets flounder or sole. Put flounder or sole in top of double boiler, over boiling water; cover and cook until fish is white and firm, about 30–40 minutes. Set aside to cool. Split the lobsters in half. Cut off tail and claws. In a heavy kettle put ½ cup olive or salad oil, and when hot add 2 cups chopped onions, 1½ cups chopped celery and 2–3 cloves garlic, minced. Cook until delicately browned. Add ½ cup chopped parsley, 2 No. 2 cans tomatoes and 3 cups beef bouillon. Season with 4 teaspoons salt, ¾ teaspoon each thyme, paprika and saffron, 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate, ½ teaspoon fennel, ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper. If you like, substitute 1 cup sauterne for 1 cup of the bouillon. Bring to a boil. Put in the shrimp, scallops, lobsters. Cover and simmer 30 minutes. Take out the lobsters. Remove lobster meat from shells and add to the mixture. Break flounder into bite-sized pieces and add these with the broth that has accumulated while they cooked. When the mixture again comes to a boil, it is ready to serve. Makes 8 servings. For second helpings, increase proportionately. (In season two dozen mussels may be added.)

CAULIFLOWER SALAD

Break and cut 1 head cauliflower into small flowerets. Cover with water and ice cubes and store in refrigerator. Let celery cabbage stand in cold water for a while and put in refrigerator. (If celery cabbage isn't available, any kind of salad greens can be used.) These are day-before jobs. To assemble salad, drain cauliflower and dry thoroughly, shred celery cabbage fairly fine and cut 1 can pimientos into cubes. Rub salad bowl with garlic, put in ingredients and toss with French dressing. To make it look prettier, you could save some of the cauliflower and pimiento for the center. I don't like a sour French dressing—four parts salad oil to one part vinegar is my choice—but that's up to you.

GARLIC FRENCH BREAD

Order slender French bread from your bakery. Cut into slices about ¾" thick almost but not quite through the bottom crust. Press slices away from one another and spread on both sides with softened butter mixed with minced garlic. (If you don't have a garlic press, I advise getting one. It takes the curse off this garlic-mincing chore.) Wrap the loaf in brown paper and tie with string. Before serving, heat 15 minutes in a medium—350° F.—oven. The bread can be prepared for the oven in advance and frozen.

CRÊPES AUX FRAMBOISES

Crêpes. This recipe will make 18 pancakes. Beat 4 eggs until light; add 3 tablespoons melted butter, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 cup flour and 2 cups milk. Beat until smooth. In a small skillet, about 5½" bottom diameter, heat a little salad oil; pour in a small amount of batter and immediately tilt skillet from side to side to distribute batter evenly. When I make *crêpes* I measure 3 tablespoons into a ladle, observe the level and from then on I guess at quantity. When bottom of pancake is delicately browned, turn over with a spatula and brown other side. Use medium heat. Transfer to a baking sheet covered with waxed paper. The pancakes can be stacked if each layer is covered with waxed paper. Two skillets will speed the job and you can easily watch two pancakes at a time. These can be made the day before if wrapped airtight, with waxed paper between the pancakes so that they won't stick together. And I have made them far in advance and frozen them.

Filling. Blend together 1 pound creamed cottage cheese and 9 ounces cream cheese. The morning of the party day, spread each pancake generously with the cheese mixture, roll and place side by side in an oblong cake pan or baking dish. They mustn't be stacked and you may have to use two baking dishes. Cover tightly with aluminum foil.

Raspberry Sauce. Thaw four 10-ounce packages frozen raspberries, buzz in electric blender and strain through a fine sieve to remove seeds. If you don't have a blender, press them through a sieve. Add 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and sugar to taste. Bring to a boil and stir in quickly 2 teaspoons cornstarch dissolved in a little cold water. Boil 1 minute.

Sometime in the afternoon, spoon about half the raspberry sauce over the *crêpes* and cover again with aluminum foil. Before serving, give them 20 minutes in a moderate—350° F.—oven. Heat remaining sauce in a double boiler. If you like, ¼ cup brandy can be added to the sauce. To serve, put 2 *crêpes* on each heated dessert plate, spoon on more sauce and put a good glob of cold sour cream on each serving.

Service. This meal should be eaten at the table, but the form of service can be elastic. The important thing is to be sure that the bouillabaisse is eaten while it is piping hot. I suggest that you have the tureen of bouillabaisse and the soup plates on a buffet or table and let your guests serve themselves. While this is going on you could serve the salad and put it at each place. It would be difficult for people to juggle both the soup and salad at one time, and it would be awkward and time-consuming if they had to make two trips to the buffet.

"WE'RE DOING FINE ON $8,400 A YEAR"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

"It's all been a matter of deciding together what things were most important to us," says the financial expert, "and then planning our outgo to fit our income." She produces budgets and records of actual spending from past years to demonstrate exactly how the Collinses' income has been used. "It's duck soup now that we're so *rich*," she adds, "but we've always lived on whatever we had."

Chuck and Virginia had been high-school friends in Massachusetts, but *not* sweethearts, Va. insists. "He walked home with me, but *I* carried my books! He'd tell me about his girl friends, and criticize my boy friends. I kept waiting for him to ask me to go steady, but he never did." He joined the Navy (radarman) in 1944 and Virginia, in nurses' training, wrote him long, frequent letters. She liked nursing, but left after fifteen months ("When I mixed up the diets and served steak to a woman due for an operation, I decided I was too scatterbrained to fool around sick people") and got a job with the telephone company. By the time Chuck came home in 1946, she had been promoted to traveling supervisor. He came to see her on his first night home, but they were still "just friends," and soon he was again objecting to the boys she went out with. "I finally realized," he grins, "that the only way to stop worrying about her was to marry her myself."

They were married in June, 1947, and went to New York on their honeymoon; but after three days they came home, threw some dungarees in a bag, and spent the rest of the two weeks at a camp in the Adirondacks.

They had agreed that Virginia would keep her job when Chuck entered technical college that fall, but the traveling involved meant that the newlyweds could spend only weekends together. She resigned and for three months, while she looked for work locally, they lived on Chuck's G.I. allowance of $90 per month, "but we got awfully tired of spaghetti!" Then she found work as a doctor's office assistant at $120 per month, soon got a raise. Expenses were low—rental for their college quarters was $30—and they saved most of the G.I. $90 each month. "We kept it all in a checking account at first, but soon learned the fallacy of that—it's so easy to write another ten-dollar check!" Chuck graduated in 1950 (he gave Virginia her sewing machine as a "graduation present"), found a job at $45 per week. Their first "real home" was a small apartment for which they bought furniture, range and refrigerator with the money they had saved.

The nine-cubic-foot refrigerator was too large then; they are still using it, and now wish it would stretch. The original living and bedroom furniture is still in use also—sturdy brown-toned maple, which glows with the reflection of loving care. Virginia made colorful slip covers for chairs and sofa last year. When they moved into the new house they bought (and painted) bunk beds and chests for the boys' rooms, and a new living-room rug; lately a table and chairs have been added to the dining alcove, which held the TV until they could afford the table. The living room is an inviting spot with its growing plants, gay café curtains, books and magazines, record player, and a parakeet that sings.

Since some months before Charles was born in 1950, Virginia has not worked outside the home. She says firmly, "My function, as I see it, is to keep our home running and to try to furnish the things my family needs or wants. I don't see any excuse for a man's reaching into a sock drawer and there are no socks, or needing a clean shirt and there are none! Chuck likes a clean, comfortable house and good meals; and I like to think that my being here is worth something to the children, even if they don't realize it now." She tells you about the day last year when she and the boys went to the park, taking with them a little boy whose mother had to work during the day. He looked up at her and said, "Do you mind if I call you 'mother' while we're here?" She adds, "That nearly broke my heart! When my children need to call somebody mother, I want to be available."

You can read much of the Collinses' personal history between the lines of their outgrown budgets. Chuck and Virginia have never considered that simply being sheltered, clothed and fed was really *living*. Even during what they now call "our real poverty days," they found room for a few white hyacinths. For instance, the budget for September, '53 (salary $363.48), was so closely figured that the final entry read: "balance left, $0.24"; yet that same budget allotted $7.50 per month for "encyclopedia." "I never went to college," Virginia explains, "and some of the happiest times I can remember were when I was curled up in bed reading straight through the encyclopedia. We wanted to have this one handy whenever the boys might reach for it. So far, though, Charles is the only one who's shown much interest." Since Jon and Pat are only

The truest help we can render to an afflicted man is not to take his burden from him, but to call out his best strength that he may be able to bear the burden. PHILLIPS BROOKS

five and four, there seems some possibility that they may develop interest later.

The record of daily expenses for that same month of September, '53, carries such careful notations as: "Buttons and toy, $1.39; bread, $0.42; movies, $0.60; stamp, $0.02; Salvation Army, $2.00."

One item conspicuously missing from those former budgets is an allowance for medical and dental expenses. "We're outrageously healthy," explains Virginia, "and the only medical expenses we had back then were for the birth of the children. We had enough of our college cash left to bail Charles out, and Jon and Pat came out of the Christmas Club. But with three small children, we realized that we were living in a fallacy-type world—and had been awfully lucky!" Since 1953 they have included Med. & Dent. in the budget; they also have group health insurance. But aside from regular checkups, and the time when Charles broke his arm, they have not seen a doctor in two years.

The Collinses have recently subscribed to a food-freezer plan, whereby they are buying the freezer and regular deliveries of foods for the amount formerly spent on food alone. "I thought at first it was just high-pressure sales talk," Virginia says frankly, "but I told the man I knew exactly what I spent for food, $160 a month, and I wouldn't be interested unless he could show me that his plan would work on that figure. Well, he did—and it does!"

A great many things which are not edible come out of the food budget. Since she buys cigarettes, drugs, paper napkins and towels, soap, tooth paste, and so on, at the grocery store, Virginia includes them all. The freezer cost is $68.15 per month, of which $26 goes to pay for the freezer and the rest for food. With $28 for milk, $12 for bread and bakery products, and $52 for supplies not available under the plan, the total food expenditure (including cost of freezer) now is $160.15 per month. Virginia orders from the freezer company about every four months, the order varying ("Next time more steak, less hamburger") as she learns more about their normal four-month wants. All meat, fish, poultry, frozen and canned vegetables and fruits, jams and jellies, and juices come from the plan, which offers a wide selection. She is pleased with the system. "It's more convenient, and we eat better."

Bakery products and milk (seven gallon jugs per week) are delivered and paid for at the door. A pint of half-and-half comes with each milk delivery. "It costs thirty-three cents and is sheer luxury," says Virginia defiantly, "but Chuck never before could have cream in his coffee, and I'm determined that he's going to have it now!" She drinks coffee black.

She shops locally right after payday. "When you live far away from relatives and *shouldn't* afford a baby sitter, you take your children with you," she says. "You go through the trials of teaching them how to behave in a store, trying to keep track of all of them, and trying to remember what you came for. Once in two weeks is *plenty!* I make careful lists—both Chuck and I detest running out of things—but they don't vary much: 3 pounds coffee, 6 pounds oleo, 3 cold cereal, 2 hot cereal, 3 cartons cigarettes—*Hit him back*

Pat; if he hits you, hit him back!—fresh fruit and vegetables, shampoo, tooth paste, and so on. We don't run out of things." Then she adds, with clear logic, "But if I *do* run out, I don't admit it. Chuck's favorite meal is meat, potatoes and salad, but if I have to serve a potatoless dinner, why, I'm serving noodles because I *wanted* to!"

Since Chuck is paid on the first and fifteenth, Virginia plans her actual expenditures on a semimonthly basis. Payments on the mortgage, food freezer, washer and dryer, fuel, life and accident insurance, and medical and dental bills are made by check, so $127.34 (half the monthly total for these items, plus $5 extra, just in case) goes immediately into the checking account toward first-of-the-month bills.

House taxes are paid yearly, so Virginia keeps a special savings account to cover those and the insurance. She calls it the "Tax Account" and says, "Those are the only taxes we pay." Reminded of income tax, Social Security, and so on, she says firmly, "Oh, those come out before I see the money. All I count is the $301 Chuck brings home twice a month. Money we don't get just isn't money to me."

The day after payday, she goes to the bank to make seven separate deposits, including the checking account and Tax Account; they have five other savings accounts. One, in their joint names, receives $15 per payday; this is for general savings and a sort of emergency fund. ("I *stole* $120 from it to pay for lumber for the basement," the financial expert admits sadly, "and $10 to pay for Pat's birthday. We have only $10.27 in it now.") They started a college savings account for each son at birth, and punctiliously add $2 each payday, although Virginia insists that she does not regard the funds as sacred. "In a *real* crisis, I wouldn't hesitate to use the boys' money," she declares. "After all, they're members of the family too." The Christmas Club at $10 per payday adds up to $240 per year—just what they have put into it. Virginia realizes the money would draw some interest in a regular savings account, but says, "That wouldn't do for me. I could walk right up and present my book and get the money out again! This way I can't touch it all year."

The Christmas Club seldom goes for Christmas, since they usually have their presents bought by Thanksgiving. Twice it paid for babies; a year ago it furnished a family trip back East to see Virginia's parents, a trip for which she is doubly thankful now. Her mother died suddenly just two weeks after their return home. "Mother always said, 'Give me my flowers while I can smell them,'" she says quietly, "and I'll always be glad for one thing: after we got home, Chuck and I had sent her red roses."

Church contributions ($1 each Sunday, $3 per month toward the church debt) add to $7 or $8 per month, but the budget allows a bit more because something unexpected may come up. "Last month," Virginia says, "we gave $15 to missions. I had about $7 in the church fund, but the rest was 'hurt' giving—it had to come out of house money."

Chuck receives $40 a month as spending money. "That's one of the things I like best about being so well off," Virginia remarks proudly. "When we used to have to make the money stretch so far, Chuck would have to go with literally pennies for pocket money. His cigarettes and so on are figured in the budget, so except for filling the gas tank about twice a month this is just for incidental spending. But a man *needs* the feeling of money in his pocket!"

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Management Consultant

She was spreading seven-minute frosting on a two-layer chocolate cake, out of the oven just long enough to cool. She bakes frequently, uses mixes for convenience, but says, "I couldn't bring myself to use, say, pastry mix, until I had proved that I could make it just as good. Same with Chuck's white shirts—I *had* to do them at first, just to prove I could. That's the only laundry I send out now, so I pay for them from my house money and don't budget for laundry."

Virginia works with quiet efficiency and at a speed appalling to less energetic souls, yet she never seems under pressure. "Anything you have to do over and over is simpler if you work out a system and follow it," she comments. "But I enjoy housekeeping, especially any chore where there's a mess, and I can make it sparkle." She vacuums the whole house, including moldings, every morning while the washing churns in the basement; twice a week she scrubs the vinyl-tile kitchen floor on hands and knees—"I can't poke around with a mop; it takes longer and doesn't get the floor as clean." Spots on the kitchen floor and woodwork all over the house are wiped up every day. Even with time out for reading the mail, comforting small fry and sipping a cup of coffee with a neighbor, her house is sparkling by 10:30. Mention the term "compulsive housekeeper," and Virginia laughs out loud. "When I was working, I used to shovel the joint out once a week! But this house is nice and clean to start, and it's easier to keep it that way than to do heavy cleaning by spurts."

Housework done, Virginia has time to romp with the boys, or telephone new members of the New Neighbors Club, of which she is now chairman, before starting lunch. Charles has lunch at his parochial school for $1.25 a week, but Chuck comes home, so lunch must be substantial—soup and salad, with sandwiches from the roast, or maybe stew. If Virginia wants the car for the afternoon, she has dishes washed and is ready to take him back at one. Otherwise she does dishes after he leaves. "My afternoons," she says firmly, "belong to *me*." She may take the boys to the park, or catch crawdads with them in the meadow, sew, read, work at the oil painting for which she shows real talent, solicit for a charity drive, do heavy chores such as cleaning cupboards or outside windows, or maybe just take a sweeping run through the meadow for the sheer fun of it. At least part of most afternoons is devoted to the club-work she enjoys, calling on or telephoning newcomers to the community. "It's so good, when you're new, to find friendship offered," she says. "When we lived in the city and couldn't afford a baby sitter, I could count my friends on one hand; but two weeks after we moved here, I had thirty-five good friends!"

One of the good friends says of Virginia, "She is—how to say it?—loving, thoughtful, but more than that. She's a positive, stimulating, active influence. Certainly others are kind and thoughtful; but Virginia didn't just *think* or *say* someone should help Mary when she came home with the new twins. She wasn't afraid of embarrassing Mary, or upsetting Mary's schedule—who has a schedule with *five* kids?—she just went ahead and had the other children over for lunch and after school for a week, and went to Mary's every day and brought home the diapers to wash!"

No matter what she is doing, Virginia tries to be free at 3:30, when Charles' school bus drops him off. "The younger boys have me around all the time," she explains, "but this is almost his only chance to get to me privately." Charles has a snack and milk, and Virginia settles down across the kitchen table with a cup of coffee and a cigarette. They talk about what went on at school, and what has happened at home in his absence. Sometimes, when there is something really serious to talk over, Virginia pays tribute to her oldest son's dignity by asking if he'd like a cup of coffee; then they have an "adult-type discussion."

Chuck and Virginia think seriously about the sobering fact that they will have three boys in college at the same time, and are making the best provision they can for that major expense. The college savings funds are growing. Chuck's parents pay premiums on three $500 insurance policies, payable at age eighteen, which they started for each boy at birth. Chuck and Virginia have a $1000 policy for each, payable at age twenty. When Charles reaches third grade next year, they plan to start buying a savings bond each month for him, and will do the same for the two others. "And," says Virginia serenely, "their father is a mechanical genius and a born leader. By the time they get to college, he'll be making a lot more

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money." But even if they can afford the $2500 per year which they estimate college will cost for each son, they don't plan to provide it all. Each boy will have to work to help out with his expenses. "We believe that what you attain for yourself is more lasting."

Insurance takes a good bite out of the budget, for the Collinses believe in it strongly, both for protection and for savings. In addition to the college policies they carry:

Straight life (Virginia $1500, Chuck $5000)
Sickness and accident (provides $1000 hospital care, $25 weekly benefits)
House insurance (comprehensive. $15,000 liability, $15,000 total loss, $6000 furnishings. "It covers everything," says Chuck; "fire, theft, liability. It even pays if our kids break a neighbor's window.")
Car insurance (provides $50,000 personal liability with limit $100,000; $10,000 medical payments; $10,000 property damage. They have no collision insurance. "If I bust up the old wagon, I'll hammer out the dents myself," Chuck declares.)
Mortgage insurance ("We'll get a lump payment back on this when it's paid up.")

These are in addition to the group health insurance and a special $100,000 accident policy on Chuck, paid through his company. Payments for both are withheld from his salary, so they do not appear in the budget.

"We're lucky about clothes." Virginia, busy with dinner preparations, explains the small clothing allowance. "Mother Collins likes to sew for the boys. She makes most of their shirts and pajamas, and she and Dad Collins practically keep them in clothes. *Jon Collins, get your cotton-picking hands out of my biscuits!* If we had to buy winter jackets and gloves and pants, we wouldn't be as wealthy as we are." Major clothing expense is for shoes; the boys used to outgrow them, but with more room to run and tear, they now wear them out. Each has a good pair for church and two older pairs for play. Charles averages five pairs a year, and the others four—if they don't lose any. Virginia checks carefully for fit, pays from $3 to $5 per pair. She buys one pair a year for herself; and Chuck, who wears safety shoes at work, needs dress shoes every two years. He wears khakis at work, too, saving wear on his suits. Virginia makes almost all her own clothes, likes skirts and blouses for casual wear. Her favorite dress is a pretty gray-and-yellow drip-dry cotton, made last year for $2.50. Her dressiest costume is a smoky gray lace with full skirt, deep décolletage, and rose velvet sash, which she bought ($22.95) in 1953. "Luckily, I stay the same shape," she comments.

The older boys had disappeared into the basement; soon talk of budgets was interrupted by a howl of mixed injury and outrage. Charles had fired his BB gun at the floor and the ricochet had struck Jon in the seat of the pants. Their mother administered swift justice: "Charles, you know your daddy's rule that you can't fire that gun in the house, except on the range he built you in the workroom; and you can't fire with another child there unless an adult is present. I'll have to take your gun, and your father will decide when you may have it back." She gave him a sharp spank, and sent him to his room to think seriously about the fact that he might have blinded his brother. Then Jon, thus far consciously righteous in the role of wounded innocent, was surprised by being sent to his room, too, because he also knew the rules!

There are other rules in the Collins family, which are understood—and mostly obeyed—by all members concerned: Grace is said before meals. Clothing is hung up, not strewn on the floor. ("Daddy, you left your pajamas in the bathroom!") Anything talked about in a family conference is private and not to be discussed with others. Nobody may use another's personal belongings without his permission. Certain tasks are to be done cheerfully because they're "family jobs"—others merit pay. The children, however, do not have assigned chores, because Virginia thinks, "It must be deadly dull for a child to know he has to do the same old thing every day! We tell the boys to do specific things—make your room neat, police the yard—and they get done."

Their system seems to work, for all the children are eager to help. Jon likes to iron handkerchiefs; Pat wants to wash dishes, and does a remarkably good job with the cutlery he is permitted to wipe. Charles empties trash, likes to mow the lawn, sometimes washes dishes by himself. Last year when Virginia had flu and Chuck was tied up at the plant, Charles, six, picked up the house and fixed meals for his brothers. Breakfast was orange juice, dry cereal and toast. Unable to handle the gallon milk jug, he resourcefully gave them water on their cereal! By lunchtime, he had figured out how to tip the jug without spilling, so lunch was peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches and milk.

The Collinses entertain often, but informally; they invite friends for dinner or for dessert and coffee, and the cost is absorbed in the food budget. A baby sitter is needed for the infrequent times when Chuck and Virginia go to a movie or out to dinner. Sometimes Virginia plays bridge or bowls with her women's league while Chuck stays home with the boys. He likes an occasional poker game for small stakes. But both say that their best times are quiet evenings at home, reading, watching TV, playing duets or just talking.

The absence of repair bills is explained in one sentence: "We're lucky; Chuck can fix anything." Virginia, however, is not a one-sentence girl when the subject is close to her heart. She eyes you oddly for a moment and then confides, "You know, when we were first married, I secretly thought I was smarter than my husband—it's such a comfort to know I'm not! I am so *lucky* to be married to Chuck."

One expense which does not show on the budget is the new typewriter. Last month the old typewriter they'd had since college broke down. Virginia was lost without it—she used it constantly for the creditable poetry and short stories she likes to write (she has never

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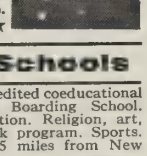
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sent any to a publisher), and for frequent long letters to friends and family. She investigated renting a typewriter, found rental would cost $6 per month, while she could buy it for $8.66 monthly. "I can't afford it," she says, "but it's such a joy to use, I bought it anyway. Now I have to *find* that money—maybe I'll sell another painting, or if I have to I'll use the 'extra' in the checking account."

Asked "How do you feel about installment buying?" she says vehemently, "It's a booby trap, an additional price tag, a godsend! We were booby-trapped in our early innocence by one of those time-pay plans, where you pay so much a month and your credit keeps extending. Well, it took us *forever* to get out of *that*, and never again! But when you're realistic about your limitations, installment buying can be a blessing. Without it I couldn't have a washer and dryer, freezer, typewriter, dining-room table—all items I can do without, but which make my life more pleasant. Please notice that I said *my* life—Chuck gets no direct benefit from any of those things, but, bless his heart, he insists that they're important."

There was a bang as the garage door below opened, and the car drove in. Then the door from the basement was thrown wide—Chuck was home. From three directions, boys launched themselves at him, while Virginia smiled from the range. Pat had an important drawing to show him. "What is it?" Chuck asked. "It's a fnake." "What's a fnake?" "Oh, daddy. *You* know. It's a *fnake!*" "Would it," asked Virginia, stepping into the breach, "be a caterpillar-type fnake?" Pat beamed, "Yeah! It's a cattyfiller-type fnake."

Pretending to struggle against overwhelming odds, Chuck allowed himself to be dragged into the living room for a roughhouse. In no time at all he was pinned firmly to the rug, with Charles holding down his shoulders, Pat sitting on his head, and Jon straining to take his shoes off so he could tickle his feet. "Try" as he would, Chuck couldn't move; then with a sudden twitch, he sent boys tumbling in wild laughter. This was repeated until Chuck said, "That's enough. You boys get washed for dinner. I want to tell your mother something." He had hardly begun his story when they were back from their bathroom with clean hands, itching for action. Chuck, trying to talk through a wriggling swarm of boys, finally gave up. "Oh, skip it," he told Virginia. "I'll tell you after they're married!"

A SERMON

By JOHN CIARDI

As a fish slips water; a hawk, air
from unwavering fin and wing.
As rain shapes
to its falling. As tiger and
mantis blend
to the natural world, self-
stealing, self-defending—

I will believe theologies of fern
and systems of great flowing.
How shall earth
cool from its sun and Mozart
not arrive?
I preach inevitable sky.

And the foregone naked children
brought
to the purity of their own
thought
from the great imperfections of
the race,
whose parents are self-murdered
and self-maimed.

Dinner at the Collins home is usually a family affair. Sometimes, however, Virginia feeds the boys early, with Charles presiding and saying grace; then they play quietly in their rooms (Charles does homework) while their parents enjoy dinner alone. "Virginia thought that one up," says Chuck appreciatively, "but I like it! And the boys understand perfectly—after all, they don't want *us* messing around every minute either! Virginia and I have almost as close a private relationship as we did before the boys were born."

Tonight is a family dinner, and with the chocolate cake in view, plates are cleaned with no prompting. Chuck and the boys do some important work in the basement while dishes are cleared. ("A man's place in the kitchen," Virginia thinks, "is sitting at the table talking to his wife!") Virginia finds a moment with each son at bedtime; soon the boys are asleep and their parents are relaxed in the living room—Chuck in the rocker and Virginia on the sofa with shoes off and feet tucked under.

They enjoy talking about ideas and ideals, about problems and hopes, about future plans and present activities. Both say stanchly that they *never* quarrel.

"Words said in anger can be so hurtful, so scarifying," Virginia says, "and they can never be taken back. If I'm just *burned up* I slam a door! And you should have heard what my ever-lovin' husband yelled at me the other night. He was painting the basement stair wall, and I forgot and tossed down a soiled tablecloth for the laundry—smack against his fresh paint!" She giggles. "But it cleared the air, and we laughed about it a minute later. Neither of us is capable of holding a grudge."

"I should have swatted you one!" remarks her ever-loving husband.

Asked what they want their sons to be, Chuck says, "We'd like them to know their religion, have a good education, with discipline, grow up to be intelligent, good men. I think of what they'll be as teen-agers. I know one thing! I won't stand for duck-tail haircuts and smart-aleck stuff! But I think if respect and righteousness are instilled in them now, it will grow with them."

"If you mean professions," Virginia adds, "what right have we to assume that we have a doctor, lawyer, Indian chief in the making? That's up to them."

(The youngsters themselves have clear ideas about the future. Right now, Charles wants to be an engineer on a locomotive. Jon's highest ambition is to live in a tree. Pat, at this stage, is a great "me too" man; he wants whatever the others want.)

Next question: "If you had young friends about to be married, what advice would you give them for achieving a happy marriage?"

Virginia chortles, "I'd tell them that a bed with a plastic headboard is a very foolish buy for a teething baby!"

"We probably should not tell them anything," Chuck comments. "What works for us might not be right for them. But in our marriage—we think it's a good one!—everything is fifty-fifty, and each has an equal standing. I respect Virginia's wishes and judgment and she respects mine. We live as equals." He eyes his wife fondly. "We're *suited* to each other."

"You can call it fifty-fifty," puts in Virginia, "but it's more eighty-twenty; we each give more than we expect—and get more than we give! I guess if I were defining a happy marriage it would be about like this: each one being completely self-reliant—and having the other to lean on! It means having three wonderful boys close together—and being glad when they finally go to bed. Oh, and looking forward to five o'clock, when Chuck comes home. He sits in the kitchen and tells me about his day and really wants to know about mine. And the quick wit and humor of the man. We've always had so much fun! Maybe that's the essence of a happy marriage—having fun together. I don't agree with that expression the JOURNAL uses: 'Making Marriage Work.' Marriage isn't work—it's fun!"

"We're lucky," Chuck sums up. "We've never had any serious illnesses, nor any money problems. No real trouble. Real trouble is something you can't handle, and we've always managed to handle whatever has come up."

"We're lucky," is a frequent expression when Chuck and Virginia talk about themselves. But to the interested observer it seems clear that through their optimism, humor, courage, and deep faith in each other, the Collinses largely make their own luck! END

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JOURNAL

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CONTENTS

VOL. LXXV NO. 3

March, 1958

JOURNALITIES



Margery Sharp

MARGERY SHARP is not new to these pages, but this photograph, in which she looks like one of her own heroines, is. The author of such delightful novels as *The Nutmeg Tree*, *Cluny Brown*, *The Flowering Thorn* and *Britannia Mews* is usually up to something, and this time it's *The Amethyst Cat*, the short story on page 60. "My childhood was spent in Malta," she reports. "I was a virtuous infant, good at all kindergarten studies. Once when I blotted my copybook I was kept in to write twenty times, 'I must not play with ink.' I have been playing with ink ever since. At college in England I failed to win the First Class Honors expected of me because of total ignorance of Medieval French, for which I had no use at the time—I can't think why."



D. K. Findlay

"I have been married for twenty-seven years," D. K. FINDLAY tells us, "to the same wife who says it seems like twenty-seven years. There are days when I am tidy, polite and industrious, and there are days when I am not. We live in Ottawa, Canada, in sight of the Gatineau Hills where we have a ski cabin. We have four children, two of each kind, and we are a snow-and-water family. In the summer we are on the water or in it and in the winter we are on the snow or under it." At other times he is about to write a story, or is writing it, and *Search for Amelia*, on page 58, is one he says, "just got going and turned out to be a novel."



M. H. Davis

A terse but informative note from M. H. DAVIS (*Don't Get in My Way*, page 62) reads: "Maggie Davis was born in Norfolk, Virginia, went to school in New York City and now lives in Jonesboro, Georgia, on a forty-acre farm which is part of a Civil War battlefield. Her husband, an engineer, is employed in Atlanta. The rest of the Davis family consists of Stuart, twelve; Richard, ten; David, four; and Cambren, two. The implement covered by the children in the picture is a hayrake."

Condensed Novel Complete in This Issue

SEARCH FOR AMELIA, *D. K. Findlay* . 58

Stories

THE AMETHYST CAT, *Margery Sharp* . 60
DON'T GET IN MY WAY, *M. H. Davis* . 62
THE GREENGAGE SUMMER (Conclusion), *Rumer Godden* . 82

Special Features

IS MORALITY "NORMAL"?, *Dorothy Thompson* . 11
"KEEP HIM IN BED FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS LONGER"—BUT HOW?, *Benjamin Spock, M.D.* . 26
VOLUNTEERS BRING FUN AND ART . 37
MUSEUMS FOR EVERYBODY, *Margaret Hickey* . 37
HOW NEUROTIC ARE YOU?, *John E. Gibson* . 47
AMERICA'S BEST-DRESSED WOMEN, *Laura Date Riley* . 64
ART MASTERPIECES FROM RUSSIAN MUSEUMS . 66
CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?, *Dorothy Cameron Disney* . 95
HOW AMERICA LIVES:
OUR TEEN-AGE DRUG ADDICTS, *Margaret Parton and Mary Ann MacKaye* . 173
THE WAY DOWN . . . AND BACK *Margaret Parton* . 176

General Features

OUR READERS WRITE US . 4
UNDER COVER, *Bernardine Kielty* . 34
THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE, *Harlan Miller* . 44
MAKING MARRIAGE WORK, *Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D.* . 50
FIFTY YEARS AGO ▪ JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN . 57
THIS IS A GRUBBY, *Munro Leaf* . 153
ASK ANY WOMAN, *Marcelene Cox* . 158

Fashion and Beauty

CHANEL CREATES FOR THE JOURNAL, *Wilhela Cushman* . 72
EVERY INCH A FASHION, *Ruth Mary Packard* . 76
YOUR PRETTY HEAD TURNS TO ACCESSORIES, *Wilhela Cushman* . 78
PRINTS FROM HEAD TO TOE, *Nora O'Leary* . 80
STRETCH FOR BEAUTY, *Dawn Crowell Norman* . 84
HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!, *Bet Hart* . 147

Food

SWISS STEAK, SAVORY AND TENDER . 96
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS: FISH . 98
A BIRD IN THE PAN, *Irma Goodrich Mazza* . 127
CANDY EASTER EGGS . 136

Architecture, Gardening and Interior Decoration

JOURNAL'S PORTFOLIO HOUSE No. 7: EXTRA DIVIDEND HOUSE . 86
OUR LIVING ROOM'S PROFIT: PORCH AND GARDEN EXTENSIONS . 88
OUR DINING ROOM'S DIVIDEND: LIBRARY AND STUDY ROOM . 90
OUR KITCHEN'S ASSET: 11 FEET OF CONTINUOUS COUNTER . 92
OUR HALL'S GAIN: LAUNDRY, WORK AND PLAY SPACE . 94
WHAT DOES THE GARDENER DO IN SPRING?, *The Gardener's Assistant* . 186

Poems

HOUSEBROKE, *Georgie Starbuck Galbraith* . 20
TO A LOST CHILD, *Hannah Kahn* . 120
ON THE TIP OF THE TONGUE, *Suzanne Douglass* . 140
I, BEING WOMAN, *Nancy Hunter* . 163
VISITOR, *Marjorie Lederer Lee* . 183
THE SOUND OF GREEN, *Paul Engle* . 188
SONG FOR A SECOND CHILD, *Gladys McKee* . 200

Cover Photograph by Wilhela Cushman

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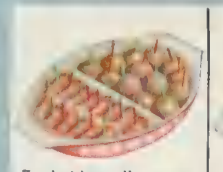
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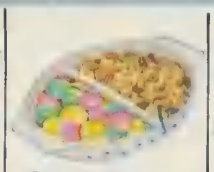
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When is Love Wrong?

Columbus, Ohio

"When is Love Wrong?" moved me very deeply. As I read the story—safe, happy, loved and secure behind the socially accepted cloak of domesticity and a normal married life—my heart kept whispering, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." I could only look at my three small children and breathe a prayer of thankfulness for God's goodness to me . . . and at the same time ask Him to comfort and guide that girl and all girls who find themselves in a similar position. Although my husband and I did not have an illicit affair, I remember how much in love we were and how "right" it might have seemed.

MRS. JIM LONG

Grandview, Missouri

I would point out that the title is as wrong as is the girl of whom you write. Sex is not necessarily love. It is within recent years that the expression "making love" has been used for sexual intercourse, and I fail to see how any honest adult can agree that the expressions are synonymous. My generation tried to teach our daughters what we were taught—that no man could really love a girl and ask her to ruin her life to satisfy his lust. These are old-fashioned phrases today, and they didn't always work. But I sincerely believe that older generations were less confused.

MRS. ALFRED R. MUNDAY

Somewhere in New Jersey

In our back yard at the moment is a baby girl fast asleep; and down in the playroom is a little boy just three years old. The two reasons why our life is so much more worth while than it was a few years ago—our two adopted children. I can't help believing that any unmarried mother might feel a little better if she knew how much happiness her child was bringing to someone else, and how much the child was loved.

Name Withheld

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I am an unwed mother who kept her child. And I fear no hell after death, for I've had mine here on earth. Let no man or girl deceive herself—hell hath no punishment like the treatment people give a "fallen woman." The heartache, tortured thoughts, recriminations, fear, loneliness could not be put on paper. Neither can the scorn, insult and actual hate of self-righteous and ignorant people. I am not writing for sympathy. But I do wish people would understand that not all women are fortunate enough to be born in really good, God-fearing families. And that there is nothing so heartbreaking as to hear a child say, "Mommy, don't I have a daddy?"

Name Withheld

Encino, California

It is not so easy to keep a child. You cannot get a job, for example, without previous data on yourself *and* a Social Security card and number. Then, too, the world is small. In a city of millions you will run into a familiar face on the street. Someone is always around to tell the child—no father! Born out of wedlock! To get around all this is an insurmountable problem—and especially to those who are already worried, feeling guilty, and unable to think straight.

Name Withheld

A small town in New Jersey

I, too, gave up my child for adoption. And there is just one thing I want to say to some of your editors: being an unwed mother is a deep problem full of emotional conflicts; and one point so often overlooked is that we who give our children up for adoption do so out of love. I loved my son enough for him to have a father and mother and a happy, secure life. If your love is great enough, you are willing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

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ELIZABETH SHERMAN SWING



"Comfort a miserable baby if you can."[1]



"You need only wash the outer ear, not the canal."[2]



"If you treat him nicely, he won't take advantage of you."[3]



"You aren't going to wean him to the cup right away."[4]



"You get the bubble up by holding him against your shoulder."[5]

1. Benjamin Spock, Pocket Book of Baby and Child Care, p. 112. **2.** *Ibid.*, p. 88. **3.** *Ibid.*, p. 18. **4.** *Ibid.*, p. 175. **5.** *Ibid.*, p. 79.

The cleanest clean under the sun –

New Tide Clean!



NEW TIDE

with RESERVE CLEANING POWER

. . . wonderful **extra** cleaning power to get your whole wash clean and fresh as a desert sky. What a beautiful sight when your wash is done! Everything, even problem wash comes out more than bright, more than white . . . really clean! So clean smelling, too . . . with a fresh air and sunshine cleanness you'll love. **Yes, the cleanest clean possible is new Tide clean!**



"Lose 5 pounds
in 5 seconds? How?"

Easy, darling! Just slip into TRU-LIFT by Warner's



First girdle ever to act the way tummy muscles should but don't

You don't want to be fashion-model skinny—but you would like to lose 5 pounds. Especially from your (dare we say it?) tummy. Why not make the *least* of it, darling—with Warner's® new TRU-LIFT?

TRU-LIFT, you see, is the first and *only* girdle that lifts tummy-bulge *up*, then holds it *in*. How? With three darts placed on either side of the girdle's front panel. They slant from straight-across to on-the-bias. That's how they lift, control, position . . . banishing bulges . . . freeing you from the tyranny of added inches.

Why ever eat cottage cheese again when you can lose 5 pounds in 5 seconds with TRU-LIFT? And a-h-h, the airy ease of it!—light as a little girl's laugh, gentle enough to keep you comfortable through the longest committee meeting. At your nicest stores. If not, just write Warner's at Bridgeport 1, Conn.



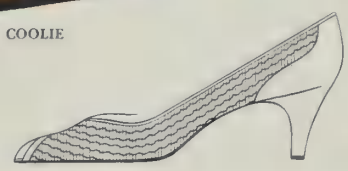
#562-563. Tru-Lift girdle with stretch back; all power net. White $10.95. #565. Matching Tru-Lift pantie. White. $12.50.

Suit by Davidow ■ Hat by Mr. John



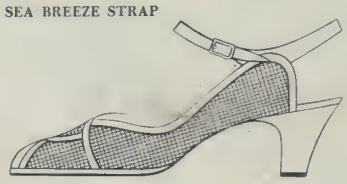


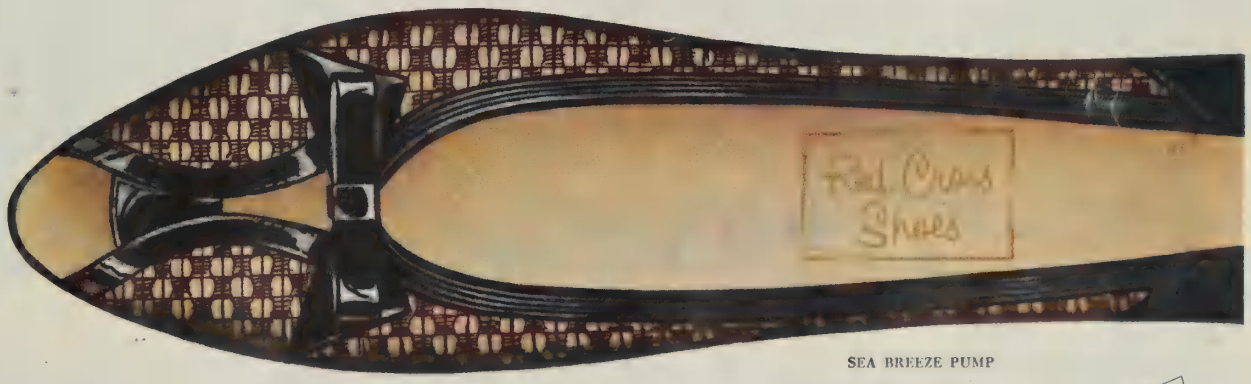
COOLIE



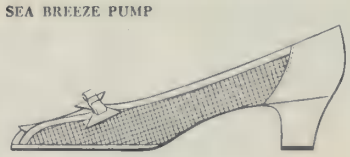


SEA BREEZE STRAP





SEA BREEZE PUMP



Red Cross Shoes

FEATURED IN CANADA AS GOLD CROSS SHOES

Spring magic with lace

You're so right to love the flattery of pretty lace. It's so much a part of spring . . . and so feminine, so fashion-wise in these light and lovely Red Cross Shoes. Here are not only new and exciting designs, but new slender lines and shapely silhouettes—all with that simply fabulous fit you find only in beautiful Red Cross Shoes.

Largest selling brand of fine footwear in the world. Styles from 10^{95} *to* 13^{95}

THIS PRODUCT HAS NO CONNECTION WHATEVER WITH THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS • THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORPORATION, CINCINNATI 7, OHIO



BUFFERIN® relieves painful cold miseries twice as fast!

Di-Alminate makes the difference



1. All leading pain remedies, including other compounds, rely on aspirin! But . . .

2. Aspirin *without* antacid is relatively slow-acting. It is acid and can irritate your stomach.

3. Only Bufferin adds to aspirin an exclusive combination of antacids called "Di-Alminate." These speed the pain reliever into the blood stream *twice as fast* as aspirin. So Bufferin relieves pain *twice as fast* as aspirin!

Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does!

Drippy days are minor discomforts compared to the aches and pains that plague a cold sufferer.

Bufferin, the modern pain reliever, brings really fast relief of painful cold miseries. Because Bufferin adds to aspirin an exclusive combination of antacids called "Di-Alminate," it brings relief *twice as fast* as aspirin.

What's more, you can take Bufferin from the start to the finish of a cold. You can use it continually—as directed—without fear of stomach irritation.

Next time a cold strikes, start and stay with Bufferin for "twice as fast" relief.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

If you suffer from the pain of arthritis or rheumatism, ask your physician about Bufferin.

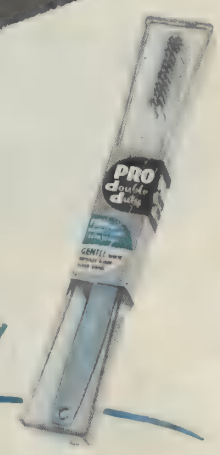
More than a new tooth brush – a major advance in dental care!

THE NEW PRO double duty TOOTH BRUSH

No other type of tooth brush polishes teeth so bright while massaging gums so safely!



Out of a famous dental clinic comes a totally new *type* of tooth brush—a revolutionary new concept in dental care! The new Pro Double Duty Tooth Brush offers you the advantages of a hard brush and a soft brush in one. No hard-bristled brush can polish teeth brighter. And the Pro Double Duty helps massage and strengthen gums as *gently* as any soft-bristled brush. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Get the Pro Double Duty Tooth Brush today.



THE PRO double duty TOOTH BRUSH *Your smile will say it's better!*

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., FLORENCE, MASS.



Opening new doors for your children? Dancing class is only one of the many possibilities when you have your own car.



Volunteering often enough for hospital work? You can if you drive your own Plymouth.

are you this woman?



Supporting the women's club benefit bridge? It's important—and easy—to get out and do things.

Why forfeit your chances of doing and giving because someone else has the family car? Be free to go where and when you need to go—in a beautiful new Plymouth that's yours alone! Touch a button and you're in gear. Go smoothly from a standstill, stop gently when you must without a frightening squeal or lurch. Chauffeur the youngsters knowing your Plymouth is safe as the living-room sofa. All doors have safety latches. Parking is less tedious, too. The new wide windshield and well-behaved wheel make it easy to maneuver into any space. Don't wait another day! See that Plymouth dealer *now* who knows what it can mean to you to have a Plymouth all your own!



you'll be a happier woman with

a Plymouth all your own

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
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NEW ENGLAND WINTER SCENE. Lithographed by Currier & Ives in 1861 from a painting by George H. Durrie, whose canvases depict farms within a few miles of his studio at North Haven, Connecticut. He has caught that suspenseful moment when a visitor stops at the gate—a welcome break in the routine chores and possibly an extra plate on the table by the lady peering out the kitchen window.

IS MORALITY "NORMAL"?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

It is a common saying that we live in a time of moral crisis. When, however, one seeks an explanation, one usually gets only descriptions of symptoms, such as that the crime rate is shockingly high, especially among juveniles; personal and social disciplines are lax; marriage and family life are unstable; patriotism is on the decline although nationalism flourishes; values are almost exclusively materialistic; the religious instinct is largely moribund and revivalism and increasing church membership indicative only of a frantic search for security and social acceptability.

Sociologists, admitting the crisis, do try to explain it. They say that the evolution from an agricultural and craft economy to an industrial-technological and urban society has changed the whole life pattern that moral standards only reflect. Most of them deny that there are any absolute moral standards. Morals, they say, are useful only as they contribute to the survival of the individual and his society and in a democracy they cannot be imposed anyhow. Morality, they argue, is largely determined by the way people earn their livings. Thus self-reliance, independence and thrift are dubiously virtuous in a world of great productive organizations and resultant interdependence which calls for co-operation rather than self-assertion, and spending rather than saving. The stability of marriage, they say, was essential to the very survival of women in a world where lucrative occupations were closed to them and in a time when they could not legally own property. Then women endured the most wretched or even degrading marital relationships because there was no escape but death or an even more degrading condition.

Chastity, they say, was enjoined upon women by the danger of bastard children. Since the invention of safe contraceptives the case for chastity hardly holds, they contend. Through these and other arguments they maintain that a constant readjustment of moral values is implicit in all progress and change.

But if our society were making a satisfactory reappraisal and adjustment, why should there be any consciousness of a moral crisis?

If we study the crimes that are being committed, they can hardly be explained by changes in the occupational life pattern, unless that pattern, as it presently exists, is profoundly unsatisfactory. Homicide and larceny are not, one would think, implicit in the fact that men work for wages instead of owning their own tools or working their own land. If the economic structure requires more rather than less voluntary co-operation, why are there so many manifestations of exactly the opposite trend? Actually the agricultural and craft societies showed more free co-operation than the industrial, despite greater self-reliance and independence, with which co-operation is by no means incompatible. They had a very strong sense of community. Much of their work was communally performed, both in old-established settlements such as New England, and in the frontier communities of the West, where, without organized government social security no one was allowed to starve and where mutual aid was taken for granted.

What strikes one in the modern world, and despite its many organized charities (contributions tax exempt), is precisely the lack of sympathy or spontaneous aid by anyone for anybody else.

Just before last Christmas there was a subway strike in New York that affected nearly five million people. It occurred during inclement weather, one day being marked by a rainstorm of near-hurricane vehemence. A man recording his experience in a letter to a newspaper described the people, workers who had to get to and from their jobs, huddling drenched and bedraggled in the shelter of buildings, rushing forth to have bus doors slammed in their faces while private cars and taxis rolled by containing only one passenger. Not one driver or rider offered a lift to a miserable fellow creature.

One notices in modern urban life innumerable signs of human callousness. A young person almost never offers his seat in a public conveyance, even to an old woman or a mother carrying a baby in her arms. An accident on the street seldom causes anyone to offer personal aid; at most he will notify the nearest

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

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New... no lotion

Look...No Lotion!

The permanent's in the end papers



Costs no more than lotion permanents—$2 plus tax.
Choice of 3 strengths: Regular... Gentle... Super

Procter &

home permanent

FROM PROCTER & GAMBLE

The end papers do the waving for you

Every end paper contains its own waving ingredients—
just the right amount for each curl

Because the end papers themselves measure out the waving action, your PACE wave will be perfect

Easiest, fastest way yet to a really lasting permanent—
just wind, wet with pure, clear water, and neutralize

Why didn't somebody think of this before? A home permanent with the wave in the end papers instead of a bottle of lotion. That's Procter & Gamble's new PACE.

Guesswork taken out. Because each paper contains just the right amount of waving ingredients—never too much, never too little—you get a perfect permanent *automatically*.

No more waves that take in one place, don't in another. No more stragglers or strays. No more "first week" frizz.

No messy, strong-smelling lotion. Just wind your hair as usual, wet with water, neutralize, and look! An even, lasting wave that looks like a gift of nature.

So now there's no reason to leave the house for a permanent. Not when it's next to no fuss at all to get one at home. That's with PACE—the worry-free way to a perfect wave. How about today?



Wind curls as usual. Any home permanent curlers will do. (End papers do the waving.)



Squeeze on plain, clear water with PACE's handy plastic bottle. No messy, strong-smelling lotion.



Look what you get—a soft, lasting wave that looks like a gift of nature.

Gamble's **Pace** *no lotion permanent*

P & G 1958

O promise me Reed & Barton sterling

Sweet nothings are nice, but there's a time when a girl has to lead up to sweet somethings like Reed & Barton sterling. How else can she reap the rich and rosy life? Reed & Barton is the fairest silver in the land and has been since 1824.



Classic Rose, $35.00; Silver Sculpture, $36.75; Rose Cascade, $36.75 per six-piece place setting. F.T.I.

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Things look different when you have a child



There he is. Your shining share of the future. Heir to all your dreams and plans.

How fervently you want for him a safe and beautiful world to grow in!

One thing's sure. You want him to grow up a free and independent American! With the right to the opportunities and rewards his own mind and efforts can bring him.

This is his birthright, you believe. And you must be on the watch for ideas that could deprive him of it. The idea, for example, that government should own and run more and more businesses, services, institutions. Even though it has been shown that the more things government runs, the less freedom and independence the individual has left.

Here's one way to save your dreams—and your son's chance for independence. Listen with your heart when you hear people say, "the government should run it." Remind them that the loss of *anybody's* independence is a threat to *everybody's* freedom.

Very much aware of this danger are the independent electric light and power companies, because government already runs part of the electric business, and powerful people are pressing it to take over more.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

"Freedom is a woman"



Why are so many modern women switching to carpet?







It's true – carpet only looks expensive! You can do two rooms wall-to-wall, in good quality carpet like this for as little as $18 to $20 a month, including installation and padding – and take as long as 24 months to pay. Two room-size rugs with padding cost as little as $13 to $15 a month.

It's so easy to shop at home! Your store's decorator-salesman will be glad to bring swatches to your home to help you and your family choose your carpet where you'll use it. And in your own home, he can give you much better advice on which carpet best suits your needs.

There's a rug or carpet for every decor! Now with modern American machines and methods you get more value – plus a tremendous choice of fiber, color, and design. Your store will be happy to apply their decorating knowledge to help you choose the perfect rug or carpet.

Thousands of families are enjoying the beauty, comfort, warmth, quiet and easy care of rugs and carpet on budgets just like yours

Why put off having the added beauty that the rug or carpet you want will bring to your home? Start now to enjoy the extra warmth and comfort, the welcome quiet, and the relief from scrubbing and waxing that rugs and carpet bring you. Designed for the way we live, American-made carpet is backed by the skill and the facilities of the leading names in carpet manufacturing. All this can be yours for monthly payments so small you'll hardly notice them.

For further information to help you in your choice, send for your free copy of "How to buy your rugs and carpets wisely." It answers all of the questions women ask most about rugs and carpet – how can I judge quality? Should I buy wall-to-wall or rugs? How can I estimate what my carpet will cost? Clip and mail the coupon today.

For your protection, be sure that the rug or carpet you buy is backed by the knowledge, the facilities and the integrity of an American manufacturer. Look for the label of:

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Just arrived..



THE ALL-NEW 1958 BEAUTYREST

...with more buoyant firmness than ever before!

New resilience! New firmness! 12% greater spring support! And this newest, most restful of mattresses actually costs least to own!

HERE IS important news for all who treasure their rest, their comfort, their budget. The world's finest mattress has been made finer, firmer—and designed to last longer and cost less than any mattress you can buy. Let the illustrations on this page show you how:

New power-packed springs, pocketed under compression, have now added *12% firmness* to the new 1958 Beautyrest*. And it's the right kind of firmness—*buoyant* firmness—best for your back, your comfort and your rest.

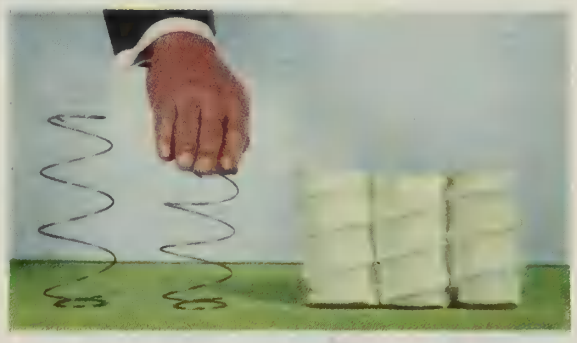
See, too, how Beautyrest independent spring construction gives single-bed comfort to double-bed sleepers—so important to the 7 out of 10 married couples who share the same mattress.

See how, in torture tests made by United States Testing Co., Beautyrest has been proved to last 3 times longer than the next best mattress tested—and why this means that the world's finest mattress actually costs least to own.

Two choices of firmness! The new firmer Beautyrest for all normal requirements. And the new Extra-Firm Model Beautyrest for those who need or prefer even more support. Each only $79.50. King-Size and extra-wide models also available.

Be sure to get the matching Beautyrest box-spring—to bring out the best in your Beautyrest mattress.

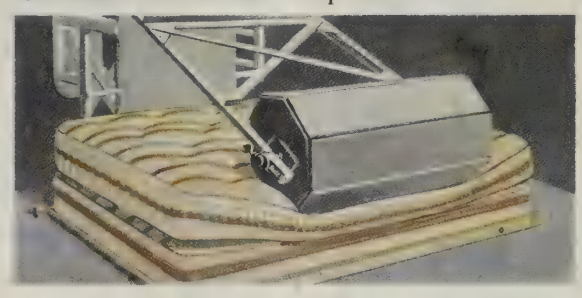
Important: After a small down payment, Beautyrest terms can be arranged as low as $1.50 per week.



New Beautyrest springs are power-packed by compressing each one under tension. This adds 12% greater *buoyant* firmness that pushes back up under you.



Single-bed comfort in a double bed! Beautyrest alone has separate springs. No rolling together. The heaviest husband cannot disturb his partner's rest.



Outlasts other mattresses 3 to 1! Under the pounding of the heavy roller, Beautyrest lasted 3 times as long as any of the 20 leading mattresses tested by the U. S. Testing Co. So, in the long run, the best costs least!

Wake up wonderful

BEAUTYREST by SIMMONS

Prices slightly higher in Canada.



Ordinary mattress is made with about 200-300 springs. Wired together, they sag together under your weight. When you push down on one, you push down on all. They're not free to push up and correctly support the shape of your body. This "sagging support" is bad for your back, your comfort, your rest.

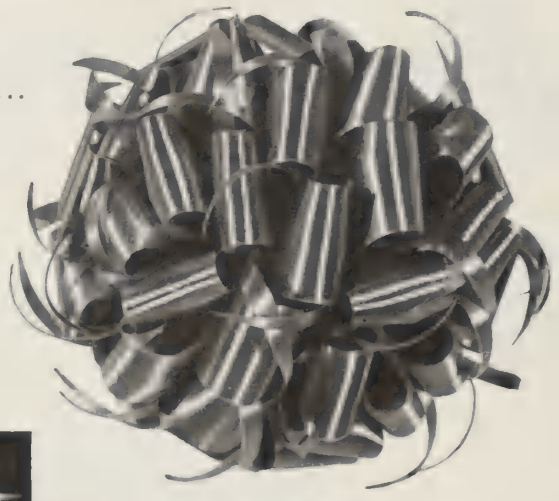


Beautyrest mattress is made with over 800 separate springs. Not wired together, they can't sag together. Each is free to push up under you. Together they firmly support the weight and shape of your whole body. In the new Beautyrest, springs have been power-packed to give 12% more firmness.

*Trade-mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office, Copr. 1958 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.

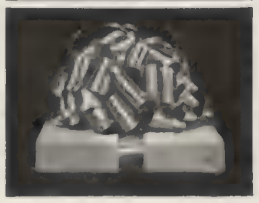
Can you tie this ?

You certainly can . . .
with gleaming
SASHEEN®
the ribbon
that makes
the one and only
"Magic Bow"



This one's called the "Frou-Frou"





Here's an exquisite bow that does any gift proud! It's an easy-to-make variation of the famous "Magic Bow". Next time you're wrapping a birthday gift, use this gay and glamorous Sasheen topper to make the package "almost too pretty to open"!

Making the "Frou-Frou" is fun. Just follow "Magic Bow" instructions but, before pulling out the loops, snip the edges as shown at left. And there you are!

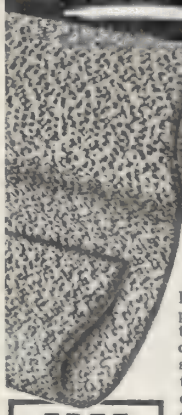


"Magic Bow" instructions are on every roll of Sasheen®, Decorette® and "Magic Bow"™ Brand Ribbons.

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St. Paul 6, Minnesota

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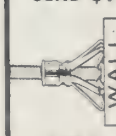


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Enclosed is $1.00 for which please send me a sample box of 12 Mollys postpaid.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE

IS MORALITY "NORMAL"?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

policeman. Vandalism being visibly committed, even by children, calls forth no interference by adults. As in the Bible story, nearly everyone passes by on the other side. The attitude is, "It's none of my business and the safest thing is not to get mixed up in it."

Yet we are all mixed up with one another as never before, even mixed up with people of other nationalities, not only through the institution of the United Nations but in the technological age with other countries upon which we depend for part of the food we eat and for raw materials to feed the machines. The richest countries are no longer self-sufficient. Parts of the world swim in oil far beyond their own needs while heavily populated and highly industrialized regions, such as Western Europe, have none. Access to oil becomes a matter of life or death for such societies, which, if threatened with deprivation, will risk war to secure it. But this interdependency does not create a climate of peace but of militant anxiety.

Science, having discovered the secret of the universe, forecasts an age of unexampled abundance, but a mounting armaments race with thermonuclear weapons presents the world with the possibility of the worst disaster in human history, the effects of which will be passed on to generations yet unborn. Both the American and the Russian general staffs see the logic in these weapons: that if war is imminent or seems inevitable the advantage, even the possibility of survival, lies with those who strike first. The anxiety is mutual and justified, yet no statesman has arisen to solve this dreadful dilemma.

Within countries, also, interdependency creates continual class struggles, as workers fight for their jobs—their property rights in them—and owners and managers for profits without which there will be no investment capital or even solvency. The result is either depression or inflation, from either of which everybody suffers. The concept of "fair price" hardly exists, for the price of labor or capital is not determined by "economic justice" or even by reason, but by the exercise of economic and political power.

The nationalization of the means of production (socialism) also does not solve this problem. The split of interest persists whether the state or multiple corporations are the depositories of capital. In Communist countries the struggle is suppressed by police power, but the conflict is still there. It is of the greatest significance that all rebellions in Communist countries—in East Germany, Poland and Hungary—were sparked by workers, who will remain a "class" as long as there are propertyless wage earners and propertied or otherwise privileged bosses. In all industrial-technological societies both exist.

These are only a few of the huge moral issues that confront all societies today, and which so far have defied solution. They influence, I think, moral attitudes toward everything, in the more limited spheres of the personal and social.

It is certainly true that as external conditions change, so do moral attitudes. But it is by no means true that moral attitudes adjust themselves adequately to the changed conditions, from the viewpoint of the welfare of the individual and society. Some say that there is a time lag in moral readjustments. But reading their works, one finds a singular ambiguity about exactly what should be changed in "traditional morality." Conceding that moral standards have always been as honored in the breach as in the observance, all civilized societies to date have had remarkably uniform standards about right and wrong, regardless even of religion. Homicide is outlawed everywhere, except the group homicide of war, and even that is outlawed in the United Nations except for "defense"—which has not yet been satisfactorily defined. All societies, including the Communist, protect public and lawfully acquired private property. All, without exception, regulate to some degree the relations between the sexes and legally establish marital and parental duties.

But legal bases are less important than the moral climate in which they operate. The origin of legal codes can usually be traced to religious compulsions and taboos. But they are also founded in practical experience.

In the early days of the Russian revolution the institution of the family was declared "bourgeois." Marriages could be dissolved at the will of either party and the state was prepared to bring up children collectively. The result was social anarchy and a burden beyond the power of any state to carry or administer. So there was a throwback to quite puritanical ideas, official opposition to sexual promiscuity, and full responsibility of both parents for their offspring. And much of this change was nurtured and promoted in the public schools.

This raises the question of morality and education. From time immemorial the inculcation of moral principles and the encouragement of moral behavior in the young have been integral, indeed primary, considerations in their education. I do not know, today, any school of educators, including the most progressive, who deny this or advocate shirking this responsibility. Yet the modern educators are extremely vague in defining what that behavior should be. Children, they say, must be brought up to adjust to a "changing world." But what, in actual educational practice, does that mean? Its advocates cannot read the future! Since children will grow up to live, they say, in a co-operative democracy, they must learn from the beginning to "co-operate." But co-operate for what? Child hoodlums and street gangs are highly co-operative among themselves. It is as possible to co-operate for the ruin of a society as for its advancement.

One simply cannot escape responsibility for deciding what is right and wrong for children from the viewpoint of their personal and social welfare. This question cannot be left to social scientists, clergymen and other professional moralists, or even teachers. It is a problem of the whole community. Historians can throw light on it, for the decline of civilizations is a fact and has always been accompanied by certain moral phenomena. Biologists and anthropologists can throw light. The question of what is physically desirable enters into it. And common sense, the fruit of communal experience, can, perhaps, contribute most.

At any rate, *no* education can transmit to children anything except the fruit of human experience *to date*. The only experience that exists is what one has had for oneself or learned from the history of the race—insofar as it has been accurately recorded. In this sense, education is compelled to be conservative, or turn children into laboratory experiments.

All sorts of societies have existed in man's experience and exist today, so it would seem reasonable to inquire what virtues, if any, have been cultivated by advanced civilizations and have contributed to the happiness and creativity of the individual and the survival of his civilization, and then to seek to establish the practice of these virtues as *normal* to man.

Much of modern social science consists of statistical studies of behavior. The sociologists

CONTINUED ON PAGE 169

HOUSEBROKE

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

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When, lifting his feet to allow
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To sweep beneath 'em, he
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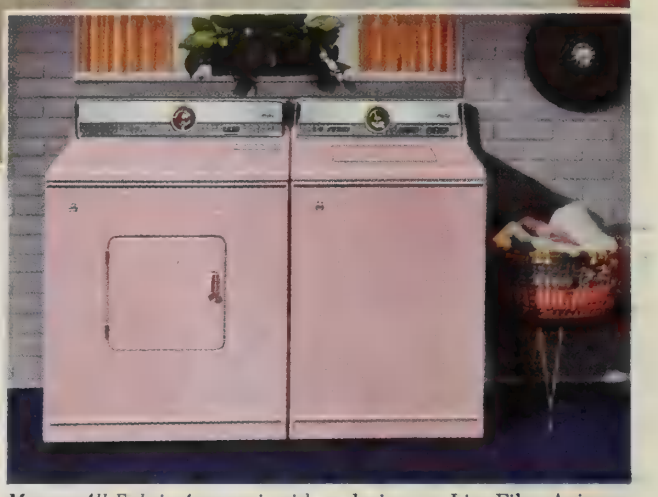
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Helena Rubinstein beauty products are available at leading department and drug stores or write Helena Rubinstein®, 655 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 22, N. Y.



DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

"Keep him quietly in bed for a couple of days longer"—but *how?*

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

"A young child is apt to think of illness as punishment, and probably holds the parent partly responsible."



SUZANNE SZASZ

Playthings don't have to be bought at a store.
Creation is soul-satisfying (as well as time-consuming).

March is often the peak of the illness season. Colds, grippe and sore throats are still prevalent, the contagious diseases like measles are becoming more frequent.

Two problems which mothers quite often face are keeping the convalescent child contented and keeping themselves from being harassed. There may be psychological as well as physical reasons for the crossness and demandingness that so often occur.

We've learned from psychiatric work with young children that they often interpret an illness or an operation as punishment for having done something bad or for having had antagonistic thoughts toward another member of the family. A child feels as guilty about a mean thought as about an act. He assumes that in a magic way his thought can do real harm. As a matter of fact, most older children and adults carry over, unconsciously, some of this belief in their own black magic and have various superstitions for warding off the effects of dangerous thoughts. The child who is guilty about hostile feelings toward his mother says, "Step on a crack, break your mother's back." A mother knocks on wood when she says her child hasn't been sick this winter. We parents frequently suggest the idea that illnesses are induced by naughtiness. We say, "If you'd worn your rubbers as I told you to, you wouldn't have caught cold"; or "Your quarreling has given mother a headache."

While a child is sick he's probably feeling at least a bit frightened by the punishment factor, by the symptoms, and by the danger of the illness itself. This last fear he may get from his mother, who shows it in her face as she reads the thermometer, in her tone when she telephones the doctor, in her solicitousness as she cares for the child. When the worst of the illness has passed, the child begins to perk up, and this is when he's apt to become difficult. One of the human reactions to a fright which has passed is to get mad at the person who caused it. This is frequently shown by the angriness of a parent toward a child who has almost fallen out a window or nearly got himself run over. Since a young child is so apt to think of disease as a punishment and since the parent is usually thought of as the punisher, it's probable that unconsciously he holds the parent partly responsible for the illness. He may also blame her for not having protected him from any painful things the doctor had to do. A normal mother often reinforces his idea that she is somehow guilty by her unaccustomed concern, her readiness to accommodate his whims, her tolerance of his disagreeableness. Of course one of the reasons she acts this way is that she may imagine that the child became sick or had an accident through some slight carelessness on her part. The doctor wouldn't usually agree with her, but that's the way a good parent is made.

If a child thinks his mother gave him the illness for punishment and if the mother thinks she gave it to him through negligence, you can see that their misconceptions reinforce each other. As soon as the child begins to recover, he feels better in his conscience. He has paid for his sins—real or imaginary—and he sees that he's still very much alive. Whatever guiltiness the mother may have had doesn't go away quite so fast. For one thing, she realizes that the illness isn't entirely over yet. This is where a psychological imbalance may exist for a few days. To the degree that she acts guilty—in the sense of kowtowing to him or permitting him to be tyrannical—it encourages him to blame and to punish her.

Perhaps you think I'm being too morbid. I don't mean that, if feelings of guilt and blame are present, they are necessarily intense. Certainly there are plenty of illnesses in which the parents remain matter-of-fact and the child remains sweet-natured. I'm only suggesting the possibility of psychological factors for those parents who regularly have trouble during convalescence.

It is wise for a mother to remind herself during any illness or injury how easy it is for her to blame herself, so that she can be on guard against acting submissive. She can inquire about the child's symptoms in a matter-of-fact tone such as the doctor uses, and not ask too often. I don't mean that she should seem indifferent or hard-boiled. It's possible to be sympathetic without being anguished.

When the child begins to be a bit demanding of service, she can put him in his place with a firm reminder that she doesn't like to be spoken to in that manner and that she has lots of other work to be done. If he scorns a drink which he asked for himself a short time before, she can suggest that he make the best of it until it is time for her to prepare something else.

If he begins climbing out of bed against orders or otherwise horsing around, it's much better for the mother to get as emphatic and masterful as she would if he were well, rather than to be too patient or to warn him anxiously about the possible worsening of the disease. A threat gives a child a choice of obeying or of taking the consequences, so is always weaker than a command.

A very practical matter is how much time the mother can spend with the invalid. Even if she is hard pressed with work, she will want to set aside at least brief periods through the day when she can sit with him. Children (like adults) when sick are not just bored if left alone. They can't help feeling more dependent than usual. I can still remember how glad I was when my mother came to the hospital, to sit in my room and give me sips of water, after a tonsillectomy when I was twenty years old.

If the child begins to demand more attention than the mother can possibly give, then it might be a good idea for her to lay

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

out a rather arbitrary schedule of when she can visit and when she can't. More important than the number of minutes is the tone of voice—when she announces the schedule or later when the child tries to get her to come to him outside of schedule.

When a mother is pulled two ways in her feelings about a child's demand, not wanting to give in to what seems like an unreasonable and inconvenient request but still wondering guiltily whether perhaps she ought to, her indecision is apt to show up in a hesitant or petulant or angry tone as she says "No." The child instantly detects the fact that she's not sure of her ground and he sets to work to undermine her with repeated pleas, new symptoms, self-pitying descriptions of his plight, even artful tears. The mother should try to sound cheerfully, confidently definite.

Now for some practical suggestions. A couple of years ago, in an article on travel with children, I quoted extensively from a letter full of ingenious suggestions from Helen Thomas Irwin. Now she has sent me a similar one on convalescence. She starts by saying, "Just as mamma breathes a sigh of gratitude to hear that her child is going to be all right, she is faced with two statements: 'Keep him quietly in bed for a couple of days longer'; and 'What'll I do now, mamma?' The child is soon tired of TV, crayons and games. He wants you to read him stories or to tell him again all the ones about when you were a little girl. Reading a series of children's books, especially comics, has the same effect as morphine on me. I fall asleep. I have to think of other solutions.

What is instinct? It is the natural tendency in one, when filled with dismay, to turn to his wife.

FINLEY PETER DUNNE

"Change beds often. Let him stay for a while in your bed, then the couch made into a bed, then back to his own. The change of scene is restful and makes old toys seem more interesting.

"Give him a bell. This relieves his temptation to leap out of bed to find you and you can usually hear it above the sound of the vacuum or running water.

"No matter what time of year it is, give him the box of Christmas ornaments. He can admire each one separately, fill his head with happy holiday thoughts, and possibly make a few new additions to the collection.

"When we were traveling, ornaments were a particular problem because they had to be flat and unbreakable. On the cover of favorite comic books there were usually large drawings of 'friends,' such as Little Lulu, Fox and Crow, Donald Duck. I traced some of them (using a sheet of carbon paper) onto the white cardboards which came from the laundry in shirts. Then my child colored them, cut them out, attached loops of thread and carefully put them away for the Christmas tree. They have been an enormous success. For a small child, you can cut large cardboard stars, squares and circles. These, also, can look pretty on the tree and can give him the pleasure of having made them himself.

"Give the child a pile of old magazines, not just to look at, but with a definite *plan* in view. He can 'build' a house, or a hospital. For a hospital he's going to go through the magazines and cut out all pictures of nurses, doctors, babies, medicines, flowers, beds, clocks, or anything else he'd like to have in his hospital. When he has collected a pile of pictures, you can pin them to an old screen, or to a curtain near his bed. A boy can pretend he's the head doctor giving orders from his 'office' on the pillows, a girl can be the head nurse. It's the same game with building a house, except that he finds pictures of a living room, bathroom, bedroom, food, car, and so on. A boy can build a garage.

"The button box! There are many things to do with buttons, but you will have to watch

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

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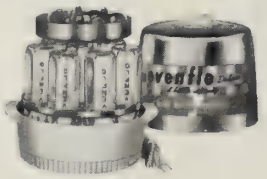


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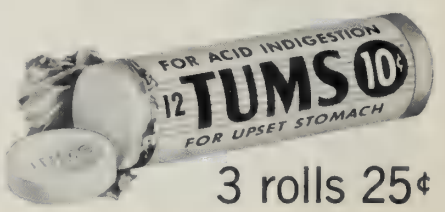
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How many of our 27 pets can you name? Mail in your list and receive a color-it-yourself place mat you can frame. Have fun and wear Health-tex. Diaper sets, crawlers, knit or woven shirts, shorts, slacks, Eton suits and such in sizes 6 months to 8 years. Nice stores have them at the prices you like. Write Health-tex, Dept. J-1, **STANDARD ROMPER CO.,** 1350 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.



"EASTER EGG" COOKIES

ORANGE-BLENDED OATMEAL

HAM BALL KABOBS

Easter fun foods:

New kind of breakfast and timely new recipes enriched with Quaker Oats



Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are exactly the same

"EASTER EGG" COOKIES

High-protein Quaker Oats adds nourishment and nut-like flavor to cookies.

- 1 cup butter or margarine, soft
- ½ cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. almond or vanilla flavoring
- 1 egg
- 3 cups sifted flour
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)

Beat butter and sugar until creamy; add flavoring and egg. Sift together flour and salt; thoroughly mix with butter mixture. Stir in oats. Shape dough to form 36 eggs. Bake on ungreased cookie sheets in slow oven (325°F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Cool. Decorate with confectioners' sugar frosting. Makes 3 dozen.

ORANGE-BLENDED OATMEAL

Here's a brand new kind of oatmeal! And a new taste delight! It's an intriguing new way for youngsters (and grownups) to get the high-protein benefits of good hot oatmeal. The flavor of frozen orange juice—blended into the oatmeal in the pan—deliciously flavors every spoonful of creamy oatmeal. Try it!

Follow oatmeal recipe on package for 4 to 6 servings. Cover and let stand as directed. Then stir in ¼ cup frozen orange juice, undiluted. Each serving may be garnished with toasted coconut.

WATCH "SGT. PRESTON OF THE YUKON" ON CBS-TV

HAM BALL KABOBS

Quaker Oats makes meat balls and meat loaves juicier, tastier—cuts down shrinkage.

- 1 lb. ground ham
- 1 lb. ground pork
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- ½ tsp. garlic salt
- ½ tsp. onion salt
- 2 eggs, beaten
- ⅔ cup milk
- 1 cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)

Thoroughly mix all ingredients together. Shape into 32 balls; place in shallow baking pans. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) 1 hour. Refrigerate. For each kabob, alternate 4 ham balls with **pineapple chunks** and **green pepper squares** on metal skewers. Place in broiler or over open fire about 15 minutes, turning only once. Makes 8 kabobs.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

out if the child is small enough to put them into his mouth. They can be sorted and put into cups according to their ability to be jewels, or according to their color or shape. They can also be stirred with a spoon and served in doll dishes. (A gravy ladle is fun to use in serving.) They can be strung into a huge necklace or they can form designs on the bed table. Have you a wide, soft piece of elastic such as might be left over from a worn-out pajama bottom? The child can sew (or pin with safety pins) buttons on this elastic to create a fabulous button belt.

"Buttons can also serve as 'money' for points in a game or, placed in a tin candy box, become a lovely rhythm instrument for shaking while playing a phonograph record.

"Have you a junk-jewelry box into which you tossed the summer jewelry you'll never wear again and the series of lone earrings after you'd despaired of ever finding mates? Or you can give him your regular box of jewelry, removing anything of real value. My child has spent hours looking over each piece, peering inside lockets, and finally becoming an emperor by wearing all the jewelry at once plus my bed jacket and an aluminum-foil crown. This idea may not sound like much, but it has given me hours of peace.

"The silverware chest. I'll never know exactly why, but taking all the silverware out of the chest and putting it back again is fun for children.

"A box of old photographs or albums or scrapbooks. The child enjoys seeing pictures of himself especially, so his own baby book provides entertainment. You must be prepared, though, to have him look at a beautiful and youthful picture of yourself and say, 'Who's that? *You?* It doesn't look like you!'

"If it is near a holiday, there are cards to be made. These can be Christmas cards, Valentines, Easter cards, Happy St. Patrick's Day cards, or any kind of cards. We are usually near some kind of holiday. These cards can be fancy, or just a suitable picture on a large sheet of paper—for instance, a large egg for Easter. The important thing is that they are to be considered of value and actually mailed to the people on his list. An old stand-by is to 'make lace.' He takes a plain sheet of paper and folds it a few times, then cuts out slices and half circles. When he opens the sheet, it is 'lacework' which you help him paste onto colored paper.

"Taking medicine has become unpleasant by now. He's well enough to resist, to threaten to vomit. He no longer wishes to take liquids, but you're required to make him get them down. I found it a huge help to wear a paper nurse's cap.

"The next two suggestions my child thought of himself, so they are right out of the horse's mouth. The first consists of building a theater in miniature. He used an empty carton as a stage, and it was covered with a reasonably good-looking rag. He then arranged scenes in the box, using small plastic furniture, blocks, Christmas-tree ornaments or toys. His actors were those miniature dolls and comic characters from the dime store. He played one of his records for the sound effects and the dolls were supposed to be acting or singing. For a spotlight he used our color-slide projector, but a flashlight would do just as well, or a lamp aimed at the stage.

"The other idea also makes use of cardboard cartons, and those cutout magazine pictures. Now he can paste the pictures into a big box, placed with the open part facing him so that he has three walls, a floor and a roof for his building. A second box sitting on top of the first provides an upstairs.

"If pictures of cars are pasted in the box, toy cars can also be used to go into and out of the garage. If the boxes are to be a house, people can live there and small furniture added. Now he can paste down rugs or paste pictures of windows on the sides of the box.

"A cigar box full of tiny dolls is an excellent toy in sickness and in health. These 'people' are small enough actually to ride in toy trucks, or to fit into block or cardboard buildings, and are very inexpensive. They can march in long parades, have adventures in toy airplanes or fire engines, and ride in some cars of an electric train. (The gondola, the dumping car, the hopper, the refrigerator car, or in a boxcar if it has a sliding door.) They can be affixed on top of the engine or passenger car with a strip of cellulose tape.

"We were amused to notice some of the wild adventures of a tiny rubber doll whose name was Tiny Baby. Tiny Baby rode in planes alone, jumped off high buildings, ran trains at breakneck speed and did, in fact, anything he pleased. Asked what Tiny's parents thought of his experiences, my small son announced that Tiny Baby *had* no parents, and was allowed to eat whatever he wanted and never go to sleep. I realized that Tiny Baby was a projection of my son's dreams of freedom and I imagine he worked out a lot of frustrations by this means.

"If none of these suggestions pleases you or your child, think how much better it is to be a mother during an era of antibiotics! How was it to face ear infection aboard a covered wagon? We've got a lot to be thankful for."

What I envy in Mrs. Irwin is her imagination. I could never embroider a story of my childhood to make it seem worth telling and I can't think of activities for children aside from those I remember loving myself. Boys can spend hours with a collection of miniature cars and there are dozens of fascinatingly realistic ones which can be bought at a good

CONTINUED ON PAGE 191



"Just thought I'd ask—I hear they sometimes get mixed up in the hospital."

New! Liquiprin* for children safer than aspirin, easier to use



Medical tests prove this new, easy-to-use liquid is gentler, less irritating than aspirin ...safe even for children who are upset by aspirin! Gets to work faster, too!



Mothers! Give your child these added benefits of LIQUIPRIN*—the new way to help calm the feverish, fretful child and ease discomfort of colds, minor aches and pains.

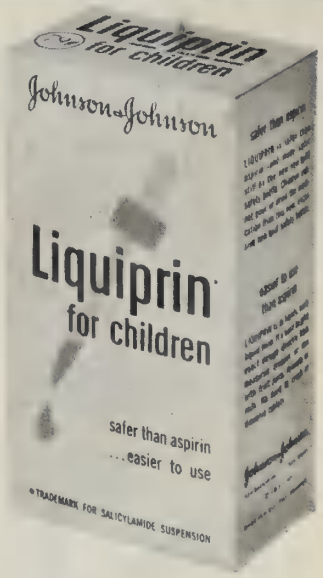
LIQUIPRIN IS DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN! LIQUIPRIN pediatric analgesic-antipyretic was developed to meet the special needs of children for something safer, gentler and less irritating than aspirin.

LIQUIPRIN IS BETTER THAN ASPIRIN FOR YOUR CHILD! LIQUIPRIN contains salicylamide, a pain-relieving and fever-reducing agent of the same type as aspirin ... BUT ... **it is chemically different.** This difference makes LIQUIPRIN basically safer and ideal for children's use.

safer than aspirin—medical tests and actual hospital use prove LIQUIPRIN does not upset or irritate the stomach ... safe even for children who are upset by aspirin.

gets to work faster—liquids work faster than tablets. LIQUIPRIN also leaves the stomach more rapidly, is more rapidly absorbed, gets to work sooner to relieve your child.

easier to take—children take tasty LIQUIPRIN directly from measured dropper or mixed with fruit juice, milk or formula. No more tablets to crush or dissolve. And what's more, you're sure of giving exact dosage.



non-spill safety bottle

LIQUIPRIN is safer than aspirin and made safer still by a special **medicine-monitor** in every bottle. Children cannot pour or drink from this exclusive safety bottle.

YOUR DOCTOR KNOWS ABOUT LIQUIPRIN Get a bottle today— at all drug stores— **79¢**

*TRADEMARK FOR SALICYLAMIDE SUSPENSION

Johnson-Johnson

NEW IDEA! Add flavor to your KRAFT Jellies



Use them as ingredients to add true flavor of fresh-picked fruit, captured the special KRAFT way!

New Kraft Jellies and Preserves are the ones to use—because they're *made* to be extra flavorful. Even when Grandma made her wonderful jelly, much of the good fruit flavor boiled away. But Kraft makes jellies and preserves a new, flavor-saving way. They're "cool-cooked" . . . at temperatures 'way below boiling . . . to *keep* the flavor and color of the fresh-picked fruit! Doesn't using new Kraft Jellies and Preserves as *ingredients* sound delicious, and easy? Try it!

Tennessee Jam Cake

Cream ½ cup Kraft DeLuxe Margarine. Gradually add 1 cup packed light brown sugar, creaming until light and fluffy. Add 3 egg yolks and mix well. Sift together 2 cups sifted cake flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon cloves and ½ teaspoon cinnamon, and add alternately with 1 cup Kraft Pure Seedless Black Raspberry Preserves and ⅓ cup buttermilk, which have been combined. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into 2 waxed paper lined 9-inch layer pans. Bake in a moderate oven, 375°, for 30 to 35 minutes. Frost with Caramel Frosting.

Caramel Frosting. Cream ¼ cup Kraft DeLuxe Margarine. Slowly add ⅔ cup cooled Kraft Caramel Sauce. Gradually add 5 cups sifted confectioners' sugar and stir until well blended.

Kraft Caramel Sauce. Place ½ pound Kraft Caramels (28 caramels) and ½ cup water or milk in top of double boiler. Heat, stirring frequently, until caramels are melted and sauce is smooth. Makes 1 cup sauce.



Jelly Omelet

To 6 beaten egg yolks, add 2 tablespoons hot water and ¾ teaspoon salt, then fold into 6 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour mixture into well-greased 10-inch skillet. Cook over low heat until the bottom begins to brown, then place in a slow oven, 325°, until top is firm. Crease in the middle, spread Kraft Pure Strawberry Jelly on half, fold other half over it, and place on a platter. Serve at once.



Jewel Bread Pudding

Place 3 cups day-old bread cubes in a greased 1-quart casserole. Combine 3 slightly beaten eggs, ⅓ cup sugar, dash of salt and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Gradually blend in 2 cups scalded milk. Pour over the bread cubes.

Set casserole in a pan of hot water and bake in slow oven, 325°, 1 hour, or until a knife inserted halfway between center and outside edge comes out clean. Top baked pudding with spoonfuls of Kraft Pure Grape Jelly. Serve hot or cold.



3-D Triangle Sandwiches

For each sandwich, spread one slice of whole wheat bread, crusts trimmed, with Kraft Pure Elderberry Jelly. Cover with a second slice of bread spread with Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. Cut diagonally into quarters and place, points up, on a plate.

favorite foods with and Preserves!



In all your favorite varieties

Strawberry Coffee Cake

Spread ¾ cup Kraft Pure Strawberry Preserves over bottom of a well-greased 9-inch round cake pan and sprinkle with ¼ cup chopped pecans. Separate the biscuits from 2 packages Ballard or Pillsbury Biscuits and dip in ½ cup melted Parkay Margarine. Place 15 of these biscuits, overlapping, around outer edge of pan. Use remaining 5 biscuits to make an inner circle of overlapping biscuits. Bake in hot oven, 425°, for 20 minutes. Turn out upside-down immediately. Peach Preserves may be substituted for Strawberry Preserves.

Here are many ways to add flavor to baked goods, desserts, main dishes. Write to Kraft Jellies and Preserves, Dept. L3, Box 522, Chicago 77, Illinois.

FREE RECIPE FOLDER!

Is Your Car Crowding Your Budget?

"It could be wrecking it,"
says George Romney,
President, American Motors Corporation

Not long ago we had some young married friends in for dinner. Like most people, they were having "budgetitis."



"I just don't know where the money goes!" Martha exclaimed. "I'm sure I keep household expense down." "Well, I don't overspend on lunches!" said Bill.

"How about your car expense?" I asked. "Have you ever figured what it costs you a year?"

"Why no," they both said. So we figured. Their big new car had cost $3900. They drove about 10,000 miles a year. They average about 12 miles to the gallon. Figuring their original cost, depreciation, gas, oil, servicing, insurance, etc., Bill and Martha were spending close to $1600 a year to keep that big car going.



"But that's more than a *fourth* of our spendable income," said Martha, flabbergasted. "No wonder we're always broke. What'll we do?"

A New Kind of Car That Saves You Money

"I'd part with that big outsized car," I suggested. "And I'd get a new Rambler AMERICAN, a new kind of car that costs least to buy, own and operate. A Rambler AMERICAN with overdrive just set a new Official NASCAR Economy Record of 35.39 miles per gallon on a cross-country trip from Los Angeles to Miami."



"Why," said Martha, "with that kind of car we'd cut our costs in two, or even better. But is the AMERICAN a *little* car?"

"No," I told them, "it's just compact. Inside, it's roomier than *any* small European car, and rides five adults in comfort. It's so simple to service that Bill could do much of it himself."

"When can we look at one?" Martha asked. "Tomorrow," Bill said. "We'll get our budget back on the track again—at our Rambler dealer's."

Why don't you figure your car costs? You may be as amazed as Martha.

George Romney

UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



DRAWING BY WHITNEY DARROW © 1953 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"It certainly makes one realize how insignificant you are."

WOMAN: THE DOMINANT SEX, by ***Hendrik de Leeuw***, I have not read. But the title alone should sell it, besides the fact that the author has been happily married for twenty-seven years. It reminds me of the man about to sail for Italy. He was being seen off by a friend. "It gets very cool in Italy sometimes in the winter," the friend warned him. "Aren't you afraid the climate might disagree with your wife?" The man looked at him levelly. "It wouldn't dare," he said. (Yoseloff, N.Y.)

●

"If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman and a gentleman and a Christian, that's all I want." These were the words of Squire Brown when he was about to send his son Tom away to school.

I thought about his formula when I read COLLEGE IN THE YARD (Harvard Univ. Press). This is a little book of short essays by Harvard alumni—what they remembered about their years at Harvard, what it meant to them, the people of their day, the life—and it is firmly reassuring. In this day of nationwide uneasiness and discouragement and frequent ill temper, these voices of seasoned active men bespeak the kind of American on whom we can depend. They range from Judge Learned Hand, who graduated in 1893, through the years of John Marquand, Lewis Gannett, S. N. Behrman, Ed Streeter, down into the generation of World War II. These men of parts have written thoughtfully, not hastily, with humor and balance. Harvard at least never stood in the way of making them brave, helpful and truth-telling.

John Harvard, whose name the university bears, was the son of a butcher. He died of tuberculosis in 1638, at the age of thirty-one, and left to the new college of the Puritans his 400-book library, and his estate of about £800. As Charles Eliot once said of him: "One disinterested deed of hope and faith may crown a brief and broken life with deathless fame."

YOUNG MR. KEEFE, by ***Stephen Birmingham*** (Little, Brown), is a novel of the younger generation, a 1958 version of Scott Fitzgerald's rich, bright, reckless, unhappy youth. The four protagonists are about twenty-three, and married.

"Look at us!" they say. "When the First World War was fought we weren't even born. When the Second World War was fought we were children. When the Korean War was fought, we were going to football weekends. . . . Anzio Beachhead, Heartbreak Ridge—they're just quaint romantic names. They have no real, personal meaning to us. We weren't even aware! We've contributed nothing. We're a generation that feels the world owes us a living."

This is a good novel of its kind. It's *The Beautiful*, but not altogether *The Damned*.

●

What a relief to turn from the modern world to ancient Greece! THE VOYAGE HOME, by ***Ernst Schnabel***, is a breath of youth in the springtime of the world. A man has been shipwrecked, and has swum sixteen hours before he is thrown on an island by the waves and lands in the mouth of a brook where he lies among the grasses exhausted. Morning comes and he opens his eyes to find a maiden gazing at him. . . . Maybe you've guessed. The girl is Nausicaä, and the man Odysseus. On the island there is a near-sighted man who watches Odysseus with kindly interest. He is fast going blind. His name is Homer. . . . This is delightful imagining, especially well written and well translated. (Harcourt Brace.)

●

JOURNAL readers who well remember *Katherine*, sister-in-law of Chaucer, will be interested to read about Elizabeth, heroine of THE WINTHROP WOMAN, by ***Anya Seton*** (Houghton, Mifflin). It is the vitality of both these women that has carried their personalities down through the centuries. Elizabeth, niece of John Winthrop, bigoted governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, came to this country as a young widow. Her stormy life reflected the modes and morals of the seventeenth century, not only in Massachusetts and Connecticut but in England, where at least a third of the story takes place. The re-creation of that period has never, that I know of, been so thoroughly done. Every situation and all but two minor characters are true, and in the actual records, in some cases down to their very words. Add to this the grace and glow of a good interpretative mind, and a skillful novelist, and you have a topnotch historical novel.

●

***At every tick of the clock, somewhere in the world, a child is born with a crippling disability. . . .* The National Society for Crippled Children and Adults (11 So. La Salle St., Chicago) is distributing, for 25 cents, a pamphlet of especial interest to parents: DID THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN? by *Earl Schenck Miers*.**

●

PUT OFF THY SHOES, by ***Elizabeth Hamilton*** (Scribner), is a journey to the Holy Land, in which the author somehow manages to brush aside politics and relive the Bible—both New and Old Testaments—on the hard dry earth trod by its people. It is a short book written in gentle lyrical mood.

●

Jean Kerr's oldest child, Christopher, offered to review his mother's book, *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, in school. "Mrs. Kerr has written a book," he read aloud to the class,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I'm back. The principal doesn't know what to do with me either."

"about herself and her four delightful children. It is very funny, but it is exaggerated to the point of outright lying."

●

And last, NORTH FROM ROME, by ***Helen MacInness*** (Harcourt Brace): an American in Rome, a drug ring in the Machiavellian hands of a handsome Italian aristocrat, a tie-up with the Communists, a thwarted love story righted by a swift turn in events, a sense of the continuity of brutality produced by the portrait of an earlier handsome young man of the Renaissance . . . this is a book for both the mystery readers and those who cherish the Italian scene.

It's New! It's Easy!

TUNA PIZZA

Made with Ballard Oven Ready® Biscuits and Pet Milk®



A New Kind of Pizza The Whole Family Will Go For!

Another quickie using Ballard *Oven-Ready*® Biscuits! Not too highly seasoned for the small fry, yet tangy enough to tempt the grownups! Heat oven to 450° (very hot). Mix ½ cup PET Evaporated Milk, ¾ cup grated Parmesan cheese and ½ tsp. onion salt. Let stand to thicken. Arrange 1 can Ballard OvenReady® Biscuits close together on ungreased baking sheet. With fingers press biscuits together to close spaces, making one big thin biscuit-crust, about 12 in. across. Bake 5 min. at 450°. Remove from oven and loosen crust with spatula, but leave on baking sheet. Spread cheese mixture almost to crust edge; cover with ½ cup tomato sauce or catsup. Drain 1 can (7 oz.) tuna, break into large chunks, and arrange over top. Sprinkle with ½ tsp. oregano. Return to oven for 7 min. or until crust is brown. Serve hot. For variety: In place of tuna, try canned shrimp, sardines, anchovies or mushrooms . . . or cooked sausage or hamburger . . . or strips of salami, thuringer, pepperoni or bologna.

Try these other Ballard quickies: Use Ballard Biscuits on top of meat pies and casseroles. Try 'em for fruit and berry shortcakes—or as a base for canapes. Or just love 'em hot and brown with jams and jellies. There are ten perfect unbaked biscuits in each can. Just a few cents per can. Keep several on hand in your refrigerator.

More biscuit lovers reach for Ballard than any other brand



Just open and bake in 9 easy minutes Sweetmilk or new Buttermilk!

at your grocer's dairy case



Only silver shows you care . . .

Community shows how much!



(*Above, top to bottom*)

South Seas*, a striking, new idea in silver design. Truly daring, different!

Twilight* has classic grace, with shell motif, tapered handles, curving tips!

White Orchid* is truly feminine. Perfect with your prettiest china, crystal, linens.

Morning Star* is sophisticated, modern, inspired by a priceless jade carving.

* * *

Ballad* (*main picture*), newest Community pattern . . . elegance in today's manner!

Watch what happens when you set your table with treasured, sparkling Community. The first time, and *every* time—family and guests will respond to the special warmth that silver alone conveys. Only silver takes, and holds, designs of true beauty for a lifetime. Only Community, extravagantly plated with pure, enduring silver, offers these five beloved patterns in services that cost far less than they look. Choose yours today from the elegant Community collection, at jewelers and fine silverware departments, and start living *beautifully* tonight!

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ONEIDA SILVERSMITHS
makers of distinctive tableware
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COMMUNITY* SILVERPLATE
ONEIDACRAFT* STAINLESS

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"Dream come true"—new quarters for Children's Arts Program in Milwaukee War Memorial.

VOLUNTEERS BRING FUN AND ART

. . . To Milwaukee Youngsters

Museums for Everybody

By MARGARET HICKEY

The word "museum" in its earlier connotation is about as out-of-date as a suit of armor in the space age. For today's museum does far more than simply preserve and exhibit the great works and truths of history—it also makes them come alive in ways to fascinate even a modern hooky-playing Tom Sawyer.

In Evansville, Indiana, for example, people think of their museum as a "living room": a warm and friendly place to which they enjoy coming time and time again—and where the latchstring is always out. Visitors flock to join the special volunteer-led tours that dramatize the great art achievements of Italy, or the many classes and interest groups designed to include the whole family. There are, for instance, the Frisky and Blossom Club (nature study for preschoolers), Junior Star Gazers, adult astronomy club, photography, stamp and coin clubs—to inspire inquiry into some phase of man's history and environment. A drama group, a music-and-rhythms class, open-house events also are part of the educational program.

Museum Director Siegfried Weng credits women of the Junior Service League, a local group of civic-minded women, for helping make the museum what it is today—a living force in the community. League members initiated the first tours for school children in 1948, agreed to underwrite the education-department program in 1951 with an initial pledge of $4600 plus volunteer help in planning classes, registering children, leading tours and teaching children's classes. (Since then the League has given $40,900 to the museum.)

The people of Evansville in turn have responded. Local organizations and businessmen have contributed money for the planetarium, the only one in the state, and an army of some 250 women volunteers helped collect $600,000 in a fund drive for a new building. Now volunteers and museum staff together are planning for a new sculpture garden, animal shelter, an old steam locomotive that will give two-penny rides to "Nowhere."

In Connecticut, Stamford's Museum and Nature Center has gained a similar reputation simply by living up to its name. To the new $140,000 building (purchased with community contributions) come not only art lovers for tours and lectures and showings of local artists and loan exhibitions, but busloads of boys and girls, teachers and youth leaders for explorations of the 80 acres of beautiful woodland surrounding the museum. Numbers of these youngsters are learning actually to care for animals, wild and domestic, in the "Junior Curator" program. As attendance goes up, many volunteers are offering to help—including a young mother of two who has promised to milk the cow twice every Saturday, the farmer's day off. Director Ernest Luhde sees the museum now as a place where one can "meet both the works of nature and the arts of man." END

It's a crisp Saturday morning in Milwaukee and children from city and suburbs are converging on a big new building on the shore of Lake Michigan. From excited little five-year-olds to poised high-schoolers, they arrive by car, bus, bicycle and on foot. And as they troop in, the strikingly modern lake-front building comes abruptly alive. There's a touch of awe in a fifth-grader's voice as he looks around. "Golly, this isn't much like the *old* building, is it?" A teen-ager behind him inquires, "What floor for music rehearsals?" Another asks, "Which for art classes?"

The building may be new to the children, but this Saturday activity is not. Saturdays just naturally belong to Milwaukee's Children's Arts Program, familiarly known as "C.A.P." Sponsored by the Junior League of Milwaukee and the Milwaukee Art Institute jointly, it has been called "currently the country's liveliest, most enthusiastically supported children's program in its field."

The new $2,500,000 building is Milwaukee's tribute to her war heroes. "Being here is a dream come true!" enthuses one of the program's volunteer workers.

To C.A.P.'s full-time director, soft-voiced Mary Elizabeth Jones, it is fitting that the program now shares this memorial building Milwaukee is so proud of. "The memorial was built to honor the dead and serve the living," she says. "How better could we do that than by opening the world of the arts to our children—by offering through them a culturally enriched future?"

A towheaded eight-year-old comes hesitantly into the director's office.

"Hi, Janie," Mrs. Jones says. "Lost? Come along and we'll find your teacher."

To Janie and others like her, the Children's Arts Program doesn't mean anything so adult as cultural enrichment. To Janie, C.A.P. simply spells fun. When she visits the children's gallery, pictures are hung at her own eye level (sometimes she herself is the proud creator of work on display). Every object is placed where she can "see" with eager, reaching hands as well as her eyes. If she loves a particular picture in the rental library, a 25-to-50 cent fee makes it hers to enjoy for two weeks. (She takes good care of it too. None has ever been damaged.) She learns how a picture *feels* as well as how it looks—and the lesson stays in her mind after she draws a "picture" of a favorite song. She learns *dimension* by molding an object in clay, or by shaping colored paper, cardboard, bits of bright foil, feathers, even twigs and ice-cream-bar sticks into her own mobile. She may giggle as she draws a funny picture of her own face reflected in a shiny curving bowl of a spoon, but as she does it she learns that *distortion* is part of art too.

After classes and lunch, there's the Saturday matinee which brings together art, music, drama and dance groups. "Art is not one-sided," C.A.P.'s teachers believe. "Each of the arts adds knowledge and appreciation of the others." Today it's a musical puppet show, The Wizard of Oz. Other popular Saturday-afternoon fun programs include plays, concerts, story hours, movies, art, music and dance programs. "And the children are encouraged to participate, not just watch."

"You must see the special show in our gallery," Janie's teacher said. "It is work the children did in response to our experimental television show during the summer."

Janie looked up. "Miss Chris showed us how to make things on TV. Miss Chris and Cappy, the puppet. Cappy lived in a paintpot."

A favorite with the children, "Miss Chris"—talented young teacher Joan Christopherson—conducted her fifteen-minute television show with a studio audience of two children who worked with her on the day's special project. Throughout the city other youngsters worked at home. Closing each program, Miss Chris told the children what next week's project would be and what materials they would need to join in the fun. "Easy-to-come-by materials—plus imagination."

Fifty of the children's creations were chosen for the fall show—first in the handsome new gallery. "But it wasn't easy to narrow the choice. The children were gratifyingly responsive."

The Art Institute's spectacular inaugural show—including works by Rembrandt, El Greco, Goya, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Picasso—was also available to the children via guided tours. (Helpful note to volunteers guiding groups of very young children: "A box of paper handkerchiefs and a map to the bathrooms are musts!") CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE P. MILLER



Beauty in familiar things: Miss Chris exhibits some gay leaves ironed between two sheets of wax paper.

Beauty in music—to the 300 children of C.A.P.'s orchestras, ensembles, chorus "and just listeners."



FARM-FRESH TASTE

from the heart of America's farm lands...

captured by

Stokely-Van Camp!





AMERICA'S SWEETEST-TASTING CORN—
lightly flavored with sugar and salt!

- **Stokely's Finest Cream Style Golden Corn** — Naturally creamy corn from the very heart of the kernel.
- **Stokely's Finest Corn on the Cob** — 4 hand-picked ears of tender, young corn, vacuum-packed to insure freshness!
- **Stokely's Finest Whole Grain Golden Corn** — Plump kernels of golden corn. Fresh-from-the-cob flavor!

Advertisement

The Picture of Health for March



by MAXINE DAVIS

At this season of the year, resistance to infection is usually lower, even in the young and healthy. This can affect the feet as well as any other part of the body. Consequently people are likely to be subject to athlete's foot as well as to colds or flu. This became evident when some eminent doctors conducted experiments to determine the efficacy of sanitary measures to prevent the spread of this extremely trying disease. Their tests showed that exposure to infection plays only a small part in causing acute attacks but low resistance is more important. The scientists stressed the advisability of building up local resistance, i.e. individual hygiene, especially care of the skin of the feet.

Even so, I ought to insist that our teenagers buy their own drugs. But I'm spineless. I want to be sure that each has a good supply of OCTOFEN.

Joe's pretty careful; he learned the hard way. OCTOFEN Liquid stopped his athlete's foot infection after he'd been careless, so now he sprinkles OCTOFEN Powder in socks and shoes, and dusts it between his toes after showering, to prevent a recurrence.

Janie knows how miserable her brother was, and that the fungi that cause the trouble are co-educational. She too uses OCTOFEN routinely, because no other fungicide has ever been more successful for preventing or stopping an attack.

Now that Janie and Joe are off to college I'm assuming they also clean their teeth three times a day. I hope I've succeeded in training our progeny to brush their teeth properly. Our dentist taught each one, because the best brushing methods vary with each person.

But I don't trust them to spend their allowances on tooth powder; I give each of them a semester's supply of CALOX when they pack to go back.

We raised them on CALOX. A powder is best simply because it cleans best. Its ingredients are in such excellent balance that you can count on CALOX to clean and polish the teeth and keep the gums stimulated. It makes the mouth feel fresh and pleasant too.

Sally's birthday's this month— the first of *her* teens. We're giving her her first real party, with mailed invitations and favors. She's also—poor baby—found her first pimple, right on the end of her nose. She showed it to me, in tears.

"Don't you fret, Darling," I told her. "I'll get you some UTOL. You know—that salve your sister uses all the time. It's an antiseptic antibiotic ointment. It'll relieve that itching and irritation and guard your skin against re-infection. Put it under your new foundation cream; then you won't be able to see it yourself. With UTOL you'll have a wonderful time at your own party."

I whirled around my preparations like a satellite in outer space, because I wanted to make Sally's party a memorable one. The weather was bitter and blustery but I was wet as if it were mid-July. I couldn't have enjoyed it without YODORA. The germs that grow in perspiration produce that unlovely smell, but the new YODORA, a deodorant compounded with an antibiotic, stops them effectively. It's a light delicately-fragrant cream, soothing, healing, and, thank goodness, lasting! So I knew I wouldn't embarrass our Sally.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

Three years ago, when the Milwaukee Junior League voted to accept the Children's Arts Program as its new five-year project, many were dubious. Earlier League projects in the social-service field—the Blood Center, the Curative Workshop—had proved their worth. But C.A.P. was a *cultural* program. Could a cultural program succeed as the others had? Would it duplicate work Milwaukee's public schools were already doing? Would the children themselves respond?

A hard-working League committee answers those questions. "We felt that there was no reason why a cultural program could not be as permanent and rewarding to the community as the social-service projects had," says committee member Anita Webster.

C.A.P. supporters also made it clear that the program would supplement, not duplicate, the work in the city's schools. The children themselves answered the last question: "Would they respond to C.A.P.?"

One October Saturday Milwaukeeans paused, blinked and looked again as they passed gaily decorated roadblocks cutting off the busy downtown street in front of the usually quiet, sedate old Milwaukee Art Institute. A carnival had come to town. A calliope blared toe-tapping circus music. There were gaudy clowns, animals, a carrousel, a magician. There was all the traditional circus refreshment—hot dogs, popcorn, peanuts, pink sugar candy and lemonade. Inside the Art Institute was a Circus Arts show. Wisconsin artists were busily demonstrating their art to fascinated onlookers. Tables of do-it-yourself materials tempted children to try their own hand at creating.

Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.
CROMWELL

This gala Circus Arts party served a double purpose. It introduced C.A.P. to the public and it marked registration day for the program's first semester. (There are three each year. The $13 fee helps cover instruction and materials. Fifty free scholarships go each semester to children recommended by school principals. Arts for the Visually Handicapped classes are free.)

In its first year 10,000 children enjoyed C.A.P. activities—classes, shows, school gallery tours, movies, parties. "They were learning, having fun, making friends," sums up C.A.P.'s first president, Mary Lou Cook. "And we learned, had fun and made friends right along with them."

Perhaps most rewarding of all the program's birthday plaudits, an expression of gratitude from the mother of a ten-year-old who is totally deaf: "One more way for Bobby to enjoy a well-adjusted, normal life." And from a child's own pen: "Dear Art Lady, thank you for the big enjoyment we get by coming to the art place. We are so happy we will say a prayer for you every day. Love."

For its first two and a half years, C.A.P.'s home was part of the old Art Institute building. It was crowded. Some classes were forced to meet in the basement of a building four doors away. It was gloomy, for all the hopeful brightening accomplished by bucket-and-paintbrush brigades of blue-jean-clad volunteers. "Nothing bothered the children, though. They came early, stayed late," smiles C.A.P. worker Barbara Dexter. With children of her own aged 2 and 3½, trim blond Mrs. Dexter might personify the program's more than 350 volunteers. Most of them are busy homemakers, but to them C.A.P. is so important that if necessary "We just leave the crumbs on the breakfast table." Their enthusiasm has converted husbands into willing "Saturday baby sitters, advisers, toters of heavy objects and car parkers for special events." ("We knew we had to sell our husbands on C.A.P., too, or we were sunk.")

For some time C.A.P. volunteers—singer, teacher and young mother Mrs. Stuart Hoyt was one of the first—talked eagerly of adding

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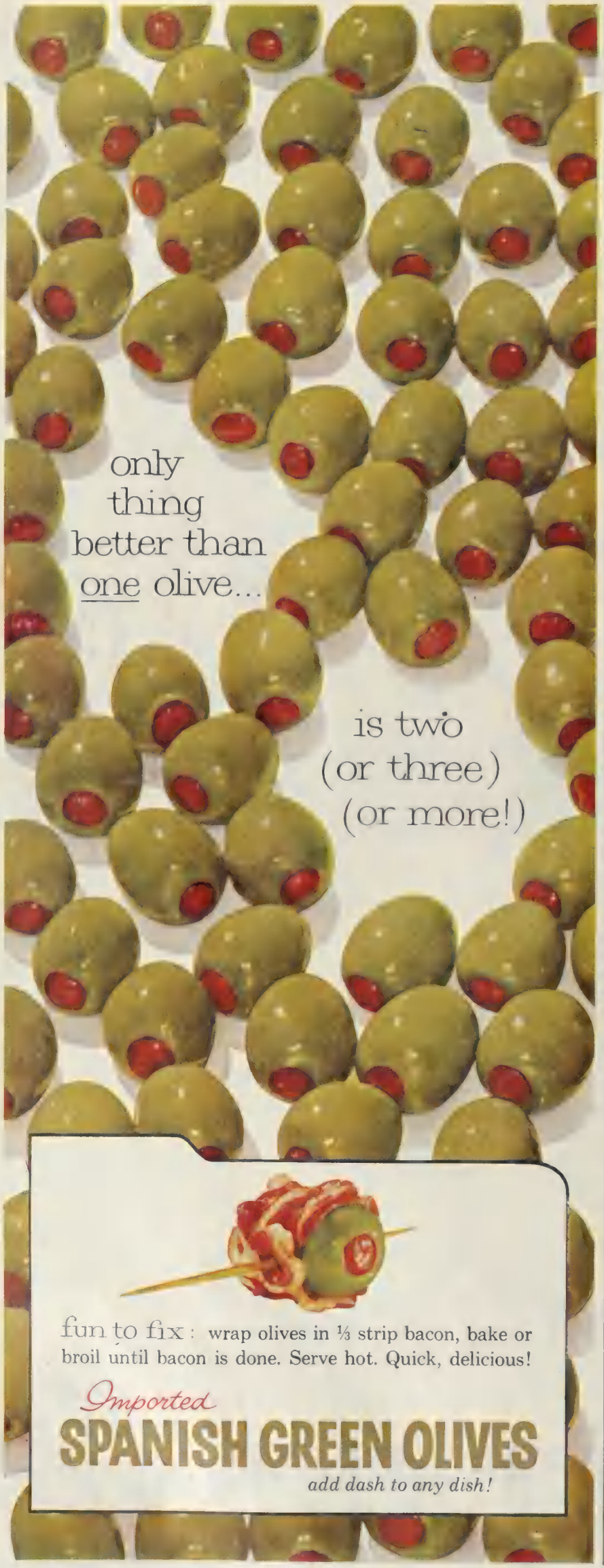
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music to the program. Their ambitious aim: a youth symphony. "It could well be the foundation of a permanent symphony orchestra. Milwaukee is ready for that now. But"—a warning note—"we'll have to make it just as good as our art program!"

The brand-new music committee included Mrs. Hoyt and sixteen other young women who gave thirty or more hours a week to the job of auditioning children from the city's schools. (Again, C.A.P. stressed that the intent was "not to compete, just to extend opportunities for children." No child was accepted for the youth orchestra unless already enrolled in music classes at his or her school.) Members of the committee gave their time generously, eagerly. "Kids and music," says pretty, enthusiastic Mrs. Hoyt. "What more could you want?"

Discussing the proposed new program over cups of tea one afternoon, four suburbanites, Jane Doud, Alice Klug, Jane Hall and Avis Steinman, decided, "A youth orchestra *would*



As the 1958 national Easter Seal Child of the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, Mary Lynne Dunnuck of Yuma, Arizona, represents the thousands of crippled children throughout the nation who are helped through Easter Seal contributions.

The 1958 Easter Seal appeal opens on March 6 and continues through Easter Sunday, April 6.

be a wonderful thing for Milwaukee. Why don't we raise the five hundred dollars needed to start them off?"

Their first major fund-raising effort, a fair called Artists at Work, was held at a lakeside estate 30 miles from Milwaukee. Admission, $1. Fifty Wisconsin artists, designers and craftsmen were recruited to exhibit their work. Twenty-five per cent of sales were to be donated to C.A.P., as were refreshment-stand profits. Volunteers sold tickets, acted as hostesses.

"Our wonderful husbands said they'd park cars and direct crowds," brisk, friendly Jane Doud says. "Not that we really expected crowds. We hoped for perhaps a few hundred people."

Almost 1500 swarmed in. "We had a traffic jam. We ran out of food. Youngsters manning the refreshment stand began watering down dwindling supplies of soft-drink syrup 'to make more money for C.A.P.' They were perfectly open about it and customers just grinned and said, 'Why not? It's a good cause.'"

The fair was so successful that it was decided to make it an annual event. The second—with added sponsors including the newly formed Friends of Art of the Milwaukee Art Institute—brought out more than 250 Wisconsin artists who displayed 1000 of their works on clotheslines, rustic fences, in barns, tents, pastures and paddocks. Four thousand

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

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friendly WASHINGTON A State of HAPPINESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

people attended. They bought $2500 worth of art at prices ranging from $1.50 for a pen-and-ink sketch to $175 for a Karl Priebe painting. Two Milwaukee artists did 45 on-the-spot child portraits. And one creator of a silk-screen print with a $10 price tag recorded the fair's first $1-down-and-$1-a-month sale—to a guest whose small pension does not allow for much luxury, but who still responds to the need for beauty.

A four-day Artists at Work Fair in a suburban shopping center, with 600 works of art displayed among the hardware, groceries, furniture and fashions, drew fascinated crowds. (From a local merchant it also drew the half-joking comment, "This culture business brings *business!*")

C.A.P. volunteers worked three shifts a day as guides, collected favorite stories about art's venture into the neighborhood shopping center.

Jane Doud met a boy and girl wandering hand in hand from display window to display window consulting in murmurs, finally choosing a painting. "We're just married," they told her happily. "And this is the very first thing we've bought for our house."

BACKLOG

Householders on the American frontier faced a serious problem in regard to a source of fire. There were no matches, and in damp weather flint and steel were likely to fail. So many pioneers tried to keep a fire burning without interruption for months or years at a time. They actually discovered a way of doing just that. A big green log, placed next to the stones in the back of the fireplace, would smolder for days. Dry wood burned in front of it gave heat, but the fire died out after the last pieces were laid on it at night. Next morning, the backlog would yield embers from which a new blaze could be started. As a rule, the backlog was not used for fuel. But in emergencies it could be pulled out and burned. Consequently, any sort of reserve came to be called a backlog.

WEBB B. GARRISON

"I came to buy some new bath towels," a young housewife said smilingly as her five-year-old son tugged her across the sidewalk to watch artist Robert von Neumann at work on a painting. "And what did I buy? A picture I fell in love with!"

The fair committee worked hard for the success of music in C.A.P. "But we weren't the only ones!" they stress. "Everybody worked. The program belongs to the whole community."

The C.A.P. Symphony Orchestra is a reality now. Formed of 70 of Milwaukee's most gifted music students, its great moment ("so far!") came when it appeared with Wisconsin's renowned Waukesha Symphony, Milton Weber conducting. This was a prideful evening for Austrian-born Mr. Weber too. As C.A.P.'s music director he takes warm pride and pleasure in these youngsters who are learning to love music with his own lifelong devotion. "They always give you more than you ask of them," he says. "They never miss rehearsals. Bad weather can't keep them away." He pauses. "Why, on the hottest day of summer a group of them walked more than a mile to the public library to get books on a music question that had arisen. When you get a response like that, you know you are filling a need."

As well as classroom work—"There's more to music than just playing an instrument"—C.A.P. now has a Prep Orchestra, several ensembles, a choral group called The Capisters. All delight audiences on their public appearances. And, under the auspices of the Milwaukee Art Institute which now assures its $10,000-a-year budget, the program is still expanding. END



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Lydia O'Leary

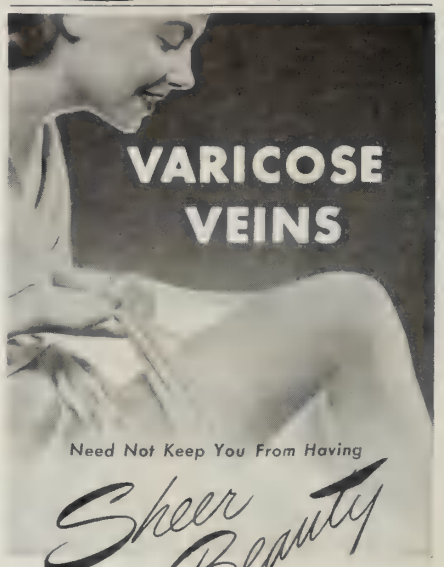
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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



M. BLANCHARD

"If I ever do stop loving you, I'll let you know."

I almost lost my temper at a burst of rock-'n'-roll music at 7:30 A.M. But it turned out to be Red Krauthoff, the plumber, banging on an iron pipe in the pantry we're remodeling into a bathroom.

My red-haired sister clings to the same hairdo at 37 that she wore when she was 17. I've offered to do something handsome if she'll adopt a simpler coiffure, but she can defend her semipompadour by the hour.

Our youngest has won his grandfather's three-door gold watch, plus $100 in cash, for reaching 18 without smoking or drinking. I claim he was supposed to get the watch at age 21. But I'm outnumbered, and he wants to know what he gets if he doesn't smoke or drink till he can vote.

Our town's high school is discussing the award of a sweater with a letter, like an athlete's monogram, to students with high grades in math and science. Why not give the idea a whirl at Yale, Princeton or Harvard?

My Dream Girl eyed a strip of carrot she picked off the revolving hors-d'oeuvre platter last time I dined her out. "I'm positive," she said thoughtfully, "that carrots have straightened out a lot since I peeled 'em as a girl."

My son-in-law Steve has devised an electronic toy to keep their tots beguiled on trips or when company drops in. It works on batteries, and all sorts of switches flash lights on and off, ring bells, open doors, unveil goblins and toot horns. I hope it prepares 'em for the strains of the brave new world.

A few gems from my collection of tiles are being imbedded in the walls of our new downstairs bathroom, tiles from 10 or 12 different countries. "What if we move?" asks my Princess of Sheer Delight. "With such a bathroom," I ask, "why should we move?"

After a heavy wet snow I gently brushed the snow off some of my wife's favorite evergreen shrubs. Her gratitude astounded me; she instantly promised to make me some potato pancakes within the week.

I suspect our town's women's club could raise just as much money with a tour of a dozen or so choice kitchens as it does with its annual Garden Tour. Especially if ticket buyers were allowed a quick peek into the refrigerator.

As a man who used to be a boy myself once, I'm incredulous at how long a half gallon of ice cream lasts in the freezer of our refrigerator. Privately I'd concede I'm the most predatory ice-cream eater in the family.

Ah, family life! Every action is magnified, mirrored, imitated, exaggerated; rejected, burlesqued, reflected, adopted; mimicked, misunderstood, ignored, and often understood only too well. Ah, family life is where you win your Ph. D.

My savvier friends claim it costs almost $1100 to drive a new car the first year, if you drive 10,000 miles. But I comfort myself thinking what a spanking team of horses would cost, with a shiny buggy, and all the adverse comment. What's the alternative?

I marvel at how much personality an infant cultivates by the time it's 18 months old. Some of the most cantankerous codgers at our town's club don't have as much personality as a little tiny baby.

We've laid down the law, at a conference of dads and moms: Our youngest and his 18-year-old chums must earn 80 per cent of their bicycle-motor scooter-motorcycle-sport car tour expenses or the trip will be canceled, even at the last minute. We'll try to convince 'em travel is more than poring over colored folders.

In our staid little circle there are ladies affectionately known as Tom, Bill, Jack and Joe. Which occasionally makes me fonder of names like Gwendolyn or Esmeralda.

I wished we had a Ben Franklin to send to Moscow to palaver with Khrushchev, and for once the boys at the round table listened. Or even a Justice Hughes or a Henry Stimson. Ben would have remembered that Russians have sensitive skins, too, and sensitive feelings.

Actually, it's up to the women again: The eggheads will save us if the women give 'em the kind of encouragement normally reserved for All-American tackles. We'll even carry the eggheads out of their laboratories on our shoulders.

Among the girls at my Dream Girl's fortnightly Kappa alumnae luncheon, it's unanimous that it's up to Mamie to keep Ike from rushing out hatless to the airport to greet every Tom, Dick and Harry who flies in. He's the boyish, hatless, military type, and Mamie better take command.

If a girl flirts with you at a party, clean and bright, with warm smiles and animated gestures, and touches your arm and your lapel, you think wonderful, that's O.K. But if your wife coquettes like that you simmer and wither with jealousy. (So does the other girl's husband, if he's foolish.)

A faltering scholar next door has promised his dad that his 4-minus in chemistry will become a valiant, shiny 2 on his next report card. I've advised my neighbor to get that promise in writing and lock it in the vault downtown.

At breakfast I was spoofing my loving Dream Girl about the whistles and wolf calls when she modeled a fur clutch cape at the Charity Ball: I claimed I'd hired a claque, which wasn't true. "Should I have slugged the rascals?" I asked. She merely beamed.

After a long argument at dinner with some of our best minds, we reached an odd conclusion: that the logical candidates for 1960 are Dewey and Stevenson, each beaten twice, though it seems more than that. (An advantage for the Republicans: Dewey's past has almost been forgotten.)

A few of our town's individualists think tails and white tie are obsolete; they'd like to wear a white tie with a dinner jacket, because it looks more festive. But the Autocrat of our Lunch Table says yes, the waiters found that out a long time ago.

. . . When my Lady Love shops for hours trying to find me a hairbrush shaped like a pocket comb,

. . . Or my son gives me 31 reasons in writing why I should buy him a hi-fi set with a woofer and two tweeters,

. . . And I study a snapshot of my daughter-in-law, slim and blond, holding Harlan III (one year old) at an airfield in Japan,

. . . Or my daughter's green thumb makes a sensational success of the second lawn she's planted from scratch,

Then I'm content, amiable, a mollified ex-bachelor.

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1 8-inch graham cracker crust

Soften cream cheese, blend with ½ cup milk. Add 1½ cups milk and the pudding mix. Beat slowly with egg beater just until well mixed, about 1 minute. (Do not overbeat.) Pour at once into graham cracker crust. Sprinkle graham cracker crumbs lightly over top. Chill about an hour. Serve to 8 delighted people—a real party dessert that you can whip up so easily, thanks to Jell-O Instant Pudding!

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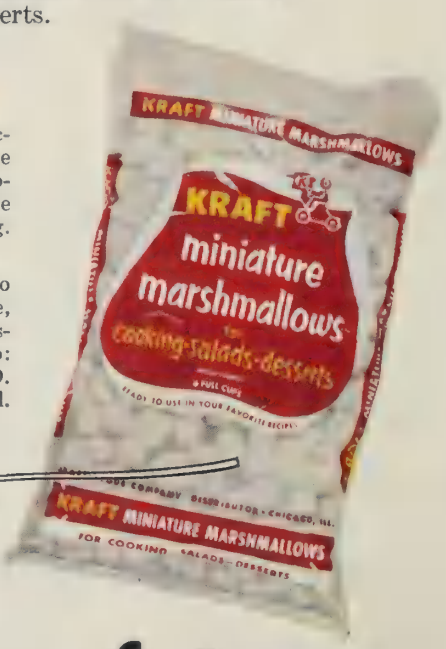
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HOW NEUROTIC ARE YOU?

Have you heard that neuroses are a sign of genius? Maybe even considered growing a few of your own? Better read first about the surprisingly common "garden variety" neurotic.

By JOHN E. GIBSON

Just what does it mean to be neurotic? Is it a mixed blessing, or a distinct liability and handicap? How can you *tell* if you have a neurosis, and what can you do about it?

As a result of exhaustive studies and intensive research, science can now provide answers to such questions. For example:

Q.: What is the difference between a normal and a neurotic person?

A.: One of the best definitions of a normal person is offered by Dr. Earl D. Bond, University of Pennsylvania professor emeritus of psychiatry: "Normal people are those who grow up to focus their energies on main problems." The neurotic person, on the other hand, dissipates much of his energy in emotional conflicts. And the more neurotic he is, the more energy he wastes in this manner. That is why one of the most typical symptoms of neurosis is the tendency to tire easily. The neurotic can—and frequently does—completely exhaust his energy supply without accomplishing *anything*.

Q.: What effect do neurotic tendencies have on the ability to do creative work?

A.: The fact that many creative artists have neurotic tendencies has caused many to assume that this may be an asset rather than a liability. Evidence indicates, however, that the opposite is true—and that creative persons are successful *in spite* of these tendencies rather than because of them.

Studies conducted by Dr. Karen Horney, late dean of the American Institute of Psychoanalysis, show that neurosis lowers the level of performance in any type of creative work.

Q.: If a person is neurotic, does that mean he is different—odd?

A.: No. It means simply that (1) he is disturbed by conflicts within himself, and (2) that he has difficulty in adjusting harmoniously to some of the complex aspects of living. Because his energies are diverted by these conflicts, he is less happy, and functions less efficiently than would otherwise be the case.

Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie, professor of psychiatry at Yale, finds that the neurotic process is as inevitably a part of human development as speech and breathing.

Q.: Are bachelors and spinsters more likely to be neurotic than married people are?

A.: Yes. Studies show that they are. A woman usually remains single for one of two reasons: (1) because she can't find a mate; (2) because she finds the idea of marriage distasteful. If a woman doesn't marry because she can't find a husband, she is prevented from fulfilling her natural role in life—and deep-seated frustrations and inner conflicts are bound to result. If, as in many cases, she remains single because of an aversion to marriage, that aversion is more than likely to be the result of emotional maladjustment.

As for bachelors, studies of the noted psychiatrist Dr. Edmund Bergler show that most confirmed bachelors are neurotic, and that their aversion to marriage is actually a *symptom* of their neurosis.

Q.: Do women tend to be more neurotic than men?

A.: Yes. Leading university studies show that women are much more likely to be emotionally maladjusted than men are, and tend to be more high-strung, more easily upset and frustrated, more given to worry and anxiety. These tendencies, coupled with the fact that women are more introverted and given to brooding, make it more difficult for them to maintain emotional stability.

Though women lack a man's capacity to adjust to the minor irritations and crises of everyday life, studies have shown—paradoxically enough—that when a really big crisis comes along, a woman is less apt to "go to pieces" than a man is.

Q.: Is neurosis related to intelligence?

A.: Yes. Your I.Q. rating has a definite bearing on your chances of being emotionally well adjusted. In a University of Toronto study of 30,000 persons, by far the biggest percentage of neurotics was found among persons in the lower I.Q. brackets. As intelligence increased, maladjustment steadily diminished.

In the upper ranges of intelligence, however, neurosis decreased at a much slower rate. Concludes Dr. John G. Lewan, "While a certain amount of intelligence may be a necessary aid to adjusting in life, very superior



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intelligence is not infrequently a handicap, setting off the individual from his fellow men." He points out that the person of superior intelligence is more likely to anticipate difficulties, and worry about them.

Q.: How can you tell if you are neurotic?

A.: If you suffer frequently from "that tired feeling" when you haven't been overworking; if you often wake up feeling as fatigued as when you went to bed—and a physical checkup shows nothing wrong with you—then you may be suffering from a neurosis. A neurosis can—particularly if it is a severe one—dissipate energy almost as fast as the human body can produce it.

Q.: Does our manner of speech give away neurotic tendencies?

A.: Yes. Studies conducted at Harvard University Medical School show that the neurotic's speech is likely to differ from the normal person's in a number of ways. The speech of some neurotic persons tended to be studded with "I this," and "I that," "I want," "I think," "I suppose," and so on. The speech of these persons was also characterized by vagueness.

Q.: Is "doodling" considered a sign that you are neurotic?

A.: No. Studies conducted by the noted psychiatrist Dr. J. G. Auerbach have shown that nondoodlers are mostly those who repress the emotions that they fear—and this causes them to be even more disturbed emotionally. His researches indicate that doodling can provide a normal and healthy means of discharging emotional tensions.

Q.: What makes a person neurotic?

A.: Neurosis stems basically from personality conflicts, and failure to adjust harmoniously to life. Lack of sleep or an inadequate diet may also contribute. In experiments conducted at the University of Minnesota, subjects were fed a diet low in nutritional values. Almost 90 per cent developed marked neurotic tendencies—and in some cases mental and emotional instability became extreme.

A woman's advice is not worth much, but he who doesn't heed it is a fool.
PEDRO CALDERON

Q.: If you're neurotic, what can you do about it?

A.: Here are six basic rules which authorities say aid in adjustment:

1. *Avoid constantly complaining about life.* Remember no one is exempt from daily irks or irritations, at home and at work.

2. *Avoid self-pity.* A good antidote for this is honesty combined with a sense of humor. Try to take yourself less seriously.

3. *Avoid looking for motives in people.* Stop speculating about hidden meaning behind what people say and do.

4. *Avoid exalted standards.* When our personal standards for success are too exalted for our abilities, we block our way to self-esteem. Conflict and frustration are bound to result.

5. *Avoid continually analyzing yourself and your thoughts.* Don't always try to figure out why you do everything.

6. *Avoid poor and improper diet and get adequate sleep.* These factors have an important bearing on emotional stability.

If you have great difficulty in following these rules, you may need professional help.

Remember that, as the National Association for Mental Health has pointed out, people who are happy and well adjusted have the following characteristics: They *feel comfortable* about themselves; and have a tolerant, easygoing attitude toward *others*. They neither under- nor over-estimate their abilities. They don't expect to be perfect; and can accept their own shortcomings.

They expect to *like* and *trust* others, and take it for granted that others will like and trust them. They respect the many differences they find in people. They shape their environment whenever possible, adjust to it whenever necessary. They set realistic goals for themselves, put their best effort into what they do, and get satisfaction out of doing it. END



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How can you foresee that your marriage is going on the rocks?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

TROUBLE AHEAD

"Two weeks ago my husband told me he was no longer happy in our marriage of five years, and that when he started a new job the first of the month, he was leaving me for good. It was a terrible shock. I was too numb to think, but there was nothing I could do anyway. He signed over the house to me and gave me most of our savings and he's gone. He's not pressing for a divorce, just told me I could use any grounds I wish.

"Looking back, I can see why I didn't make him happy, but it's too late. Why didn't I see what was happening while there was still time to do something about it? Aren't there ways a wife can tell when her marriage is headed for trouble?"

A recital like this is always distressing to a counselor, because he knows that there is a good chance the marriage could have been restored, if only the wife had become aware of the danger earlier. As she supposes, a marriage almost never comes to a sudden or dramatic end without previous symptoms of trouble.

But too often the danger signals are ignored or overlooked altogether. Immersed in the details of household routine, preoccupied with job or other outside interests, concerned with the care of her children, many a wife neglects the most vital element of all in marriage, the quality of her relationship with her husband. Here are some warnings that no wife can afford to overlook:

Lack of confiding. The opportunity to confide fully and freely in someone you love and trust is one of the deep satisfactions of marriage. Almost all newly married couples delight in sharing confidences. As time passes, fewer details are necessary, but the happily married pair continue to share hopes and disappointments, thoughts and feelings. If either mate is increasingly indifferent or reluctant to talk things over, the other should ask why. When the habit of confiding is broken, one of the strongest bonds between husband and wife is destroyed.

Deteriorating sex relationship. Few couples achieve a perfect sexual adjustment from the start, but gradually, as mutual understanding develops, the physical expression of love becomes more rewarding for both. The consistent failure of either to achieve satisfaction in the sex relationship is always a matter of concern. But a *decline* in sexual responsiveness (except as it accompanies age) is even more significant, and suggests trouble in other aspects of the marriage.

Inadequate companionship. In the first months of marriage, the typical young husband and wife want to spend all their time together. As they settle down to workaday routine, this becomes impractical and, beyond a point, undesirable. But the quality of their companionship is far more important than the amount of time they spend together. If either frequently spends time away from home unnecessarily, if they find it hard to carry on a conversation, share few friends, show little interest in each other's activities, they are losing their capacity for companionship. It is up to the wife to take the first step by enhancing her desirability as a companion.

Absorption in other interests. The conscientious mother must necessarily devote much of her time and energy to her children, the working wife to her job. Civic duties may cut into her leisure. But the wise wife and mother always remembers that her husband comes first. Signs that she is failing to do so may be his increasing irritability, growing preoccupation with sports or other activities, indifference and lack of co-operation in the home.

Increasing independence. This is likely to result when there is little confiding and companionship, and too much preoccupation with outside interests. Though every mature adult wants to be self-reliant, the loving husband and wife do not want to be independent of each other. For when they are, they are following separate paths.

Inferior housekeeping. An indifferent housekeeper may be an excellent and beloved wife; but again, it is the trend that is important rather than the condition at any given moment. The wife who becomes increasingly slipshod in her housekeeping is not only neglecting her husband's physical comfort, she is also subtly showing disrespect for him.

Almost certainly the wife whose letter we quoted failed in one of these areas, and probably in several. Yet none of them is difficult to identify, or impossible to improve.

If you have any doubts about the progress of your marriage, the accompanying quiz may help you evaluate the gravity of the problem. Rereading this discussion may then suggest the area of difficulty and offer some hints for improvement.

DON'T USE JEALOUSY AS A WEAPON

Donna took full blame for the crisis that threatened her marriage of less than a year. She had deliberately tricked Ted into thinking she was interested in another man, and now he was ready to call it quits.

"When we'd been married three months, Ted was transferred to a strange city. With his new duties and his own ambition, his job took up almost all his time. He was away two or three days a week, and even when he was at home he was usually so busy writing reports or working out plans that I began to feel his job was more important to him than I was.

"Before Ted and I were engaged, I occasionally dated Frank, and Ted always seemed a little jealous of him. I thought if I could make him jealous again, he would pay more attention to me.

"So I wrote Frank a fat letter, pretty mushy, and saying a lot of things I didn't mean. I never intended to mail it, but I addressed and stamped it, and then left it, face up, where Ted would see it. When he found it, I pretended to try to get it away from him.

"Ted tore it open. When he read it, he turned white, and said if that was the way I felt, I could have Frank—he was through. I've told him over and over that I never intended to mail the letter, and that I didn't mean the things it said, but he won't believe me. He is being transferred again next month, and he says he won't take me with him. Yet I love him dearly, and I know he loves me. What can I do?"

Obviously, the first step was to persuade Ted to talk over the situation with someone not emotionally involved. Finally, but reluctantly, he came to see me. He said, "She insists she never meant to mail the letter. I don't believe her. But even if she's telling the truth, she couldn't have written that letter if she loved me. I can't ever trust her again."

After several conferences, Ted calmed down enough to admit that Donna might be telling the truth, that the letter had been merely a foolish, childish trick which backfired, and which she sincerely regretted. But he still didn't see how she could be so stupid as to risk their marriage for a prank if she really loved him.

I explained that intelligent people often behave foolishly when they are emotionally upset, that Donna's loneliness and fear of not being loved had driven her to take a step she would have condemned in anyone else. Gradually, Ted saw that his reactions, too, had been governed by emotion rather than reason, and that the facts as he now interpreted them gave him no reason to doubt Donna's love or loyalty.

When he took the new job, Donna went with him. Her Christmas greeting was optimistic and brought the news that she was pregnant and both she and Ted were very happy about it.

Men, more often than women, inspire jealousy in their wives without consciously intending to. Particularly if his wife is hypersensitive or somewhat unsure of herself, a man may upset her painfully by singling out one woman for his attentions at a party, or by overenthusiastic comments about her appearance, talents, conversational skill. The thoughtful and perceptive husband avoids giving his wife any ground for jealousy.

But women, more often than men, deliberately try to arouse their husbands' jealousy, primarily as a means of getting attention. Their inward purpose (usually unrecognized) is to reassure themselves of their husbands' love. But jealousy is a dangerous and destructive emotion. Instead of fortifying and renewing the husband's love, too often it leads to doubt, suspicion and resentment.

Donna's story promises a happy ending. She saved her marriage by her willingness to accept responsibility, her candor in explaining her behavior, and her promptness in seeking professional help. But it was a near thing and a painful experience, and it might have turned out differently—many stories of jealousy do.

If you are lonely and need more of your husband's time and attention, tell him so honestly but without complaining. But don't try to get what you want by making him jealous, or by any other trick. Scheming has no place in a relationship of trust.

DO YOU AGREE?

Is sex love?

No, but the deepest expression of love is sexual.

ASK YOURSELF:

Are We Headed for Trouble?

People who are repeatedly involved in accidents are often considered "accident-prone." By this, we mean that the real reason for their mishaps may be that they are worried or emotionally upset. In the same way, we might describe as "trouble-prone" marriages characterized by certain symptoms of conflict and inner stress. Unless the difficulty is identified and corrected, a crisis will probably arise. Honest answers to these questions will help you find out how secure your marriage really is.

Does Your Husband Occasionally:

1. **Get on your nerves?**
2. **Fight about trifles?**
3. **Evade the truth, or lie to you?**
4. **Say you are cold and unresponsive?**
5. **Keep things from you?**

Do You Occasionally:

6. **Feel lonely and neglected?**
7. **Wish you hadn't married him?**
8. **Deliberately try to outwit him?**
9. **Taunt him about other men?**
10. **Let the housework get out of hand?**

Do You and He:

11. **Often argue in front of friends?**
12. **Dislike staying at home?**
13. **Like to hurt each other?**
14. **Have different ideas about most things?**

Credit 2 points for each definite "No" answer and 1 point for each "No" answer about which you feel doubtful. A "Yes" counts zero. If your total score is 23 or more, your marriage appears to be solidly established. The average wife scores 20 or 21. If your score is 16 to 18, trouble may be ahead, but if your score is 15 or less, your marriage is already in trouble. It will take determined effort and real help from your husband to improve matters. Any delay may well prove disastrous.

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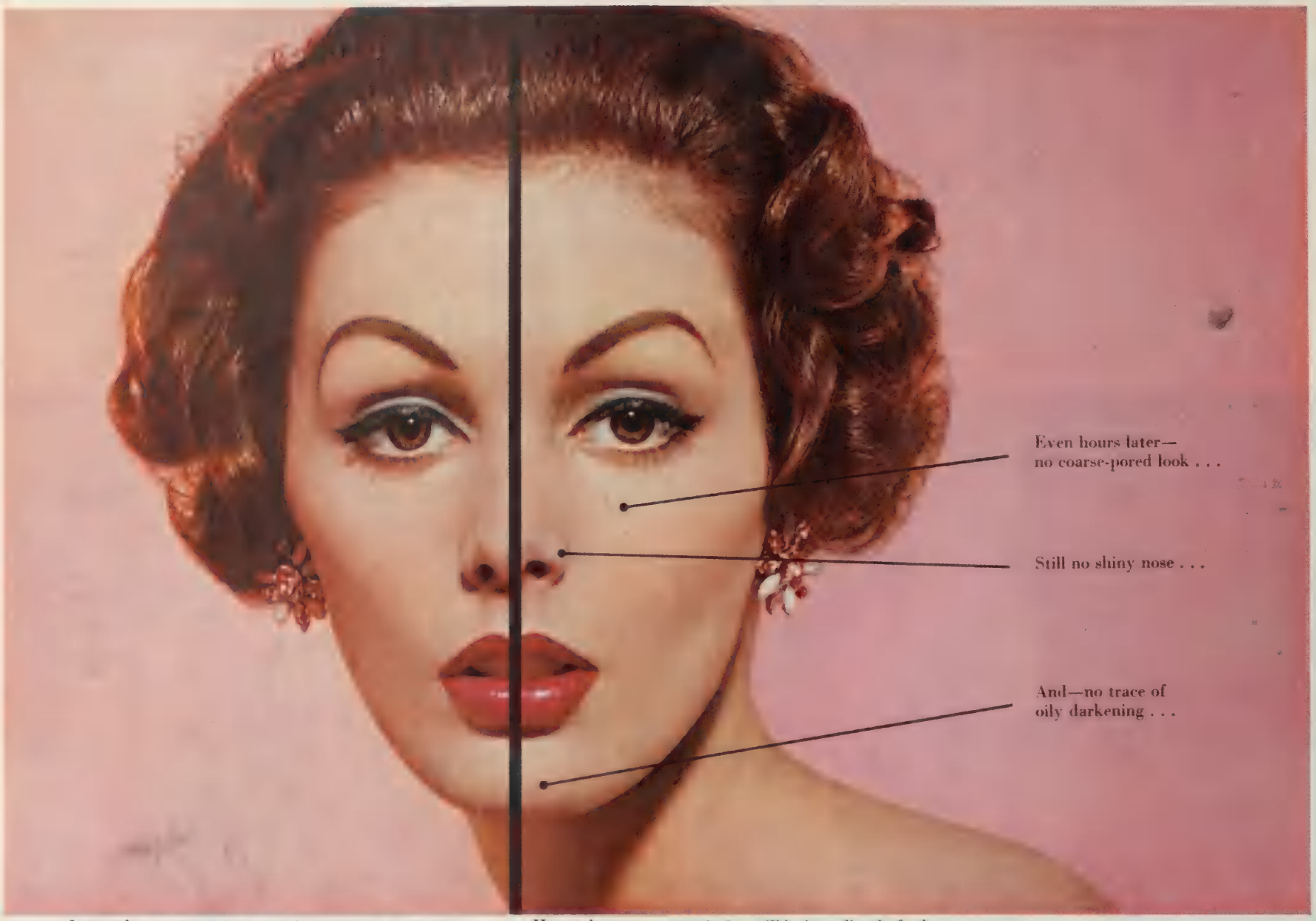
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OUR READERS WRITE US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

to sacrifice your own feelings—even though you will never see your child again.
Name Withheld

Columbus, Ohio
Although my parents were heartsick when I became pregnant, they did bear up and have loved my baby as much as they would any grandchild. People *can* be kind. I plan to marry very soon, and my fiancé also knows and understands. I hope I will be a better wife and mother because of my mistake. *Name Withheld*

Detroit, Michigan
It seems to me we are attempting to solve this problem in the wrong way. To the male we tend to give privilege; to the female, responsibility; we hold responsible the one who is hurt rather than the one who hurts. *When a man has planted the seed, it should be expected that he nurture the crop.* The girl who needs the role of wife and mother and the child who needs parents should not be sacrificed to the weakness of our males! MRS. B. W.

Indianapolis, Indiana
I wish that some of us well-meaning, shocked, suspicious-minded and tearful people would use the good old Ozark brand of honor due a newborn baby and prevent anyone from robbing it of its God-given parents. Our American way of life was not built on the concept that young people are free to love, live with and leave anyone of their choice; and I can think of no greater news than for this educated couple to be together with their baby girl, whether it be a shotgun wedding or a social worker accomplishing the impossible. MRS. WALT DAVIS

Jamestown, New York
Surely there isn't one person on this earth who can judge this girl or others who have made the same mistake. Those who can, stop and ask yourselves where your children are and what they are doing at this very moment or what they will be doing in the future. Do you really know?
Name Withheld

Riding High

Alliance, Nebraska
Dear Editors: The JOURNAL has many adventures, I know, but I thought you might enjoy this print of it "riding high."



Journal and friend.

I had just found the new copy on the newsstand, and couldn't wait to see inside. It went with us through Yellowstone National Park and the Grand Tetons too! Sincerely,
ISABELLE M. ANDERSON

Here's That Question Again!

Dover, Delaware
Dear Sirs: Since you asked Ogden Nash "Why Aren't Women More Like Men?" I feel that women should be given equal space in which to reply to Mr. Nash, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Shaw, and to Mr. Allan Jay Lerner, who has given us (and we thank him from the bottom of our hearts!) one of the finest musicals of all time.

1. "Why can't a woman be more like a man?"
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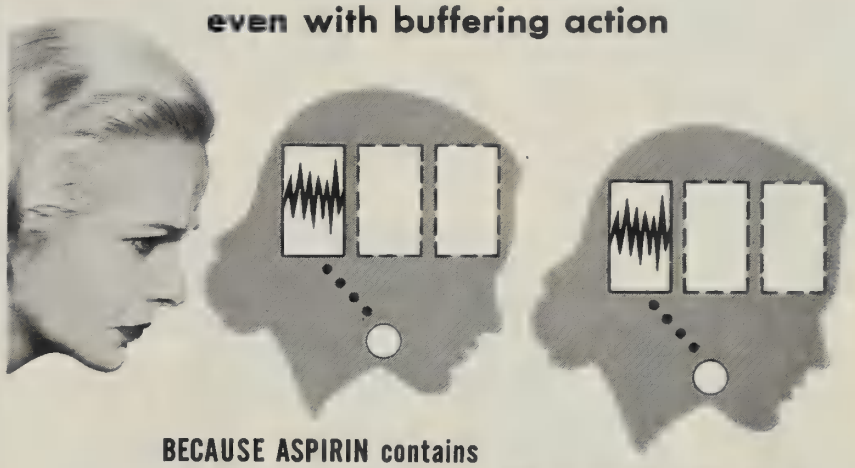
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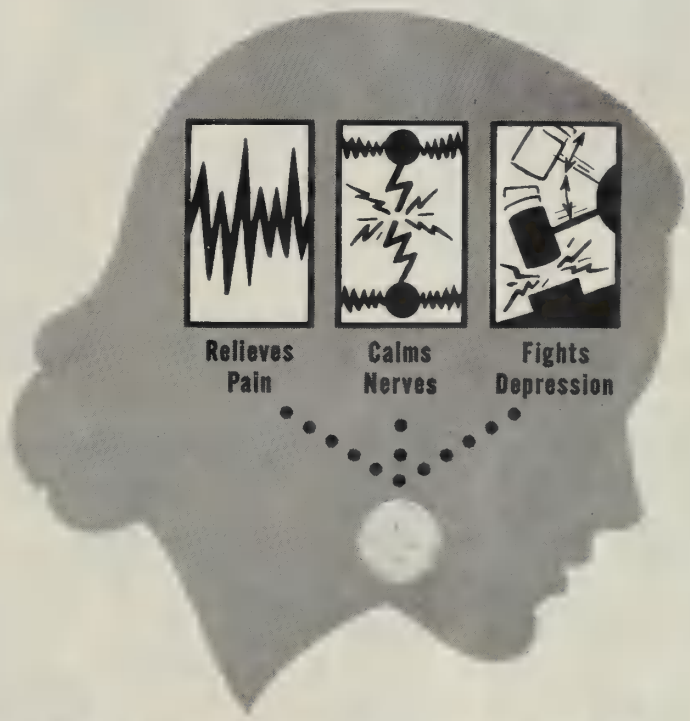
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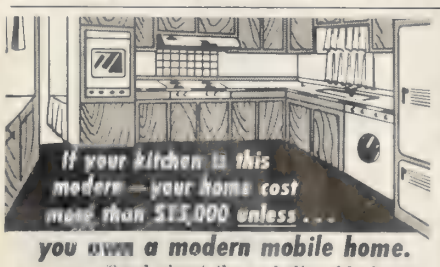
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SPURGEON PICKERING, Dept. LHJ-B3, Biloxi, Miss.

2. "Men are so honest."
So—where were you last night when I called the office?

3. "So thoroughly square."
We hate to admit it, but they are *square* a lot of the time.

4. "Eternally noble."
We'd like a little less nobility and a little more reality.

5. "Historically fair."
Napoleon was fair? Hitler? Genghis Khan? Henry VIII?

6. "Always give your back a pat."
And not only your back!

7. "So pleasant."
Not before that first cup of coffee, they aren't!

8. "So easy to please."
I don't know why I gave you that tie. I just thought you'd like it.

9. "Friendly, good-natured and kind."
To stray dogs and lonesome blondes.

10. "A better companion you never will find."
But, dear, I'd *like* to go camping in the woods with you.

11. "Decent."
What *were* you men laughing at over there in the corner?

12. "Regular chaps."
We admit they want their dinner on time, but what husband bounces out of bed at the first sound of the alarm so that he won't be late to work?

13. "Ready to help you through any mishaps."
They may be ready, but they're just never around when catastrophe strikes.

14. "Buck you up whenever you are glum."
I don't want to be bucked up. I just want to cry!

15. "Be a chum."
Uh-huh. We've all heard *that* one.

Very sincerely yours,
MRS. GEORGE P. BRETT III

Social Security Benefits

Baltimore, Maryland

Gentlemen: In "Suddenly a Young Widow" (October JOURNAL), the author states that by earning $1,820 a year, Mrs. Morlang would have to give up her share of the family's Social Security check for eight months. This statement is misleading: the *total* benefits payable to the Morlang family would be $75 a month, whether or not Mrs. Morlang was working, and regardless of the amount of her earnings. (Although she would give up her share, the children's shares would be increased to compensate.) Some of your readers may not know that when more than four members of a family are receiving survivors insurance benefits, the fact that one of them goes to work does not reduce the total family payment.

Your article certainly shows that old-age and survivors insurance is extremely important to young families. The average payment to a widow with five children, however, is $139 (maximum $200), and more than nine out of ten mothers and children have this protection under the law. (A family may receive less because of brief employment and low wages.)

Sincerely yours,
VICTOR CHRISTGAU
Director, Bureau of Old-Age and Survivors Insurance

▶ *The Morlang family has been "adopted" by the officers, noncommissioned officers and airmen of the 5th Communications Squadron Division of the United States Air Force. In a Christmas letter to Mrs. Morlang, the squadron commander wrote: "Your departed husband, Herb Morlang, was a combat veteran who had fought in Europe with the 13th Armored Division. In this squadron we have some men who came from homes that had known tragedy and privation. The qualities of mother love, of self-sacrifice, of stubborn refusal to give up your family that you displayed in your particular crisis would excite admiration and respect in the heart of any considerate person. . . . God bless you and your family. Merry Christmas." ED.*

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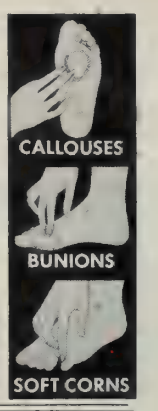
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He said: "La Señora perdonará mi temprana partida." **("The lady will please forgive my early departure.")**

He meant: "El aire aqui esta cargado, tengo que salir!" **("Caramba! The air in here is foul! I must leave.")**



He said: "Pardonnez-moi de vous quitter si vite." **("Alas Cherie, forgive me for leaving so quickly.")**

He meant: "L'atmosphere est insupportable ici" **("Sacre Bleu! The atmosphere here is unbearable.")**



He said: "Terribly sorry, old dear. It's early but I must toddle."

He meant: "Gad! The air in here is like a ruddy fog. I've had it!"



He said: 残念ながら失礼しなければなりません (Translated) **"So sorry must leave."**

He meant: 空気が悪いから急なければなりません (Translated) **"Must go quick. Air here terrible!"**

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General Mills

Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know,
editors you like,
and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

A pet expression of March, 1908, was "Ain't it awful, Mabel?" which came from a jingle about two chorus girls:

"My Gawd! is that the overture?
I never will be on, I'm sure—
The things us actresses endure,
Ain't it awful, Mabel?"

The mayor of Cincinnati said no woman was physically fit to drive an automobile. Mary Roberts Rinehart wrote The Circular Staircase, and I Had a Dream, Dear enlivened barbershop quartets.

In the March, 1908,* JOURNAL, *Spring Styles for Little People includes "something new in a pleated dress of white linen with blue piping for a little man, which may be worn by a girl quite as well. Sizes two to eight in a Journal pattern."

"A woman can be well dressed on six gowns a year," believes Mrs. Ralston, fresh from Paris. "Two washable cotton gowns for summer, two tailored suits and two dressy gowns. The suit will be worn at least three years, so choose a dark, inconspicuous color and put all your money (between $10 and $15) into the material and cut."

"It is not wise to put a child to bed without having her bowels move at least once during the day," advises Doctor Coolidge, former house physician of New York's Babies Hospital.

"It is extravagant to cook a good-sized fowl all at once," believes Mrs. Rorer. "Take the feet, neck and giblets for soup, the breast for chicken *au suprême;* boil the joints for chicken pie, and the third night use the legs and wings for deviled chicken and rice."

"A three-day royal visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra will cost the hostess between $50,000 and $100,000. The first thing she must do to her house is to overhaul the drainage, from top to bottom, a costly and bothersome business," says the author of When the King Visits a Private House.

"For the family dinner table, it is not in good taste to stuff the dinner napkins into the water tumblers."

"The jacket of my last year's suit is too tight across the front, but I must wear it." Advises Mrs. Ralston, "Make a pretty little flowered vest and wear the coat open."



HERB CONNOR

Editorial workers Jean Freeman, Joyce Posson and Ruth Imler model early uniforms of the Girl Scouts. Ruth is still active as a Scout Leader.

In March, 1912, there were only twelve Girl Scouts in this country, all living in Savannah, Georgia. Today the membership is about twelve million in twenty-eight countries. Recently *Jean Freeman, Joyce Posson* and *Ruth Imler*, three of our young editors and ex-Scouts of considerable attainment, were invited to the Philadelphia Museum School of Art to preview a period exhibition of Girl Scout uniforms. Of course they tried a few on. Ruth chose the one worn by the first Girl Scouts—navy blue with a light blue tie. Jean tried on a Leader's uniform of the 1920's. The World War I costume appealed to Joyce. "It reminds me of the heroine in a story I wrote for American Girl called 'Pipsqueak and I,'" she sighed. "I was thirteen then—don't mention the year."

"What is our readers' favorite recipe?" we asked ***Louella Shouer*** *on a recent visit to her mouth-watering department. "The favorites keep changing from month to month," Louella told us, "but our steadiest favorite is Forgotten Dessert. (It's four years old.) Why the name? You just put it in the oven and forget it. The trouble is, the name must have some effect on our readers, because so many forget where they put the recipe, and write for replacements, that we keep a whole pile on hand all the time." So don't be embarrassed to ask for another. Louella is ready for your requests.*

A short while back we told you that New Yorkers get the time of day over the telephone by dialing N-E-R-V-O-U-S. That's not all, *Eileen Sharpe* tells us. In this state you can also dial a number and hear a prayer. You can dial another and find out where fish are biting; you can find out how the highways are, and what the weatherman thinks. In one season, 1,200,000 fans dialed for the baseball scores. And do you think these dialings disturb the telephone company? Not in the least. Each one is a dime.

We've spoken before of the occupational hazards our editors face in the line of duty, but here's one we don't think we've mentioned, though it's quite common, we hear, among the editors whose trudging task it is to scout for all the purchasable things that are newest, loveliest, most unusual, useful and desirable for our pages. We'd gone up to see a dazzling collection of new dishware that ***Nancy Wood*** had discovered, only to discover Nancy measuring her feet with one of those rules that are truly foot rules. "It's fun to find things that people write in to rave about," Nancy acknowledged, "but with all the walking it takes, my feet have grown from 5½ to 6½. Where will it all end?"

Nancy Wood and her still-growing foot.



EILEEN SHARPE

We've just been talking to our theatrical seer, and he tells us that during March the biggest box-office musical on Broadway for out-of-towners will still be My Fair Lady, but for New Yorkers it will be The Music Man. We're glad about The Music Man (though we happen to have an "out-of-towner's" attitude toward My Fair Lady), because *Meredith Willson's* bright entertainment is wittily and colorfully laid in Iowa, the birth state of our two topmost editors and many others on the masthead. Our forecaster firmly declares that the next hardest tickets to get all spring will be for Look Homeward, Angel; Jamaica; and West Side Story. Any questions for summer? We'll ask our man. But no tickets!

Abbot Mills takes most of the pictures for this page, but not the one of him and the ravishing ***Carol Lawrence*** taken in the dressing room of the star of West Side Story, which as you know is the dramatic dancing musical hit about juvenile delinquents. Carol in the picture here is telling Abbot of the day during rehearsals when the director, with the idea

EILEEN SHARPE



Abbot Mills and West Side Story star Carol Lawrence.

of giving the cast a firsthand illustration, brought in a gang of real delinquents who swaggered onto the dim-lit stage full of bluster and brashness, until someone turned on all the lights and the gang froze with stage fright; then, shaky and silent, sloped out the backstage door. "Maybe that's a good lesson," said Carol, "just to turn on more light."

Three talents came together to bring you the exclusive Chanel collection on page 72 and the poppy-print-lined suit on the cover. With this thought that the finest fashion is always a wearable fashion, the collaboration began with fittings on top French model ***Marie Hélène****, who posed patiently for hours until* ***Mlle. Chanel*** *said, "Move." Then the clothes were watched in walking and turning. Finally, when each fashion became one with the wearer, it was photographed by* ***Wilhela Cushman****, whose most active accessories are her passport and her camera.*

How could they make promises? Tomorrow might shatter all dreams, Cancel all vows.

By D. K. FINDLAY

The château of the Bertholets turned its back on the Channel and looked toward the valley of the Seine. It was built of grayish stone which was crumbling, and to Alix, who had been brought up in Scotland, it seemed angular and prim. There were no formal gardens, but the fields lapped it on two sides—and were not the fields of France, asked the Bertholets, sufficient garden for anyone? On this fine morning, the celebrated fields were turning to the harvest tint, the air above them was blue and limpid.

Below her the house was filled with the sounds of preparation. She heard her mother's voice calling sweetly and impatiently. They were making an expedition to Les Forges in the car of M. Henri Dubissac—M. Dubissac, who was rich and swarthy, and wished to become her mother's lover.

Alix got together her painting things. Then she lifted down from the wall a water color of a river scene—some willows leaning to the water and a punt moored in their shade. This had been painted by her Great-great-grandmother Amelia and the river was the Mississippi; not the great Mississippi, but a small Mississippi in Canada. As a child Alix used to look at it and wonder if Amelia had gone on voyages on the river and what had happened to her among the savages.

Amelia had gone to Canada when she was young and had died there of a fever. One day Alix had found in the attic a bundle of old letters addressed to Dearest Sabra, who had been Amelia's sister. She had made a book of them, protecting the brittle scraps with the faded brown ink between white sheets and a stiff cover. It was done when she herself was lonely, a labor of love undertaken in sympathy for her far-off little great-great-grandmother.

She lifted her head to listen. The sounds of preparation were no longer to be heard; the house had the quietness of one which has seen its travelers off and may now sink back to repose. She went to the window. The terrace was deserted, the shiny car of M. Dubissac was disappearing down the drive.

"Alix, where are you?"

Colonel Duvernay, her oldest friend, was coming up the stairs. He had been a soldier and diplomat, his hair and mustache were gray, he carried himself with distinction.

"There you are. So she has gone off and left us. Alix, she will always play such tricks. Do not disturb yourself—you are well out of such an expedition. Allison will return to us profoundly bored."

He looked at her with his hawk's eyes, yellow with an impact of vitality.

"But I did not come to condole with you. I have come to suggest an expedition to the caves of St. Leu d'Esserent."

"I thank you, my good friend, who have this moment invented the caves of St. Leu d'Esserent."

"No, no, they exist, I affirm it. So now let us take a holiday, let us stay for days and set all tongues wagging."

"I would like to," she said.

"Ah, the book of Amelia." He picked it up from her table. He read aloud part of the first letter:

"'Dearest Sabra: If you could see me, you would not know whether to laugh or cry, for I am crouched in a rude shelter of branches with a chip upon my knee to write upon, and Anne asleep on a couch of leaves. It is strange and disquieting to reflect that here we shall live out our lives. There is nothing here but the great forest. The firelight glances upon the stems of the great trees and advances but a little way into the gloom. Beyond us lies the river and faintly we hear the sound of the cataract ——'

"That poor Amelia," said Colonel Duvernay. "Let us take her little book along with us."

The caves bored Alix.

"Very well," said Colonel Duvernay. "Where would you like to go?"

"The sea, I think."

They traveled in a little green train and came to the villages on the Channel. Alix set up her easel on the sand and Duvernay observed the boats with their sails like shells and let his mind run in the past.

"You do not remember the summer your mother had the house on the Seine; you would be too young."

But she remembered part of it—the lawns running to the river, the barge hung with colored lanterns at night. She had another memory of that summer—her mother in a frilly white dress laughing at her and snatching her up and dancing with her, while she clung to her and breathed the scent of her talc. That was the good time, when her mother loved her.

"It was a time of good friends," said Colonel Duvernay. "I do not remember that we did much; nevertheless, that summer remains in my head. A light trembles over it as the light trembles on water. Poor Allison," he said, still reminiscing. "Scotland nearly killed her."

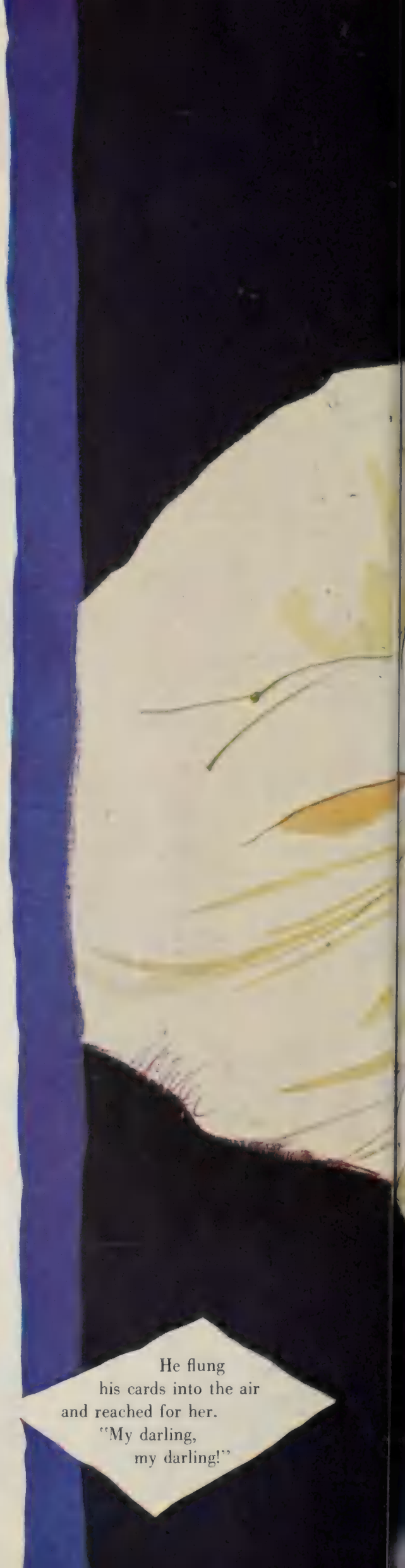
Her mother had gone to visit Scotch cousins and fallen in love and married there. But the marriage, which was probably the best thing that had ever happened to the butterfly Allison, had not lasted long; he was an officer in the regular army, he was killed in a flying accident. Alix had loved Scotland and her Scottish grandparents; she wished she could have known more of her father. She was just old enough to remember his death

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

THE JOURNAL'S *COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL*

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SEARCH FOR AMELIA
is soon to be published in book form by
J. B. Lippincott Co.




SEARCH FOR AMELIA

Sherrard meant the splendid gift to be a sign of his intentions. Luckily, Maria didn't understand.

By MARGERY SHARP

Everyone knows that in 1860 far too much looting went on at the Summer Palace in Peking. Bric-a-brac carved from jade and crystal in particular proved irresistibly attractive to an acquisitive if not licentious soldiery. (Today, of course, such objects would probably be described as having been liberated.) The result was the dispersal through Western Europe of a great number of miniature Chinese masterpieces; and Sherrard, some hundred years later, thought he had his eye on one of them.

Sherrard looked through the plate-glass window at the cat, and the cat, or so it seemed, looked back through the window at Sherrard. It was a portly and sagacious creature, posed in an attitude of great comfort and dignity; about nine inches long by five high, carved from a block of amethyst quartz which must thus have been considerably larger. The body was striated with light gray crystal, the mask and ears violet—almost Siamese coloring; but the broad complacent face, sunk so reposefully upon the broad chest, had nothing of a Siamese's nervous tension. It was a Chinese cat—and in Sherrard's opinion, a masterpiece.

Sherrard at this juncture, it so happened, greatly desired to make a gift of surpassing beauty to a young Chinese lady resident in New York. He therefore entered the shop and a moment or two later balanced the creature on his palm.

He could just manage it. For its size, it was astonishingly heavy. It must have weighed about seven pounds. It was also astonishingly cold—like wet ice.

"Amethyst quartz?" suggested Sherrard.

"Amethyst quartz," agreed the proprietress, with a polite smile for her customer's knowledgeableness. She was a small, elegant woman, thus matching her establishment, which was situated in Piccadilly; for his pocket's sake Sherrard would have preferred less chic, but at the same time recognized that one couldn't expect such a cat to turn up in—to put up with—any flea market. "Of the finest quality," added the proprietress. "So is the workmanship. Turn him over."

Sherrard obeyed. The cat's underside was as exquisitely carved as the rest of him; four delicate paws, the claws withdrawn, were tucked neatly into a comfortable belly. Near the root of the tail Sherrard made out a small, faintly incised Chinese ideogram.

"Have you its pedigree?" inquired Sherrard, without irony.

The proprietress shrugged. "Chinese and, say, eighteenth century. Not that I'm an expert. I bought it at a sale in a country house, because I was lucky; there were no Chinese experts there. And of course I know what my eyes tell me; it's the work of a considerable artist."

Sherrard's eyes told him the same thing. He appreciated it, it gave him confidence, that she didn't produce any tale of loot from the Summer Palace to put the price up. In any case, the price was quite high enough for Sherrard.

"Two hundred pounds," murmured the proprietress indifferently.

"I'll have to think," said Sherrard. "May I let you know tomorrow?"

Indeed he had to think. He was a foreign correspondent, and a successful, even a celebrated, one; on his pay and expenses he lived a thoroughly ample life; but to put down two hundred pounds cash—six hundred dollars, two hundred thousand francs, three hundred and fifty thousand lire—wasn't a trifle to him. All the rest of that day, and well into the night, he mulled it over.

There were several reasons why he wished to make Maria in New York some exquisitely beautiful gift. In the first place, she was herself exquisitely beautiful, and like to like. (Her Chinese name meant Small Pink Lotus Bud at Dawn, and it suited her. Maria discarded it to become Maria when she so thankfully and enthusiastically became an American citizen.) Had he been a millionaire, and had he known nothing of Maria but her appearance, Sherrard would have bought her the amethyst cat as a mere matter of artistic propriety. But he did, besides, know her—he'd known her off and on for some years—and had the greatest admiration for her character also. Educated in China at a Quaker school, sent on a scholarship to an American university, it perhaps hadn't been difficult for Maria herself to acquire citizenship in the New World; but with incredible pains and persistence, as soon as she could support a dependent, she'd succeeded in bringing over her only living relative—an uncle so old and so useless that only a heart of gold could see him as anything but a burden. "He was kind to me when I was little," said Maria, "and I've got him off opium onto Coca-Cola!"

For as well as being goldenhearted and beautiful, she was sensible and strong-minded. She had every feminine quality. Every time he left New York without asking her to marry him, Sherrard regretted it in the plane.

Why he didn't ask her to marry him was partly because he was so used to being a bachelor, and partly because Maria kept him always, very slightly, at a distance. She kept everyone, Sherrard fancied, slightly at a distance. In the hospital where she worked as a masseuse she had dozens of friends but no intimates; as she had dozens of escorts but no one particular escort. Her reserve was like a delicate Chinese fan fluttering perpetually before her face, which she couldn't cast aside even though she wanted to. Sherrard thought that at the sight of the amethyst cat—so surpassingly beautiful, expensive and Chinese—perhaps that fan

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

The Amethyst Cat

"How perfectly lovely,"
said Maria with extreme politeness.
Maybe, Sherrard thought, *it would even be good for me to marry a wife with absolutely no imagination.*

Reece had his dream,
but Addie Jean was cherishing
a dream of her own.

Don't get in

By M. H. DAVIS



It was seven miles to town. Reece started his walk from his mother's cabin in the morning dark. He went up the mule path to the ridge where the dirt state road began, the rutted old road partly washed away by mountain rains. For two miles it circled along the Ridge and then dropped down to join the paved highway where the school bus ran. Sometimes as he left the dirt road with his shoes and schoolbooks slung on his back and the precious cargo of egg cartons cradled in his arms, the headlights of one of the big trailer rigs would pick him up in the dark and slow down to give him a lift into town. The drivers were usually from up North, Ohio and Illinois, and they would look him over carefully before they let him mount into the cab. They would see him, a boy tall as a mountain man, dark-faced, glum, and they would look back at the dirt road which led into the hills and at his muddy feet and ask him where he was headed, what he was carrying and why wasn't he riding the school bus. Because it was only civil to do so, he would explain about the eggs and how he walked down three times a week to Hobart to deliver them to town people, getting up in the dark so that he would be finished and ready for school at eight-thirty.

He had long ago got used to their questions and the way the Yankee drivers talked, flat, like quacking ducks, and the way they always called him "kid," but always kind, always friendly. They usually gave him sandwiches whether he wanted them or not and talked a blue streak, telling him to keep up the good work, he was a great kid, and so he lived way back up in the hills, a hillbilly, hey, and to keep a lookout, they'd be bringing the rig back from Florida in a couple of weeks, they'd give him a lift then. He never listened to their half-promises. This was the way of town people, North or South, always talking to bolster their lonesomeness. Seemed like they didn't know how to sit silent like mountain folk, looking out the window at the darkened hills, thinking their own thoughts.

There were few trucks this spring morning. The fog was thick along the highway and the cars crept along with yellow fog lights on, not wanting to stop for riders. Even as he came into town he saw the street lamps still lit, the air thick and dark with smoke from the cotton mill, and saw through the windows of the houses people eating breakfast by electric light, getting ready to go to work. He passed the big consolidated high school sitting in the middle of its red clay field with only the single light bulb burning over the steps. He had two hours in which to deliver the eggs.

At the first house he left the carton of eggs between the screen door and the sill. It was too early to waken the Blankenship sisters. The old ladies usually made him walk a special trip into town on Saturday to collect. Like most old women, they were fussy, mean about little things.

He made two other stops. The fog was dirty, blacker in the streets near the mill. But he knew that up on the Ridge in the hills the sun was shining now, burning away the mist, leaving it still hanging dirty and thick here in the valley and the town. He was as wet as if he had stood in the pouring-down rain. He was conscious of the hole in his sweater, the patch of shirt was wet under it. He would have to wear the sweater, wet or not, through class, he couldn't rightly take it off. The shirt was pretty worn too. His hair was long and shaggy. It gave him the rough, darksome look that marked the mountain boys.

The Widloughs' back door opened into an old-fashioned alley lined with crepe myrtle and chinaberry trees. He always came around to the back. He had to be careful of Mrs. Widlough's climbing rosebushes she had put out along the garage. Somewhere in the house Jane Widlough was getting up, maybe doing her history assignment left over from last night. He felt his throat close. Now he would be wordless, silent as a stone before the Widloughs, who talked and smiled all the time.

Mrs. Widlough turned on the outside porch light.

"Goodness, Reece, it's so thick outside here I can hardly see you," she called to him. "Come in and I'll settle my bill with you now as I guess this is close enough to the first of the month."

He stepped inside the door. They were all at the table in the yellow-painted kitchen, eating breakfast. The table was full of glassware and baskets for the bread and glittering things. He was embarrassed to see them eating. Mr. Widlough had on his bathrobe. He could hardly look at Jane. She wore a sweater and skirt, her hair was clean and brown and well cared for. There was a red ribbon in it.

"How's your mother, Reece?" Mrs. Widlough asked. She was searching around for her purse.

He could not answer her. He knew that they were looking at him, Jane and her little brother and Mr. Widlough in his bathrobe with the morning paper.

"I've heard some nice things about you from Mr. Tucker, the county agent," Mrs. Widlough went on. "The bill was two-forty, wasn't it, Reece?" She pressed the money into his hand. "He says you work hard, that you're going to put some cows on your father's place this year. I know he expects big things from you. Tell your mother I hope she feels better."

Mr. Widlough looked up suddenly.

"No need to break your back with hill farming, Reece," he said. Law practice had put habitual authority into his voice. "Don't waste your life scratching around up on the ridges. Hard work doesn't pay up there. It's only fit for trash like the Sikeses and old man Yarbro. Get yourself a good education, college if you can. Make your time pay."

"Well, thank you, Reece," Mrs. Widlough was saying. He found he was moving toward the door. "We'll see you next week."

He was outside, the door closed.

He could not tell whether they had made fun of him or even if they took count of what they had said to him. They talked so fast, said things so lightly and confidently. Especially Mrs. Widlough. They moved mountains with their mouths. "*Mr. Tucker expects big things* CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

Reece had a feeling of dismay
when he thought of bringing this girl into the house
to warm her before the fire—
and the look on his mother's face
when she saw her.

my way



America's Best-Dressed



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Mrs. Guest is perennially named as one of the 10 Best Dressed. She stresses simplicity, dresses to accentuate slenderness and says, "Good clothes do not wear out if you hang them up." She recently wore to Europe a suit eight years old. In this photograph Mrs. Guest is dressed in a pale aquamarine chiffon, beautifully simple and understated, designed by Mainbocher.

These few spend
$10,000 to $100,000
or more a year for clothes,
not counting furs and jewels—
and may have as many as
250 pairs of shoes at one time.

You can't buy your way onto a list of America's best-dressed women, but the chances are heavily against your making it or even being considered unless you can afford to spend more on clothes than most people earn in a lifetime.

It's a little, says one fashion expert, like saying you can't buy first place in the Kentucky Derby. "That's right, you can't; but you'll pay plenty for stables and entry fees or you'll never even be in the running."

To say that a clever career girl who buys carefully could ever hope to be listed alongside the Duchess of Windsor, who may spend twenty-five or fifty times as much (just as carefully), is simply not realistic.

What is immediately clear is that:

1. To be well enough dressed to be a candidate for the list requires the expenditure of at least $10,000 to $40,000 a year, every year. This is a minimum more often exceeded than not, and does not include jewels and furs.

2. To get on the list itself depends not only on clothes but also on other factors, which range from state of health through an eye for publicity to willingness and ability to lead a particularly demanding, expensive kind of life.

The women whose qualifications have consistently exceeded all others in these ways are the Duchess of Windsor, Mrs. Winston Guest, Mrs. William S. Paley, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., the Countess Mona von Bismarck (the former Mrs. Harrison Williams), Mrs. Henry Ford II and the late Mrs. Byron Foy. Others have been mentioned from time to time, but none with such unwavering regularity. They are various types as women and in the ways that they dress. But in certain conditions their talents merge.

Aside from the money—and women have offered to those who might be influential as high as $50,000 for the "best-dressed" honor—these women have energy, planning ability, determination, intelligence and judgment, artistic sense, dramatic flair and a high degree of organizational ability. They have stamina and they need it. All of them are active in at least several charities, and with their help millions of dollars are collected every year for worthy causes, such as aid to retarded children, cancer research, scholarship funds. No group in society works harder at these projects. This is an important reason for their success, both as social benefactors and as leaders in the almost totally different world of fashion. Their days and nights are filled with places for them to go—the Colony or Pavillon, a charity ball at the Waldorf; and things to do—go to welfare-committee meetings, subscribe to important dinners, show an interest in a rising young artist or themselves collect paintings, antique furniture of an unusual era or rare porcelain. These valuable collections may be given away eventually to a museum. In themselves, these activities involve great sums of money. They are factors in being a "best-dressed" woman because they bring the woman to the attention of people whose opinions are important. But this attention would be valueless were not these women also attractive, and also qualified by reason of their clothes, taste and impeccable style sense.

Clothes, obviously, and clothes that are very expensive, are the nucleus of the effort (whether consciously or unconsciously directed) that winds up with a woman's being named in January to the annual list of best-dressed women.

How many clothes such a woman has can vary widely. Here is the wardrobe that one woman who has been named to "best-dressed" listings keeps in her New York apartment: 5 fur coats and 6 less important fur items; 28 long evening and ball gowns; 14 cocktail, dinner or short evening dresses; 19 suits; 10 light wool afternoon dresses; 8 cotton or linen day dresses;

A LOOK INTO THE CLOSET OF

5 fur coats and
6 less important fur items
28 long evening and ball gowns
14 cocktail, dinner or short evening dresses
19 suits
10 light wool afternoon dresses
8 cotton or linen day dresses
6 cloth coats
1 fur-lined cloth coat
4 separate jackets
3 dress-and-coat ensembles
8 short printed silks and chiffons for afternoon and on into cocktails
35 housecoats and negligees
37 nightgowns
4 bed jackets
42 blouses

Women... the fashionable few

By LAURA DATE RILEY

6 cloth coats; 1 fur-lined cloth coat; 4 separate jackets; 3 dress-and-coat ensembles; 8 short printed silks and chiffons for afternoon and on into cocktails; 35 housecoats and negligees; 37 nightgowns; 8 bed jackets; 42 blouses; 29 sweaters; 225 pairs of gloves; 89 pairs of shoes; 37 hats; 93 scarves (and light stoles), 23 slips and 8 half slips; 16 panties; 18 brassières, and 4 strapless brassières; 17 girdles; 5 dozen pairs of stockings; 28 handbags; 3 umbrellas; 1 pair of plastic rain boots (no raincoat); 117 handkerchiefs; 45 pairs of earrings; 38 necklaces; 28 clips and pins; 16 bracelets.

Practically everything she owns is custom-made. Exceptions are her stockings, scarves and most of her gloves and shoes, and her panties of fine English silk knit, which cost $20 a pair. She has five Alençon-lace stoles which were made for her and which cost $185 each—one is hand-embroidered with gold thread. But most of her other scarves she bought herself, while browsing in the Paris *boutiques*. These are one of her few "impulse" purchases—the rest of her wardrobe she carefully plans, even to the underthings.

Her slips cost $150 each .They are handmade in Paris of satin and heavy Belgian lace set in deeply at the bosom and in eight-to-ten-inch borders at the hem; two are black, the rest are white, gold and cream-colored. Her brassières are all cream-colored, as are her girdles, and both are made for her in New York. The brassières are heavy silk lace backed with marquisette. They cost $45 each. Her girdles are lace-and-satin-paneled and cost $60.

Her suits cost $800 to $1000; her day dresses, $500 to $700; cocktail, dinner and short evening dresses, $500 to $850; and long evening and ball gowns an average of $950—although one deep ruby-colored brocade evening suit from Balenciaga, hand-embroidered with thousands of tiny sequins and jet beads, cost $2500. ("It will last a long time," she explained.)

She has a floor-length mink opera coat; a mink stole; a sable stole; a chinchilla jacket; a white mink jacket; an autumn-haze mink coat for everyday with huge patch pockets and a straight, slim line; and a dressier one in dark, almost black mink, with the skins stitched together in a rippling circular pattern. She has a full-length brown broadtail; a black broadtail suit—short boxy jacket and slim skirt, with which a seven-eighths black broadtail coat makes a three-piece ensemble; and a brown mouton coat which she wears to the country. The floor-length opera coat cost $28,000; the chinchilla, $16,000; and the very dark mink, $14,000. The mouton was $2000.

She has three diamond necklaces, the newest an ingeniously simple two strands of baguettes set in platinum with a marquise-and-sapphire pendant. (The pendant and one strand of diamonds are detachable and can be worn together as a bracelet or separately.)

She also has carved emeralds, rubies, a brilliant parure of diamonds and rubies in necklace, bracelet and earrings, and seventeen sets of pearls or some combination of pearls with other gems.

She keeps her clothes in a pink wardrobe room the size of an ordinary New York apartment living room. (Her jewels are kept in labeled file drawers in a safe nearby, and the safe is wired to the headquarters of a New York detective agency.) The wardrobe room is lined with closets, cabinets and drawers with glass fronts so that almost the entire contents are visible at a glance. The hats are set in rows on transparent mannequins' heads in deep cabinets. Out-of-season evening dresses are laid out full-length in drawers along the floor. Shoes are together in racks that extend to the ceiling. The personal maid whose duty it is to care for these clothes has a rolling ladder chair to reach the topmost rung. She knows her employer's taste so well she can select with perfect assurance the clothes for any occasion, or pack for a weekend with no specific directions.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

ONE "BEST-DRESSED" WOMAN

29 sweaters
225 pairs of gloves
89 pairs of shoes
37 hats
93 scarves (and light stoles)
23 slips and 8 half slips
16 panties
18 brassières and
4 strapless brassières
17 girdles
5 dozen pairs of stockings
28 handbags
3 umbrellas
1 pair of plastic rain boots (no raincoat)
117 handkerchiefs
45 pairs of earrings
38 necklaces
28 clips and pins
16 bracelets

Can a secretary be as well dressed as a "best dressed"? Mrs. Wilhela Cushman, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL *fashion editor, chose Mrs. Nicholas Bernard, in the* JOURNAL *Workshop, to exemplify the well-dressed secretary. Mrs. Bernard is shown here wearing a gray flannel suit bought last spring for $60.00, with a yellow silk scarf at the neckline. "It's not the number of clothes in the wardrobe that counts," says Mrs. Cushman; "it's the way a woman looks at any given moment."*





ART MASTERPIECES FROM RUSSIAN MUSEUMS

Russia is a treasure house of art, much of it little known in the outside world. In addition to fantastically opulent jewels, furniture and *bibelots* of the czars, Russian museums house marvelous examples of almost all great schools of painting. From The Hermitage (in the early days of the Soviets), Andrew Mellon purchased paintings—Raphaels, Titians, Van Dycks and others—which are now the nucleus of the great National Gallery collection in Washington, D.C.

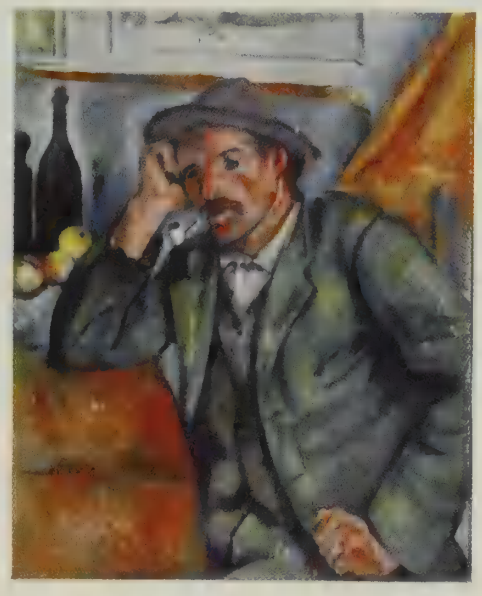
Few persons outside Russia have seen the magnificent paintings on these six pages, chosen by your editors from the astounding wealth of masterpieces of Schools of Paris, now in Moscow and Leningrad museums. In a quarter century before 1914, these masterpieces were purchased, often directly from the artist's studio, by two rich, artistically perceptive and courageous Russian tea merchants and good friends, Sergei Ivanovich Shchukin and Ivan Abramovich Morosov. The French Impressionists, Fauves and Cubists were then harshly viewed by important Parisian critics. Matisse, Picasso, van Gogh, Gauguin, Cézanne, Manet, Monet were better known and more highly regarded in their earlier years among Russians, Germans and Americans than in Paris. Now the collections of Shchukin and Morosov fill room after room, with indescribable beauty, in The Hermitage, in Leningrad, and the handsome Pushkin museum in Moscow, having been expropriated by the government after the revolution.

In the opinion of Alfred H. Barr, Jr.,* of New York's Museum of Modern Art, "The Russian museums have the greatest collection of Picassos before 1914, and the greatest collection of Matisses anywhere. Their Gauguin collection is by far the finest in the world. So far as institutional collections are concerned, the Russian Cézannes rank second only to those in the Barnes Foundation in Merion, Pennsylvania. The van Goghs are excellent."

The JOURNAL is permitted to reproduce its choice of these paintings, by special permission of the Russian Ministry of Culture, and hereby gratefully acknowledges its indebtedness. We hope our readers will be as pleased to view these seldom-seen paintings here as we were delighted to come upon them, momentarily gathered together, in the dim galleries of The Hermitage one early fall afternoon not too long ago. The JOURNAL commissioned an American photographer, Frank Lerner, to fly his own special equipment into Russia to make sure, by direct comparison, that his photographs faithfully caught the color and beauty of the originals.

BRUCE AND BEATRICE GOULD.

*Author of *Matisse: His Art and His Public.*



The Smoker

PAUL CÉZANNE—*HERMITAGE*



Red Room

HENRI MATISSE—*HERMITAGE*



Scene From North Bridge

HENRI ROUSSEAU—*HERMITAGE*

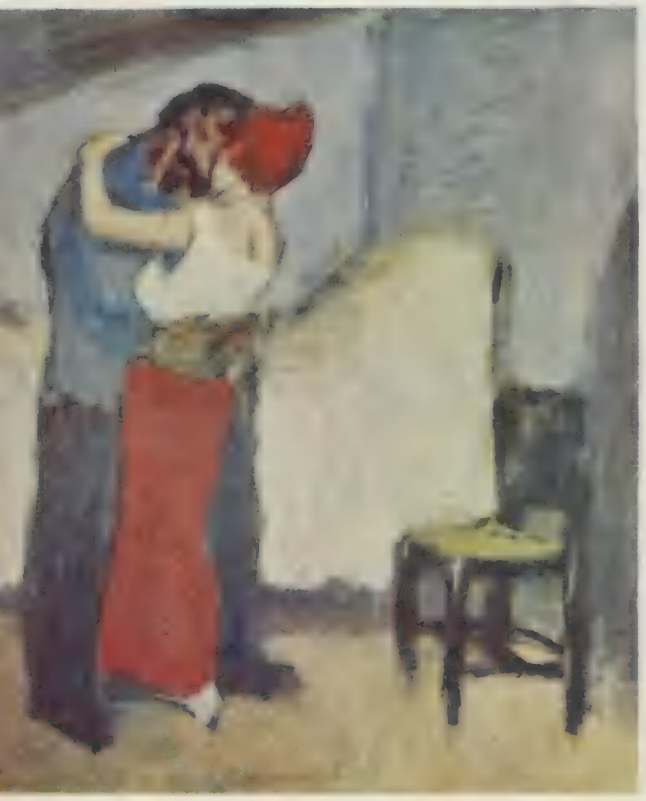


Café at Arles

PAUL GAUGUIN—*PUSHKIN*

Moulin de la Galette

PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR—*PUSHKIN*



The Meeting
PABLO PICASSO—*PUSHKIN*



Portrait of Dr. Rey
VINCENT VAN GOGH—*PUSHKIN*



Vase of Flowers
HENRI MATISSE—*PUSHKIN*





Are You Jealous?
PAUL GAUGUIN—*PUSHKIN*

Country Scene at Auvers After the Rain
VINCENT VAN GOGH—*PUSHKIN*

Woman in Black Hat
KEES VAN DONGEN—*HERMITAGE*



In Naples

ALBERT MARQUET—*HERMITAGE*



Nude on Sofa

PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR—*PUSHKIN*





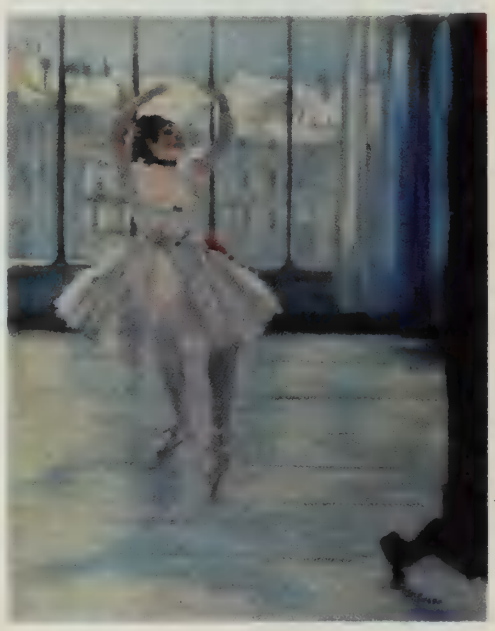
Pine Tree

PAUL CÉZANNE—*HERMITAGE*



Woman in Garden

CLAUDE MONET—*HERMITAGE*



Dancer Taking Photograph

EDGAR DEGAS—*PUSHKIN*



Street in Montmartre

MAURICE UTRILLO—*PUSHKIN*





Portrait of Solair

PABLO PICASSO — *HERMITAGE*



The Bank of the Marne

PAUL CÉZANNE— *PUSHKIN*



Dishes and Fruit

HENRI MATISSE— *HERMITAGE*

Two Girls in Black

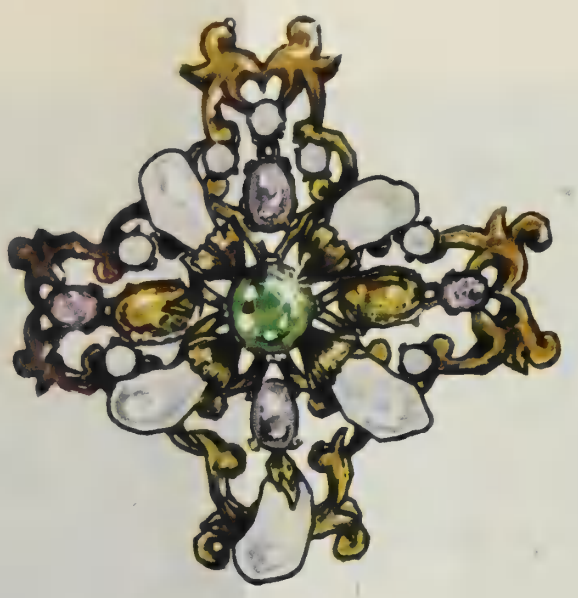
PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR— *PUSHKIN*



Wife of the King

PAUL GAUGUIN— *PUSHKIN*





Suzy Parker, soon to be seen in the film Ten North Frederick, wears this Chanel tweed flecked with many colors, given the surprising touch of violet taffeta in its jacket lining and blouse. The matching tweed bag and the jeweled pin are Chanel designs too.

PHOTOGRAPHS, THESE PAGES BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

CHANEL

creates

for the Journal



CHANEL

Six great suits . . . brilliant in their becomingness, their adaptability, their ease for current living. Even as you turn the pages to see these clothes with the world-famous name they are being shown in Paris in her spring collection. Like all "Chanels," they are seasonless, yet have an identity and a quality that go beyond the flashes of fashion.

Chanel has always believed that the woman is more important than the clothes she wears . . . that fashion should never be a problem, but always be young and wearable. She brings a woman's understanding to fashion design.

These Chanels are "in" fashion and will be in for seasons to come; and although they are casual, they are utterly feminine. Lavish, brilliant jewels (which she loves) are a part of every costume and can be worn with everything from tweeds to lamés.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor



Chanel brings tweed to dinner and the theater by combining it with a lamé blouse—pale tweed and gold lamé. The pendant necklace designed for the costume is of baroque pearls twined with gold.





CHANEL

creates

for the Journal

The white basket-weave tweed with printed silk blouse is an enchanting, feminine, spring-into-summer fashion photographed on Suzy Parker. The silhouette is slim and easy. The blouse ties softly at the waistline. The jacket lining matches the blouse.



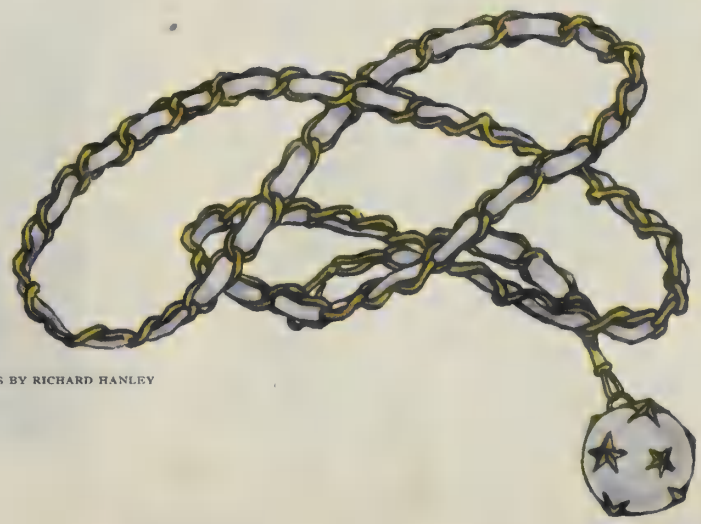
Year-round beige jersey with a fitted overblouse of navy-blue jersey is any woman's any-day suit. Again, a matching handbag hung on a gold chain, and a rope necklace of gold and white.



Red-and-navy jersey is eternally right in Chanel's opinion. Jersey blouse with jersey suit is also a favorite formula and wonderful for an early-spring or a travel suit. This four-pocket, straight-jacket fashion is worn by Suzy Parker.

Silver-lamé dinner dress and jacket—a fashion with great glamour and at the same time wonderfully easy to wear.





SKETCHES BY RICHARD HANLEY

EVERY INCH



The timeless suit that is eternally young—navy serge with brass buttons, a pleated skirt, a white blouse, by Dan Millstein, $119.95. Wear it with a straw breton from John Frederics' junior collection, $14.95.

The plaid coat is a major fashion—a new wear-it-everywhere casual, $59.95, by Sandy Smith; felt hat by Elizabeth Marks, around $7.95, a red bag, $5.00.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.

WILHELA CUSHMAN

A FASHION

. . . your money's worth, and more

If you are deciding on one new costume to make your wardrobe complete and if you want to capsule the news of the season, you must be sure of the fashion and the value from head to toe. The way you look includes your bag, your gloves, your pin as well as your hat and shoes. And this high-voltage costume needs to be one that goes a lot of places, does a lot for you, lasts more than a single spring.

By RUTH MARY PACKARD



Black silk-shantung sheath, slim and well cut, right any time of day, $39.95, by Jerry Greenwald. Worn with soft cloche of straw braid, $8.95, by Frances Nelkin.

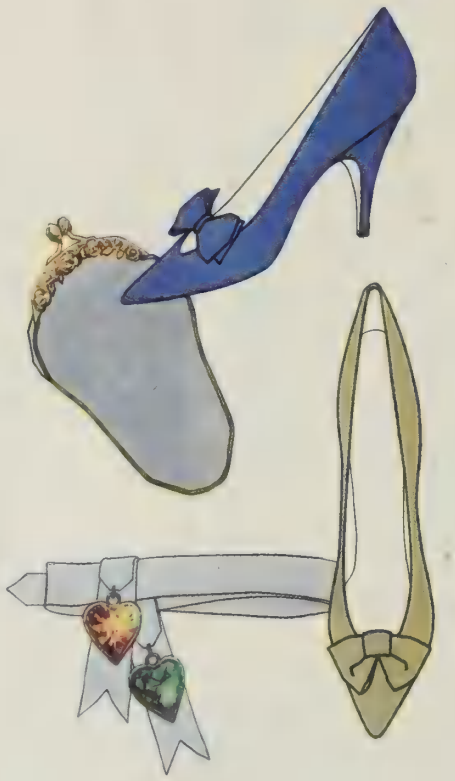


Spring chemise in a gray silk-and-cotton mixture, $19.95, by Jerry Gilden. Hat of white straw, $8.95.



Printed silk dress and jacket $49.95, by Bob Crystal. Bandeau of straw leaves, $8.95; small faille handbag, $7.95, by Morris Moskowitz.

Bows everywhere—on Aliata's royal-blue calfskin slipper, the champagne-colored pump. Balenciaga's beautiful azure-blue suède belt is hung with crystal hearts. The tiny jewel of ■ bag is of iridescent silk.



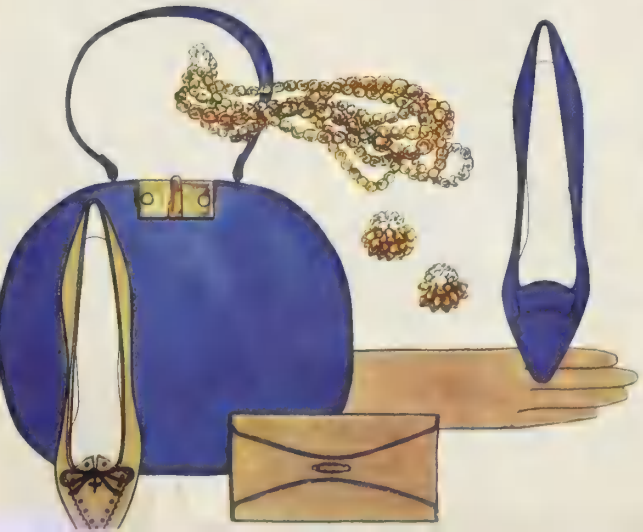
Your

WILHELA CUSHMAN



The hat of stitched silk is one of the simplest, most elegant hats in the world, and virtually timeless. This pale lilac taffeta is by Mr. John. Best worn with a matching costume—the fine wool-flannel dress by Ben Barrack.

RICHARD HANLEY



Royal-blue calfskin bag by Richard Koret. Choose a blue shoe with a cuff—a wheat-colored walking shoe. Amber fold-over satin purse and crystals from Eleanora Garnett.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.



Sun-gold cut-velvet bag by Joan Morse—wonderful with a silk-print pump or pale slipper by Christian Dior. Coral beads—Nettie Rosenstein.



Fringe of feathers on straw, an enchanting hat by Adolfo of Emme. Wear with black.



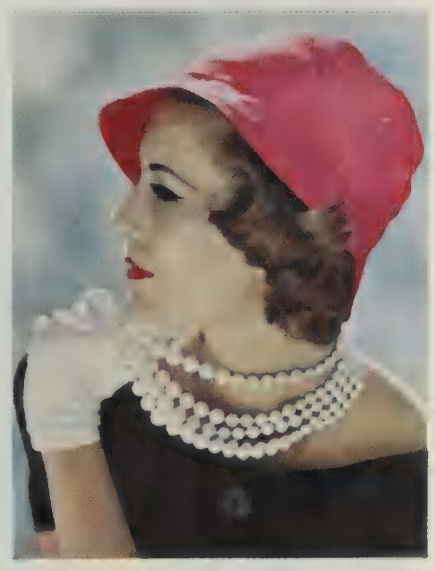
Double-faced sapphire-blue milan breton to wear with matching silk or wool, by John Frederics. Blue silk-shantung costume by Sydney Wragge.

Pretty Head

turns to accessories

More often than not, the woman who always looks well does it with accessories. The look of quality, the touch of color, the personal spark is in the becoming hat, the fastidious shoe, the really good handbag, the scarf, the pin, each thoughtfully chosen.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor



Left—Lilac blossoms covering the head—the sweetest hat of spring by Christian Dior, New York. Wear with blues, greens or black. The silk costume by Harvey Berin.

The slouch hat comes back to fashion for any hour—devastatingly feminine in this stitched fuchsia chiffon, by Pierre Cardin.

Grosgrain pillbox in brilliant color by Mr. John, with wools or silks. Tweed dress by Abe Schrader.



PRINTS
from HEAD to TOE

This spring you will be wearing prints from the top of your head to the tip of your toes.

The prettiest printed hats, the gayest printed shoes are an important part of the spring fashion picture.

They might match a dress or accent a neutral . . . but they are bound to brighten any wardrobe.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor



HAT BY MR. ARNOLD

A black-and-white spatter print is one of the most versatile. Our ensemble, in silk surah, has a one-piece dress with a circular fan-pleated skirt and an easy-fitting double-breasted jacket with velvet overcollar, velvet buttons, three-quarter sleeves. Vogue Design No. S-4868.

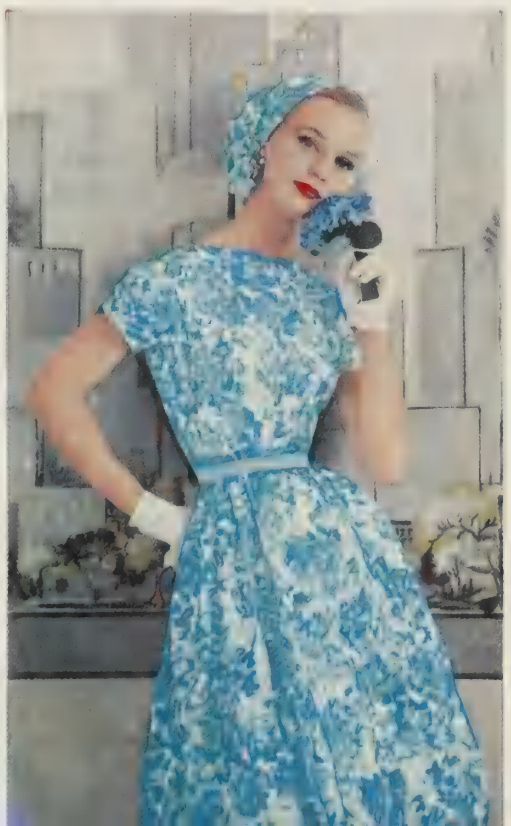


SHOES BY JEAN BANDLER

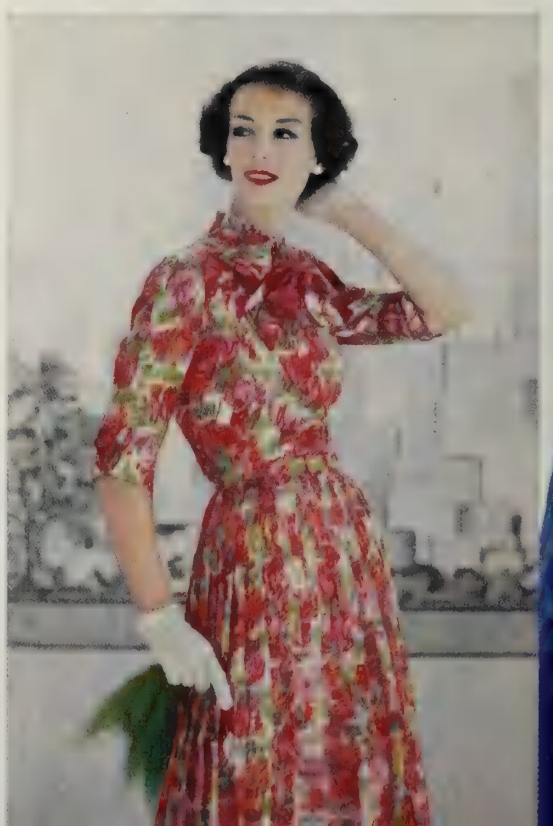
Beige, black and a bright print are a happy combination. The jacket and skirt are both made of silk linen. The printed overblouse and jacket lining are of silk surah. Note the matching shoes. The costume, Vogue Design No. S-4872.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 106.
Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.
© VOGUE

This gay young print in turquoise and white taffeta has an amusing draped skirt with a self bow at the hem. The simple bodice zips up the back. Vogue Design No. S-4873. Make a matching draped turban.



A beloved shirtwaist dress in a rose-printed silk to wear now under your coat and all through the summer. The neckline ties in a soft bow, the skirt has unpressed pleats, or you may press them as shown. Vogue Design No. 9178.



We feel that the more beautiful the print, the simpler the design of the dress should be. This charming iridescent woven flower on silk shantung is one of the loveliest prints we've seen in years. The simple bodice has an open neckline and tiny buttons to the waistline. The sleeves are long and slim, the skirt softly gathered. Vogue Design No. 9452.

HAT BY MR. ARNOLD

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



HAT BY EMME

Polka dots are always a sure sign of spring. Our slim dress is topped by a cherry-red silk-linen coat lined in the same dotted surah. Even the youthful roller hat is in the same fabric. The dress and coat are Vogue Design No. 112. Make coat later in a printed linen.

The detail of the dress shown above under the red coat is an important fashion. The bloused-back effect held in by a ribbon drawstring is a casual, wearable version of the chemise. Without the coat, it's a summer favorite.



HAT BY DON MARSHALL; PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIA MARTEL

"Uncle William!" I think I heard Inspector Cailleux ordering us to sit down, but I was not listening, nor were the others.



GREENGAGE SUMMER

BY RUMER GODDEN



CONCLUSION As soon as we came into the house we knew that Mme. Corbet had sent Mlle. Zizi to meet Eliot because she wanted her out of the way.

Mme. Corbet was efficient; when anything had to be arranged at Les Oeillets, it was made ready quietly and swiftly. "But not if Mlle. Zizi is there," said Hester. Mlle. Zizi gave contradictory orders, upset M. Armand by suggesting last-minute changes in the food, and quarreled with Mme. Corbet. It was wiser to send Mlle. Zizi away. Now the house was being quickly transformed; we could see it was for a much bigger occasion than any since we had come.

"Is it a *banquet?*" asked Willmouse.

The tables in the dining room had been moved to make one large T, the whole covered with white cloths and laid with silver and glass. "Ninety-four places," whispered Hester when she had finished counting. The flowers were not being done as usual by Mauricette; Madame from l'Églantine and her two mademoiselles in green overalls were arranging them, carnations, asparagus ferns and white flowers like small lilies on one stem; they had a strong, sweet smell. "Mauricette says they are tuber roses," I said.

In the bar a platform had been made; we knew it was only of boxes but, laid with a carpet and palms, it looked impressive. There were more flowers in the hall and bar and a carpet had been put down from the front door to the foot of the stairs. "Because the *sous préfet* and *Monsieur le Maire* are coming," said Vicky, who had joined us from the kitchen.

"It *is* a banquet," said Willmouse certainly.

"It's the Brass Instruments Ball," said Vicky, who had been in the kitchen most of the day and knew everything.

Not quite everything. It was the Brass Instrument Factory's centenary dinner, but it remained forever in our minds as the Brass Instruments Ball.

We had often passed the factory when we were exploring across the river. Now all the thirty workers, with their wives—and husbands, for some of the workers were women—their grown-up sons and daughters were coming and, as well as the *sous préfet* and the mayor, the town clerk, the commissar of police, the lieutenant of gendarmerie, the chief of the municipal band, "*Et le Capitaine des Pompiers*," said Mauricette, which meant the head of the fire brigade. Mauricette said that the doctor, *M. le Directeur*, was coming because he was the brother-in-law of M. Perrichaut, and that Eliot and Mlle. Zizi were invited. There would be no room at Les Oeillets for any visitors that night; the whole hotel was taken up with the Brass Instruments.

"What will they do?" asked Vicky, and Eliot, who had come up behind us, told her:

"They will eat a lot, drink quite a lot and make long speeches. And then perhaps they will dance."

"To the Brass Instruments Band?" asked Hester.

The Brass Instruments had their own band. We had heard it on Sundays and guessed that the platform was for them.

"Look what they are to *eat*," said Vicky.

She had brought us the menu:

Hors d'oeuvres variés
Homard à la mayonnaise

"That's lobster," I told Vicky.

"I know, I ate some," she said.

Poulet Chasseur
Filet de boeuf rôti jardinière
Salade de saison
Fromages variés
Pièce Montée
Fruits

"And the *pièce* has a whole band on top of it," said Vicky. "Monsieur Armand has been four days making it." She took us to look at it. It was on a silver slab, a great cake with trellises and scrolls of icing and, on top, a sugar band, the bandsmen made of meringue and colored, the tiny brass instruments of yellow sugar. We could not believe it had been made here in the kitchen. M. Armand seemed radiantly pleased as he chivvied us out of the kitchen, but I had caught sight of Paul, his back turned to us, at the sink with a huge pile of saucepans. When he reached for a cloth the lock of hair fell back and we saw his face looking thinner than ever and as dirtily white as his apron. How I wish now I had gone and spoken to him, but I was afraid he would only have sworn at me.

No one told us what was to happen to us and we stayed watching in the dining room while Mme. Églantine and her mademoiselles put the last flower in the last vase, then we went upstairs and dressed. We put on our best frocks, that we had not worn yet; they were not very grand—crinkled white seersuckers with small rose spots. Mother had made them out of a length she had bought at the sales; Joss had grown out of hers, and they had been handed down so that I wore Joss', Hester wore mine and Vicky, Hester's; with two more to come down, it seemed Vicky would have to wear rose-spotted seersucker for years. Willmouse put on a clean shirt, his silk tie, clean shorts. "What will Joss wear?" asked Hester.

"She will see when she comes in," Willmouse said.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

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The complete novel is soon to be published by The Viking Press, Inc.



GRACEFUL THROATLINE, FIRMER CHIN (1) *Sit, cross-legged, with head dropped as far forward as possible. Now* (2) *describe a complete circle with your head by rolling it over to right side,* (3) *all the way back—then to left side, and forward to first position. If you are doing this correctly, you will feel the s-t-r-e-t-c-h all the way around. Try 3 times. Reverse circle, try 3 more.*

Stretch for beauty



ROGER PRIGENT

Today's exercise experts believe s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g exercises triple their value by doing three jobs at once: each s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g movement strengthens and lengthens muscle-tissue attachments; redistributes and streamlines measurements by firming and toning loose flesh; and increases your metabolism, which speeds up your loss of weight. Through planned s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g your posture and walk become graceful and youthful, your circulation steps up, making you *feel* as fit as you look. S-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g works to undo the restrictions brought on by tense necks, rounded shoulders, sway backs, tight lower backs. The exercises on these pages are designed to limber and reshape you from top to toe. Concentrate on the ones you feel you need most, and do them *every day*. Begin with 10 minutes (at least ½ hour after mealtime is a good time to start), and gradually work up to 20, 30 or *more* minutes, depending upon your endurance as well as how much time you can afford each day. Do each exercise *rhythmically*. You should feel fresh and exhilarated after your program. (If you are fatigued, you've done too much. Build up s-l-o-w-l-y.) Supplement these exercises by s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g in your household chores. (*Stretch* for that platter on the upper shelf, *stretch* for the toy that rolled under the sofa.) Be sure to have your doctor's approval of your program before you begin and then, with his blessings, commence s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g your way to beauty!

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor

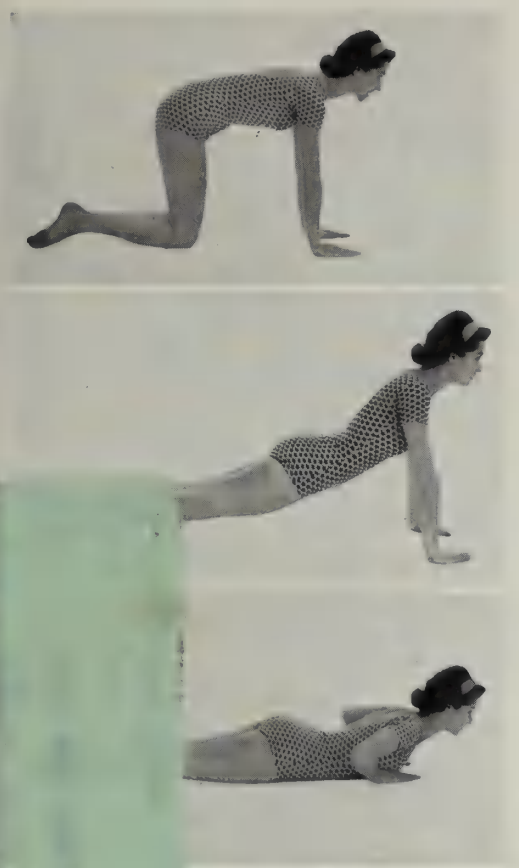


TINIER WAIST, FLATTER MIDRIFF (1) *Stand straight with feet apart in a comfortable stance, arms straight above head, hands clasped.* (2) *Twist upper body to right,* (3) *bend forward and try to touch floor in front of right foot. Then swing up and twist to starting position. Repeat on other side. Try 5 times daily, each side. Gradually work up to 10.*

FLATTER ABDOMEN, FIRMER THIGHS (1) *Sit on floor and lean back, resting trunk on elbows, palms on floor, knees bent, feet flat on floor.* (2) *Lift knees and bring them back toward chest.* (3) *Without allowing legs to touch floor, slowly stretch them out in front—then slowly bend knees and return to chest. Try to repeat leg stretch 3 times before lowering feet to starting position. Gradually work up to 10.*

Printed Exercise Suits by Capezio.

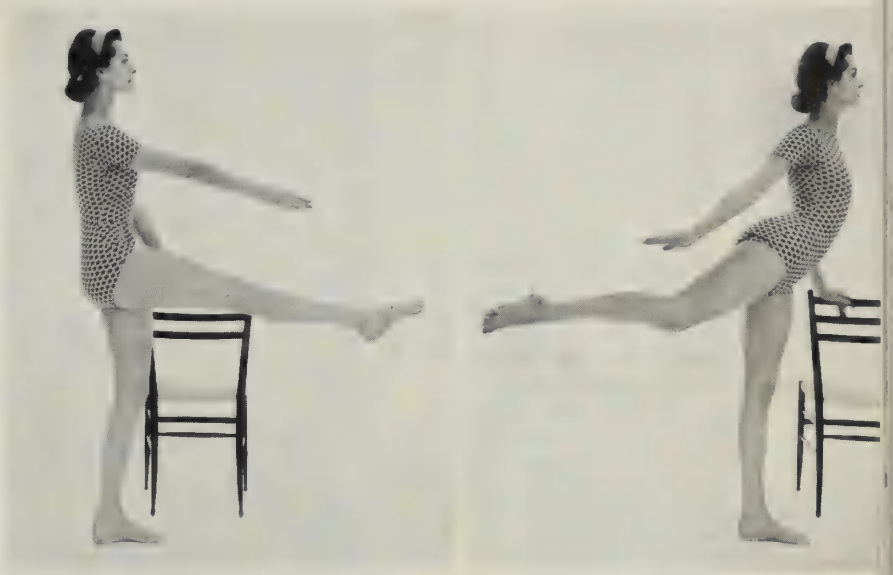
Exercises by Evelyn Loewendahl, formerly faculty member University of California, Los Angeles, and associate professor, Physical Rehabilitation, Pepperdine College.





UPPER SILHOUETTE STRETCH (for shoulders, bust and arms) (1) *Stand straight, feet together, toes straight ahead. Hold 2- or 3-pound weights (boxes of sugar or salt) in hands at sides.* (2) *Describe a wide circle with weights by raising arms forward, above head,* (3) *back, out to sides, and down. You should feel the s-t-r-e-t-c-h in your arms all the way through this exercise. Try 10 times; gradually work up to 20.*

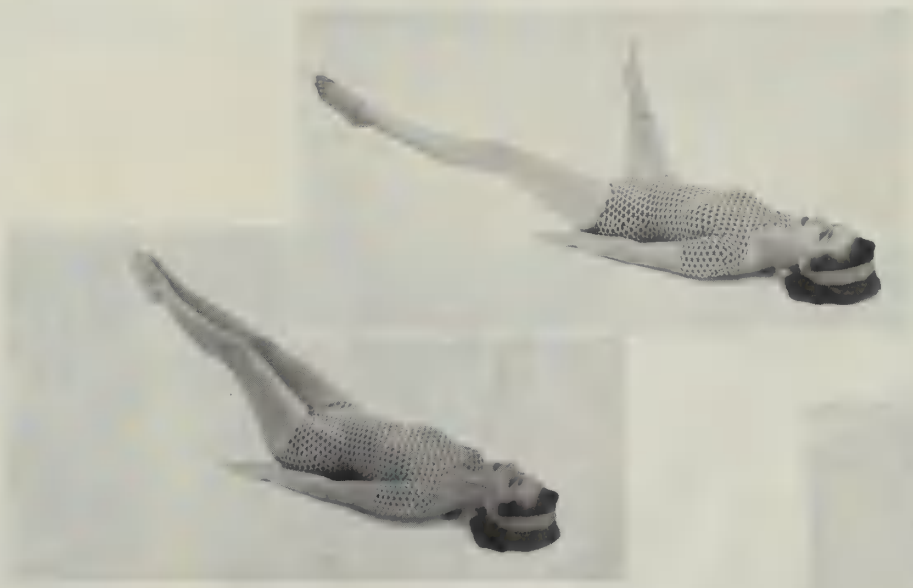
RMER UPPER ARMS (1) *Get on hands and knees, arms straight, ard, hands directly under shoulders.* (2) *Slide legs straight back, then* (3) *bend elbows and lower body to floor. Push up until elbows are straight. Return knees to starting position. Do 3 times; gradually build up to 8 or 10.*



FIRMER HIPS AND THIGHS *Stand beside table or chair and balance body by holding on with left hand.* (1) *Keep your back straight and swing right leg forward and up as high as possible and* (2) *back and up as high as possible. For balance and co-ordination, let your right arm swing back and forth with your leg movements. Try 10 swings. Repeat exercise using left leg and arm.*



SLIMMER HIPS AND WAIST (1) *Stand sideways 6″ from wall, hands clasped overhead, elbows straight.* (2) *Without moving feet, push hip against wall and keep it there while you slowly bend upper body away from wall. Use left hand to pull right arm over as you bend. Return to starting position. Try 3 times, work up to 5 on each side.*



TONING INNER THIGHS AND ABDOMEN *Lie on floor, legs together, arms at sides.* (1) *Holding legs together with knees straight, lift feet about 10″ above floor and* (2) *swing legs apart as far as possible. Bring them back together and down. Try 5 times; gradually work up to 15.*



PRETTIER POSTURE, FIRMER THIGHS *Stand straight, arms at sides, feet together. Keep body straight and in quick rhythm alternately lift right knee as close to chest as possible, and then left knee. Try 16 counts each day. Increase if you wish.*



FOR SLIMMER ANKLES, FLEXIBLE FEET *Describe as wide a circle as possible with your foot to stretch and limber the ankle joint and all muscles which control the foot. Begin with 5 circles in each direction, for each foot. Gradually work up to 10.*

Journal's Extra Dividend House

It starts with a sound main-house investment. Its added interest is a two-room wing

. . . for in-laws, or young marrieds
. . . as family grows
. . . as extra bedroom for guests
. . . as a professional office
. . . or rent it for income later

Here is a house that is planned in advance to double its value and livability both. It is a house for the farsighted family who would like to start off in the $18,500 range, yet be able at any time to have their home become a full house and a half at an additional cost. At the same time it is a house for a family so farsighted that their enlarged home grows logically. A slightly larger original cost pays off handsomely later.

Anyone who has ever watched an afterthought addition being grafted onto a house by ripping off great sections of the roof and exposing whole rooms to passers-by will appreciate the neatness of the operation here. It is merely a matter of attaching the paneled walls of the wing to the paneled walls of the main house, letting the flat roof of the wing snug tightly under the main-house eaves, and then connecting the plumbing and wiring which were right there ready and waiting to be connected. And in the same way the front path suddenly becomes a patio that very prettily and pleasantly accommodates the entrance doorways of house and wing, while preserving their independence. The story of the house is a kind of Foresight Saga. Almost any family size or situation you can think of has been foreseen, and put into the plan. Follow it through, and see for yourself.



EZRA STOLLER



Even in its starting-off stage it is styled for its future.



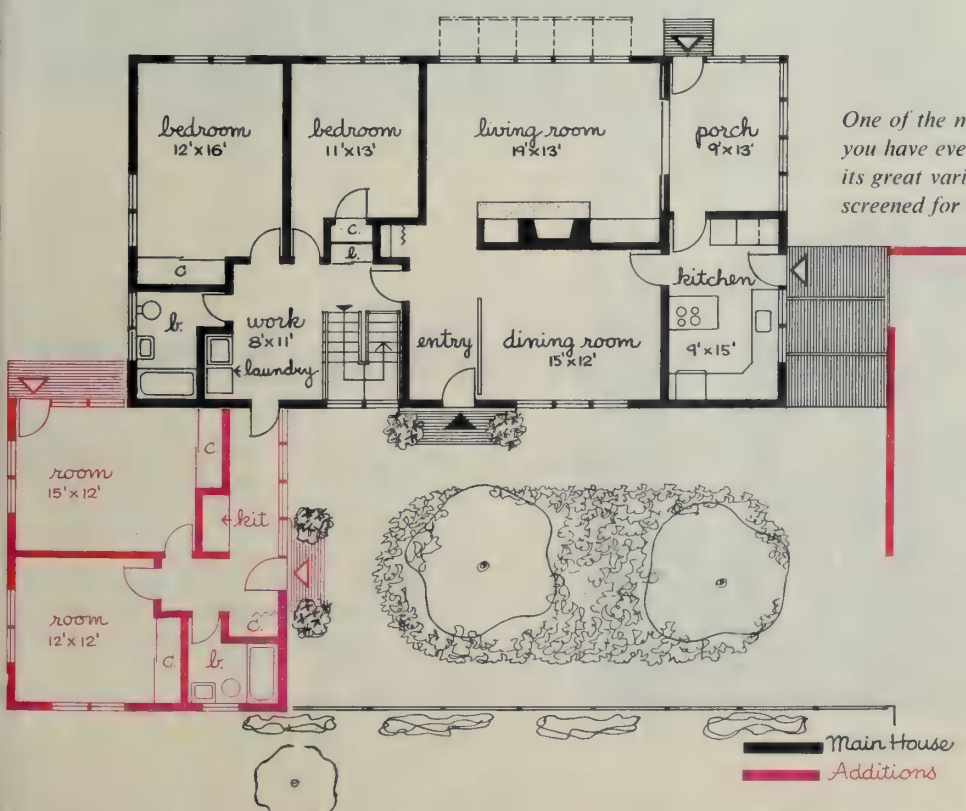
In its final form, livability, beauty and value have been added.

RICHARD PRATT
Architectural and Garden Editor
WILLIAMS AND WELLS
Designers
MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor

The Journal's
EXTRA DIVIDEND
HOUSE
Portfolio #7



The main house and the wing share the patio which provides each one with a separate approach and with equal adornment.



One of the most engaging floor plans you have ever followed through runs the gamut from its great variety of living possibilities to a porch screened for summer, glassed in for winter.

Blueprints are available from designers Williams and Wells, 32 E. 57th St., New York 22, N.Y., at $10 a set

BUILDING NEWS

Dividends run through the house. Its whole panel construction is a subtle, significant part of the plan. As you follow the blueprint, you discover that all the wall panels of the house can be fabricated in any woodworking shop, and put together on the building site. Some panels are wood; others are wood and glass; others combine fixed glass and louvered glass. The sizes of these panels are repetitive, which means they can be cut and carpentered and shipped to the site at a saving all the way. In sum, almost all the house except the outer frame can be built indoors or under cover, then assembled and put into place on your lot.

You save *initially by this system, and you save later. Our additions (wing and carport) call for flat roof construction. That means you can add, even years later, with no need to tear out any existing parts of the house. The wing, for example, butts straight against the house under the gutter line. The roof of the main house stays intact all the time you're growing outward.*

Because the panels in the new wing are sized to panels in the main house, you add a wing almost as though you were working with children's building blocks. Your additions fit where you place them because all measurements jibe. Take a few panels out of your old house—add a wing—the new section lines up in perfect joining.

For the pitched roof *of the main house, we used a modern and highly durable seamed metal alloy. Paint it the color of your choice. Its life is extraordinarily long, and its resistance to leakage is great.*

Duckboard door platforms rather than steps give you manifold benefits. Of good-looking wood, slotted in this way as platforms at the door, they let rain drain off, can be cleaned with a hose, are natural mudguards, dry immediately after a shower, and are superb decorative platforms for potted plants.

Attic space *beneath the main roof is ventilated, with louvers at both ends, and this air space makes the penetration of summer heat into the house less possible. A nonstorage attic of this kind insulates against extreme cold, too, and so saves on both heating and (if you have it) air-conditioning costs.*

Gravel up to the walls in place of foundation planting is a measure for clean appearance that is good for the walls and convenient for window washing, painting.

English ivy *substituting in the patio for grass provides a handsome, permanent and almost carefree ground cover.*

The white birch is one of the best and most becoming patio trees; its feathery foliage never too dense, its size never too great for nearness to house.

Tub gardening *is the easiest of all, and admirably decorative. Colorful summer annuals give way in early September to simply handled chrysanthemum plants that bloom until frost.*

In the living room, 19′x13′, space seems to extend on all sides. Part of the room's appeal is its warmth of color and gracefully scaled furnishings. Part is the extra dimension added by a porch, screened or winterized, in many seasons an entertaining annex to the room itself. And the living room's windowed wall, facing away from the road, looks out onto quiet lawn or grove of trees or terraced area, as you choose. All the elements in its design give a sense of spaciousness.

The Oriental trend fits beautifully into the clear colors of a contemporary home. You can choose from popular-priced furnishings nationally available. Around the fireplace of white-painted concrete block, furniture groups naturally and sociably. We like white walls here, and the contrast of dark floor and green wool-tweed rug, in a scheme lit with fabrics. The sofa, for instance, contemporary and walnut, captures the eye immediately in cotton of Oriental brilliance. Rush chairs are as vivid as pools in a blue spun cotton. A simple wood chair has been lacquered and flecked to a jewellike blue and pillowed in gold-and-white cotton. The coffee table is natural teak with patterned wood top. Even with few furnishings, for the young family, a room like this can vibrate with color.

Add a game table, low and long, beside the window. In this case, only 22″ high, it neither cuts off the view nor calls for too many accessories. Two brass-legged ottomans fit under, pull out for extra seating. A Korean bronze lamp lights the game area. As a commodious storage chest, we carry out the Eastern influence in a cabinet of Hong Kong origin, but you could choose antique or contemporary as well. A single extra armchair is all the room needs for solid comfort.

Accessories are added at will. Over the chest: an inexpensive rubbing of ancient horses in spirited blacks and grays. Above the fireplace: an antique wood mold mellowed to the color of old ginger. The radio-and-music center fits to left of the fireplace in a tailored-to-space arrangement of tambour-doored chests. Matching shelves paneled in pandanus cloth can conceal a speaker.

A room like this is a wise investment. Start it simply and knowledgeably, and its wealths of livability and beauty grow with the years.

HAROLD FOWLER





Our Living

Porch is inviting with a white circular table under an iron lantern, two brass garden stools, a few colorful armchairs, tubs of dramatic greenery. Its unobstructed view adds to the living room's pleasure.

The Journal's
EXTRA DIVIDEND
HOUSE
Portfolio #7



At the eight-foot-high window, sunny yellow draperies are of washable dress fabric. Outdoor overhang filters sun. Rush chairs have cushions so you can change colors seasonally; slip covers you alternate can all be washable. Ottomans were covered in red herringbone cotton mix.

Room's Profit: Porch and Garden Extensions

LIVING-ROOM NEWS

To screen sun, house uses overhangs of wood in slatted patterns (as seen through living-room window at left). They not only protect large expanses of glass from high and hot summer sun, but are angled so that low winter sun can come in unobstructed with all its cheer and warmth.

Porch is easily winterized or screened for summer, adapts to your locale. Wood-framed screens for summer alternate with glass panels in winter which fit in place as you switch to meet the seasons.

Disappearing doors *separate living room and porch. We use sliding aluminum-sashed doors which, when open, go into pockets in the walls, so the two rooms seem one. But privacy can be secured at any time.*

Windows in two parts, *as seen in the living room, use fixed glass panels above, with a lower section of sliding sash for ventilation.*

Weatherproof steel *porch table can go out in the garden, is certified rustproof for ten years.*

Rug here is mothproofed in manufacturing process. Quite a few new rugs now bear this guaranty . . . worth asking about when you buy.

Wall-to-wall fluorescent valances, an alternate idea for your living room, can add drama where draperies are the featured pattern. New hardware and fixtures allow you to light your silky draw draperies from above. Lighting itself is concealed. Its effect is lovely.

Long-life light bulbs *are guaranteed for 10,000 hours. In the attic, over stairways, in the basement, or wherever replacing bulbs is awkward, they are well worth the extra cost.*

Fluorescent lighting has been modernized, in flattering warm-white colors. And incandescent lights come in tints these days, so you can choose even yellow, blue, pink and blue-greens, depending on the color background you want to dramatize.

For walls, new paints abound, *including those which must be applied by professionals but give a speckled effect in one spray operation. Even the homeowner can paint chairs and tables with small spray cans of paint available in almost every color—even flecked and dotted.*

DINING-ROOM NEWS

Window blind with new tilt control is used here, allows you to direct light and ventilation any way you like. The lower part, for example, can be opened for air, the upper part closed for privacy. Or single sections of the blind can be closed or opened as path of the sun changes. A revolutionary new cord design is responsible.

Hidden hinges are handy to know about if you use shutters or louvers. Designed on a new principle, they have no protruding parts that show.

Touch latches *enable you to close or open doors with gentle finger-tip pressure, are useful for cupboards, closets, storage walls. No hardware juts out to break the surface or distract the eye.*

Handsome doorknobs will tempt you too. Some now come in rosewood, myrtle, ebony. Others are ceramic in white or colors or variegated floral patterns. Even front-door knobs have become more personal, with monograms.

Light dimmers *enable you to turn lights low during party conversation, turn them up when card players gather around the table. These dimming devices are installed in the wiring system, and are operated by dials.*

For window gardeners, new hardware fastens to window casings to hold glass shelves.

Soil-resistant fabrics *in this room have all been guaranteed longer life through chemical magic. The process of siliconizing materials, so they resist spills and smudges, has developed steadily. Even fabrics that were once temperamental (glazed chintz, for instance) can now be given this protection.*

Sliding or folding doors, to order, are often the answer to a divider problem. You can choose woven wood strips in wood frames, plantation shutters, West Indies screens, decorative glass, or fabrics laminated in plastic. Lightweight aluminum ceiling tracks support them.

Pole lamps *adjust by spring to your ceiling and floor, provide two or three shaded bulbs at various heights, are a good choice between two chairs in your library area.*

Directly off the hallway is the dining room. We shield it from incoming guests with a divider that can be a full-scale library or the start of one, because the room can also double as an after-dinner study and retreat. With a divider unit tailored to order, you can also plan room, as we do here, for desk, work and writing space needed in the evening hours.

The dining room is 15′x12′, and with its privacy and serviceability it glows with animated color. Three walls are yellow, a single one strikingly blocked in black-and-white Oriental wallpaper. At the large and sunny window, draperies are a striped black, white and yellow linen. The table we choose is teak and oak, seats six as shown, or up to ten at its full holiday or dinner-party expansion. Beech dining chairs, satiny to the touch, are surprisingly moderate in cost and covered here in cherry cotton. Probably at no other time has the young family just setting up a household, or the older family starting fresh and replacing, had such a choice of domestic and imported furniture in such a gamut of good looks and price ranges.

For shelving or extra serving surface, for instance, choice can range from a contemporary chest to items as individual as the French baker's rack in black iron and milk glass, airy and individual and utilitarian all at once. And lighting has never been more beautiful. One choice: the quintet of white globes you see here in a wood yoke, ceiling strung to save space, and multiple to give any degree of light you like.



HAROLD FOWLER



In the bookshelf divider, a small-scaled desk matches the buffet chest in its drawer design. Writing shelf slides in or out. Over stationery shelves, gleaming brass wall lamp is a space saver. Next to it, a fanciful seed mosaic is an art-on-a-budget discovery, among many such to be found.

Handsome buffet chest has recessed finger grips rather than applied hardware, holds mats, coasters, linens and china.

Our Dining Room's Dividend:
Library and Study Room

Dishwasher can easily handle china and utensils for nine people. Refrigerator has a squared-off and built-in look, but actually is free-standing, with a grill above for ventilation.

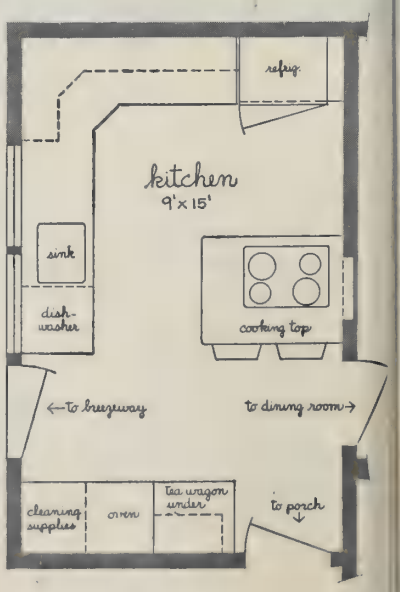
Our Kitchen's Asset: 11 Feet of Continuous Counter

The kitchen is straightforward in plan, and strategic in the way it operates. Because of the separate dining room next to it, and the porch for informal dining, the kitchen itself need allow no room for family meals. It does have sit-down and snack space in peninsula form, with room for two stools. Primarily, it has sweeping expanses of work space for creative cooking and easy cleanup. Counter space extends along two sides of the room, from dishwasher on down to refrigerator. More counter and ■ wheeled cart are next to the separate built-in oven.

The materials are gala, versatile and practical: cabinets white above, pink below; stainless steel in silvery shimmer; cherry-red plastic counters fronted by a hardwood cutting-board strip to give a whole length of mother-daughter work space.

In over-all location the room is near the carport, handy for errands and deliveries. Its windows face entry road and garden to save any shut-away feeling. Just as welcome each day are its inner conveniences. The dishwasher stops automatically when you open the door to add a forgotten glass. The refrigerator has ■ 95-pound freezer section, plus fresh-food storage, and is self-defrosting. The stainless-steel cooking hood houses a fan and a light. The oven controls its own temperature.

It's a kitchen as sound as a blue chip. Bank on it for a satisfying lifetime of use.







STUART

With oven on its own, mother and daughter can cook separately when they like. Counter is handy for setting out a bubbly pie or crusty roast. Serving cart fits under.

Cooking top is set into a counter. Hottest utensils can't harm the stainless steel. Fanned hood above whisks steam up out of the kitchen to keep temperatures pleasant.



The Journal's
EXTRA DIVIDEND
HOUSE
Portfolio #7

KITCHEN NEWS

The red plastic ■■ use for counters is brand-new, highly flexible and tough, and curves up to make its own backsplash. The big advantages: less work to install, and no crevices to clean. At front is wood section for knife work. At rear, backsplash forms a shelf.



Kitchen's wallpaper, *in thistledown design, is plastic coated. Splashes won't harm it, and small fingermarks sponge away.*

Floor is plastic tile *in rosy pink and charcoal, a flecked design that doesn't show soil.*

New surprise in kitchen cabinets: The ones we show have wood doors framed in such a way you can remove them without tools. Here we show white in top section, pink below counter. But when you want to vary a color scheme, or when the fronts show wear, you can shift both doors and drawer fronts. The cabinets themselves are metal with baked-on finish for durability.

Small-size 150-watt bulbs *allow you to get more light from an enclosed kitchen fixture. Brand-new, bulbs are ⅔" smaller than they used to be, and will fit into a spot originally planned for a 100-watt bulb.*

Whole luminous ceilings can be planned inside bathrooms or kitchens, so that you have light from a large area, shadowfree, coming down from behind diffusing plastic panels. It's fairly expensive installation, but gives a luxurious feeling, and is sensible if a room is not oriented toward sunlight.

Large-capacity dishwasher *has convenient slide-out racks. Because of its generous size, an average family can store used dishes after breakfast or lunch, wash them only twice or even once a day.*

Magnetic door latches are the quietest of all in your home. They have no moving parts. Inset in the frame is a permanently magnetized piece of metal, and a companion piece of metal is set into the door itself. Doors between two rooms stay securely closed, are rattle-free.

Automatic garage-door opener *can now be operated by push button from inside your car. It operates electronically, is a good item to remember if you later convert the carport.*

MORE NEWS

Wall is plastic on canvas, in soft yellow with silvery overlay that has the look of silk. Same lustrous material was used as panels on the cupboard doors.

Ironing table is adjustable for sit-down or stand-up ironing, and has a new rounded shape wide in the center where it's easier to reach. Wheels in the base come into action when you stand the ironing board on end, and you can glide it into storage.

Convenient hanger, as you iron blouses and shirts, is a separate portable stand with swinging arm. You see it in action at right below. Later it stores out of sight in slotted area at left of washer and dryer.

Playhouse that fits over a card table is made of unbleached muslin, illustrated in felt. It folds after use, can be kept in a drawer.*

Sun-lamp bulbs can light your way to relaxation as you sit and sew. They provide ultraviolet rays to give you a tan and other health benefits. Infrared heat-lamp bulbs can also be used to ease muscle pain. Both types now fit regular light sockets.

Stairway lighting idea: recess small fixtures flush with the wall, or under handrails.

For locking an open window, a thumbscrew arrangement is fastened to the side of the frame. It is adjustable so window can be open at three heights and yet be locked.

Shelves adjust in your cupboards or bookcases when you use metal side tracks with removable brackets. Newest aid are the side tracks that come with small vertical numbers. You can insert a shelf on the level, with no guesswork.

**Our pattern No. 2920, 25¢, from Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.*



Dryer has five settings, suitable for sheer to strong fabrics. Washer, too, has a range of water temperatures to cater to all family laundering.

Our Hall's Gain: Laundry, Work and Play Space

Actually an enlarged section of the hall, the laundry center tucks away in a space approximately 11'x8', takes a tremendous strain off the rest of the house. There is room for ironing as well as a play center.

A cheerful yellow washer and dryer fit side by side. Plumbing lines link up economically with the bathroom beyond. You can hide the laundry nook if you like with a pull-down split-wood shade, though the appliances are so good-looking they don't need screening. An ironing board and collapsible chair fit in a slot beside them. Above is room for blanket storage.

The wall chest can hold your portable sewing machine. Behind it we allowed a slot for a card table which can come out to be an extra work surface or, with cover, be a playhouse for the children. A comfortable chair and stools that double as tables complete the room.

With low railing at one side and a windowed view beyond, the space has openness and freedom along with its triple-value downright usefulness. Here, as in the entire house: inches work, costs stay down, but there's room for fun too.

STUART



Door leads to the wing described on our opening page. It can close off entirely, or yield a large extra area of living space.



Rarely is there a single cause for an unsatisfactory marriage. Frequently there are so many obvious causes of trouble that the counselor scarcely knows where to begin. In the Los Angeles headquarters of the American Institute of Family Relations, where we give nearly 15,000 consultations each year, we try to go to work on the marriage from as many sides as possible. This "total push" frequently brings quick improvement. One of the problems may be as simple and as easily helped as disorganized housekeeping—a salient factor in the case here described. When Lila was aided to make out a schedule for her routine housework, and handle it more systematically, she accomplished more with less effort, and some of her other difficulties began to seem less important. Surveys have concluded that poor housekeeping is a major factor in marriage troubles and that many homemakers could do their routine work in 40 per cent less time than they now give to it—and do it better. . . . The counselor in this case was Mrs. Carolyn Sichel.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *Director*

Can this Marriage be Saved?

SHE: "Good housekeeping means a lot to Whit. He is the type who expects efficiency; he thinks a home can be operated like a factory. Even trifling failures upset him terribly."

HE: "When I see things thrown around, it has a physical effect on me; my stomach tightens, my eyeballs throb, and invariably my temper snaps."

LILA TELLS HER SIDE: "I can take doing without things," Lila said wanly. A slender woman who appeared to be in her late thirties or early forties, Lila wore an expensive, custom-tailored but no longer fashionable suit. "I can even take explaining to the youngsters that they must do without until daddy's commissions improve. But Whit's insurance business, despite the fact that he works desperately hard, has never grown to a point where it will support our size family. We have a five-year- and a nine-year-old girl, and I have a teen-age son, Larry, by my first marriage.

"I feel so guilty about our grocery bill—I can't manage any payments on it—that I have been cutting down on the food I buy. I then fret that the children may be undernourished. I don't nag Whit for money; I accept and thank him for the few dollars he does hand me. But I wish he would talk to me so I could share his burdens. I worry all the time that his health may crack under the strain and become as poor as mine. Several weeks ago, I just happened to overhear him on the phone. The finance company was threatening to repossess his car—and he must have it to stay in business. Whit looked so drawn and old when he hung up—my husband is only forty-four—that I felt like bursting into tears. I put my arms around him and insisted he take a nest egg I'd been holding back since my last birthday. My father gave me a hundred dollars, as he always does, but this year I didn't mention the gift. My husband is sensitive on the subject of my father, who managed to build up a prosperous business in spite of lacking Whit's education. Whit did accept my 'loan' and got the finance people off his neck.

"Our move to the beach was a mistake. Whit's hours, since we're there, are fantastically bad. He leaves home at six A.M. and often does not return until eight or nine P.M. I supposed living in an isolated beach cottage would be cheaper than living in town. Unfortunately, the schools are too far for the children to walk, so I must take Sally to kindergarten, then rush home to drive Ellen to elementary school, dash back to get Larry to junior high—and repeat the whole process again in the afternoon!

"Because of all the driving, sometimes it's almost evening before I get at the bedmaking and breakfast dishes. In the old days, I was a fairly good housekeeper. Good housekeeping means a lot to Whit. He is the type of man who expects efficiency, organization, a foolproof system; he thinks a home can be operated like a factory. Even trifling failures upset him terribly.

"Last week he spotted one unwashed teacup in the sink. I bore his criticism in silence. But then he turned on Larry for leaving his schoolbooks in the den. Larry had been *using* the books to do his homework; the poor kid has been having a tough time at school and I believe he should be encouraged to study in the den or anywhere else. Whit's attack was so manifestly unfair—most of the time he is wonderfully patient with our daughters—that I undertook to defend Larry. My nerves went to pieces and I said a lot of things I didn't really mean.

"I accused Whit of not working during his interminable absences but of dilly-dallying with some woman; my first husband did step out on me, and constantly. Whit hit the roof, denied being interested in any other woman, but shouted there was nothing pleasant in our house for him to come home to. He went into his den and slammed the door. Immediately he opened the door, stuck out his head and yelled that the room was stifling hot and that maybe we could save money by using less heat. Next he shouted that I must have forgotten to take my pink pills again and should do so at once and try to control myself before the children.

"My pink pills are various hormones that are CONTINUED ON PAGE 197

DON ORNITZ

"Whit turned on Larry for leaving his schoolbooks in the den.
The attack was so manifestly unfair that I undertook to defend Larry.
My nerves went to pieces and I said a lot of things I didn't really mean."



Swiss Steak, Savory and Tender

Dressed in sour-cream sauce,
this family favorite
appears gaily at a party buffet,
a delight to guests . . .
a tribute to you

Our Swiss steak is perfect for a buffet party. It's accommodating—gives you time to enjoy your guests. And it's economical, so you can have another party soon. When slowly, gently cooked, it becomes so tender a fork will cut it. It's different too—an old favorite with a new face. The secret's hidden in the sauce, not made this time with tomatoes, but of a subtle blending: rich roasting juices and a sprinkling of herbs made satiny at the last minute with sour cream, enriched with tender young mushroom caps and pearly onions. Hollow out kitchen-ripened tomatoes, fill them with curried eggplant, pop them into the oven—and out—so that the stuffing's mellow and moist and beautifully browned. Toss a salad of delicate romaine hearts, water-cress sprigs and almond slivers; bake an herb bouquet into yeast bread. Round out your meal with mixed fruits and a bit of sweet—macaroon cookies. Then sit back and watch your friends enjoy themselves—and your family fare with a party personality.

Our Swiss steak is a main dish that does double duty: bubbles along unattended for three hours, then comes gracefully to the party in its own casserole.

Menu

SWISS STEAK WITH SOUR-CREAM GRAVY

TOMATOES STUFFED WITH CURRIED EGGPLANT

ROMAINE SALAD HERB BREAD

SPICED FRUIT

FILBERT MACAROONS

COFFEE

(Planned for 8)

Colorful ovenware that comes right to the table mixes well with crystal, pottery, wood and silver, making this March meal as appealing to the eye as it is to the palate.

STUART-FOWLER

SWISS STEAK WITH SOUR-CREAM GRAVY

Buy a 5-pound piece of top sirloin. Be sure it's top quality too. Sprinkle ½ teaspoon salt and about ⅛ teaspoon pepper on one side and pound it in well with the blunt side of a kitchen knife. Then sprinkle about 2 tablespoons flour on the same side and pound it in also. It is best to do this in stages. Turn the meat over and repeat the salt, pepper and flour procedure. Be sure you pound the meat well—pounding helps to tenderize a not-so-tender cut. Now melt 2 tablespoons shortening in a deep heavy kettle and brown the meat on both sides. Remove the meat from the pot and sauté 2 large sliced onions. From 1 pound mushrooms remove the caps from 12 and slice the stems and remaining mushrooms. Add to the onions and brown also. Replace the meat in the big kettle. Season with ½ teaspoon seasoned salt, ⅛ teaspoon ground cloves, a large bay leaf, ¼ teaspoon each marjoram and thyme and 1 teaspoon paprika. Add a 10½-ounce can consommé. Cover the kettle and simmer the meat slowly (never let it boil or the meat will become tough and stringy) for about 3 hours, or until the meat is tender. Don't try to hurry the cooking. To be fork-tender, moist and luscious, Swiss steak CONTINUED ON PAGE 170

Fish COLLECTOR'S ITEMS from the Journal Kitchen



STUART

Sole rolls flavorsomely stuffed with seasoned crab; a luscious shrimp-and-crab Newburg sauce over all.

Fish can be fabulous food. In thirty minutes you can prepare a platter of delicious, creamy fillets fit for visiting royalty. Such feasting need not harm the budget, either, for fish usually costs less than meat. Mild and sweet, fish takes happily to herb seasonings, crusty coatings and piquant sauces. (*Note to dieters:* Fish is your friend. Although most varieties contain no more calories than lean roast beef, they are high in vital nutrients.)

If you would eat fish at the peak of its sea-fresh mildness, serve it the day it is bought. To keep sweet until cooking time, wipe the fish inside and outside with a damp cloth. Wrap first in waxed paper and then in foil and store in the refrigerator.

Whole Fish with Mushroom Stuffing. In a large skillet, sauté 2 tablespoons chopped onion and ¼ cup sliced mushrooms in 3 tablespoons butter. Add 2½ cups fresh bread crumbs and ¼ cup chopped, seeded cucumber. Season with ½ teaspoon salt. Toss gently until ingredients are well mixed. This makes about 2½ cups stuffing—enough for a 3-pound whole fish or 2 pairs large fish fillets. Spoon the stuffing into the body cavity of the fish or between the fillets. Close sides of fish or fillets with toothpicks or skewers. Sprinkle with salt and dot with butter. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for about 25 minutes or until the fish separates easily into moist opaque flakes when tested with a fork. While fish is baking, melt ¼ cup butter in a saucepan and blend in ¼ cup flour. Gradually add 2 cups chicken broth. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens. Add ¼ cup lemon juice and ½ teaspoon salt. Just before serving, stir in ¼ cup chopped parsley. Transfer the baked fish to a hot platter and pour sauce over it. Makes 4–6 servings. Garnish with crisp, batter-fried onion rings and broiled tomato halves.

Serve a ruddy chunk of salmon, steeped in seasoned juices—sealed in during cooking.

Salmon "en Papillotte." Buy a 2-pound chunk salmon steak. Prepare a strip of aluminum foil large enough to envelop the fish completely with airtight folds. Lay the steak on the foil. Dust generously with freshly ground black pepper, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate. Pour over ¼ cup lemon juice and 1 tablespoon capers and juice. Wrap tightly in the foil. Lay in a baking pan. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for about 40 minutes. Do not open the package during baking. Remove the foil, skin and bones. Lay the salmon on a hot platter and pour the juice over it. Garnish with lemon wedges and green pepper rings. Makes 4–6 servings.

Fresh lime juice and spices, as a marinade before baking, do wonders for fish. The tang of ginger and bay leaf pervades its creamy flesh. Here's a blend of flavors to bring delight to your palate.

Baked Fish in Lime Juice. Arrange 2 pounds haddock fillets in a shallow baking dish or pan. Salt and pepper fish. Mix together ½ cup lime juice, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ bay leaf, crushed, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Pour mixture over fillets. Allow to stand at room temperature for about 1 hour. Dot with butter and lay slice of lime on each fillet. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 20–25 minutes, until it flakes. Remove to serving platter and pour juices over fish. Makes 4 servings.

Creamed crab with green onion and celery between delicate white sole fillets—a delectable creation. Bake, brushing with melted butter until the fish is flaky and dappled with gold. Serve from the baking dish with a light and lovely sauce. It's as good as it sounds—and quickly prepared too.

Sole with Shrimp-and-Crab Filling. Buy 3 fillets of sole, each weighing about ½ pound. Salt and pepper them well. For the filling, melt 1½ tablespoons butter in a saucepan. Stir in 1½ tablespoons flour. Gradually add ½ cup milk. Cook, stirring constantly, until the sauce is thickened. Remove from the heat and stir in ½ cup each flaked, boned crab and chopped, cooked deveined shrimp. Season with ¼ cup each chopped celery and green onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and 1 teaspoon salt. Divide the filling equally among the 3 fillets, spreading it generously. Roll fillets carefully and secure with toothpicks. Cut each roll in two. Place in a shallow baking dish; bake in a hot oven, 400° F., about 30 minutes or until flaky. Baste often with melted butter. Serve with the following sauce: Melt 1 tablespoon butter in the top of a double boiler. Stir in 1 teaspoon flour and gradually add 1 cup light cream. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Quickly add some hot sauce to 2 slightly beaten egg yolks. Readd to the sauce. Place over simmering water and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add about 1 tablespoon lemon juice and pour over the fish just before serving. Garnish with whole cooked shrimp and crab meat. Makes 6 servings.



The first spring flowers in miniature make enchanting bouquets all over the house.

Baked in little shells, shrimp or crab coquille serves as a tempting appetizer. Or heap it into a shallow casserole for a main dish.

Shrimp or Crab Coquille. Drain, flake and bone 2 (8-ounce) cans crab meat, or substitute an equal amount of chopped cooked deveined shrimp. Dice 2 hard-cooked eggs and add with ½ cup soft bread crumbs to the fish. Season with 1 tablespoon each minced green pepper, minced parsley and grated onion. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice and ½ teaspoon prepared mustard, ¼ teaspoon salt. Then add 1 can condensed cream-of-mushroom soup with enough milk (up to ¼ cup) to make a moist mixture. Toss lightly and pile in 4–6 scallop shells. Top with ¼ cup soft bread crumbs and ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., about 15–20 minutes, until golden brown.

Try something new with those wonderful small, dark, smoky oysters which have recently become so popular for canapés. The flavor is marvelous with eggs—nearly any kind of eggs. Make a small amount of white sauce, add some diced smoked oysters to it, and pour over poached eggs for an unusual treat. Or for Sunday breakfast, add cut-up smoked oysters to scrambled eggs or an omelet. Here's your omelet for two.

Smoked-Oyster Omelet. In a heavy frying pan, melt 2 tablespoons butter and add 2 tablespoons minced smoked oysters. Slightly beat together 5 eggs, and 5 tablespoons milk or water. Season with a dash of pepper. Pour eggs over oysters and add 2 tablespoons minced parsley. Cook over gentle heat until omelet begins to set. Tip pan so the uncooked egg can run to side of the pan and become set. If you like a "French omelet" (soft and almost runny inside), flip omelet over double now and serve. For a more solid omelet, place pan in a moderately hot, 375° F., oven until top sets.

P.S. To make this omelet a hearty supper dish, heat in pan with oysters 1 cup diced boiled potatoes, before adding the eggs. To complete the meal, add a crisp, well-seasoned green salad and blueberry pie.

One last word: We've suggested using commonly available fish in these recipes, but should the waters near your home yield other varieties, by all means substitute them; and of course it's open season on the frozen varieties the year round.

soup kettle suppers

easy cooking—hearty eating!

Pick a pair of Campbell's Soups. Add something extra like diced ham, canned corn, sausages or croutons. That's the makings of "the soup-kettle supper." Serve it with salad and know what you've got? A nutritious supper . . . an inexpensive way to make the crowd feel right at home! So good, they'll *expect* it next time!



Mushroom-Asparagus Soup with Ham Strips. Terrific for spur-of-the-moment entertaining! Lightly brown 1 cup cooked ham in strips in 1 tbsp. butter. Add 1 can each Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup and Campbell's Cream of Asparagus Soup. What a *pair* these are! Blend in 1 soup can milk with 1 soup can water until smooth; heat. 4-6 servings.



Beef Noodle-Vegetable Soup with Crispy Croutons. Mix 1 can each Campbell's Beef Noodle and Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup, with 1½ soup cans water. Heat. For croutons, cook till crisp and brown, 2 cups soft bread cubes in 2 tbsp. melted butter seasoned with ½ clove minced garlic or ¼ tsp. thyme or dash seasoned salt. Serve with soup. 4-5 servings.



Tomato-Bean Soup with Sausage Bites. It's souper! Cut ½ lb. link sausage into 1-inch pieces; cook slowly over low heat in saucepan till brown; pour off drippings. Then add 1 can each Campbell's Tomato Soup, and Campbell's Bean with Bacon Soup, 2 soup cans water, and ½ cup chopped celery. Cover; cook till celery is soft, about 15 min. 4-6 servings.



Turkey Noodle-Celery Soup with Creamy Corn. Bet you make this soup-kettle supper soon! Cook till done ¼ cup chopped onion in 1 tbsp. butter or margarine. Blend in 1 can each Campbell's wonderful new Turkey Noodle Soup, Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup. Add 1 cup each milk, water, and a spare can of cream-style corn; heat. 4-6 servings.

Good cooks cook  with *Campbell's Soup*

For club or church suppers . . FREE QUANTITY RECIPES • Just write to Home Economics Dept., Campbell Soup Company, Camden, N. J. Recipes to feed large groups will be sent to you free.



"Heart attack? Sure I had one . . ."

"But here I am—working almost the same as before my heart attack. Close up shop a little earlier and take things a little easier. And I watch my diet and weight pretty carefully. Like my doctor says, I've learned to live within the capacities of my heart."

TODAY, in your community—where you buy gasoline, your groceries, your clothing—you're likely to find people at work who have recovered from heart attacks commonly caused by coronary thrombosis.

Although coronary heart disease takes many lives, there is much about it that justifies an optimistic outlook today.

For example, studies show that 80 percent of those who have a "coronary" survive their first attack . . . and that most are able to go back to work and enjoy many useful years. Moreover, those who make a good recovery face few or only moderate restrictions.

They must, however, observe sensible safeguards about work, activity, diet, weight control and rest. Those who do so generally live as comfortably as if their hearts had never been in trouble.

The recovered coronary patient can often worry unnecessarily. This is because a heart attack may be a frightening experience which creates doubts and fears about the future. The recovering coronary patient, for example, may worry about having another attack or about how much he will have to change his accustomed ways of living.

Naturally, the doctor is the best person to ease the patient's mind. But questions that puzzle and worry the patient often arise when the doctor isn't around. Or, questions may come up which the patient hesitates to ask.

To help fill this need, Metropolitan has prepared a new booklet . . . in cooperation with heart specialists . . . called "After a Coronary." Perhaps there is someone in your family or circle of friends to whom this booklet would bring reassurance.

You, too, might read it to advantage, for everyone should know about this disease which occurs so frequently nowadays. You will find it a helpful booklet . . . as well as a hopeful booklet—reflecting optimism for today's coronary patients.

For your free copy, simply fill out and return the coupon below.

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Please send me the free booklet, "*After a Coronary*," 3-58-J.



Name_____

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THE GREENGAGE SUMMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

"Isn't she in?" asked Hester, but there was no sound from her room.

We cleaned our nails and brushed our hair; Vicky and Hester put on clean white socks—Joss had arranged for our washing to be done and at last we had clean clothes. When we were finished there still had not been a rustle from Joss' room. "If she had been to see mother she would have been back long ago. Perhaps she went out with Monsieur Joubert," said Hester.

"Someone would have told us."

I knocked. No answer. I went in and Joss was there, lying face downward on her bed.

"Joss! Are you having an attack?"

No answer.

I went timidly closer. Hester and the Littles stayed at the door.

"Joss. It's Cecil. Speak to me, Joss."

She raised her head, but she did not speak to me. "I hate her. I hate her," she said. It sounded as if she were speaking to the whole world.

"Hate whom?" But I knew and, "What happened?" I asked apprehensively.

"She has ended the painting," said Joss.

"Ended the ——"

"Yes." Joss sat up and beat the pillow with her fist. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"But . . . how?"

"He asked me to have lunch with him."

I hesitated. We knew who "she" was, but "he" might have been . . . "Eliot?" I hazarded.

"Idiot! Monsieur Joubert. It was so hot outside—I think he did it because of that—and I said yes. There was no one in the dining room but us and . . . them."

"Mlle. Zizi and Eliot?" I asked.

"Yes. Perhaps we—Monsieur Joubert and I—laughed too much." She lifted her chin. "I wanted to laugh. Eliot ——" She broke off.

I had to prompt her. "Eliot?" I repeated.

"Kept looking," said Joss. "Then, when he had gone—he went quite soon, as if he didn't like it—Mlle. Zizi came to our table and said ——" She stopped again.

"Said?"

"It was in French, but I understood. I wish I hadn't," said Joss. She looked round and saw the others. "Shut the door, Cecil."

I slowly crossed the little room and shut the door. Whether because of the long bathing that afternoon or the shock in the cove, I seemed to be filled with pains, in my legs and back and head, pains that hurt, and I did not want to hear any more . . . ugliness, I thought—I could sense this was something ugly—and I wished I were with Hester and the Littles on the other side of the door.

I came back to the bed and Joss whispered, "She told him she could not have it in her hotel, an old man and a young girl. That I had ——"

"Had?"

"Bothered Eliot," said Joss in a whisper. Two tears fell on the pillow, only two; it was as if she were bleeding, not crying.

"What happened then?"

"Monsieur Joubert got up and bowed, not to her but to me."

"*Bowed to you?*"

"Yes," said Joss impatiently. "He said, 'When you are a little older and in another place, and your mother is with you, we shall meet again. I shall write to her,' and he left."

"For good?"

"Yes. I saw Paul carry out his luggage and painting things and a taxi came. I don't think Mlle. Zizi meant Monsieur Joubert to do that—I heard Mme. Corbet being cross—but when she sees me Mlle. Zizi can't help what she does. She won't let me have anything. Not anything."

"Why does she hate Joss so terribly?" I asked Hester afterward. "It seems more than because Eliot likes her."

"It isn't Eliot," said Hester. "Not only Eliot," and she added, "You know how, when you have been awful to anyone, you can't bear them."

Now I felt miserably tired, too tired to cope with this hotbed of feelings. *Something bad will happen*, I thought, and again those prickles of fear ran over me.

"Joss ——"

I meant to tell her about the man in the cove, but she was not listening, at least she was listening to something else. She asked, "What is happening downstairs?"

I told her about the Brass Instruments Ball; the glory had gone out of it for me, but she got up from the bed. She looked so determined that I asked, "What are you going to do?"

"Go to the party," said Joss.

"But we haven't been asked."

She did not answer that. She looked over my head and said, "I tried to be nice. I found my own thing and kept out of the way. Now I won't."

"Suppose they don't ask you?"

"I shall make them. I can make people do what I like." By "people" I knew she meant men.

"But Joss"—I produced this hesitantly—"if you make them won't it seem that you might—might be what Mlle. Zizi says you are?"

Joss' chin went even higher. "She thinks I am what she is," she said with disdain. "All right. I shall be, only worse." Perhaps she saw the doubt that came into my face, for she asked, "What else am I to do, Cecil?"

Give to every other human being every right that you claim for yourself.
ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL

That sounded like Joss, not Joss cased in this proud hardness, and I said, "Go on painting."

"Without Monsieur Joubert?"

"That's what he would have done."

I thought I had won, but when I looked at her I saw it was no use saying anything more. "I shall go to this party," said Joss, "and I shall wear Sin."

It was called Sin because she had had no right to buy it. A year before, Uncle William had given Joss money to buy a new raincoat—her old one was up to her knees and showed inches of wrist—but she had gone into a dress shop and bought a dress. That was in the sales, too, "and it had been marked down from ten guineas," said Joss.

"Ten guineas for a dress!" That seemed fabulous to us—except Willmouse.

"A dress can cost a hundred pounds," said Willmouse.

"But—when will you wear it?" mother had asked, bewildered.

"Perhaps never," said Joss. "But I had to have it." It was ivory silk, stamped with roses. It left Joss' neck and arms bare and the skirt was narrow. "It's the cut," Willmouse had explained and examined it carefully. "It is influenced by the Chinese," he pronounced, "which is why it suits her."

For a year it had hung in Joss' cupboard. Now, after she had washed her face and brushed her hair, she took it out of the wardrobe. I had opened the door into my room to let the others come and we watched while she put it on.

Beside Sin our seersuckers looked very ordinary and homemade and the old envy came back. "It's too tight," I said spitefully. "You *show*."

Joss looked at herself in the looking glass and smiled. "All the better," she said and laughed at my scandalized face. She had a lipstick and powder too. When she had bought these things I did not know, but watched, divided between marveling and fright, while she made up her face. "Don't put on too much," said Willmouse.

"I'm not Mlle. Zizi," said Joss witheringly.

When she was ready her glance fell again on me. "What's the matter with you, Cecil?" she asked.

"I have pains."

"Where?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102



No matter how active you are all day... New Mum stops odor without irritation

If you've ever worried about your deodorant failing . . . or about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum Cream will stop odor right through the day and evening. And new Mum is so gentle for normal skin you can use it whenever you please. Even right after shaving, or a hot bath. Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way.

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SO GENTLE FOR ANY NORMAL SKIN YOU CAN USE IT FREELY EVERY DAY



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED

WON'T DAMAGE CLOTHES

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

"In my arms and legs—everywhere."

"Growing pains," said Joss.

I suppose now it was only an ordinary bourgeois party such as would be held anywhere in the provinces of France, but to us it seemed resplendent and exciting, though we had to admit the guests were not so elegant as the flowers and food. "I think I shall go for my evening walk," said Willmouse after we had seen the first few people arrive. I could tell he was disappointed. We had not taken it into account that they were working people not quite at home in their Sunday best. The men were in dark suits, too heavy for the hot evening. Their wives had meticulously clean blouses, coats and skirts, and wore high-heeled shoes instead of their usual slippers.

We watched from the stairs, not daring to risk going down until there were so many people that Mlle. Zizi or Mme. Corbet would not notice us.

"Is that *Monsieur le Maire?*" asked Hester. Everyone bowed politely as they greeted him, but though his beard was imposing he was wearing a plain black suit and had only a little ribbon in his buttonhole to show he was important. But M. Perrichaut was impressive; we knew it must be M. Perrichaut because he was receiving with his wife. He was taller than anyone else—"Except Eliot," said Hester—white-haired, with an important-looking paunch. "Let me look at him," said Joss and gazed as if she were spying out the land. M. Perrichaut seemed fitted to be the owner of the Brass Instruments Factory. He had a young man at his elbow who made introductions in a reedy voice. "Like a piccolo," I whispered, but Joss did not laugh. She was very grave. "Tell me when the doctor comes."

"*Monsieur le Directeur?*"

"Yes."

"He is here," said Vicky presently.

"Go down," Joss told us, "go one by one, slip in among them and start shaking hands with everyone. Then they can't send you away. And don't tag onto me," she said severely.

Hester and Vicky disappeared, but I hung back. Joss hummed a little tune—which told me she was nervous—shook her hair more loosely on her shoulders, and went down. I watched her as she went straight to the doctor, holding out her hand; then I followed, keeping behind the crowd.

The doctor kept Joss' hand. "*Mais . . . c'est la petite Anglaise!*" he said. I edged round to see her better.

She was making a comical face—a *moue*, I thought wisely. "Not so little," she said, and appealed to M. Perrichaut, "I am not very little, *pas si petite*, am I, monsieur?" Hester had crept up beside me. "She sounds silly—like a *lady*," said Hester disapprovingly.

Silly or no, M. Perrichaut seemed to like it. Soon he was asking her, "*Vous dinez avec nous, mademoiselle?*" "He *is* asking her to dinner," I told Hester.

"I—I have not been invited," said Joss.

"*Je vous invite*," and the piccolo was sent to tell Mme. Corbet to set another place. "*À côté de moi*," said the doctor gallantly.

"*Monsieur le Directeur s'y connait*," said M. Perrichaut. The most important people were standing round him and now Joss was in the center of them. Everyone was whispering about her. Mlle. Zizi had seen her, but she could not very well send her out.

"*Absolument ravissante*," said *M. le Maire*. He was standing just in front of me and began to discuss Joss' looks with the man beside him; I could not catch it all but I heard, "*Ce teint lumineux!*"

"What are they saying?" hissed Hester.

"Compliments," I hissed back.

Eliot was by the bar talking to the young town clerk whom Mauricette pointed out to me because she admired him. The town clerk was dark and good-looking, but Eliot could look over his head and the heads of most of the others. Joss must have seen him at once, but she appeared not to see him, nor did he look at her. I did not like this any more than I liked her pretending to be shy. Things had gone . . . out of truthfulness, I thought. I put my elbows on the warm iron rail and leaned my head on my hands, hiding my eyes as if I did not want to see, to look or think, but I was not left in peace for long. Fairy lights had been strung between the trees and now they came on, red and blue and yellow. "*Ah! C'est jolie!*" cried a woman and people came out onto the terrace to see. Eliot was with them and it was then that the next odd thing happened.

I heard my name called; Willmouse was running across the garden. He did not usually run, but now gravel spurted up behind him. I ran down the steps to meet him. "Cecil, a most e'straordinary thing."

As soon as he reached me he began to tell it, though he was half out of breath. "I was having my walk along the river when I saw a man ——"

I stiffened. "A . . . dark man?"

"Like Mme. Corbet," said Willmouse and I knew he meant swarthily dark . . . as ours had been, I thought. "He came out of the bushes," said Willmouse, "and he had a motor bike; it was a big new red one, at least it looked new. He wheeled it along the bank and then onto the plank bridge to the barge ——"

His voice must have carried to the terrace. I saw Eliot come to the rail and look down.

"Onto the Marie France?" I asked.

"Yes. The man looked up and down the river as if he wanted to see if anyone were there. He couldn't see me."

"Why not?"

"Because the bulrushes are so tall. Then do you know what he did?" Willmouse paused. "He wheeled the bike across the deck and dropped it over the other side."

"Into the *river?*"

"Yes."

"Don't be silly."

"He did. Cecil, it was a new ——"

"And what are you doing out so late?"

Eliot's voice cut across me and it was the voice he had used that first morning when he came out of Mlle. Zizi's room; I had heard it again in the courtyard at Dormans. He had come down the steps. "Where have you been?" he said to Willmouse.

"F-for my walk." Willmouse was so startled that the words would hardly come.

"Willmouse always goes for a walk," I said defensively.

"You be quiet," said Eliot; and to Willmouse, "You know quite well you are not allowed out so late." Willmouse opened his lips again, but "Not a word," said Eliot. "I will *not* have disobedience. You can go to bed at once," and he wheeled Willmouse round.

"But *Eliot!* You *never* ——" I think I wailed it. It was terrible to see Eliot taking Willmouse up the steps and marching him away like a prisoner.

"In England we discipline boys," said Eliot crisply; to Willmouse he said loudly, "How often have I told you ——" and at once I knew that Eliot was acting.

Acting on Willmouse! I pushed my way after them to the foot of the stairs. "You have *never* told him," I cried passionately.

"Cecil, stay where you are," said Eliot. His face made me quail, but I stayed there only until he came down, then, challenging him with a look that I hoped was hate, I walked straight up, but the door of our room was locked. I went into Joss' room and tried the door there; it was locked as well. I rattled the handle. "Willmouse, it's Cecil. It's Cecil." There was no answer. I was not surprised. Willmouse was always still and silent if he was offended.

I went back to the landing, where I had another pain, and with it such a sense of desolation that I could hardly bear it. Down below they must have been going in to dinner; I heard chairs scraped back, more bursts of laughter, voices. I wondered if Joss was sitting next to the doctor, if Hester and Vicky were there.

There is nothing more melancholy than listening to a party from which one is shut out. Smells of food drifted up with the scent of flowers and I thought of Willmouse's banquet and gave a little sob. He was locked in by this inexplicable Eliot and only I cared, mounting guard beside him, but a guard with a bad pain and half in tears. "Willmouse. Willmouse." Still no answer. I could imagine him rigid with shock. "I *hate* Eliot," I said. Then I jumped.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

NEXT MONTH

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

In his cat-quiet way he had come up the stairs and was laughing at me.

When he saw the tears he stopped laughing. He said, "I'm sorry. I had to do that."

"Willmouse is *little*. He wanted to see a banquet."

He said, "I know," and then, "I am not as bad as you think." He was carrying a tray; on it were some chicken under a small glass cloche, *gaufrette* potatoes, some of what we called "party toast"—toast Melba—butter, a meringue and glass of grenadine; it was a bit of the banquet, but I was not going to relent.

"He won't eat it," I said distantly.

"We shall see," said Eliot. He unlocked the door but kept me out. "Leave him to me," he said.

I went into the Hole because something had happened to my pain; there, in that smelly little cupboard, I found out.

Even there wonder overcame me. Wonder and fear. I shivered. Dazed, I came out of the Hole and went into Joss' room and found what I needed in her drawer. It was no use trying to reach her, she was at dinner . . . *and so is Mlle. Zizi*, I thought. I had to manage for myself with those strange first necessities of being a woman, and it was inexpressibly lonely. When I was comfortable I began to cry with excitement and self-pity. I was still crying when I went back on the landing.

I could hear Eliot's voice inside our room; then I thought I heard Willmouse give a tiny laugh like a crow. Eliot was even more of a magician than I thought. Always if Willmouse was punished he did not speak for at least two days. I listened and, yes, I heard him laugh again. Then Eliot came out. "Still here?" he asked me.

"Yes," I said, muffled.

"I think he will eat it all," said Eliot. "He liked the drink."

"You needn't lock the door!" That came out like a cry.

"I said I would and I must," said Eliot. "I will come up later." Then he looked at me. "You are in a state, Cecil. What is the matter?"

He should not have asked that; the tears came flooding.

"Is it Willmouse still?"

I shook my head.

"What is it, then?" He put his arm round me, bending down. "Tell?"

Who could resist Eliot when he was Eliot? Eliot, not that other cold stranger. "Never talk to anyone about these times," mother had said when she told us, "especially not to a man. Women should be private." In Southstone I think I should have shrunk suitably from telling Eliot, but Les Oeillets was different and it came out with a rush. "I—have turned into a woman."

I did not know how else to put it, but Eliot did not laugh. He asked, "Just now?"

"Just now," and the tears flowed.

"That isn't anything to cry about," said Eliot gently.

"It . . . hurts."

"Not when you consider how exciting it is."

"Exciting?" That was unexpected.

"Of course."

"But . . . how?"

"Because now you are ready for love."

Love! Probably nothing in the world that Eliot could have said at that moment could have helped me more. Love! Like Mlle. Zizi, Juliet, Cleopatra, Eve, like . . . Joss, level with Joss. "I, Cecil," I whispered, dazzled.

"You."

"But"—the tears came back—"I am not pretty like Joss."

"You are not pretty like Joss. You are pretty like Cecil."

With my Bullock sturdiness, my pinkness and mouse hair? "I, pretty?"

"Very," said Eliot, and he kissed me on the mouth.

"That scoundrel," Uncle William called him later. I only know that night he seemed like an angel to me.

He had to go to dinner, but he took me downstairs and put me to sit in the office, which was empty; somehow, in the rush and hubbub, he got Toinette, who was motherly, to make me some tea. How did he know there were only two things in the world I could have swallowed, things English and familiar, bread and butter and tea? The pain had the edge taken off it now and Toinette patted me and called me "*pauvre gosse*." Soon I felt much better.

It was a long peaceful wait until people began to come from dinner to dance or sit at the tables in the bar. I stole out on the stairs to watch. Nobody noticed me and I was glad. Then Hester came to sit beside me; she had been dancing and was excited. "Joss is the belle of the ball, isn't she?" she said.

Everyone wanted to dance with Joss. When the men tapped one another on the shoulder, taking one another's partner, she changed partners all the time; she was flushed, far more excited than Hester. Eliot danced with Mlle. Zizi, with some of the wives and daughters, with Vicky and Mauricette, but he never seemed to see Joss nor Joss him; she carefully looked away when they passed; she smiled at her partner and tossed her hair back and fluttered her lashes up and down. "Is that flirting?" asked Hester, but I was beginning to see there was another kind of growing pain. I knew Joss was miserable and I ached for her.

"*Qui a laissé ces trucs-la dans mon bureau?*" Mme. Corbet had found the tray with my plate and tea glass. "Is the whole house to be a nursery?" she scolded and I had to take them to the kitchen. On the way back I had to wait at the service door. They were dancing the carpet dance. The crowd had moved back against the wall to watch the dance and I could not get past. As I stood, there was a loud sound of eating in my ear, a smell of sweat and garlic: Paul. His face and neck were glistening with sweat, his hair hung limply, his apron and shirt were soaked and covered with stains. He must have been washing up for hours and had taken a moment to eat; he had a piece of sausage clamped in a length of split bread.

We shouldn't have sent him to Coventry, I thought, and this time was going to make





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myself speak to him when I saw he had not noticed me; he was watching Joss. When people are watching they forget to pretend, and there was something in Paul's face that made me afraid; it was wild, like a wild animal that does not think of itself or any other animal but only of what it wants. Then I learned part of the explanation of why he looked like that: M. Armand called impatiently and Paul turned to go but left the door open and I saw him take a bottle from the shelf behind the door; he tilted it right up before he drank, so that I knew it was almost empty. When he put it back he nearly missed the shelf and a moment after I heard a crash of plates.

He came back. Three or four times I noticed him in that door and then I saw that Joss was smiling at him. She smiled only because she was smiling at everyone, but, "It *is* flirting," Hester said disapprovingly when I got back to the stairs.

It grew late. Some of the people were going home. Vicky had fallen asleep on a sofa; Mme. Corbet looked at her two or three times, then picked her up and carried her to bed. The Brass Instruments Band had finished, but a pianist and violin had taken its place. The music sounded very quiet after the band, and the notes of the violin came softly across the floor, sweet with a faint throbbing that made it sound tender.

Joss was standing just below us and for the moment she was without a partner. I think she hoped she would be left without one, for she turned this way and that and I was sure she was looking for Eliot. Then she saw him and for the first time that night they looked at each other. She stood still and I knew her eyes would not plead, only look, unmistakably

God sells us all things at the price of labor. LEONARDO DA VINCI

look. She had had to humble herself to do that, but Eliot walked away to the bar. I clenched my fists. Was Eliot quite impervious? To the throbbing music that seemed to us so beautiful? To Joss? Eliot, who had kissed me upstairs? It was only a moment; the next, Joss was smiling at the piccolo, at the town clerk; then she smiled and waved at someone else. I looked to see and it was Paul. The wave was too much. He gave a tug at his apron, threw it away, and reached her before the piccolo. "Mlle. Joss," said Paul, and bowed.

If he had been clean it might have been different. Mauricette had danced, and M. Armand, "but not Toinette or Nicole," said Hester. M. Perrichaut called out sharply and a gentleman, who Mauricette told us was M. Dufour, of the commissariat, came up and said to Paul as he stood just below us, "*Et toi, mon gaillard, rentre chez toi et restes-y.*" M. Dufour was, I suppose, in charge of Paul, but Paul had emptied all of that bottle and he shouted so that the words were heard through all the rooms above the music, "*Galeux! Gros dégueulasse!*" to M. Dufour.

Other men came up; the older ones talked soothingly, but the town clerk took hold of Paul, who shook him off.

"*Rentre,*" said M. Dufour curtly. "*C'est ce que tu as de mieux à faire,*" but Paul had Joss by the hand.

Joss did not know what to do. Gently she tried to take her hand away, but he was putting his arm round her when suddenly between them was Eliot.

He had cut in front of Paul so quickly that no one had seen him come up, and almost from inside Paul's arm he took Joss and danced with her away down the room. At the same moment M. Dufour caught Paul by the shoulder, the town clerk took his other side, and between them they marched him to the door. "*Tordu!*" shouted Paul as they took him away. "*Pelé! Galeux! Fumier!*" The words died away along the passage. Hester was crying, "Poor Paul! Poor Paul!" I felt too miserable to speak.

Joss and Eliot did not speak either as they danced. She kept her eyelids down so that her face looked closed; Eliot's was set.

The music stopped when they were by Mlle. Zizi, who had come to the foot of the stairs and was watching. Eliot slowly took his arm away but kept Joss' hand. Joss' chin began to shake. For a moment I thought they would have made it up, that he would take her into the garden in the moonlight among the fairy lights, but Eliot did another of his incomprehensible things. He held out his free hand to Mlle. Zizi, who gave him her hand wonderingly. He put Joss' into it. "Take her to bed, Zizi," he said.

"No!" They said it together. Joss' was a curt refusal, while Mlle. Zizi sounded as if she were being stifled. "No!"

"Yes," said Eliot gently and inexorably. "The party is over now." He turned away abruptly and said, "Good night."

"Eliot, where are you going?" It was a cry from Mlle. Zizi.

"Into the garden to smoke," he said, still gently, and stepped outside.

"Cecil. Cecil."

I had been asleep . . . one minute, I thought, and Joss was standing by my bed. She had put her cold hand under the bedclothes and was clutching me. "Cecil."

"Wh-what is it?"

"Sh-h! Don't wake Willmouse."

"What is it?" But I had sunk my voice lower, jerked awake now by her cold and shivering.

"It's Paul."

"Paul?"

"On a ladder, looking in at my window."

"*Paul* is?"

"Yes. He is coming in."

"What for?" I said stupidly, but Joss only shivered and said, "Oh, Cecil!"

Then I knew it was true and fear started up as I remembered that look on his face at the dance, but some wisdom saved me from telling Joss. "He has been drinking," was all that I said.



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"What can we do?"

There was only one thing to do and I sat up. "I will get Eliot."

"No!" She sounded outraged. "I will go and call Mme. Corbet."

"You can't do that."

"Why?"

"She will send Paul away." We were whispering like conspirators. "He will lose his summer bonus and not get his lorry."

"I don't care about his lorry. I must get Mme. Corbet or he will come in." She was shaking and I made up my mind. I turned back the bedclothes. "Get in," I said. "I will go and talk to Paul."

"But ——"

"I'm not afraid of Paul," but as I said it that was not true; I was afraid of that look in him, of the words he had shouted as he was taken away, but Joss was horridly easy to convince—she agreed at once. "You are sure you don't mind? It isn't you he has come for," she said, "so you will be all right."

Slowly, fearfully I opened the door but Paul was not in Joss' room. There was no sign of him and I slid along the wall and into her bed with a feeling half of relief and half of flatness. Then, with a thrill of fear, I saw that, though no one was there, the two ends of the ladder were against the sill.

I knew then a little of what it must have been to be a Grecian maiden, Polyxena, for instance, bound on the fagots, or, perhaps not as noble as that, one of the goats father had told us about, tied up as bait for a tiger. Paul was a little like a tiger and tigers have no pity.

Faint and far I heard the Hôtel de Ville clock strike three times. I remembered that afterward, three o'clock, and then I heard the ladder creak as somebody came up. I gripped the clothes round me and lay as flat as I could, my heart beating so that I could hardly breathe but, oddly, in the top of my head. It was not Paul coming up the ladder, it was an animal thing, the tiger. A head and shoulders rose black outside the window, dark with a white patch of face; a hand shook the catch loose so that it fell, the window slowly opened.

I screamed, though without a sound. Nothing hurts as much as a scream in silence. *Eliot! Eliot! Eliot!* It was a scream, a wild prayer; and I heard footsteps running on the gravel.

The ladder and its figure lifted backward into the air. Paul gave a cry, half muffled, an animal's cry, as he disappeared, and there was a thud. The ladder had fallen backward onto the courtyard grass.

I slid out of bed and crept to the window to look. The ladder lay on the grass; it must have spun as it fell and fallen hard, for it was still quivering, but Paul was standing up, miraculously jumped clear or fallen off. He was standing, though rubbing his elbow and knees, and facing him was Eliot.

Then Eliot had come; but how? How had he heard me? His room was not on this side. Then my sense woke up. How could Eliot have heard me when I had not made a sound? And what was he doing in the garden in the middle of the night—or not the middle, three o'clock in the morning?

Paul was still without his apron and again I saw that without the long white limp garment he looked a man; all at once it seemed possible, even fitting, that he should drive a lorry. Eliot was not as usual, either; he was wearing . . . and I stopped.

Was he Eliot? What made me so sure he was? This man was in what Willmouse had said Eliot once wore, "Not Eliot's clothes,"

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 80 AND 81

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cotton trousers, a striped jersey, the cap. The sight of the cap brought back the fear when that face had looked at us, the dark man's face. In the moonlight I strained to see who it was and yes, it was Eliot. Yet that made me more afraid. I saw the glint of his eyes as he lifted his head and . . . what was he *doing?* As I asked that I saw what I had not noticed before, a small case on the grass. He must have dropped it when he ran to the ladder. Then was Eliot going away? The case was too small to count as luggage, but suddenly I knew Eliot was going away.

I think Paul knew that too. I thought I heard him say, "*Vous partez, hein?*" with some swear words, though it was too far for me to catch the whole of the quick French.

"Ssst!" That came from Eliot like a warning, but Paul was drunk, drunk and angry, I thought. Now he was daring to bait Eliot. "*Vous partez, hein?*"

He went nearer. Out of my small experience I could have told him not to go near Eliot when Eliot was that cold stranger, but Paul made a sudden sideways lunge at the case.

I could not see what happened then, who hit whom. Paul's arms went as they had done when he battered me, but Eliot was fighting as . . . one must not fight, I thought, appalled. "Never hit in the stomach or kick," Uncle William had taught us, but I saw Eliot's knee come up into Paul and Paul let out a sound as if he were torn; then he doubled over, took two or three steps bent across the grass, made a noise like a gurgle and fell on his knees and was sick, his hands beating at his chest, his head wagging.

Eliot waited. I can see him waiting now, nothing seemed as cruel as that, and then he was . . . unfair again, but it was worse than unfair, it was cowardly. "Never hit anyone who is down"—that was Uncle William, too, but as Paul's head bent lower Eliot struck down at his back. It was so quick I could hardly believe I saw it, like lightning. What made it truly like lightning was that, in the moonlight, I thought I saw a long thin thing flash in Eliot's hand. For an odd moment I thought it was his paper knife—but he would not carry a paper knife in the garden.

Paul slid gently forward on to the grass, face downward. His legs kicked once or twice, then there were only quivers, like the ladder.

Eliot looked toward the house, along the windows. I shrank behind the curtains. I could not bring myself to look at his face below the cap; I think I expected it to change into that other man—the third Eliot. There were our Eliot and the cold unkind one, and him. When I looked again he had lifted Paul; he stood a moment, put Paul down and moved the case, putting it under the bushes. Then he came back to Paul, lifted him again and carried him away round the house.

What had I seen? I did not know. I remember only that heart beating in the top of my head and I seemed to have turned to ice against the window. I could not even shiver. I looked out into the garden where there was nothing but the garden and the moonlight, a few marks on the grass, and the ladder. I could not believe there had been anything else, been that —— But what was that? What had Eliot done to Paul? As I asked the question I seemed to hear Eliot's voice saying, "I'm sorry. I had to do that." Then? Then?

I do not know how long I stood there. It might have been a few minutes, it might have been half an hour, but suddenly as I looked down I saw Eliot was back.

He was alone. He came to the ladder, at which he looked down consideringly. It had left marks in the grass, two long scars. I thought he was wondering if he should take the ladder away when, through the night, came a sound that might have been a low hoot from the river or an owl. Eliot turned and picked up the small case.

Once again he scanned the house and again I shrank back against the curtain. Then he was gone.

When I took my hands from the sill the marks of them were there, soaking wet.

It was a morning filled with absences. That sounds contradictory, but it was the absences that made themselves felt. There were two parties for breakfast, Americans on their way from Germany to Paris, and we saw once again how hard hotel people worked. Mauricette told us that when the Brass Instruments Ball had finished it had been past one o'clock but she, Mme. Corbet and Paul had had to set to work, sweep out the dining room and hall and lay sixty places for breakfast. "And they will not have coffee and rolls," Vicky told us, "they will have grapefruit, bacon and eggs, hot rolls, jam, coffee and tea and milk." M. Armand, Mme. Corbet and Mauricette had to get up at half past six; we knew that because we were woken by cries for Paul.

A long time had gone by last night before I had taken myself out of that room and got into my own bed with Joss and Willmouse. All I could think of was how heavenly warm she was.

"Well?" Joss asked as I settled down. She had been wide awake.

Why did I not tell her what I had seen? "I have seen nothing, nothing at all"—that was what I was saying over and over again in my head, and aloud I said briefly:

"He has gone."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

I had imagined myself lying awake, seeing it over and over again, but at once I had fallen asleep.

"Paul. Pa-ul. *Paul!*" That was Mauricette. Then came Mme. Corbet's steps and she flung open our door, "without knocking," as Joss observed. Mme. Corbet was too hurried to see we were three in the bed together and she did not scold us. "Have any of you children seen Paul Brendel?" She always spoke as if we did not know him.

It was a relief to see Mme. Corbet. If she wanted Paul I could not believe he would not come. "When did you see him?" she asked.

"At the party last night," said Joss.

"Tscha!" and Mme. Corbet shut the door.

Wakened by the noise, Hester and Vicky came in. We were all awake now, in spite of our late night, wide awake except Willmouse who was fast asleep on the far side of our bed. Nor would he wake.

"Mme. Corbet, Willmouse, our little brother, hasn't woken."

"Then wake him."

"We—we can't."

Everyone was out of temper that morning and Mme. Corbet snapped, "What is wrong with him?"

Nothing was wrong with him except that he was asleep, fast asleep, pale, but he was often pale. When we shook him his head rolled, when we opened his eyelids his eyes showed the whites. "I don't like that," said Hester. It certainly looked alarming. "Is he ill or asleep?" I asked.

"I don't think you sleep when you are ill," said Joss. "He is just . . . too asleep."

That was what we told Mme. Corbet. "*Grands Dieux!*" she said. "Why worry me for that? Let him sleep."

When ten o'clock came and he had not stirred we began to worry more. Joss made up her mind. "I'm going to the hospital," she said.

"To tell mother?" I spoke out of my yearning; inexpressibly that morning I was longing for mother.

"Don't be an idiot," said Joss. "I am going to ask *Monsieur le Directeur* if Willmouse is all right."

"You could telephone."

"I can't in French. I don't know how to get the number," and Hester said, "I *wish* Eliot were here."

Eliot had gone to Paris, Mlle. Zizi told the monsieur from the police, M. Dufour, who came asking questions.

I had come into the hall on my way upstairs. Les Oeillets was quiet again, but in the hall was M. Dufour sitting on a chair, his hat on one of the console tables. I was examining him out of the corner of my eye when Mlle. Zizi

Politeness is to goodness what words are to thoughts. JOUBERT



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came from her room. She was in a pale green dressing gown, her hair twisted up, her face just as it was without rouge; she suddenly looked to me most beautiful.

"I regret I kept you waiting, monsieur," she said.

"*Une demi-heure*," said M. Dufour, but he did not sound angry. His eyes were brown and very kind. He kept them on Mlle. Zizi.

They spoke in French, but I could follow them. "I wanted to see Monsieur Eliot," said M. Dufour, "but Irène says he is not here."

"He has gone to Paris, monsieur."

"He has a business there?"

"So I understand."

I began to think there was some deep feeling between these two: monsieur was warmer to Mlle. Zizi than she to him; she still distantly called him "monsieur."

"How did he go to Paris if his car is here?"

Now I came to think of it, the Rolls was on the drive outside. It had not been there last night, but Mlle. Zizi was explaining. "Since yesterday Fouret's have had it for *graissage*. Today Monsieur Eliot drove up with friends. Look, Fouret's tag is on the windscreen if you wish to see it, monsieur."

She minds his questions about Eliot, I thought, *and he does not like asking them*. "This is a routine check on all strangers in the town, Zizi," he said. "We have nothing against Monsieur Eliot."

"What could you have?" asked Mlle. Zizi, more cold than ever, but he went quietly on with his questions.

"He stays here?"

"Is that a fault?"

"Zizi, I *have* to ask. Please understand."

He went on, "He was here at the dinner yesterday evening?"

"You saw him," said Mlle. Zizi.

"But he went to Paris in the day?"

"No. He was here all day. He was in the bar writing letters. Then he took an early lunch and spent the afternoon in the cove." Her eye fell on me trying to make myself small. "I you do not believe me, ask this child," sa Mlle. Zizi.

My stomach gave a sudden unexpect heave. I thought I was going to be sick. Dufour turned those kind brown eyes on n "Did you see Monsieur Eliot in the cove

"Yes, monsieur."

His eyes dwelt on me a moment—did guess there was something else? Then I felt soft little touch on my elbow; it was Heste as usual. M. Dufour passed to her.

"And did you see Monsieur Eliot in t cove?"

"Yes, monsieur." I do not know how v agreed silently not to tell. Hester added, "H gave us money to go bathing."

"You see!" cried Mlle. Zizi, then she bur out indignantly, "But why should you as questions? You *know* Eliot."

"I know him," said M. Dufour, and agai he sounded sad, "but I have to make m report."

He had picked up his hat when Mme. Co bet came out of the office. "Have you sai anything about Paul?" she asked Mlle. Ziz

"Paul. Ah, yes!" and Mlle. Zizi turned t M. Dufour again. "I suppose it is you w have to tell. It is Paul Brendel, the boy yo sent me."

"He was troublesome last night. Wha now?"

"Only that he seems to have gone," sai Mme. Corbet.

The strange morning went on. The docto came to see Willmouse. Mme. Corbet brough him upstairs. "Sixty people to breakfast, th dinner last night, and now they imagine ill ness," she said. "These children think they own the whole hotel."

She stood at the bedroom door while *M. le Directeur* bent over Willmouse and listened to his breathing; he felt his pulse and then raised one of Willmouse's eyelids and looked into his eye that still looked horrible with its rolled-up white.

"He is tired out with excitement," said Mme. Corbet, "so he sleeps."

"*Il a été drogué*," said *M. le Directeur*.

"*Drogué?* What is *drogué?*" asked Joss.

It was Mme. Corbet who answered in a bewildered voice, "Drugged."

"*Willmouse?*"

M. le Directeur was asking if there were any sleeping tablets in the house that Willmouse could have found.

"I keep Zizi's," said Mme. Corbet. She added that it was impossible.

Impossible, but it had happened. Standing at the foot of the bed with Joss, I knew it was not impossible. Unwillingly I knew more. While they had been talking I had seen that supper tray again and the grenadine and heard Eliot's voice saying smoothly, "He liked the drink." *But why?* I thought giddily. *Why?* Then I remembered how Eliot had suddenly and inexplicably ordered Willmouse to bed when Willmouse had done nothing to deserve it. But . . . and I remembered. Willmouse had been talking about the motor bike. I almost said it and clapped my hand to my mouth.

Willmouse woke in the afternoon, but he was drowsy and stupid and his voice was thick. Joss telephoned the hospital, Mme. Corbet getting through for her, and Willmouse was given hot tea. He immediately fell asleep again, but he was warmer.

Joss stayed with him, and Hester and I wandered out along the river. We tacitly agreed we should not go and see mother; I could not have trusted myself near her. We avoided the cove and between us was a weight of silence. Even to Hester I could not speak of what was in me, and as if she felt a barrier she did not speak either until we came out on the towing path when, "Look," she said, "the Marie France is gone."

"It had to go sometime," I said. It did not seem important, but there seemed a curious blankness on the river where the little barge had been.

We went in to *goûter*, getting it ourselves. Mauricette was leaning on M. Armand, reading the paper over his shoulder. "That is why Monsieur Dufour came asking about Monsieur Eliot," she said in French, but I was be-



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ginning not to notice if people spoke in French or English. "Why?" I asked.

"'*Vol de diamants, à Paris,*'" read out M. Armand, "'*Coup de main audacieux dans le quartier de l'Etoile. Le malfaiteur s'enfuit avec cent millions de francs de diamants.*'"

"Diamonds?" I asked, and, "What does it mean?" asked Hester.

"Only that there has been a robbery," I said.

"Tell her," said M. Armand, giving the paper to me to do my translation. "Now, nicely, for your sister."

Painfully I began: "An armed —— *Qu'est ce que c'est 'malfaiteur'?*" I asked M. Armand.

"Gangster," said M. Armand.

"Armed gangster steals one hundred . . . million; it *is* million?" I asked.

"Million," confirmed M. Armand.

"One hundred million francs' worth of jewels and escapes.

"Once a month Mlle. Yvonne Lebègue, secretary to M. Roger Dixonne, a diamond . . . merchant," I read, stumbling over the unfamiliar words, "whose offices are in the Rue La Fayette, ninth ar—— What is that?"

"*Neuvième arrondissement*," explained M. Armand, which left me none the wiser.

"Collects *pierres précieuses*—precious stones, chiefly diamonds, from a colleague in the Place du Trocadéro. On Friday, toward three-fifteen, Mlle. Lebègue was being driven on her way to the Rue La Fayette through the Rue Dumont d'Urville by Jean Sagan, Monsieur Dixonne's chauffeur. She had with her . . . *un lot spécial* . . . special lot of . . . *qu'est ce que c'est 'pierres taillées'?*" Mauricette pretended to cut sharply with a knife. "Oh, cut stones! . . . valued at about one hundred million francs in

Row on, no matter what happens. RABELAIS

a small . . . *qu'est ce que c'est 'une mallette d'aluminium'?*"

Mauricette seized a saucepan and tapped it to show me. "Oh, aluminium case." I had not known that cases could be of aluminium. ". . . which she placed under her feet in the car, a Mercèdes. When the Mercèdes was almost at the top of the street near the P.T.T., a small light blue car, parked on the right side of the road, drew out suddenly and stopped, forcing the Mercèdes to stop. At the same time a man appeared by the car, swung open the door by Mlle. Lebègue, seized the case, slammed the door and was gone. It was so quickly and quietly done that the chauffeur did not see him at all and, though there were many people on the pavement, no one realized what had happened until Monsieur Sagan jumped out crying 'Stop that man! Stop him!' and they heard Mademoiselle Lebègue's cries. Meanwhile the small car had driven off. Monsieur Sagan ran through the crowd but there was no sign of the thief, who must have . . . very well known"—I translated literally—"known Monsieur Dixonne's habits to be able to organize this attack in less than two minutes."

"*Ah ça! Par example!*" cried M. Armand, full of admiration, "*C'est un peu fort.*" He added wisely, "*La femme était dans l'coup.*"

"What woman was in it?"

"*La secrétaire*," said M. Armand.

Mauricette said they would catch the thief, the police had the number of the small car. M. Armand said the driver was probably just an accomplice and the car was surely stolen; they would find it presently. I went on reading, "This is the third time there has been one of these ——" I stumbled.

"Holdups," said M. Armand.

"—— in this quarter. Paris police are looking for a man of thirty-five or thereabouts, tall, slim, dressed in thin trousers and a green jacket. The swiftness and . . . au . . . audacity lead them to think it is the work of an experienced thief, perhaps the international bandit Allen, who was behind the jewel raids in Cannes last year, whom all efforts by the police failed to catch."

The newspaper said they were checking all foreign people in a radius of Paris and Mauricette was teasing us. "*Vous deux, Mlle. Cecil et Mlle. Hester, et ma p'tite Vicky, ma p'tite reine*," and she picked up Vicky and danced around the room with her. Then she stopped and pointed out a picture printed in the newspaper to me.

We were in the kitchen where everything was familiar: M. Armand, Mauricette, the pots and pans; but now everything seemed to slide together into a blur behind the picture of a man and I spelled out the headline above it: "'I have seen him and shall know him again,' says Inspector Jules Cailleux of the Sûreté Général, who is handling the case. 'This time we shall get him.'"

I took the newspaper up to Joss. "Inspector Cailleux? He was the one at Dormans," said Joss.

"Yes, on that day ——" I broke off. I still did not like to mention that day to Joss, but Hester said, "When Eliot was queer."

There was a silence. Then I brought out huskily, "Perhaps he was queer because he did not want Inspector Cailleux to see him."

"Don't imagine things," said Joss sharply, but the sharpness told me she was imagining too.

"Willmouse, wake *up*. Wake *up! Willmouse!*"

It was next morning. Late the night before Willmouse had stirred, smiled and woken again. Mme. Corbet must have been worried because she came straight up to him and he had had hot soup, some bread and butter, had smiled at us and gone back to sleep. In the night I had heard him rustling. He wanted to go to the Hole and I had taken him. Surely now he must be awake enough to talk . . . *or not to talk*, I thought desperately.

All night I had pondered, conning over these difficult bits and pieces. *Why I?* I thought. *Why should it be I?* People are not sent what they cannot bear; mother had said that in the train, but that was about pain. I



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could have borne a pain, but this, this horrible knowledge that was in me I could not bear. *It's imagination*, I said, pushing it out of sight. At all costs, I thought, that was what I must do, refuse it, keep it down, be silent, not talk, not let Hester talk, or anyone else. "Willmouse, wake *up!*"

He opened his eyes. "Have I been asleep?" asked Willmouse.

"Can you understand me?" I said.

"Why not?" He was astonished.

"I want you to promise me something. Willmouse, if they—anyone—ask you if you saw anything, say nothing. Promise."

"Did I see anything?" he asked.

Two parties were coming for lunch. "You must tidy your room," Mme. Corbet told me.

"Shall I make the bloodstain for you as Paul isn't here?" I asked. I had meant to be sarcastic, to show Mme. Corbet we knew what frauds they were, but she only nodded. To her it was normal hotel business and she said, "You could bury the skull as well, but first put Rita and Rex in the kennel or they will dig it up now."

"Where are Rita and Rex?"

They were not on the house step in their usual place, nor inside the house, nor in the garden; then I heard barks from the orchard, barking and whining. I remember that as I went to see what had excited them I passed the box hedge, rubbing a leaf in my hands to catch the hot bruised smell, and dawdled in the orchard to see if any greengages were left. There were a few, on the trees, overripe in the sun, but still firm under the leaves; I ate both kinds and they added to the chaotic feeling in my stomach. Then, with the dog leashes in my hand, I went down the first long alley.

At the end of the alley there was a pit under the wall; it was filled with loose earth and rotting leaves; everything was thrown there to make a compost heap for Robert's garden. In this heap Rita was digging; her excited whines and barks sent quivers through Rex, who was sitting upright on the grass, his ears pricked. He was holding something in his mouth and his tail thumped proudly at the sight of me. He got up now and came to me and put the thing into my hand.

It was an *espadrille*, gray-white and sodden, with the tapes still knotted. I flinched and dropped it on the ground while Rex looked up at my face and thumped his tail.

"Wait, boy," I said. It was a sound like a croak and I took three steps to see what it was that Rita was digging.

In the brown-yellow of the leaves was something pale. I took another step and the whole orchard seemed to tilt and run into a blur as the kitchen had done when I saw Inspector Cailleux's picture, but now the orchard ran into the sky. The pale thing was a foot, a foot and ankle lying downward, the rest was under the leaves. There was an edge of blue cotton trouser, but the ankle was bare. The foot was cold and stiff with a dreadful stiffness. The smell of decay that rose up from the leaves and rotting weeds filled my mouth and nose and seemed to me the smell of death. There was no escape now. My head had come out of the sand and I had to know. The foot had worn the *espadrille*, Paul's *espadrille*—and this was Paul.

"Greengage indigestion!" said Mme. Corbet. She had come upon me sick on the garden path. "Too many greengages," she said and her topknot shook, not with pity but with indignation.

I did not contradict her. I could not, I could only gasp and moan; and she had to help me, unwilling as she was, until at last I could lean against her and get my breath. "Are . . . Rita and Rex shut up?"

"I put them in the kennel," said Mme. Corbet, annoyed. "I have everything to see to. Everything! Have you finished?" she asked sharply.

"I—I think so."

"Then go and lie down. You will not have any lunch."

Thankfully I escaped and went upstairs. In our room I went to the washing stand, which had not been emptied and cleaned. I washed and washed my hands; I think I was trying to wash away the smell of the dead leaves. I remember I was trembling and the beating was back in my head. *You know what you have seen*, said that beating. *You will have to do something now. What are you going to do?* I should have liked to creep into the unmade bed and pull the clothes over my head, but Toinette was at the door. I escaped from her and went into Vicky and Hester's room.

Toinette had finished in here, it was tidy and clean. There were fresh flowers—pimpernels, daisies and wild geranium—in Hester's liqueur glass. As I noticed it I had an overwhelming desire to look at Eliot—Eliot who had done . . . that. I opened the drawer where she hid her photograph. The little frame was lying on its face. I picked it up, and it was empty.

I was still staring at the empty frame when Joss came in. "Mme. Corbet says ——" She broke off. Then, "I took it," said Joss.

"The photograph?" She nodded. "I told Hester I wanted to copy it—make a portrait." Her face was so set and hard it looked like a stone carving of Joss.

"But you didn't," I said and asked, "What did you do with it?"

"I sent it to Inspector Cailleux," she told me.

"The Dormans man?"

"Yes."

"*Joss!*"

"Eliot shouldn't play fast and loose." She was not stone now. "That is what they call it and that is what it is; keep you, then push you away, take you and push you away. It's cruel. It's not only me; he has done it to Mlle. Zizi, and Monsieur Armand says the diamond merchant's secretary woman as well. He played with us, like—like chess, she and Mlle. Zizi and me."

"He wasn't playing with you."

"Shut up," blazed Joss, "shut up!" but I was steady.

"He didn't play with any of us," I said. "We were the only people he didn't play with."



Joss went to the window and stood with her back to me.

"When did you do it?" I asked.

"Yesterday. As soon as I knew, after you had brought me the paper, I wrote and went out to the corner and posted it. It caught the post."

"You don't know it was he."

"If it isn't they won't come," said Joss, but we were both waiting for them to come. "I knew it as soon as I saw the paper," said Joss.

"Just from Inspector Cailleux?" I said, marveling.

"Not from him. From Eliot," and she cried, "That was what made him so unhappy."

"They will get it this morning," I said slowly.

"And Paris isn't very far," said Joss.

There was a silence. We were both listening. Then, "What will they do to him, Cecil?" asked Joss. "Will they put him in prison?"

"They have to catch him first," I told her. "Joss ——"

She had sat down on the bed; she was still listening for sounds outside and, almost absent-mindedly, she raised her eyes to me. "They won't put him in prison," I said.

Her eyes came alive. She rapped out, "Why not?"

"Because if they catch him I think he will have to be hanged." Holding to the bedpost, I told her what I had found. When I began she put out her hand and caught my wrist as if she would stop me. It was a strangle hold and my hand went limp and white; when I had finished and she let me go the blood rushing back into it hurt excruciatingly. There was another silence, then, "They don't hang people in France," she said, "they guillotine them."

The only perfect people are those we do not know. **DE BOUFFERS**

"It's the visitors for lunch." I said that quickly when we heard the car slow at the gates.

"It's too early," said Joss.

We were in her room and had only to go to the window to see what car it was, but we stayed huddled together on the bed. The car drove in and stopped.

Joss laid her cold hand on my cold one. "Cecil, you look."

"I can't."

"You can. You didn't send for them."

I did not go to the window, but went downstairs just as M. Dufour walked in. "What, again?" said Mme. Corbet, who was crossing the hall.

"Again," said M. Dufour; his voice did not sound kind, but curt and angry. Behind him were two other men; one was big, in a tweed jacket, and carried a dispatch case; the other was small, and I held to the banisters as I recognized him. Yes, it was the Dormans man with the sandy hair and mustache, even the sand-and-olive-colored suit.

As M. Dufour talked rapidly and angrily to Mme. Corbet she caught sight of me. "Go into the garden and call Mlle. Zizi," she rapped out in French.

Mlle. Zizi must have been lying in the long chair on the terrace, but I think she, too, had heard the car, because as I came to her she was standing and as still as Joss had been. Did she have some sixth-sense warning? I reached her and she gripped me. "Who is it?"

"The police."

"Police!" Her face looked suddenly older, but her eyes were like a child's, filled with fear, looking far over my head.

"Where is Irène?"

"With them. They want you." I paused. "Mlle. Zizi ——"

No answer, only the fingers gripping me, kneading my arm.

"Zizi!" Mme. Corbet came down the terrace. "Zizi. *Vas-y.*"

Then Mlle. Zizi did let me go. She looked at Mme. Corbet and backed away from her. "You!" she said, her voice ugly. "You sent for them."

"I? Why should I?" Mme. Corbet put out her hands, but Mlle. Zizi still backed away from her.

"It was you."

"Zizi. *Qu'est-ce que tu nous racontes?*"

"It was you."

"Hush," I said like a grownup. "Listen. *Listen!*" and I stamped my foot. They stared. "There is something you should see before you go in. It—he"—I thought I was going to be sick again and tumbled the words out—"it's in the orchard."

"What 'it'?" But I could not tell them.

"Look, quickly, in the heap where the leaves are thrown."

"What *is* it?" But I had taken refuge in being a child and had begun to cry.

"Something . . . I think . . . I found. Oh, look! Look quickly. I will go in and say you are coming, but go. Go."

The policemen were in the bar where Mauricette was bringing them drinks on a tray. M. Dufour was walking up and down, the other two were sitting calmly at a table; Inspector Cailleux was looking round him with what I imagined was a detective look, taking every detail in. I could see Joss on the stairs, her hand holding the rail.

"*Et Mlle. de Presle? Elle vient?*" barked M. Dufour at me.

With Joss watching I was dignified in spite of my red eyes. "*Dans un petit moment,*" I said, closing the garden door behind me; but M. Dufour sprang forward and wrenched it open, for just then down in the orchard Mlle. Zizi began to scream.

When anything happens in a house the children are treated like cattle. We were rounded up, herded upstairs and into our rooms; as we went up we could hear Mlle. Zizi having hysterics, and M. Dufour trying to calm her. Mme. Corbet had to leave her to him, for as usual she had everything to do: control Mauricette, Toinette and Nicole, who seemed to





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want to have hysterics, too; enlist M. Armand's help; telephone the doctor; install Inspector Cailleux in the little salon and allow his assistant to use the telephone in the office.

After Mlle. Zizi stopped screaming a horrible calm lay over the house—the house, not the garden; the garden was full of police, and Rita and Rex bayed frantically in the kennel. Each time their noise rose it meant a fresh batch of police had arrived. M. Armand saw us looking out the windows and came up and shuttered them. "Better not to look," he said gently, but we could not help looking through the cracks, all except Joss, who sat as if she had been frozen on the bed.

A dark blue van drove up.

"What's that?" asked Willmouse fearfully.

"It's the dead car," said Vicky, who was not supposed to know anything. "It has come for Paul."

The truth spoken so flatly shocked us and we stayed perfectly still listening to the tramp of feet. "He's on a stretcher," said Vicky, peering, "all covered up."

I had a hiccup that shook me from my heels to my head. Hester began to cry.

"It was all my fault," said Joss. Sitting on the bed, she twisted her hands together. "If I had gone on painting —— Cecil told me to but I would go to the party."

"We went to the party too," said Hester loyally.

"If I hadn't smiled at him ——"

"Well, if we had never talked to him ——" I could say that.

"—— he would never have come up the ladder," said Joss, not listening.

"Did he come up a ladder?" Hester and the Littles asked. "Why?" they asked.

"To . . . look at Joss."

I told them how Eliot came. "He needn't have come. It was because he thought we were in trouble. He could have gone," I said. "He shook the ladder and Paul fell."

"Nobody meant it, it happened," said Hester; she added mournfully, "And now Eliot has gone."

"I saw him go." They all turned to me, listening carefully as I told them.

"That was how he was dressed," said Willmouse, nodding, when I described the clothes. "But . . . I can't believe it," said Willmouse. He looked stunned.

"I can," said Hester. "Eliot always said 'I'm sorry. I had to do that.' If you are all right, really all right, you don't do things that are sorry."

Presently Mme. Corbet appeared. "He wants to see you."

"Who?"

"Inspector Cailleux."

She drove us downstairs, all except Joss, who was not to be ordered. "I shall come when I'm ready," she said.

Inspector Cailleux was in the little salon. We had never been allowed to enter it, now we were to go in and sit on the yellow satin chairs, but first we had to wait. The door was open; we could see M. Dufour and the tweed-coated man. When we peeped round we saw that Inspector Cailleux, in his funny-colored suit, was sitting at the pretty center table; it seemed terrible it should be used for this. Another man was at a table carried in from the bar. He was writing, but the other three were talking; by straining every sense I could just keep up.

"I can*not* believe it," M. Dufour was saying. He was walking up and down. "Everyone knew Monsieur Eliot. Why, he was here, dining at this big dinner with us all last night. He must have a nerve of iron."

"He has," said the clipped soft voice of Inspector Cailleux.

"What does he say?" whispered Willmouse.

They must have heard Willmouse whisper, for Inspector Cailleux asked, "Can those children understand French?"

"Very little," said M. Dufour, "except the big one, perhaps." He came to the door. "She is not here yet. Shall I close the door?"

"No, leave it. It's too hot," said Inspector Cailleux.

The talk went on. "But how?" M. Dufour was saying, "How? Monsieur Eliot was here all afternoon. You have heard."

"I have heard. That does not mean to say he was."

"But he was. We have evidence. If this was his work, he had an accomplice."

"He had no accomplice." Inspector Cailleux's voice sounded tired. "He works alone, or practically alone; there may be a man hired to drive a car or to telephone, but then he is discarded. We have caught them, Dufour, and they know nothing. He's too clever to have accomplices; sooner or later one of them would give him away. No, never accomplices, only tools, simple people; especially women."

"What are they talking about?" asked Willmouse, and I lost the rest until Inspector Cailleux said slowly, "I know that man's work as if it were my own."

"Tell us," Willmouse commanded me urgently and I translated as best I could, but it was hard work listening and telling.

"But . . . right under our noses!" said M. Dufour.

"Under your noses," said Inspector Cailleux. Then he threw down his pen. "What's the good? He has had thirty-six hours. He is hundreds of miles away by now."

"I don't think he is," said Willmouse when I had translated.

"What do you mean?"

"I know where Eliot is."

"Where?"

"On the barge," said Willmouse, "the Marie France." The Marie France had gone and I remembered that soft strange hoot in the night.

I gazed at my little brother. "But how did you know?"

"He was dressed for it," said Willmouse simply. He added, "Barges go very slowly, but I don't suppose they will think of looking for him there."

"Cecil!" said Hester urgently.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115



"We no longer call it 'going on a diet.' We call it 'developing sensible eating habits.'"

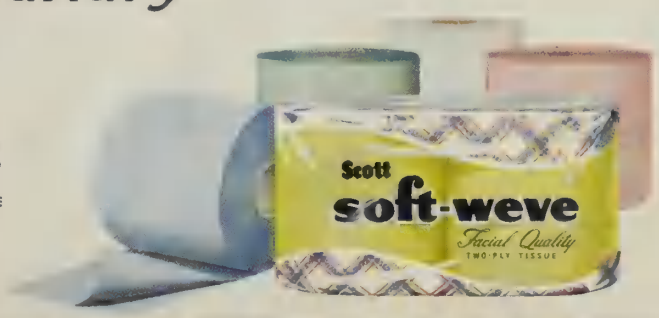
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

I looked up. Mlle. Zizi had come into the bar. I had seen her once without her make-up, but now her face seemed to have come through it. She was a strange gray-white color and her face was knotted as if it had cords in it. She looked at us, then into the little salon and pointed to it inquiringly, and then at us again.

We shook our heads.

Her eyes turned from one to another of us; they seemed to be asking us, and she put her fingers to her lips. Slowly, solemnly, we nodded.

Mme. Corbet's quick voice was heard in the hall and Mlle. Zizi turned almost in a panic to go. In the doorway she met Joss.

Joss stopped when she saw Mlle. Zizi. For a moment they faced each other. Then Mlle. Zizi spoke.

"They have told me. So! It was you who sent the photograph."

"Of course." Joss crossed in front of her and said, "Let me sit down, Hester."

In the little salon the voices grew louder. We listened and I said, "They're talking about us."

M. Dufour came to the salon door and beckoned us in. He started when he saw Mlle. Zizi. "Zizi," he said, "you should be resting."

"Resting!"

"Well, something. Don't stay here. Please," and he said, "Irène, take her." Mme. Corbet put her arm round Mlle. Zizi and led her away as we filed in.

Because we knew our scarecrows were very dirty we sat on the edge of the yellow chairs. Last of all Joss, her chin high, spots of red in her cheeks, took a chair by the door.

"Must the little children be in this?" asked M. Dufour in French.

Inspector Cailleux did not raise his head. "They are in it," he said.

He wrote for a few minutes, then suddenly he sat up and looked at us. "Which of you took this photograph?"

It was said so casually, and in English, that we started. I do not know what we had expected, but he was simply holding the snapshot up.

"I did," said Hester with modest pleasure.

"And you are"—he looked at a paper—"Hester?" She nodded. "Ten years old?" Hester's curls bobbed again. "Ten years old," said Inspector Cailleux in French to M. Dufour, "and she has succeeded in doing what no one else has ever done, getting a photograph of Allen." Then in English, "I must congratulate you, *ma p'tite*. It is most valuable."

"Valuable?" The pleasure was wiped from Hester's face. "You mean . . . my photograph *helped* you?"

"Helped me! It brought me straight here," and to M. Dufour again he said, "I am one of the few, the very few, who have seen Allen. I had him once—for an hour."

"He got away?" M. Dufour sounded almost pleased.

"He got away." Inspector Cailleux's voice forbade any more questions and I remembered how the newspaper had said: "—— whom the police failed to catch."

"I must ask you for the negative." Inspector Cailleux was speaking to Hester again. "But we shall give you something very pretty in exchange. A doll. You would like a doll?"

"No," said Hester, her eyes horrified.

"Eliot gave me a doll," said Vicky. "We don't want yours."

"Listen," said Inspector Cailleux. "I am going to speak to you as if you were not children, but grown up. You know this man Allen?"

We shook our heads.

"You know Monsieur Eliot?"

We nodded. "He's our friend," said Willmouse.

"Your friend is a thief," said Inspector Cailleux. "A thief who stole in many countries, deceived people, took their money and was often cruel to them. I must tell you that sometimes he killed them."

"Like he did Paul?" asked Vicky, interested.

"Vicky, you are not to say things like that," Joss cut in from where she sat by the door.

"If you please, mademoiselle ——" said Inspector Cailleux. "I must ask you to be quiet. I shall come to you . . . later." He returned to the Littles. "He killed Paul," he said. "Are you going to like him after that?"

Hester, Willmouse and Vicky said instantly, "Yes."

Inspector Cailleux looked nonplused and perhaps a little angry. "Like him or not, you have a duty. You know what duty is?"

We all nodded. Eliot was our friend . . . but when a friend kills a friend? And with a paper knife. I felt sure now it was the paper knife, or what we had thought was a paper knife. A rift was being torn between us and Eliot; each word that Inspector Cailleux said made that rift more.

"If you know anything, have seen anything strange or out of place, about this man Allen or Eliot," he was saying, "it is your duty to tell me."

Dead silence.

Hester was the most honest of us and the most easily worked upon. She put up her hand.

"Well?"

"He," said Hester as if her throat were dry, "he ——"

"Yes?" said Inspector Cailleux encouragingly. "He?"

"He lay in the cove ——" said Hester.

"Yes?" said Inspector Cailleux again, but I had pinched her and she shut her lips.

Again there was silence, but this, of course, could not go on; they were the police. I thought Inspector Cailleux had seen that pinch; detectives saw everything or they would not be detectives. Each of them knew something, but I knew it all. What was I to do? Here in front of Inspector Cailleux all dreams and wishes fled. These were the police. Soon I should have to tell.

It was beginning to come out.

"You were the one who had the sleeping dose." Inspector Cailleux had turned to Willmouse and he asked M. Dufour, "You think Allen gave the dose to him?"

"The chef, Monsieur Armand, says Monsieur . . . Allen took up a tray for the boy. We think, but we do not know."

"We can guess," said Inspector Cailleux, and to Willmouse, "What was on the tray you were brought?"

"Food," said Willmouse. "Banquet food; chicken and party toast and a meringue. A beautiful meringue," said Willmouse, remembering.

"Anything to drink?"

"Grenadine."

"The supper things were washed up," said M. Dufour, "so that, of course, we do not absolutely know."

"We can guess," said Inspector Cailleux again and his pale eyes studied Willmouse. "This child knew something. They say he slept for two days. It must have been strong."

"The drug or the reason?"

"Both," said M. Dufour. "But it was abominable! To drug a child."

"This was Allen," Inspector Cailleux reminded him. "The little boy is lucky to be alive."

"*Who* are they talking about?" Willmouse whispered more urgently to me.

"You."

"Why?"

"Because they think . . . Eliot . . . put you to sleep."

"*Eliot?*"

"Yes."

"Why? Why?" said Willmouse imperiously to Inspector Cailleux.

"Because, my little man, you knew something he did not want you to tell. It was not a very pleasant thing to do to you, was it?"

"It was silly," said Willmouse. "Why didn't he ask me not to tell? He needn't have put me to sleep. He could have *trusted* me."

"Was this man God to them?" asked Inspector Cailleux. He was getting angry and the questions came fast.

"Why did he send you to bed?"

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● **When baby jabbers** his own private "jibberish" (from about 10 to 18 months) isn't it fun to listen to his inflections? He asks himself questions, then seems to give himself answers. Sometimes they're serious and other times apparently quite amusing! His conversation makes plenty of sense to him—and he wonders why grown-ups can't understand it. Actually, this delightful babble is a sure sign your baby will soon be talking.

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"I was out late."

"Why were you out late?"

"I had been for my walk."

"Where did you go?"

"Along the river."

"Did you see anything?"

They were coming closer—like bloodhounds, I thought, and prickled with apprehension.

"I saw the barge," said Willmouse.

"What barge?"

"The Marie France."

"What was the barge doing?"

"Nothing," said Willmouse truthfully, but Inspector Cailleux was looking deeply into him.

"Do you like barges?" he asked.

"No."

"Then there was something especial about this one? Something you saw, perhaps?" rapped out Inspector Cailleux.

"I would rather not talk to you," said Willmouse.

"I am not *playing*," cried Inspector Cailleux and hit the little table with his fist so that it shook. Vicky burst into tears.

"I don't like it," she wailed. "I want mother."

As if mother's name had been a touchstone we all began to weep, except Joss, who was still disassociated from us; I was ashamed, but the tears were gathering, unbearably heavy and hot in my eyes. Helplessly we wept. There was more to come, more shockingness, but we had moved M. Dufour. He protested, "I told you this was not for children."

"Some of them are not children."

We jumped. Mlle. Zizi was standing in the doorway. At the sight of her distorted face even Vicky was quelled.

"You are asking them questions," said Mlle. Zizi. "Why? You need only ask her." She pointed at Joss. "Ask her what the ladder was doing on the lawn under her window, why the marks of it were on the grass." Mme. Corbet had come running after Mlle. Zizi, but Mlle. Zizi shook her off. "Ask her."

Inspector Cailleux looked at Joss, who had risen like a girl in class. Slowly I rose, too, but no one noticed me.

"Is that a child?" said Mlle. Zizi, and to M. Dufour, "You have seen her with your own eyes, how she behaved at the dinner. She drove Paul Brendel out of his mind. You saw that too. Well, ask her what happened. The ladder was at her window. *Elle a couché avec l'un après l'autre.*"

I did not understand the word "sleep" used like that, "sleep with one after the other," nor its import; I was only sure that in some way it was hideous and unjust and I moved near to Joss. "She didn't sleep," I said. "She was wide awake. Why, she came to my room and sent me in ——"

"*You?*" Their eyes all shifted to me.

"Don't be a fool," said Joss curtly to me.

"These little children must go *out*," said M. Dufour, springing up distressed, but Hester and the Littles had already left their yellow satin chairs and come to Joss and me; they did not understand, but knew we were threatened and they stood loyally round us.

Once again we seemed small and alone in that French house. M. Dufour was kindly, but he was thinking of Mlle. Zizi. Only one person would have defended us: Eliot; and he —— I could not go on. I swallowed, and felt as if the tears were running down my throat.

"So! Two of you," said Mlle. Zizi. "And this is what I took into my house."

Your dear house! In that moment of misery I almost said it. Les Oeillets, the gold-green days, the love, to end in this.

It was at that moment I heard a sound in the courtyard outside that made me look up. These were the windows from which Mlle. Zizi had so often watched for Eliot. Now I looked out and saw the big gate was shut as it had been on our first night. It had been shut by the police. The sound I had heard was the jangling of the bell.

A gendarme opened the wicket; he spoke for a moment to someone outside and opened the gate.

Inside the salon there was turmoil. The two other policemen had jumped up and Mme. Corbet was explaining to them, shouting over our heads while M. Dufour talked to Mlle. Zizi as if he were scolding her. Only Inspector Cailleux stayed at his desk, quietly watching.

"Zizi! You haven't a shadow of proof," scolded M. Dufour.

"Haven't I?" She wheeled on him. "Why did I have to put Monsieur Joubert out of the hotel?" Everyone stopped to listen. "They said it was painting!" said Mlle. Zizi, and she spat the word again, "Painting!"

I had felt Joss quivering, but now happened something so alarming that it burned out everything else. Joss, dignified, aloof, almost grown-up Joss, crumpled like a little girl. "Mother. I want mother," she wailed like Vicky.

We stood round her, appalled too. "Help me. Help me," sobbed Joss.

We could not help her. How could we? We barely understood. There was no one to help us now and soon, soon I should have to —— Helpless in my tears I looked out the window and saw that a man had come in through the gate. He was dressed in a gray suit and brown felt hat and was followed by a porter with a handcart and two leather suitcases. There was something very familiar about the man; his small figure looked square and solid and there was a wonderful calmness about him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

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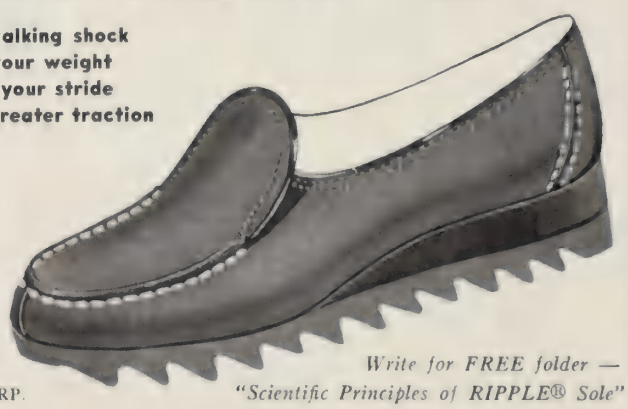
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

My heart suddenly calmed too. It was Uncle William.

"Uncle William!" The shout I gave filled the little salon. I do not know how we burst out of it, past Mlle. Zizi, Mme. Corbet and M. Dufour. I think I heard Inspector Cailleux ordering us to sit down, but I was not listening, nor were the others. All of us, even Joss, rushed through the bar into the hall.

Uncle William came in. Joss threw herself into his arms, I had mine round his neck, Vicky and Hester were hugging his legs, Willmouse danced up and down in front of him. Uncle William! Dear, dear, dear Uncle William!

"My name is Bullock."

We had always winced and thought that people must laugh when Uncle William said that, but now nobody laughed, nor did we wince. "Bullock," and he put down his card on the desk, "of Bullock, Roper and Twiss, solicitors, Southstone. That is in Sussex, England."

"*À votre service, monsieur,*" said Inspector Cailleux and introduced the others: "Monsieur Dufour, Monsieur Lemaitre, Monsieur Aubry." They bowed. "Madame Corbet," said Inspector Cailleux; he did not introduce Mlle. Zizi.

"You have some trouble?" asked Uncle William after he had shaken hands. "The police?"

"You have doubtless heard at the station or on your way here of these shocking events," said Inspector Cailleux dryly.

"I have heard nothing. I do not speak French," said Uncle William. "I have come to take my sister—if she can travel—and my nieces and nephew home . . . to England," he added firmly, looking at us.

"You said you wouldn't come and you came!" said Hester, stroking his coat.

"How did you know to come, now, just now!" cried Joss, still clinging to him.

"But I was sent for," said Uncle William.

"Sent for?"

Freeing himself from us, he said, "This came yesterday," and from his wallet took out a telegram. He read aloud:

"'Come immediately Hôtel des Oeillets Vieux-Moutiers Marne France your sister in hospital children urgently—repeat urgently—need your help.'"

"But who sent it?" asked Mme. Corbet.

"It isn't signed," said Uncle William.

God gives the nuts, but He does not crack them.
GERMAN PROVERB

"Someone must have sent it," said Inspector Cailleux and looked round on us all. I tried to put a surreptitious hand on Hester, but I was too late.

"Eliot, of course," said Hester.

"Eliot!" That came from Joss, Mlle. Zizi, Mme. Corbet and Inspector Cailleux.

"Yes. He *always* did look after us," said Hester, beaming.

"The fool!" Mlle. Zizi's cry rang out as she darted across the room and snatched the telegram from Uncle William. She was crumpling it in her hand, tearing it with her teeth as they caught her. Inspector Cailleux ripped it away and M. Dufour and Mme. Corbet struggled to hold her as the little sheet of paper was smoothed out and pieced together on the table.

"Châlons. Eleven-twenty-five yesterday morning."

"He was heading for the German border," said M. Dufour.

"Obviously," said Inspector Cailleux and snapped, "Get me Lavalle on the telephone." Then he stopped. "No, wait. Châlons," he said, puzzled. "But Châlons is almost here."

"*C'est à vingt-et-un kilomètres,*" said the man in the window.

"Twenty-one kilometers at eleven o'clock in the morning yesterday," said Inspector Cailleux.

"He had been at the dinner," reminded M. Dufour.

"But only until about midnight. He had at least nine or ten hours," said Inspector Cailleux. "I don't understand," but he said it as if in a minute, or minutes, he would understand and he began to pace up and down. Mlle. Zizi was quiet now, limp and sobbing against Mme. Corbet.

"Could he be walking?" asked M. Dufour.

"With the roads watched?"

"Cross country?"

"There are *roads* into Châlons," said Inspector Cailleux irritably and he walked up and down. "Somewhere slow, where we would not look for him. Of course not. We are looking everywhere fast. Very clever, Monsieur Allen. Slow. Vieux-Moutiers, Châlons, into Germany."

"Châlons? You mean Châlons-sur-Marne?" said Uncle William in his pleasant voice. "On the Marne?"

"The Marne!" Inspector Cailleux stopped. "The Marne!"

From the river, into our silence, came the hoot of a passing barge. END

AMERICA'S BEST-DRESSED WOMEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

This is not her complete wardrobe, because she also has two country houses and an island retreat, plus another apartment in another city. She has about two thirds as much in each of the other places, with greater or smaller emphasis on casual and lighter clothing for varying weather and social situations.

But by and large her New York wardrobe is her "showcase" wardrobe and it could not be replaced for less than $100,000. To maintain it, her average yearly clothing purchase of the larger items is 15 hats, 8 suits, 3 cloth coats, 2 dozen pairs of shoes and 25 dresses, of which 20 are from custom houses (mostly Balenciaga or Dior) and the others are run up by a dressmaker who adapts designs from her own ideas and sometimes copies a favorite dress in another color or material.

This does not count furs and jewels which are bought differently (not so often, and they seldom wear out) and would add disproportionately to the total wardrobe figure, bringing it up to a replacement value of around $1,500,000.

This is not unusually high. Many women spend more without achieving the chic for which this woman is famous. One of Bergdorf Goodman's best customers every year spends a rock-bottom $100,000 on clothes and has never yet been mentioned on a best-dressed list, though she undoubtedly would like to be.

Nor can it be said that, strictly speaking, this wardrobe is average. It is only what one woman has. Some have less, some far more. Some accumulate, others give their clothes away—to friends, servants or charities—after a few seasons' wear. Others—a few—resell them. But the idea that these women commonly wear gowns costing thousands of dollars and toss them aside after one or two wearings could not be further from the truth. They love clothes. Otherwise they would not have the patience to collect and always wear perfect ones, flawless in assembly and detail. They respect their clothes as they would a beautiful porcelain or art object, wearing them again and again, sometimes for years.

"It's like having a Gauguin that you adore on your wall. You do not," Mrs. Winston Guest points out, "take it down when all your friends have seen it." And when a woman like that says to another woman, "Darling, I've always loved you in that dress"—says fashion expert Eleanor Lambert—she doesn't mean, "Oh, that old rag again," she really means it! When one appears in the same dress as another, it's not a disaster but a mark of real éclat, if it's a $1200 jeweled velvet by Mainbocher or one of Charles James' classic satins. And if it doesn't happen too often! This winter, Mrs. Paley

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

Men of Action need Canada Dry Ginger Ale for a quick-energy lift! *Will not upset mealtime schedules!*

Such a cheery, delicious, thirst-satisfying powerhouse of pep . . . thanks to *natural wholesome* ingredients. Premium larger-crystal sugar for nourishment, select imported ginger for delectable flavor, and pure, pure water livened by "Pin-Point Carbonation" with sparkling bubbles that aid digestion. Canada Dry Ginger Ale brings youngsters back to life.

It perks up dispositions right on the spot. And it's so easily served . . . no kitchen fuss...just lift the cap and enjoy the fizz, flavor and fun. Whenever pep disappears, serve Canada Dry Ginger Ale . . . so light, dry (less sweet), not filling . . . so easily digested it never disturbs mealtime schedules. Keeps youngsters from 5 to 95 mentally alert, physically alive.

FIRST IN TASTE: Canada Dry, the Original Pale Dry Ginger Ale...often imitated but never duplicated!



Canada Dry makes 10 other completely refreshing, tasty flavors. Try these favorites! Today!

Canada Dry True Fruit Orange

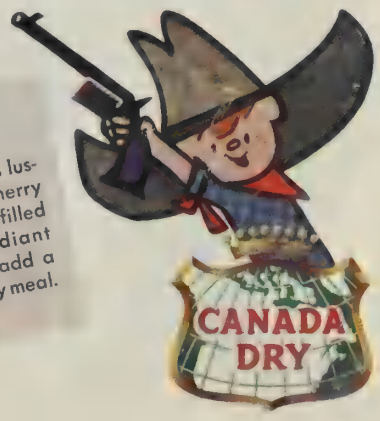
NOW! Over cracked ice pour the golden goodness of True Fruit Orange. Serve it after hard work or play from NEW KING-SIZE bottles.

Canada Dry Root Beer

TODAY! Fill a mug with ice and the foamy old-fashioned flavor of this sparkling Root Beer. Serve at parties, or for a hearty, tasty pick-up.

Canada Dry True Fruit Cherry

TONIGHT! Pour this luscious deep-red cherry drink into a goblet filled with ice. The radiant color and flavor add a bright touch to any meal.





SPAGHETTI SUPREME

So easy with Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano Cheese

½ cup chopped onion • ½ cup sliced celery • 1 clove garlic, minced
⅔ cup sliced mushrooms • ¼ cup butter • 2 (8-oz.) cans tomato sauce
1 cup water • 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1½ teaspoons salt • ⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup fresh, frozen or canned cooked shrimp (optional)
¼ cup Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano Cheese
½ pound spaghetti, cooked and drained

Sauté onion, celery, garlic and mushrooms in butter until tender. Add tomato sauce, water, seasonings and shrimp (optional but delicious!). Simmer for 25 minutes.

Add Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano . . . an exclusive blend of two great Italian cheeses. Mix well. Pour over spaghetti and top it off tastily with a sprinkling of this cheese. Serves 4 to 6.

P.S. Keep Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano handy to perk up casseroles, onion soup, vegetables!



If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

Borden's Fine Cheeses • Milk Ice Cream • Starlac

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice" and "Fury" over NBC. ©1958 The Borden Co.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

wore a ball gown she bought nine years ago. Mrs. Guest took to Europe a suit that has had eight seasons' wear.

When Mrs. Byron Foy, the former Thelma Chrysler, died last year she left her entire wardrobe to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Metropolitan accepted only a small but representative part of it: 132 pieces, including 60 designs by Christian Dior—ball gowns, cocktail dresses, day dresses, coats, hats, suits. Each ensemble was a collection unto itself with its own hat, shoes, gloves, bag, wrap and occasionally fur, seldom if ever worn interchangeably with other outfits. Many of the dresses were put together with slip, bra and any necessary boning all in one garment, so she had only to step into it and be zipped up and she was dressed. There was, of course, no machine stitch anywhere.

What are the best-dressed women themselves like?

Mrs. William S. Paley is a tall, slender, classic brunette whose first marriage was to Stanley G. Mortimer, scion of one of America's oldest families, of socially revered Tuxedo Park, New York. After they were divorced in 1946 she married Paley, head of the Columbia Broadcasting System. She was the youngest of three famous and stunning daughters of the late Boston brain surgeon, Harvey Cushing, and she is so beautiful and utterly feminine that people seem unable to mention her name in passing without remarking on her beauty again, even though it may have been mentioned several times before in the same conversation. Her mother is said to have announced early, "My girls will all marry wealth in this country or a title abroad." Whether this was a promise or a justifiable vote of confidence, one of Mrs. Paley's sisters married Vincent Astor—they were later divorced and she is now Mrs. James Fosburgh—and the other is Mrs. John Hay Whitney, wife of the U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain.

Mrs. Paley has been named one of the "best-dressed" fourteen times. She has four children, the oldest fifteen, and spends most of her time at the Paley estate, Kiluna Farm, near Manhasset, Long Island. Shorter periods of the year are spent at homes in Montego Bay, Jamaica; Squam Lake, New Hampshire; and in California and Europe, where they usually go in January. When she is at home on Long Island, she usually spends several days a week in New York City and stays overnight in their suite at the St. Regis Hotel when she and her husband go to the theater or have an engagement in the evening.

Her days in the city are heavily scheduled with committee meetings and luncheons, and if she has fittings the appointments are plotted down to the minute—a dress from 3:30 to 3:50, shoes from 3:55 to 4:10—so that everything will be ready when she arrives and the most can be accomplished in the least time.

She is a highly regarded fund raiser, particularly for the Association to Help Retarded Children, of which she is local chairman, and the North Shore Hospital, where she heads several committees and nearly every year runs the annual benefit ball.

Her entertaining is usually done on the weekend at Kiluna. The Paleys like to invite six or eight friends who dress for dinner in the evening and afterward watch a movie in the Paleys' projection room. They sometimes show cartoons first for their children and any children of their guests, and then a first-run foreign film brought out from New York. A large entertainment is a project several months in the planning, with 500 or 600 guests and a staff to handle invitations, music, food, decoration, parking and gate crashers, who always number at least a half dozen.

For dinner or evening she wears colors—brown-and-ice-blue, pink-and-orange—often with a high neck and some draping or soft gathers over the bosom. Seldom is it anything black or severely cut, or daringly décolleté. There is always some fullness at the hip—even in the daytime her suit skirts are either slightly gored or with a little flared peplum or panel.

The rest of the time she wears skirts and sweaters—she collects sweaters—and she gardens, planning formal hedge arrangements with the gardener or digging a little herself, never without white cloth gloves to protect her hands. She likes formal gardens outside, wants to get some topiary shrubs and try trimming them in cat shapes. Inside she likes huge colorful mixed bouquets and has them in every room in the house, bringing them from the estate greenhouse in the winter. Once or twice a week she likes to sleep until just before lunch at 1, but most mornings she is up by 8:30. She eats everything—pies and cakes—but will diet stringently rather than go in for calisthenics. Keeping fit is a vaguely good idea, but frantic exercise—golf, for instance—is totally unappealing. This spring she hopes to find time to start oil painting, still lifes at first. Last October she sent her nine-year-old son to his school's Halloween party garbed in yards and yards of black felt and a white vest which she herself made into a beguiling penguin outfit.

She weeds out her wardrobe once in the fall and once in spring, and she gives away as many things as possible that she hasn't worn for a year, to friends or to people she knows who need something. But she puts evening dresses away to take out and start wearing again a couple of years later.

She has never bought a fur or expensive jewel for herself.

Last year she went to Miss Eleanor Lambert, fashion publicist for the New York Dress Institute, and asked if there was some way she could avoid being named on future lists. "She said she was afraid her daughter would start taking it seriously and would think it was a talent or something. I told her not to worry," said Miss Lambert, "it *is* a talent."

In 1944 a serviceman wrote to Mrs. Winston Guest, "Betty Grable and Dorothy Lamour belong in an old folks' home compared to you." A like comparison might be drawn now, but Mrs. Guest has evolved quite a bit since she left an established position in Boston's Back Bay society to land a $57.50 job in the Ziegfeld Follies in New York. Then she had just made her debut in a Commonwealth Avenue mansion designed for her family by Stanford White, and been elected "Glamour Girl of the North Shore." Mrs. Guest is slimmer, tanner, haughtier-looking now; and if her fan mail has dropped off, she is much better in clothes—a tall, narrow, classic column. She emphasizes this effect by wearing sheaths more than anything else: narrow skirts, practically straight every place; narrow shoulders; little sleeves or none at all.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

TO A LOST CHILD

By HANNAH KAHN

I will feed you love
As one feeds a bird
And the larks will sing
For your delight.

I will wait for time
Till you learn the word,
I will wait for stars
To transform your night.

And the day will come
When you must go,
With the falling leaves
And the winter near—

You will not return,
This I know—
But I will remember
That you were here.



Hot Green Beans Caesar... exciting to eat, easy to do with Del Monte Blue Lake Green Beans

Please, *please* don't ever think of trying this special recipe with any other green beans!

Del Monte Blue Lake Green Beans have exactly the tender-crisp texture you want – never limp or slippery. With seasoning or without, their rich yet delicate flavor is a joy – there's nothing "flat-tasting" about *these* green beans!

And what a pleasure to buy green beans already so perfectly cooked! Get Del Monte Blue Lake Green Beans and you're all set—to take off into a glamorous recipe, or to heat and serve just plain hot, buttered and wonderful.

HOT GREEN BEANS CAESAR

- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- ¾ cup of ½-inch bread cubes
- 1 can (1 lb.) DEL MONTE Brand Blue Lake Cut Green Beans
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1 tablespoon salad oil
- 1 teaspoon minced onion
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 to 3 tablespoons grated or shredded Parmesan cheese

In the 2 tablespoons salad oil, sauté the bread cubes until golden brown and crisp. Drain DEL MONTE Green Beans. Mix vinegar, the 1 tablespoon salad oil, minced onion and salt. Turn beans into skillet with bread cubes; pour vinegar mixture over beans; heat and stir till hot. Sprinkle with cheese. Serves 4. Ideal with salmon, sole, haddock, crab, lobster, etc.

Del Monte® Green Beans

Cut—Whole—French Style



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

Her blond hair is worn long and straight, too, parted in the middle and drawn simply back and turned under. It is always perfectly neat, kept that way during the day by an almost invisible hair net. Her vivacity which once was likely to skip unpredictably into tactlessness is now controlled, cool, poised.

She married Winston Guest, cousin to Winston Churchill and heir to one of the country's great fortunes, at the Guest estate in Palm Beach in 1947. They honeymooned in Havana with the Ernest Hemingways and on their return to New York leased Gardiner's Island, famous as the pirate Captain Kidd's headquarters (his loot is still supposed to be buried somewhere around), and set up housekeeping there. She modeled a little in New York and "did" Hollywood briefly with a bit part in the movie, Diamond Horseshoe.

Now she lives in a New York penthouse apartment overlooking the East River; has a three-year-old son; collects porcelain; visits often in Boston and Palm Beach; goes "somewhere" for part of nearly every week. With her husband, who is president of a Mexican airline, Aerovías Méjico, she makes quick trips to Europe two or three times a year. If they are only going to Paris for a week, she travels simply with a long chiffon evening dress and two short evening frocks, and two wool day dresses in a fold-over bag, wearing a three-piece tweed suit and carrying a hatbox, and mink coat over her arm.

She is an expert horsewoman, owns and rides her own hunters in the National Horse Show every fall and keeps a stable of hunters and racing thoroughbreds in Middleburg, Virginia. She has never had an important race horse, but she had an exasperating near miss a few years ago when Pieces of Eight, which she sold after it lost a claiming race, went on to gather total winnings of $90,000. She rides four or five times a week, often leaving her Manhattan apartment before eight in the morning so she can have several hours' riding time in Westchester County and still hurry back in time for lunch.

She has served as chairman of the New York March of Dimes fashion show, cochairman of the April in Paris Ball, the U.N. Children's Fund Drive dinner, the Police Athletic League fund drive and the U.S. Olympic Fund-Raising Dinner. Last year she was cochairman of the Palm Beach Polo Ball, which raised more than $200,000 for the cancer fund.

She has three suits she has been wearing for eight or nine years. "Good clothes simply do not wear out if you hang them up," she says earnestly, and she hangs them up herself if her maid is not about. It saves pressing them—"Clothes are ruined by maids pressing them all the time." She prefers to lunch in Paris where the women don't wear hats so much—she likes herself best hatless.

She dislikes slacks as "masculine, at least on me." She seldom wears black, but makes an exception of a little black silk cocktail frock by Mainbocher, utter simplicity except for a frilly black marquisette-and-velvet apron held in place by the dress' only adornments, two diamond clips at the waist.

She used to like Dior until he became "too difficult to dance in." She has been off French designers generally since she spent "hundreds of dollars" for a French original, only to have Ethel Merman turn up in the same "original" at the same party, the first time she wore it. Miss Merman frankly admitted to all that hers was a copy she'd bought for $70. Mrs. Guest was not amused.

The Duchess of Windsor spends less and less time in New York these days and more and more in France where she and the duke, who has not been well, can live quietly and see friends without entering into a complex social routine. Consequently she spends less money on clothes. But when the Windsors do make their appearance in New York in late fall, it is almost with the éclat of the old days when they came off the Queen Mary with 77 pieces of luggage and then held court in Suite 28-A of the Waldorf Towers or in their friends' homes in Manhattan and Palm Beach (for, as royalty, they are technically the "hosts" in whatever home they happen to be) for a full six months of every year.

No one has sustained more criticism than the Baltimore-born divorcee who caused a king to renounce his throne—for her supposed extravagances for clothes, jewels, hairdressers and beauty treatments. She has taken it calmly, for the most part not even acknowledging it. Undeniably she has spent a great deal of money on herself, but no more than a great majority of the women of her social sphere, and not so much as some who do not show the results so advantageously.

It has been said that she does not own or pay for many of her clothes and gems. This is denied by the designers themselves, her supposed victims. She has been lent jewels and furs on occasion; this is common practice, particularly in Europe where designers feel it is sound policy to show off their creations on charming, socially prominent women. Even in New York, most of the tiaras worn during the visit of Queen Elizabeth II were borrowed from Tiffany's, Cartier's, and Van Cleef and Arpels—and most of them were not even tiaras but diamond necklaces wired upside down to make do. (Jewelers, however, have been less enthusiastic about lending their wares since Princess Grace of Monaco, formerly actress Grace Kelly, received as a wedding gift a brilliant diamond-and-ruby necklace which Prince Rainier had formerly seen on another woman at a ball. The prince was prompted to remark about "secondhand" jewels.)

The duchess does not need to borrow extensively. She has a great wardrobe of her own—actually the critics who say she borrows outrageously are counterbalanced by those who claim she buys extravagantly. She often sells clothes after a season's wear. She has beautiful jewelry, perfect grooming and posture and unerring taste. She will stand motionless for hours in a fitting room, and keep fitters and seamstresses changing and redoing one seam over and over again until perfection



SPAM COUNTRY DINNER. Such a good combination of flavors! *Cook, drain* 1 pkge. (6-8 oz.) wide egg noodles. *Combine* with 1 can cream of chicken soup, ½ cup milk, 1 can SPAM, sliced, then cut in strips, 2 tbsp. chopped green pepper, 1 tbsp. finely chopped onion, 2 cups cooked peas, 1 tsp. salt. *Pour* into 1½ qt. casserole. *Bake* 30 min. in moderate oven (350°).



SPAM 'N' RICE RING. Delicious, picture-pretty! *Spoon* half of 2 cups cooked rice into greased 9-in. mold. *Top* with half of 1 can SPAM diced. *Pour on* half of Soup Sauce: 1 beaten egg, ⅔ cup cream of celery soup, ½ cup milk, ¼ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. crumbled basil. *Add* remaining rice, SPAM, Sauce. *Bake* 30-45 min. at 325°. *Unmold;* fill with vegetables.

Which Spam® Dinner is top winner?

These are the three winning Spam casseroles as indicated in a recent survey. But which one ranked first? (Answer below)



SPAM 6-IN-1 SUPPER BAKE. Vegetables cook right with the macaroni for time-saving! *Boil* in 1 pt. boiling water for 4 minutes: 2 cups diced onions, 2 cups diced celery. *Add* 1½ qts. boiling water, 1 tbsp. salt, 1 pkge. (7 oz.) macaroni. *Boil* uncovered, stirring occasionally until macaroni is tender. In meantime, *heat together* 2 cans mushroom soup, 1 cup milk. *Season* with salt, pepper, and garlic salt or powder. *Slice thinly*, then cut in triangles, 1 can SPAM. Line 2 qt. casserole with SPAM triangles. *Drain* macaroni and vegetables. Place in casserole with SPAM triangles. *Pour in* hot soup mixture. *Dot* SPAM triangles over top. *Sprinkle* with grated sharp cheese. Bake 20 min. at 350°.

THE WINNER: luscious "Spam Country Dinner", followed closely by hearty "6-in-1 Supper Bake" and attractive "Spam 'n' Rice Ring". Three delicious one-dish meals. Try them all!

What's SPAM made of? Nothing but sweet juicy pork and mild tender ham ...carefully selected, superbly seasoned.

SPAM is the registered trade-mark for a pure pork product packed only by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., general offices, Austin, Minnesota, U.S.A.



THE ONE AND ONLY

SPAM

... MEAT OF 1,000 USES!

Also marketed in Canada

HORMEL

is achieved. She plans her dinner parties for weeks in advance, harmonizing floral centerpieces, china, silver, lighting, food and music as well as guests; she delights in the invention of a special touch such as the consommé jelly which she hollows out and fills with caviar and covers with a dollop of sour cream.

If she has a fashion flaw, it is that she sometimes seems *too* perfectly assembled—coat, suit, hat, even shoes and bag in the same color and material. Some feel that she lacks imagination and creative flair. But she knows what is right for her and when the opportunity arises she can be dramatic too. When she planned the Hospitalized Veterans Music Service Ball, the entire Waldorf ballroom was done in coral pink and white—coral-pink candles in the silver candelabras, coral-pink tablecloths held in place by huge coral-pink satin bows, with an over-all canopy of coral pink covering the ceiling. For this occasion, she wore a dress of white taffeta, with the entire skirt heavily beaded in panels the exact same shade of coral pink.

And when she was honorary chairman of the April in Paris Ball last year she preferred wearing a pale yellow silk-shantung dress with long full skirt and tiny bolero embroidered in yellow, pink and blue roses, by Balenciaga. The prescribed dress had been red, white and blue gowns in honor of Lafayette.

But most often she wears blue to highlight her remarkable Mediterranean-blue eyes, which were the inspiration for the famous "Wallis blue" gown created by designer Mainbocher—who dyed the material sixty-seven times to achieve the exactly right shade—for her marriage to the Duke of Windsor.

She has never been known to buy anything on impulse. She often views a collection several times, studying the gowns chin in hand in an attitude suggesting Rodin's "Thinker." Sometimes she makes notes in a little book—one of the few persons allowed to do so because of the designers' fear of style pirates—and goes away to think out her final decisions.

Her fashion trade-marks are well known: the little hats; the plain center part; the white gloves; the single strand of baroque pearls at the throat; everything fitted, fitted, fitted. She sees no need for a wide style range. She buys, for example, a Balenciaga tunic dress in white jersey and black crepe and has the same dress done again in all black.

She diets rigidly, never eating anything fattening and eating very little in all. She likes white flowers, and the Waldorf suite is kept filled with white gladioli, roses and chrysanthemums. She doesn't like gold jewelry and thinks it "should never be worn after six o'clock." In a heavy social season she will have her hair done once a day, usually by a man who comes to the suite. If she has another important engagement in the evening, he may come back to redo it. Servants address her as "Your Royal Highness" and back out of her presence, bowing.



She has been persuaded to modify some of her fashion trade-marks in recent years, for a softer, more flattering effect. The flatly disciplined center-part coiffure, always with the little "wings" to offset a slightly prominent jaw structure, has given way to a fluffy wave. Her always-white gloves, formerly wrist-length, now cover the wrist in a gauntlet. She still wears little hats perched on the back of her head, but they have feathers, veiling, sometimes a little brim, rather than the plain beanie of old.

If her clothes seem unadventurous, they reflect her main role, which is catalytic—causing reaction rather than reacting herself. Nearly always smiling slightly, she seldom if ever breaks over into hilarity. At dinner she is ever unobtrusively alert to the lagging conversation, ready with a new gambit to start it rolling along a more promising track, with her own remarks and observations designed more to provoke wit and comment in others than to display it.

At sixty, the duchess says she has grown weary of the best-dressed title. Last fall she denounced it as a "phony list." She thinks younger people ought to get more play on it to "inspire them to be more careful about their hats and shoes."

When Salvador Dali painted the Countess Mona von Bismarck, then Mrs. Harrison Williams, he showed her in rags amid a nightmarish collection of marble heads, bronze horses and twisted figures, but with the head coiffed, radiant and superbly jeweled. It symbolizes her past more than her present; she has now, and has had for twenty-five years, one of the most brilliant and extensive wardrobes in the world. She has been married to three wealthy men: the first, Henry Schlesinger, Milwaukee industrialist and owner of the farm where her father was a horse trainer; New York banker James Bush; and Harrison Williams, whose public-utilities fortune was once estimated at $680,000,000. She married Williams in 1926, and although the stock-market crash ruined his declared hopes of making it an even $1,000,000,000, she still inherited a fortune which was estimated at $90,000,000 when he died in 1953.

In 1955 she married the Count Albrecht Edward von Bismarck, a nephew of the German Iron Chancellor, and they have since spent most of their time on the island of Capri. Their home there is a huge cliffside stone fortress, overlooking the Mediterranean, built by Tiberius in the first century B.C., and remodeled by Williams. The count has been seriously ill and she left his side only briefly this winter to settle business affairs in New York. People tend to speak of the countess as someone from the past because for the past two years she has been in semiretirement and for twenty-five years before that she had been regarded as the most beautiful, brilliant, fatal woman in New York. "Dozens of men have always been madly in love with Mona Williams," recalls a friend who visited her at Capri and at her great estates near Bayville, Long Island; Palm Beach, Florida; in Paris; and in the colonial-type Fifth Avenue mansion in New York which has been sold now and converted into the national headquarters of the Audubon Society.

She has great vivacity, and a handicap that adds to her charm: she is slightly hard of hearing so that she bends forward to catch every word, giving an impression of intense interest and anticipation as she watches the speaker raptly.

Visually her rare quality has always been her coloring, her brilliant violet eyes, quite pink cheeks, her hair silver since her early thirties and worn short and curly. "Her eyes seem to capture whatever light there is in the room, and shine like diamonds," Dali said. She has always given this quality full sway, never subdued it with too-brilliant colors. Her clothes have bordered sometimes on the bizarre in design and concept—a glass dress mounted over silk—but they are generally pastel in coloring, and her rooms, too, are white or off-white, with gray or gilt accents. Many of the rooms of her town house were carpeted wall to wall with white velvet.

She has always bought hugely—entire collections, if a designer had a grouping that appealed to her particularly. She keeps great wardrobes at all her houses, though she may not visit one for five years. When she does arrive she finds waiting roomfuls of dresses, suits, hats, and hundreds of pairs of shoes—she is especially fond of shoes. And sweaters. Once Harrison Williams was being questioned in connection with alleged mismanagement of corporation funds when she was named to a list of best-dressed women. Descriptions of her wardrobe appeared in the newspapers, and when hearings resumed the first question put to Williams was, "Is it true that your wife ordered seventy-five sweaters from Schiaparelli in Paris?"

Her favorite jewels are emeralds.

Mrs. Williams was named on the first best-dressed list put out by Paris designers in 1933 and has appeared on almost every list since. When she was in New York this winter she saw friends, lunched at the Pavillon, dressed with great chic in clothes bought mainly in Europe. "She is still so superbly well dressed,"

TWO NEW SHORTCUTS
to a delicious meal in minutes



COPYRIGHT CARNATION COMPANY AND GENERAL FOODS, 1958

TUNA-RICE AU GRATIN
with Carnation
3-minute cheese sauce

1½ cups water
½ cup chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
½ teaspoon salt
1⅓ cups (4⅝ ounce box) MINUTE RICE
2½ cups Carnation 3-Minute Cheese Sauce
1 cup (7-ounce can) tuna, drained and flaked

Bring water, pepper, onion, pimiento and salt to boil in saucepan. Add rice and mix just to moisten all the rice. Cover; remove from heat and let stand about 5 minutes. Meanwhile, prepare Carnation 3-Minute Cheese Sauce (below). Add tuna to sauce. Arrange hot rice mixture in mounds on plates. Serve tuna-cheese sauce over rice. Makes six servings.

CHEESE SAUCE

1⅔ cups (large can) undiluted CARNATION EVAPORATED MILK
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons dry mustard
2 cups (about 8 ounces) grated process American cheese

Simmer Carnation, salt and mustard in saucepan over medium heat to just below boiling (about 2 minutes). Add cheese. Stir over medium heat until cheese melts (about 1 minute longer). Makes 2½ cups sauce.

ONE: NEW, IMPROVED MINUTE® RICE!

Adds its own natural rice goodness... picks up and blends the flavors as no other rice can. (And when you serve *new* Minute Rice as a vegetable, it's ready to eat in 5 minutes!)

TWO: CARNATION 3-MINUTE CHEESE SAUCE!

So easy to make. Lump-free cheese sauce every time. The secret is Carnation, the milk with the special blending qualities that assure smoother results... without fail. No other form of milk will do!

said Herald Tribune fashion expert Eugenia Sheppard, "that nobody can ever describe what she wears." There was one change. Her hair that had been silver for so long was brown—the result, she said, solely of taking a new pill with liver extract in it.

Mrs. Henry Ford II—"young Mrs. Ford"—is credited with getting "some chic at last into the Ford family." She has livened up Mrs. Edsel Ford's wardrobe with both advice and encouragement, and is just what the Duchess of Windsor asked for—young, wholesome, pretty. She is a member of the McDonnell clan of New York, one of fourteen brothers and sisters of whom one, Jeanne Vanderbilt, former wife of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, also has been a "best-dressed" woman. Mrs. Ford divides her time between Detroit, where her husband heads the Ford Motor Company, and New York, where they are now buying hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of paintings and furnishings for a new home on Long Island. She has three children. She is much interested in art, is a member of the fine-arts section of President Eisenhower's "People to People" committee, and a trustee of the Detroit Art Museum Founders' Society. She buys beautifully cut suits, beautifully made dresses, lovely hats—but as yet has failed, though always being beautifully turned out, to find a style that is dramatically her own.

What do all these women have in common?

For one thing, Mainbocher, most difficult and despotic of American designers and the one whose clothes are coveted by more wealthy women than any other. Mainbocher's first job was in Sears, Roebuck's complaint department in Chicago, where his name originally was Main (pronounced like Maine) Bocher. The elision took place when he went to Paris to study art and took up fashion designing to become the only American ever accepted in the French *haute couture*. Mainbocher (now pronounced Mehng-bow-shay) collections hold few startling developments for anyone at all familiar with fashion; their allure is in their utter rightness, anywhere, any time, the result of rich materials painstakingly engineered to flatter the female body without flattering it too much, to be *à la mode* without hurrying things. "For my trade," said actress Paulette Goddard, "they are too genteel." During World War II Mainbocher closed his Paris salon and reopened in New York to glad cries from women who had had to go abroad to find him before. He will not permit the slightest deviation in color, material or line in any design after he has brought it to what he is convinced is its highest possible degree of perfection, and if a customer has a detail altered elsewhere and he finds out about it she is banned from the salon. No one is permitted to view a collection who has not received an engraved invitation ahead of time. His fitting rooms are pale gray green, eighteenth century, paneled, with flowers, coffee table, cigarettes, comfortable chairs, and room to walk around, sit down and "feel" a dress. The salon atmosphere suggests the joining of hands for a séance, "so all tippytoe I'm afraid to talk in a normal voice until I'm back out on Fifty-seventh Street," complained one customer. Here was conceived the suit which Mrs. Winston Guest has worn for eight years, a suit so painstakingly engineered that a woman could play tennis in it, except that "ladies who wear Mainbocher suits never sweat," a saleslady delicately explains. The average price for a Mainbocher suit is $800; for a day or cocktail dress, $600 to $700; for an evening dress, $1200 to $1400.

There is also Maximilian, where you can buy a Russian-broadtail cape with assorted snap-in collars in ermine, sable and chinchilla; a raincoat for daytime in water-repellent gold corduroy lined with golden crown chinchilla. The day raincoat is $9350; a raincoat for evening, lined with Russian crown sables, is $18,000. A two-piece broadtail suit lined with mink is $4950; a short sable jacket is $40,000; a long sable coat, $58,000; and a mink egg warmer, if you are a very good customer, free. But seldom is price ever mentioned at Maximilian's. If you have to ask, they agree with J. P. Morgan: you can't afford it.

As to shoes: you can buy a pair of 24-carat gold-plated alligator pumps for $200. Mrs. Foy used to select a single style at the start of every season and order 30 pairs in various materials, including a dozen in white satin which were held and dyed to match swatches of material from her new dresses as the season went on. Women have shoes dyed to match their hair, their cars, their living-room ceilings.

Hattie Carnegie's will custom-make a poodle's coat to match his owner's. A Philadelphia client bought a $12,000 wardrobe for the Grace Kelly-Prince Rainier wedding in Monaco—15 pieces averaging $800 each. This was not an unusual order for this woman, and a fitter once asked her what she does with all her clothes. "My husband likes for me to have them," she replied. "He's a very busy man. I'm his hobby."

Hattie Carnegie designed the Wacs' uniform in World War II. Mainbocher did the Waves'.

Valentina, designer to Clare Boothe Luce, Lynn Fontanne and women who like much drapery and floating effect, coined one of fashion's most famous phrases years ago (she recently retired): "Mink," she observed coolly, "is for football games." She still thinks so. "The only really elegant fur," she feels, "is sable. So soft, so flattering to the skin. Mink?" She smiled. "Please. Out in the fresh air, sit in it, eat hot dogs in it, anything. But not evening, not elegance, I beg of you."

A woman can spend as much as $350 a week at Helena Rubinstein's or Elizabeth Arden's to get in shape to wear these clothes, with facials, coiffures, massages, poundings, vapor baths, "Days of Beauty" (or longer if desired) and exercise routines—and some women do. They spend hundreds more on cosmetics and creams for every conceivable purpose, including youth-revitalizing pure queen-bee jelly at $2000 a pound. They learn the skillful use of make-up: a touch of rouge at the corner of the eye for radiance, a reddened ear lobe

brightest pudding this side of the rainbow!



Fruit Cream Pudding made with JELL-O Pudding and Pie Filling

Just follow the simple directions on the Vanilla Pudding package. When pudding is chilled, fold in whipped cream. Then, spoon alternate layers of pudding and well drained fruit cocktail into dessert glass. Makes six delicious servings. Bright, rich and creamy—here's one dessert that's 'different' *and* easy! The five colorful bite sized fruits in canned fruit cocktail are ready to use, right from the can. Treat your family tonight. They'll all agree Fruit Cream Pudding with fruit cocktail is truly a rainbow-bright idea!

CANNED FRUIT COCKTAIL FROM CALIFORNIA

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to make a too-large ear "go right back into the head. We can do," promises Miss Mala Rubinstein, "whatever seems necessary."

At Mr. John's Swiss woodcarvers whittle away at permanent blocks on which regular customers' hats are fitted, hats which may cost anywhere from $60 to $600. Maximilian's has men who do nothing all day but sew together tiny "let-out" strips of mink ¼" wide, with almost invisible seams $\frac{1}{10}$" wide. Sophie (Mrs. Adam Gimbel) of Saks Fifth Avenue buys her cut velvet from saberers in France whose skill it is to slash between two faces of woven-together silk, separating them so neatly that they fall apart, mirroring each other with the patterned pile left standing exactly $\frac{1}{9}$" high everywhere.

And there are lesser-knowns: Bob's, one of a few remaining entirely custom bootmakers, where the original mold of the foot costs $90 and a minimum $50 for every pair of shoes thereafter—shoes immediately distinguishable to the experienced eye by their exceptionally narrow neat heel. Marie Morrison's charges $50 to clean a very elaborate ball gown—but worth it when you consider the investment.

And of course there are Lilly Dache, Charles James, Pierre Balmain, Guy La Roche—the names go on like a little girl's jump-rope verse.

But the "best-dressed" women have more personal things in common also.

They have shiny almost-black French alligator handbags that cost a minimum of $250; diamonds and pearls in every design category; good figures; and fears of gaining weight. Few know the taste of anything sweet that didn't get that way with saccharin—a wise plan if it prevents a five-pound weight gain which would destroy the usefulness of a fortune in closely fitted garments.

Every man has a right to be conceited until he is successful. DISRAELI

Storage is a problem which Mrs. William Randolph ("Bootsie") Hearst, Jr., solves by sending her huge-skirted ball gowns and petticoats not in use to the big Bronx warehouse which holds the vast array of medieval art treasures, classic pillars and old armor collected by the late William Randolph Hearst, Sr.

Carrie Munn, "best-dressed" society woman who has made a thriving business out of designing her own clothes, saves hairdresser's time by sleeping on a hard little cylindrical kapok pillow imported from Japan—the same kind the geishas use. She arises in the morning insisting she's refreshed, with no hair of her elaborately rolled blond upsweep disarrayed. Her husband, wealthy attorney and publisher Orson Munn, who gave her the choice sixteen years ago of starting in business or selecting a diamond bracelet at Cartier's ("I grabbed the check!"), observes with equanimity.

At luncheon, cocktails and dinner in New York they have in common the Colony and the Pavillon, two of the country's most famous and expensive restaurants, where a lunch check for two can come to $30 with no strain whatever. Particularly at luncheon, between 1 and 3, the fashion parade becomes a pageantry seldom duplicated. Designers, fashionable women and the people who write about them gather and look at one another for a few hours, then rush back to their workrooms, possibly out to buy, or just retire to consider what they have seen. At the Colony they observe one another in the red-and-white anteroom; at Pavillon they are seated immediately by Henri Soule—fashion people on the left; foreigners, internationals and "names" up a short landing and beyond; and society people along the corridor in between. Here are seated the Countess von Bismarck, Mrs. Herbert Weston, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and Mrs. Norman Winston and her archenemy, Mrs. Gilbert Miller, who aren't speaking. One thing is certain: if worst enemies wind up next to each other, it is not accidental. Soule arrives every morning at 10 to plan the seating arrangements as carefully as he would for his own dinner party.

How significantly all this adds up to a "best-dressed" woman has not yet been answered to universal satisfaction. Who is to say? The Fashion Academy? The International Ladies Garment Workers? Almost everybody seems to feel he should have *some* say. So far, the New York Dress Institute has been the most active and vocal, putting out every January the list that is regarded as the closest thing to a last word on chic women. It is the work largely of Miss Eleanor Lambert, smart blond public-relations expert for the institute and twenty-five of the biggest clients in the *couture* field. It was her idea that the institute's thirty-three Couture Group designers should put out their own list after the Paris designers shut down during World War II. She picked up the reins before they ever touched French soil and has been putting out a list every year since. Not, however, for an uncritical audience. Letters come in irritably demanding to know, "My wife is *very* well dressed. Have you considered her?" and "Why don't you pick out the best-dressed *secretaries?*" In the fashion world the clamor becomes less reproachful, more bitterly accusatory of "racket"; "publicity stunt"; and "Objective? Why, the best-dressed list is Miss Lambert's income," dismisses Charles James, whose own classic ball gowns have won top awards and sell for $800 to $1400.

Miss Lambert is unruffled. "The list is honest," she asserts firmly. She has been offered as high as $10,000 to see that a woman "made" the list. Another woman who supposedly had "influence" with Miss Lambert was once offered $50,000. But "It's honestly conducted by honorable people with a spirit of respect for the whole subject of clothes in the self-expression of modern taste. It cannot be had." Miss Lambert has no idea who will be named until the 1500 ballots start coming back in mid-December from designers, fashion experts, society and the fashion press. Then "I just publish them."

If the same people tend to make the list year after year, and if these people all have money and are prominent socially or in some other way, "Doesn't it figure? Would a woman get votes if she stayed home all the time or never did anything where she would have the chance to show off a magnificent and varied wardrobe?"

An equally formidable roadblock would exist for the woman in "a dress that was just a nice little dress, at a gala where it would be compared with the great gowns of the world on which no effort had been spared to make them real works of art." That is where the worlds would separate and the woman with good taste but smaller resources would fall by the wayside. "She is just as well dressed in her way and her circle and for the kind of life she lives, and *that's* what we mean by 'It's not all money.' But side by side—and it's a hypothetical situation, because it doesn't occur—how could they compare?

"I cheated on the list only once," she says, "when Mrs. Harrison Williams was in mourning and I took her name off."

Actress-writer Ilka Chase airily dismissed the accolade as quite unimportant to her. But "in the main the people who deserved it have understood what it means and taken it as a tribute." Miss Lambert admits the difficulty of distinguishing between a publicity stunt and the Couture Group's "enlightened self-interest, as Bernard Gimbel calls it." But you have to look at the goals, she says. "If you want to say the Dress Institute is in it for fashion promotion, then sure, it's a publicity stunt. But who else is going to do it? And it sets up a standard, a criterion of taste, a viewpoint for looking at this moment of history. It has faults. It isn't the same list I'd make out. But I can't think of anybody good who's been left off.

"People ask me," she says, "'Why make a thing of saying a woman is well dressed if she *is?*' I think it's the same as the Nobel prize—just because the purpose was achieved when penicillin was invented doesn't mean you shouldn't award a prize. Rewarding excellence in any field is good. It's an inspiration to others." END



B&M does something wonderful to beans!

For hours and hours B&M Brick Oven Baked Beans are baked in a rich and golden brown sugar sauce with lots of tender selected pork. Only this slow oven baking in *real* brick ovens gives these special beans their "home-baked" flavor. Serve 'em with B&M Brown Bread and Corn Relish.



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BAKED BEANS
SEALED OVEN-HOT IN BOTH GLASS JARS AND TINS
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Eight generous slices . . . eight full ounces



They're called Kraft De Luxe Slices because they have

really rich cheese flavor!

Why do Kraft De Luxe Slices taste so much better than others you may find in the grocer's dairy case?

It's simple. Kraft cheesemakers are very fussy about the natural cheeses from which they make these handy pasteurized process cheese slices.

For example, it takes **fine natural cheddar cheese** to give such wonderful mellow-sharp flavor as you get in Old English brand. And only truly fine nut-sweet natural Swiss can make the Kraft De Luxe Swiss slices so good! **That's why they are called Kraft De Luxe Slices.**

That's why your cheese sandwiches taste so extra good when you use the handy slices marked Kraft. Try them all—the Kraft American, Kraft Pimento, Old English brand, Kraft Swiss, Kraft Brick, and Kraft Muenster.



STUART

Golden from the broiler, savory of herbs, chicken in a bed of rice and almonds. Green beans, pearly onions, a well-seasoned tossed salad complete the meal.

a Bird in the Pan

A broiler brushed with garlic butter:
a fryer subtly spiced: a capon rubbed with curry and served with a savory gravy:
a roaster stuffed with vegetables. simmered in its juice:
all birds in the pan.

By IRMA GOODRICH MAZZA

Putting new flavor frills on an old American favorite, chicken, is a little like sewing duchesse lace on Aunt Hannah's nightshirt. But with chicken, the results are so good we're glad to do it. Let us not scorn the birds plain fried or roasted or stewed, for they are the ways in which chicken is superb. But let us use seasonings to give the birds a chance to show what they can do. Seasoning is to poultry what spice is to life.

Yet the best seasoning is lost unless the bird comes delicately browned and succulent from its pan. This motto is one to be graven on the kitchen wall, picked out in color for all to see, and conned over each day poultry is on the menu:

The prime law of poultry cooking is *low temperature*.

Broilers with a basted-in bouquet of herbs, nestled in a feathery bed of rice with tender mushrooms—the attentions demanded are only token ones, small gestures to make for so much goodness.

BROILED CHICKEN WITH MUSHROOMS: Allow ½ broiler for each person. For 4, rub both sides of 2 split broilers with lemon juice. In a small saucepan melt 6–8 tablespoons butter, adding 2 minced cloves garlic. Lay the chicken, skin side down, on broiler rack, in preheated broiler. Brush generously with melted garlic butter. Broil for about 12 minutes, basting often with the butter. Turn chicken over and broil, basting often, until golden brown, about 15 minutes. While chicken is broiling, melt 4 tablespoons more butter in a small skillet. Add 8 large peeled and chopped mushrooms, 2 teaspoons marjoram, ½ teaspoon salt and a good healthy pinch of nutmeg. Cook slowly for about 5 minutes. When chickens are golden, remove from the rack and place in broiler pan. Baste chicken again. Pour the mushroom mixture over all and bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for about 20 minutes or until chicken is very tender. Arrange on a warm platter and—if you like—pour a little warm brandy over the chicken, ignite and let the flame burn out before serving.

This way of seasoning chicken is as unlikely as any I have met, but it has become one of our favorite ways. Quick to prepare, crisp and richly golden brown, chicken done this way is special. And let us not pretend that the easy method (no standing over a hot, spattering pan) is not one of its positive virtues. The recipe was the memory-making gift of one small Japanese maid to a grateful Monterey household.

FRIED CHICKEN TORI: Disjoint 1 large or 2 small fryers and wipe each piece with a damp cloth. Singe if necessary to remove any extra feathers, and so on. Then select a pan that is just large enough to accommodate the chicken without overlapping any of the pieces. In the pan melt 3 tablespoons butter. Preheat the oven to moderate, 350° F. Then mix together ¼ cup flour, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, 1 teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon black pepper and 1½ teaspoons salt. Put this into a paper bag, mix, and toss the chicken pieces in it one at a time. Lay the floured chicken pieces in the pan without overlapping and turn in the butter just once. Dot small pieces of butter (using plenty) over the chicken. Bake 35 minutes for small chickens, 45 for large. Turn the chickens over once during this time. Then turn the oven to very hot, 450° F., and bake 10–15 minutes longer or until the chicken is golden brown and bubbly.

ROAST CURRIED CAPON: Wipe well 1 dressed 3-pound capon inside and out with a damp cloth. Put the neck and giblets in water to cover; add a pinch of salt and simmer for ½ hour. Strain and save the broth for gravy. Rub the inside of the bird with the following mixture: 1 teaspoon each salt and curry powder, and ½ teaspoon ground ginger. In the cavity place 1 leek or whole onion, 1 branch celery with leaves, 1 spray parsley, 10 whole black peppers and ½ clove garlic. Melt 2 tablespoons butter and stir in ½ teaspoon each curry powder, salt, grated lemon peel, and ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper. Skewer the bird with pins, closing all cavities, truss, and rub the skin all over with the butter mixture. Lay the capon on a rack in an open CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

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This is an excerpt from the book
ACCENT ON SEASONING
recently published by Little, Brown & Co.



Make it a party!

Make it merry—with Good-and-Plenty Pizza! Fun to eat—fun to make, too, with French's new recipe. French's own mustard recipe calls for rare spices, specially grown mustard seeds, and the very finest vinegar. That's why French's Mustard is so light and lively—and why more women choose it and use it than any other mustard!



On food...
In food...

no other mustard has the light and lively flavor of

FRENCH'S MUSTARD

Make French's Good-and-Plenty Pizza

With a new *tangy* crust . . . and the best-tasting filling this side of Rome!

Pizza Crust

2 cups biscuit mix
2 tbsps. French's Mustard
½ cup milk

Measure mix into a bowl. Stir mustard into milk; blend into mix. Knead 1 minute on board dusted with biscuit mix. Roll to fit 12-inch pizza pan. Prick surface with fork. Bake in hot oven (425°F) 5-7 min. or until set; remove from oven. Reduce heat to moderate (375°F). Prepare filling.

Pizza Filling

2 cans (8-oz.) tomato sauce
1 tbsp. sugar
1 tbsp. French's Minced Onion
2 tbsps. French's Mustard
¼ tsp. French's Oregano
1 lb. bulk pork sausage meat, well cooked and well drained
1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
2 tbsps. grated Parmesan cheese

Combine tomato sauce, sugar, onion, mustard, and oregano; bring to a boil; simmer 10 min. Pour into partially baked crust. Sprinkle with half of Cheddar, then sausage, then remaining Cheddar, top with Parmesan. Return to oven; bake 12-15 min. or until cheese melts and crust is deep golden brown. Yield: 6 servings. **Friendly Warning:** Because French's Mustard has a special flavor, texture and color all its own, don't expect best results from this recipe with any other mustard.

SEARCH FOR AMELIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

and the darkened house, then she was put into the convent at Stirling and her mother had returned to France.

It was then she had begun to draw. She understood that her mother did not value her letters, scarcely bothered to read them; she began to embellish them with sketches. It was her way of asking for attention. At the convent besides art and deportment she learned the discipline of love. Once when she was thirteen she was quite ill with influenza and the mother superior had cabled her mother and Allison had replied that she was coming with all speed and Alix was so overjoyed that the fever left her. But Allison did not come—she sent a box of expensive toys which Alix looked at once and put away.

After dinner they sat in a corner of the lounge, Duvernay smoking his cheroot, handsome in his white clothes, Alix the sunburned *jeune fille*. They talked of Amelia and thought about her. Neither of them knew the circumstances of life in upper Canada in the early 1820's; the letters gave them glimpses, more interesting for not being understood. They speculated about the little family cast away on an island in the great forest, Amelia with her prickly husband, her two little boys, her daughter Anne whom she adored.

"You remember the figures on the back of one of the letters, which puzzled us?"

"You have deciphered them?" asked Colonel Duvernay.

"I think they are measurements for a dress. The odd thing is, they are mine too."

It was strange to think that she and a great-great-grandmother were as like as two peas. It brought her quite close. When Amelia wrote of clearing the land, she saw it vividly. "It is the great stumps which give trouble; they resist most stubbornly as if they were possessed by a devil." Alix formed a mental image of the clearing in the forest; she saw Amelia working there, she suffered in herself the heat of the Canadian sun, felt the taste of sweat and dust on her lips.

Colonel Duvernay said, "There is nothing so civilizing as interest in another life—even that of a sea urchin. But I feel that the little Amelia is doomed."

They were not experienced farmers, the clearing had not prospered. Some calamity had occurred and the husband had gone off to find employment elsewhere. "We have sunk into such destitution as your gentle heart cannot imagine. Anne and I tilled the land as well as we were able, but the grain was blighted, there was nothing left but a few roots and potatoes. Our hens dropped one by one from the cold and in desperation we gathered the needles of pine and spruce and boiled them, hoping there was some strength to be got from them.

"You would not know me, Sabra, so much I am altered. I am old before my time. I do not know what I should have done without my Anne. I thank God for her every day. She is watching over me as I write; she wears a ragged coat, she is made slight by heavy work and ill food, but her looks are full of love and there is no task she will not attempt for us. If anything happens to me—the thought breaks upon my rest and brings me to my knees—I pray you will send for her. Find some way to aid my darling and I shall rest content."

Anne had been brought back to Scotland after her mother's death to be brought up by Sabra's people, and at eighteen she had made a runaway marriage with Alcide Bertholet, who was rich. And after a long, eventful life she was buried in the cemetery at Antimes in the Bertholet plot under an arch of stone angels. All the Bertholet children knew that arch well; they played games about it.

What a jump, Alix reflected, from the backwoods of upper Canada to the boulevards of Paris and the elegance of the château at Beauvais. How much would she remember? Would she dream about the dark forest and the foam-flecked rivers? And of Amelia?

"One sees," said Colonel Duvernay, "that Amelia was a sort of heroine. And heroines should not die alone, unnoticed, in the wilderness. You have a duty to this little ancestress, Alix. You must find her grave and lay a flower upon it to show that she is remembered."

That August on the island in Canada was a time of waiting. Each day began in morning coolness and bloomed into the hot, strong afternoon. Each day was like the one before, as if, though the pages of the calendar were turning, time stood still.

The old boathouse lay like an amphibian, half in the water, half on the bank. Wallis came out on the balcony and leaned there looking down into the pool. He and Roger had furnished the boathouse with odds and ends and made it their own place. Roger came every summer; they had had many councils here about their future. This spring they had graduated from the University of Toronto and this fall Wallis expected to do postgraduate work in history.

He looked at his watch. Roger was coming on the four-o'clock train.

He finished dressing and walked along the path by the river. The stones of the captain's house looked mellow in the afternoon light. It sat there solidly on its lawn, the home his great-great-grandfather, Capt. William Glendinning, had built in the year 1823.

His aunt, Jo Glendinning, came to the door. "Wallis, it's almost traintime."

"I'm just going."

He backed the car out and turned onto the gravel-and-daisy road which ran the length of the island. It had been a crown grant to an officer, six hundred acres; now it was mostly flat arable fields fringed with bush. Besides the captain's place there were two farms, both still owned and worked by the captain's descendants. Three Glendinnings had fought in the War Between the States and afterward settled there. Others had taken part in the three Western migrations. In the summer when the relatives came back to visit, bringing their children, the island was a lively place.

The train pulled into the station at Carleton Place and Roger got off. He had fawn-colored hair and a fawn-colored skin and he wore an expensive tailored flannel suit. He looked well brought up and rather serious, and this amused Wallis.

They drove back to the island along the Almonte Highway. On either side there were pastures with elms and black-and-white cows.

"Last time I passed here the cows were in the same place," said Roger. "Same cows, probably."

"Any news?"

"Nothing from the Air Force, if that's what you mean."

They crossed the wooden bridge over the Mississippi.

"Stop the car," said Roger.

Wallis let the car come to a stop on the rise before Malcolm's gate. From here they could see a good part of the island. Once he had stopped the car here and given Roger a lecture on the origins and undoubted worth of the Glendinnings. Roger never forgot, and each year he added a few notes of his own.

"Gentlemen and fellow anthropologists," he said, "we have before us the native heath of the Glendinnings. Because they live on an island, because they are a stiff-necked bunch anyway, they have preserved many characteristics of the pioneer days. You will note that the three homes of the island have not changed in a hundred years except in the kitchens and the agricultural tools. The parlors have not changed—grim is the word for the Glendinning parlors. Grim is also the word for their religion. Regarding their attitude to sex ——"

"Take it easy, boy."

Roger put on a prim look. "Sex is for farm animals."

Wallis drove on, thinking that he might have offered a few notes on Roger's home in Rosedale, Toronto. The Beckons were rather rich. His father was an executive of a big store, kind but fussy and humorless; his mother was earnest and worthy, interested in church music and somewhat of a pain in the neck. Yet here was Roger, with a spring of natural gaiety.

Aunt Jo came to the gate to meet them. "We'll have tea right away," she said. She believed that anyone who had made the journey from Toronto must be revived by tea at once. "We'll have it on the lawn."

Paula, Wallis' young sister, handsome and rosy, came out carrying the tea tray. "Hi, Roger."

"Hello, Paula."

They had tea under the tall Lombardy poplar. Swallows skimmed on the river, the opposite bank flowed in a green slope to the sky. The island was a peaceful place.

"What are you being so quiet about?" Paula wanted to know.

"I was thinking of the first time I came here."

Aunt Jo had shown him all over the captain's house. It was plain that she loved every stick and stone of it; she was proud that it had the prestige of a historical site. "It was built like this, like a fort," she said, "with walls three feet thick and shutters inside and out, because they never knew what would come down the river at them—Indians or Americans."

"Sure the Americans never came near us," said Paula.

"They never got across the St. Lawrence!" cried Aunt Jo in triumph, putting the Americans in their place. She led the way upstairs. "This was the first house in these parts to have a stairway. They usually didn't have an upstairs because they couldn't heat it."

Roger thought the upstairs with the blue plaster and the rounded doorways was attractive. It had a curious old-new arrangement. Around the bedrooms ran an attic space, like a storage wall. It was crammed with the detritus of the past.

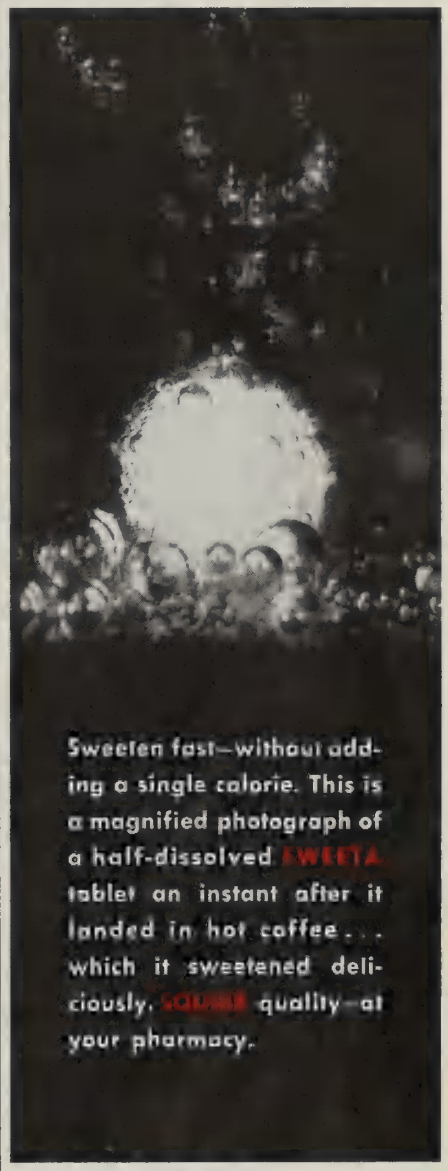
"Someday we'll clean it all out," said Aunt Jo. She led the way downstairs again. "Now for the big treat—the secret room!"

"Is there a secret room?"

"The captain had it put in while he was building. And it was a lucky thing he did, because they hid him there the time the rebels came to hang him. And once when the Indians came, Amelia hid her children in it."



"Hello, baby sitter!"





"Who was Amelia?"

"Wallis' best girl," said Paula pertly.

"I wish I could find one like her," said Wallis.

"She was the captain's first wife, poor thing," said Aunt Jo. "She died in 1829."

The entrance was through a cupboard. Roger pushed back the panel in the side and mounted two stone steps and found himself in a hollow in the fireplace wall. There was nothing there but an old stool. He sat down on it, wondering how it would feel to be a mother and to shut your children in this dark place, not knowing if there would be anyone left alive to release them.

For a moment he felt it vividly, as if some wisp of that fear still clung to the stones.

There was a place like an island in the meadow, grown up with plum and cherry trees, and here was Amelia's stone. Wallis often sat there and thought about her.

Her coloring, they said, was fair and lively, her hair copper and gold. She was of medium height and sturdy and she loved to dance. He pictured her in his mind as a bare-armed, smiling girl in a brown dress.

He did not care about his great-great-grandfather the captain, who had been a good soldier but a poor pioneer. It was Amelia who interested him; it was because of her he wished to become a historian.

The island was lively with visitors, the captain's house overflowing. A sort of bloom came on the summer. Their days began in lazy breakfasts in the stone kitchen and morning idleness along the river. There was plenty for them to do. They swam and picnicked, they got up milking contests among the visitors, they rode the sweet-smelling loads of late alfalfa.

Wallis and Roger were in the boathouse changing for another swim.

"This is the best summer yet," said Roger.

"You said that last year."

"We've found the combination—each year better than the one before."

They went out on the balcony. The pool at this time of year was really too shallow for diving; nevertheless, Roger stepped up on the railing for extra height.

Watching him, Wallis thought that no one would ever understand Roger until one understood this curious thing. From the first he had a passion for air and motion; it had made him a champion gymnast. He might be flippant about many things, but not about this. On the bar, on the rings he never permitted himself to show any fear, any sloppiness or lack of control. He would go on and study law as his parents wished, he would doubtless become a serious, sober citizen and this private dream would have to die—this dream of flying through the air on the high trapeze, of falling and floating and, with grace and precision, catching and rising again.

He stood an instant, gauging the depth of the water, then he soared out, seemed to hang, snapped over in a one-and-a-half somersault, scooped into and out of the water in a shallow arc—a pleasure to see.

Wallis climbed up on the railing and turned his back on the pool. He did not like back dives much—he was looking for an omen. *If I do a good one, and war comes, I'll be lucky.* He sprang. The world turned over his head—boathouse, the tops of the willows, the blue sky. He unrolled—for a moment there was a most agreeable sensation of falling in perfect balance—he hit the water too straight and shot straight down to the bottom. He swam to the ramp and crawled out.

"I've cut my foot, blast it."

That was the trouble with omens—they came out mixed.

Aunt Jo sent Wallis to town to buy ice cream and when he was there he got an Ottawa newspaper. The date was August twenty-fourth and there was a story in it which shook the world.

He brought it back to Roger in the boathouse. "I guess this means we're for it."

Roger read it, stretched out in an old straw chair on the balcony. Russia and Germany had signed a nonaggression pact. Then he looked all around him in a sort of amazement. The river brimmed with evening reflections. On the other side the cows stood in the shade of the willows, ruminating. In the sky flocks of starlings rose and wheeled and poured like smoke. Everywhere was peace.

The summer was drawing to a close. There was a final barn dance at Malcolm and Minna's, neighbors and cousins. The squares were formed; the girls' skirts flared as they were swung to the old tunes. Wallis found himself pierced by a feeling as sharp as the sound of the fiddles, a sense of valedictory. He had been at a hundred such dances, but tonight everything was different. He danced with the girls he had grown up with, the girl of his first crush when he had been too shy to tell her about it, the girls he had gone with in high school. They brought back the memories of old times and skating parties, and all the prickly, too sensitive, uncomfortable business of growing up.

At intermission he strolled with a summer visitor in the orchard. There were other couples walking there, cooling off, getting their shoes soaked in the dew. He stopped before a big old apple tree. "Have you climbed the wishing tree?"

"This is the first I've heard of a wishing tree."

"Let me introduce you. Joyce, this is the wishing tree. Tree, this is Joyce. You're supposed to climb up and sit in the crotch and make a wish."

"Here goes," she said, "I'm a fool for wishes." She climbed up and sat in the crotch, he came up behind her. The boughs swayed, the light fell dappled through the leaves.

"Close your eyes and wish."

She guessed what was coming—she opened her eyes and, smiling, turned her head so that his lips just brushed the corner of her mouth.

"You made it up, didn't you?"

"Things have come to a pretty pass, if we can't make up a story for a pretty girl."

"Now I make another wish—to get down without breaking my neck."

He dropped to the ground, she came down to a low bough, he reached up and lifted her down. They stood together, his hands still under her arms, the light falling on her soft young face, and again he was pierced by a sense of bittersweet. She was part of something he was leaving. He might have married this girl, for she was a laughing girl, and it would be easy to fall in love with her and they might have lived fifty years together. Now he knew only her name and how she looked under an apple tree—and a year from now he would not even remember her name.

"I hope you get your wish."

"Perhaps I did," she said, smiling.

The Home Waltz had been played, the yard was full of people calling good-bys and slamming car doors. Roger and Paula yelled at him that they were taking a gang to the boathouse for a swim; he said not to wait for him, he would walk through the fields.

He took the long way round by the edge of the river. In the back pasture he came upon the beef herd lying down, every head turned his way, motionless like a field of red boulders. He came to the river meadow which was like an old mezzotint with the stubble showing in shades of gray and five strawstacks catching the silver light.

It was a long time since he had climbed a strawstack. He climbed one now and made a hollow in the top and lay there, staring at the sky and remembering the mood of the spring. There had been the long grind of examinations, then convocation with its procession, its exhortation. He had knelt before the chancellor, a hood was put over his head and a voice said in Latin that he was admitted to the university. Afterward, when he had taken off his gown and hood, it seemed the natural thing to apply for a commission in the Air Force.

He turned on his elbow to look over the fields. He knew what was happening—he was saying good-by to the island. He had spent his boyhood here; every foot of land had its associations. He remembered the river and the berry patches, the delicious sense of release when the holidays came. Hot prickly Sundays and walking home from Sunday school and the road smelling of dust and daisies. The winter woods at night when he used to hunt rabbit and fox with his .22. A January day and the woods across the river faint and blue, the color of cold and distance. His studious pursuit of Amelia and his daydreams about her in the quiet of his room.

The sliver of moon sank into the horizon. A wild duck got up from the rushes and went whistling over his head. Why, he wondered, was the flight of a wild duck against a gray sky so sad?

At Rockcliffe, on the steps of the administration building, Roger was waiting.

"Provisional Pilot Officer Glendinning, I presume. O.K., here we go."

With their arms overflowing with equipment they were shown to a room with double-decker beds. There were two other P.P.O.'s

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

What the mother sings to the cradle goes all the way down to the grave.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

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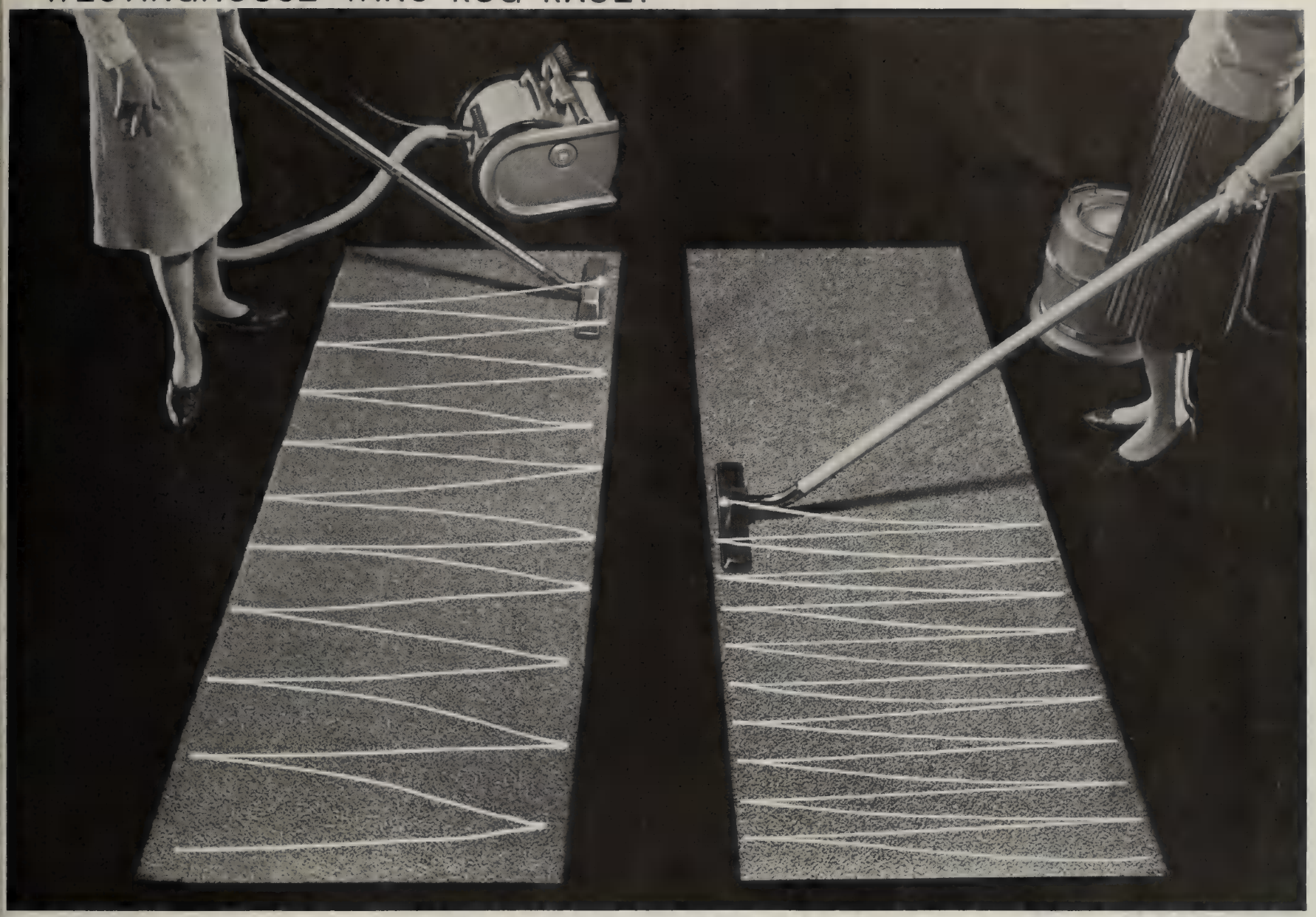
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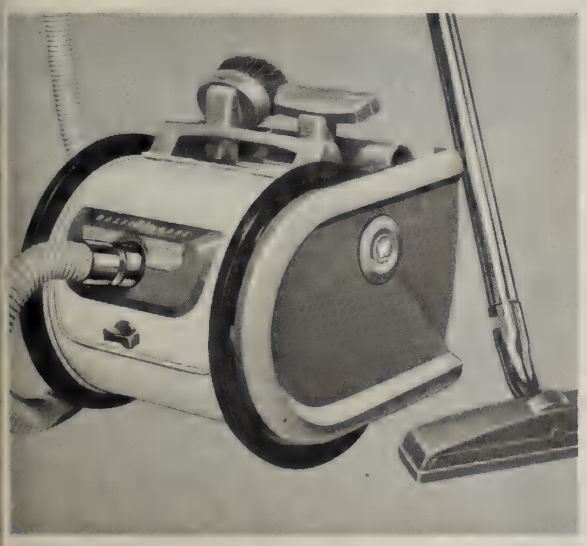
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

there. The one on the top bed was Bob Burnaby, skinny and gangling, with a homesick look.

"Where you fellows from? I'm from Richmond."

The one lying on the lower bunk was tough and composed with thick rusty hair, hair like a chrysanthemum. Elliot Hayden, Trinity School, Trinity College, the son of a county judge—called Boomer because of his big voice.

"You needn't be in any hurry," he said. "We've been here two days and nobody's taken any notice of us."

"That won't do. We came here to fly airplanes," said Wallis.

"They won't let you near an airplane. They have their own way of doing things in the Air Force and it's a mighty peculiar way."

"I worked in the bank there," said Burnaby. "Bank of Nova Scotia. You guys ever been in Richmond?"

"He can't find anybody who even heard of the place," said Boomer.

"I've heard of it," said Wallis. "I come from Glen Isle, only about eighteen miles away."

Burnaby brightened up at once. "I guess things aren't going to be so bad, fellows."

There were twelve P.P.O.'s. They were kept waiting about, drilling, taking lectures. One day they were told to fall in with all their equipment. They were excited.

"This is it, boys! This is where we take off!"

A bus rolled into the yard, they piled their luggage and got in. "First time I ever got into a bus not knowing where it's going," said Roger.

"Hey, driver, where are we going?"

"London."

London! They were dumfounded.

"Keep your shirt on, kiddy," said the driver. "London, Ontario."

Actually it was Lambeth, a village outside London, where No. 5 Elementary Training School had been hurriedly improvised. There were a grass field, some light aircraft of the London Fying School, a girl secretary and a civilian instructor.

There was a morning at Lambeth Wallis would never forget. He was alone on a cross-country test. The sky was a limitless blue, the earth a map of colored rectangles; he was suddenly keenly aware of the great river of the air. He was exhilarated, as if he had been made free of another element. He put the nose of the Fleet trainer down and dived and pulled out and up and rolled it off the top of the loop. He put it through every trick—rolling, stalling and falling. He crossed some sort of frontier that morning—he felt that he could fly anything, that there was nothing he would not try to fly.

They completed fifty hours of flying and one morning the inspectors from Trenton were there, without notice, to give them their tests. It was a critical day. Their performance during the tests would decide whether they were to be accepted as pilots—or rejected.

As it turned out, they all did very well. Roger, when he was keyed up, reached a remarkable degree of co-ordination, a state which impelled him toward the difficult and dangerous. Boomer flew exactly as he had flown the day before, unruffled and competent. Burnaby startled his examiner by a series of wild bounces—he recovered and got his tail down and looked at the officer with a pleading expression.

That night the P.P.O.'s, no longer provisional, gave themselves a graduation party. They drank beer and sang, and dangled Burnaby out the window by his ankles to cure him of his fear of heights. When this did not cure him at once, they pretended to drop him and caught him in a blanket.

It had been fine, bland October weather at Lambeth. They had loafed on the grass, kidding one another. They lived together in a farmhouse where they were treated as members of the family. They set booby traps for one another, they had car races on the grass field. They had had a wonderful time—young men training to take on the *Luftwaffe*.

From Lambeth they were shot into the service flying schools. They became part of the blue-gray stream, pushing on one another's heels, with too much to learn and too little time. Drilling, cramming, falling asleep over their books, up at dawn to fly. Then there was a parade at Trenton, when, having completed 170 hours in Fleets, Harvards, Ansons and Lysanders, they were given their wings. And each made his private vows according to his nature.

Wallis and Roger walked down Whitehall. They felt they were walking in history. "Look, the Horse Guards." The Cenotaph. Parliament Square. There before the House of Lords in the rich gloom, Richard rode with his bent sword. They went on to Westminster Bridge. The Houses of Parliament stretched a magnificent flank along the river. On the right bank something glimmered like a white cliff. They did not talk, they would not have admitted it, but they were moved: this was part of their heritage—the storybook England.

They recrossed the square and came into St. James's Park. A girl in a trench coat, with one arm in a white sling, was walking toward them, carrying her helmet. They gave her a snappy salute.

She stopped, surprised. "Oh—thank you! But it wasn't anything special—I fell over some rubble."

She looked tired, but she was astonishingly pretty. She had merry brown eyes and hair richly dark, almost foreign-looking. But her voice was the most English thing they had ever heard. They stood looking at one another and the park was full of sunrise.

"We've seen the Embankment," said Wallis. "And now we've seen you."

"Big day for us," said Roger.

The honor of a country depends much more on removing its faults than on boasting of its qualities. IMAZZIN

"You're practically the first Londoner we've seen. Do you mind if we kiss you?"

"It's awfully generous of you." She took them in—their bright new wings, their shoulder flashes with "Canada" on them. "Welcome to London," she said, and kissed them both.

She went on, but turned around again, smiling. "I often cross the park at this time," she said.

Roger, quiet Roger, suddenly let out a whoop. "City of London, we are here!"

In the spring of 1941, Wallis got leave and went to Scotland to see the house where Amelia was born. But he found nothing of Amelia: the house was in a stranger's hands now—Sabra's line had died out. Only in the brick-walled garden did he feel a link with the past—this was the garden Amelia had been homesick for, among the stumps of Beckwith.

Mrs. Forget, the owner, would not let him go without tea. "I remember when we took the house, the attic was full of family things. Pictures and letters—heaps of stuff. I think most of it was sent to France. Alix might know; she went to school here."

"Alix?"

"Alix Leslie. She's in London now. Her mother was Allison Bertholet, who married one of the Leslie boys. When he was killed, she went back to France."

He had not tried to keep track of his European cousins, but he surmised that Allison and Alix would be descendants of Anne—whom they thought of in Canada as the lost one, because she had been taken back to Scotland after her mother's death.

"We heard that Allison was killed in France last spring, she was machine-gunned in the road. . . . More tea?"

"Thank you, I must be getting along." At the gate he paused. "You said Alix was in London?"

"Yes. I don't know her address, but she is with the Ministry of Information. She's quite clever, you know; she speaks five languages."

"Well, good-by, Mrs. Forget. Thanks for everything."

His train did not get to London until six. The Ministry of Information probably put up the shutters at five—but there was a chance. He stepped into a call box, the bronze clang of the falling pennies nearly deafened him.

"Miss Alix Leslie, please."

"Sorry, she's gone home."

"Where's home?"

The voice became official. "Sorry, we are not allowed to give out such information."

"Listen," he said, "a fine Ministry of Information this is. I come all the way from Canada to ask you a civil question—and you won't tell me. Listen, if you're as nice as your voice, you'll help me. I've only a few hours and I have to find her. She's my cousin."

The girl laughed. "I am very sorry—we are not allowed to give the information you requested. But if you ask at twenty-six Barham Gardens, Kensington, they might know."

"Thanks, thanks a million."

"Pip-pip," said the girl.

He had dinner. When he came out again, it was beginning to rain; he turned up the collar of his coat and swung aboard a bus. He got down somewhere along Brompton Road and walked along in the darkness. He sensed the bulk of the houses on either side, he could not see them. He found that he was walking quickly, in anticipation. He was going to meet a girl, a cousin and a stranger, someone who had a drop of Amelia's blood.

An air-raid siren began to sound. Well, that was to be expected—it was the sort of night Jerry would come over. He came upon a blue arrow pointing the way to a shelter. He had no wish to go into it—the raiders were flying blind above the clouds, their bombs would be dropped at random. The air was quivering with the vibrations of the sirens; now people passed him running.

He went on. The darkness seemed to be drawing back, he smelled leaves and grass, he was on the edge of some sort of square. In the occasional cast-down flicker of a torch he saw a group of people under the plane trees. They were talking among themselves, they paid no attention to him. A searchlight rayed about and bounced on the underside of a cloud.

"That's done it!" said a voice in disgust. "Now they'll have something to shoot at."

He went up the porch steps. As he hesitated there someone opened the door of No. 26 and came through the blackout curtain.

"Oh, come in quickly," she said. It was a small white-haired lady in a mackintosh.

"Excuse me—can you tell me where I can find Miss Leslie?"

"Alix? Now where is her post? Oh, I know—she has the roof. Straight up three flights, then there is a sort of ladderway and a frightful little door. Mind you don't fall off."

He mounted the stairs and the ladderway, and went through the frightful little door into open air and darkness. He stood still waiting for his eyes to grow used to it. "Alix?" he said to the darkness.

"Yes. Who is this?"

"I'm your cousin Wallis Glendinning from Canada." He said it with satisfaction, he was pleased with the moment.

"Oh. Do be careful—it's so easy to fall off. How do you do, cousin? Give me your hand." A hand took his sleeve and then his hand and pulled him down to a seat beside her. "It's awfully sooty up here."

"Isn't this rather an exposed place?"

"I like roof watching. I suppose I would rather be killed outright than buried in rubble. How did you find me?"

"A girl in your office. Mrs. Forget in Stirling told me you worked in the Ministry of Information."

"You went to Stirling?"

"Sure. I wanted to see Amelia's house. I hoped to find something of her there. But there was nothing."

"I have some of her letters, you know."

"Have you?" He was impressed.

The light from the distant fires had grown, they could see the sea of roofs. From above there came faintly the sound of unsynchronized motors. A mile away something burst into a tower of flame. It was not a bad raid. The fires were soon under control. The sirens sounded "Raiders passed" on a descending

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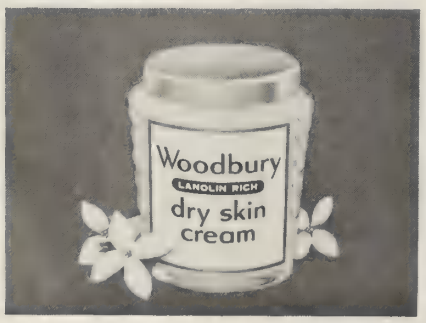
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scale—a cheerful note, either because of its cadence or of its significance. Murmurs of talk and snatches of laughter came up from the square.

"I expect they're having a cup of tea," she said. "As long as the tea holds out, London will."

She led him downstairs to her rooms. "I'm afraid I can't offer you anything to drink but cocoa. Would you like some cocoa?"

He remained silent, looking at her with great interest. She was bundled up in an old black sweater, her hair was tousled. It was a lovely color, more gold than brown. She was not tall, but lissome. She had hazel eyes, very clear, rather grave.

"You have Amelia's hair," he said.

She lighted the gas ring and busied herself making cocoa.

"I don't know much about her European descendants. What happened to Anne after she was taken back to Scotland?"

"She made a runaway match with a Frenchman. The Bertholets were very gay and very rich, they had connections everywhere. Anne's son married Alexei Radetski, a celebrated Hungarian beauty, and they named one of their daughters Allison in honor of the Scottish cousins. When she was in her twenties, Allison, who was my mother, came to Scotland to visit the cousins and fell in love and married here. And so to me—Alix Radetski Bertholet Leslie—the end of the line. Are there many Glendinnings?"

"Lashings of them. You have cousins in Medicine Hat and Rochester, New York, U.S.A."

"It sounds so improbable," Alix said. "Tell me about Amelia's house in Canada."

"Well, it's still there, you know; it's a sort of focal point for the family. People come back every year, they bring their kids to see the secret room. It's on an island, you know ——"

A wave of homesickness for the island swept him—he heard the clatter the wheels made on its log bridge, he saw its fields and woods, the lacy riffles, the willows leaning to their reflections in the river. He tried to picture it for her, the words poured out of him ——

A sort of spasm had shaken her—she had almost yawned. There were smudges of fatigue under her eyes.

He jumped up, conscience-stricken. She had probably had very little sleep for consecutive nights. "I'm sorry—I'm keeping you up." In his eagerness to be gone, he snatched up his coat and knocked over a table of painting materials. When she stooped to pick them up, he stooped, too, and bumped into her. He blushed, he was embarrassed, he was behaving like a country cousin.

"Good night. Thank you very much for letting me roof-watch."

He shook her hand and ran.

Colby, where they were sent to learn about night flying, was a wizard show. It was a satellite field, with a grassy oval and camouflaged blister hangars. It had not lost its country air. Squadron 406 lived in a fine Edwardian house with a dining room overlooking a sunken garden where they played volleyball. It was like living in a fraternity house again—the same bang-and-clatter, a set of standing jokes.

Boomer continued to keep himself in a state of neatness; he carried himself with the aplomb of an air marshal. The service had put a little polish on Burnaby, but he was still the small-town type—simple, sociable, cordial, inquisitive, scandalized and thrilled. When he seemed heading for trouble over too many drinks or a Lonely Heart, Boomer sat on him firmly: "Think of Main Street, Richmond, Ontario, and keep your shirt on."

In 406 morale was high. Their conceit was to be madly wizard in the air, to use RAF slang, never to show surprise or alarm at women or drinks. And to get to London at every opportunity. Roger came in one night from London and spilled Wallis on the floor, bedclothes and all.

"What's the matter with you—are you tight?"

Roger climbed upon the bureau and took a swan dive onto his bed.

"All right, *Herr Oberstleutnant*, let's see you fly on one wing."

Roger made a spectacular try. He dashed about the room, picking up speed, he took off, windmilling with one arm, and landed with a crash that jarred the building. He lay there looking at the ceiling. "'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!'"

"What happened in London?"

"You remember the girl in the park?"

"What girl in what park?"

"The girl we met in St. James's Park the first morning. Her name is Caroline Brooke and she's a sergeant in civil defense. She was crossing the park at six o'clock in the morning just as she said—but it's only on certain days. That's why I missed her."

"You mean you've been getting up at six o'clock to look for her?"

"Yes. She came along and I said, 'What a lot of sleep you've cost me.' And she said, 'Oh, well, come along and have breakfast.' So I did. They live in that great red block of flats near the river, Westminster Place or something. And she took me on an air raid."

"Never mind the raid. Go on about the girl."

"Her father is a sort of swell—a senior civil servant. Her mother is the nicest sort of English. The boy is in the army somewhere, they don't know where. She drives a heavy rescue truck. She took me around to her post and introduced me to her pals—they're all cockneys. The warning went when I was there, they lent me a tin hat and a gas cape and I went out with the truck. It wasn't much of a raid—but the corner of a house had been knocked off and they had to dig down into the rubble looking for survivors. All the time the wall was swaying like a curtain. They shouldn't let girls go into places like that."

"How does she feel?"

"She wouldn't change places with anyone in the world. She is very pro-London."

I dare no more fret than I dare curse and swear.
JOHN WESLEY

Roger and Caroline went through the park and along Birdcage Walk. It was an ordinary English summer day, but they walked in a splendid climate of their own. They were falling in love and they knew it. They loitered, enjoying every moment, not wanting this time to run too quickly.

"What is that curious edifice?"

"Wellington Barracks."

"Where the duke lives, I presume. Caroline ——"

"What?"

"Nothing. Just Caroline. I like to say it."

"There are hundreds and thousands of Carolines."

"Yours is a special one—it has a sound of bells. It should be written in musical notes."

"Very well. Hereafter I shall sign myself with a crotchet and a quaver."

He and Caroline would go someplace to dine, then afterward to the Savoy, or to the Normandy or Hackett's, or places whose names he never knew or forgot.

They were dancing; they danced well together. "You are English, you say. You are most untypical, you know. Your eyes came over with the Armada."

She rolled her Spanish-type eyes to the right, to the left—and crossed them.

"And you dance too well."

"I like that! How do you think English girls dance?"

Another couple whammed into them.

"Each little English girl alive is born into the world keeping English time—hop, hop, crash."

"Roger."

"What?"

"Nothing, I like to say it. Roger, oink-oink ——"

"Silly ass."

Usually at the end of the night she wished to visit the Embankment. They leaned there watching the water shine, a soldier and a girl, among other soldiers, other girls.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

LOOK AT BOTH—AND YOU'LL BUY GAS!

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PRODUCT OF GEO. D. ROPER CORP., KANKAKEE, ILL. CABINETS BY REPUBLIC STEEL KITCHENS.

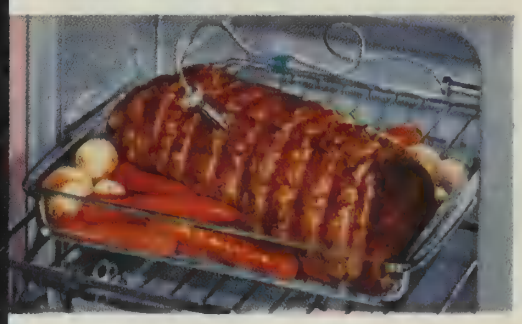




AUTOMATIC! Roper's Burner-with-a-Brain does pot-watching for you. Top burner heat control raises and lowers flame to keep pan at proper cooking temperature. Food can't scorch or boil over. And this amazing top burner also automatically keeps food warm and tender until time to serve.



AUTOMATIC! Roper's Rotomatic Rotisserie turns automatically, bastes food as it cooks. Use the center spit alone for large roasts . . . all three spits for broiled spring chickens, shish-kabob. It's great for entertaining, a wonderful way to enjoy party-cooking "picnic-style" every season of the year.



AUTOMATIC! Roper's Roast Minder takes the guesswork out of meat cookery. Just put the thermometer in the roast and plug it in. Then the oven takes over, turns itself off when the roast is done exactly to your taste. You can even check its progress on a range-top indicator.

FASTER! Burners give high heat in an instant—there's no warm-up wait with Gas! You get perfect control of cooking temperature, too—not just three, five, seven or nine heat levels, but any temperature you want from zero on up. No wonder cooking is faster, easier with Gas.

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COOLER! No hot spots in the kitchen when you cook with Gas. Heat's off the instant you turn off the burner. Oven windows let you check "doneness" without opening the door. Even broilers cook cool. You can keep the door closed, keep heat in. AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

"You love this place, don't you?"

"We've always been Londoners, since the time of the first Charles. I'm a city sparrow and this is my city. . . . London with its stones and bones—may it have mine."

They came to Lychmoor one August morning: twelve Canadians—six pilots, six sergeant navigators. It was a grass field, brown and spongy. Hangars and workshops stood up thickly like factories. Damaged aircraft stood all about, parked anywhere, and encroaching upon the perimeter track was a motley collection of trucks and road engines. They stared—they had never seen a flying field like this.

Wallis felt a cold touch of apprehension.

"What's the matter?" asked Roger. "You no like?"

"I no like."

The provost sergeant appeared. "Hofficer in charge of the party to report to the station commander."

"Flight Lieutenant Glendinning, sir. Reporting from Colby."

Group Captain Crutchley was a small man with a large head, a moon face and a bristling mustache. He looked at Wallis with a supercilious stare and Wallis felt the shock of the stranger who finds himself disliked, not for anything he has done but for what he is.

"Ah, yes, Colby—one of the newer establishments. You will find things different here—here we have a few rules. You and your brother officers will be expected at all times to dress and comport yourselves like gentlemen. Your first duty will be to make yourself acquainted with the standing orders of this station. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

Afterward he was able to understand Lychmoor but not to forgive it. It had been set down in a desolate place, it was ugly beyond necessity, it represented the service mind at its most rigid. It was not a flying field so much as an institution devoted to the idea of discipline. There were few games and fewer amenities—Group Captain Crutchley did not believe in amenities for the other ranks.

The new squadron began to take shape. People were arriving—among them Squadron Leader Hyssop, the acting C.O., and Squadron Leader Dale, who had B flight and the Canadians. "I'm the biggest fraud in the service," said Dale pleasantly. "I don't know a thing about military routine—if it looks cross, I salute it. You, Rivard, and you, Glendinning, will have to do most of the training."

Candy Easter Eggs



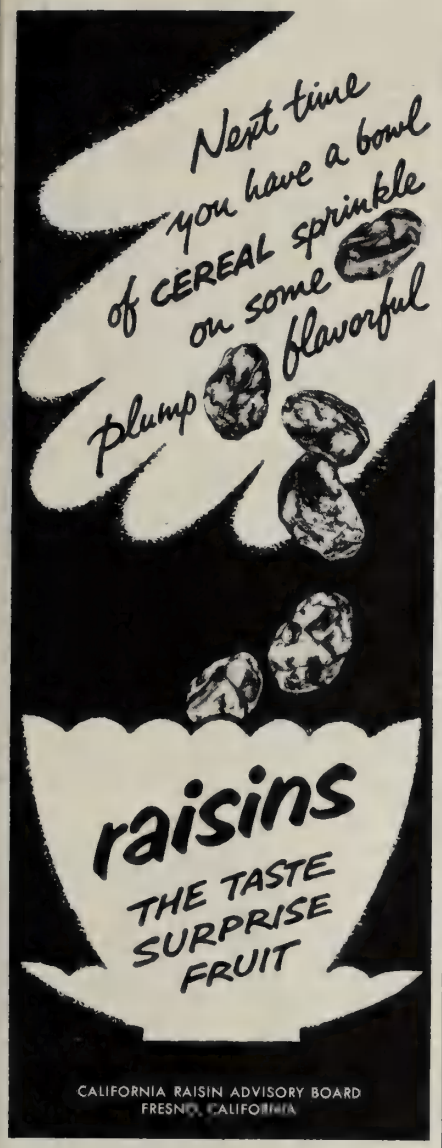
STUART

For pure enchantment: delicious fondant eggs with a bittersweet-chocolate or pastel-candy coating.

Could the Easter bunny himself turn out a more elegant array of decorated eggs? With this recipe—the inspiration of Mrs. Ardis Shoemaker, of Tyrone, Pennsylvania—*you* may be his accomplice, confecting them simply and inexpensively at home.

FONDANT EGGS: Mix together 6 tablespoons instant mashed potato prepared according to package directions, 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ teaspoons peppermint extract, ¼ teaspoon salt. Add ⅔ box of confectioners' sugar—about 2⅔ cups. Blend well. Add the remainder of the box of sugar gradually. If mixture becomes too stiff, work in the sugar on a board. Pat mixture into a ball. Chill well. (This is very important.) Pinch pieces from chilled ball in size desired and shape into eggs. Flatten the bottom of each slightly. Place on wax paper on a tray and chill. Cover eggs with dipping chocolate, using directions on package. Or dip in standard fondant, melted and tinted with food coloring. Drain on a wire rack. Chill until set. Then decorate with ornamental frosting.

FOR NUT OR COCONUT EGGS: Flavor with almond extract in place of peppermint. After sugar is added, work in 1 cup chopped nuts or 1 cup finely chopped coconut.







A bad time was about to begin, a time which would put an end to most of their boyishness, and yet it began hopefully. Hyssop and Dale were first-class people, the pilots were keen, and there was a rumor that they were to get the new De Havilland fighter-bomber, the Mosquito.

Their new aircraft began to arrive. Instead of the Mosquitoes they had hoped for, they were Beaufighters, equipped with cathode-ray tubes for "seeing" at night. They had a high wing loading; with the extra equipment, they were unstable fore and aft. Their first flights were nerve-racking efforts to get up, fly level and get down again.

Hyssop had an interview with the station commander.

"Sir, we are having trouble with our night landings."

"What's the matter?"

"Lack of room, sir, mostly. I feel that the approaches are unnecessarily impeded. Road vehicles left on the perimeter where they have no business to be. That sort of thing."

"That is the province of the ground-control officer. You know space is at a premium here—I won't interfere. What's the matter with your pilots?"

"We are flying Beaus, sir. They weigh ten tons loaded and they come squashing down at eight miles an hour. Very difficult to control near the ground and on it. We should be happier if those rifle pits were filled in and those ghastly little huts along the edge were demolished."

Group Captain Crutchley bristled. "Those rifle pits were dug—by order—for the RAF regiment. Those ghastly little huts, as you term them, were devised by me as safe places to store ammunition and explosives. In the future, Hyssop, I shall be glad if you will confine yourself to matters within your jurisdiction."

A few days later, Hyssop was transferred.

Exercises in night interception proceeded. They wandered the blind sky trying to track other aircraft by instrument. They got lost, they found themselves, they got down somehow. In the matter of casualties, they had amazing luck, but the feeling of tension grew—everyone knew it was only a matter of time.

Their good luck came to an end, as it was bound to do. Ericksen and Carteret went to hospital when their aircraft crashed into a road engine left on the perimeter. Tucker and Pringle flew their aircraft into the ground and were killed. Markley and Kerr lost their lives on the eastern approach. They lost Mike Crandall, Bob Early, Sid Fleury and Willy White in a shocking accident. They had been practicing interceptions in the dusk and they collided in mid-air.

"They're going to throw us all away," said Burnaby bitterly.

They had just come back from the funeral. Wallis had lain down, as he was, on his cot; he knew now he was tired to the danger point. Last night he had found himself flying at 600 feet with no recollection of coming down from patrol height.

"You, Wallis, and you, Boomer, may make it. The rest of us have had it." Burnaby was no longer recognizable as the friendly small-town type. He was taut and twitchy, his eyes had a tendency to stare.

"Oh, rot!" said Boomer. "It's these funerals. They upset everybody."

"I came over here to shoot Germans. The people I'd like to shoot are right here on this station. Good old sadistic Provost Sergeant Wilsher, and good old night fighter Group Captain Crutchley."

"Crutchley must be worth nearly a squadron—to the Germans," said Roger.

"I'll tell you how I'm going to die," said Burnaby. "I'll be coming in over the village—I'll throttle back and one engine will cut out. The Beau will roll over on its back—and that'll be it."

Wallis had just fallen asleep when a torch shone in his face. He winced away from the light.

"Wanted at the watch office, sir."

He rolled out automatically, grabbing his cap and torch. He ran across the dark field.



The watch office was lighted by only small points of light here and there. The controller sat at his table before his microphone. From the speaker on the wall poured a frightened babble of words.

"It's Twistleton—he's panicked," said the controller. "I can't speak to him—he reported his instruments are shot ——"

The voice came pouring from the wall transmitter, shameless in fear. "Lychmoor—Lychmoor—can't you hear me? I'm in trouble—answer me—answer me ——"

Wallis grabbed the microphone. "Twiss, this is Glendinning. We're receiving you loud and clear, we're receiving you. We'll get you down—you're not far away. Don't try to home—fly straight and level. If you can see a star or a beacon, steer by it. Keep her straight and level. Over to you, Twiss."

"Hello, Glendinning, hello, Glendinning!" The voice was making a great effort to be calm. "I'm in trouble. Instruments unserviceable. Air-speed indicator not constant, compass wheeling. She's pitching—will I jump? Tell me, should I jump?"

"Twiss, don't jump—you're not far from the field. I can hear your engines. Just hang on, boy, we'll get you help. Just try to keep her level."

His navigator, Warrant Officer Warre, came in.

"Jimmy, get our aircraft started. . . . Listen, Twiss, we're coming to get you. Do you understand? Over."

"Yes, what will I do?"

"Try to hold her in a ten-degree turn—don't hurry it. Have your sergeant keep switching off and on your lights. Further instruction from the air. Leave radio at receive. Understood?"

They rose through the ground haze, the station gave them interception bearings. They might have flown around for hours, but they had luck, they spotted the flashing lights almost at once.

"Here we are, Twiss. Don't answer—we're coming up on your right-hand wing. You will see our lights. Over."

"I see you now."

He led Twiss around on the homing course. Both aircraft were flying straight and level. "Doing fine," said Wallis. "There's the station dead ahead. I'm going in ahead of you, follow my taillight, make sure it stays in the same place. At two hundred feet I'm pulling up and out of your way—just let her sink—keep the same angle—let the lights come up to you and get that stick back—and you're down."

They led the other Beaufighter into the landing pattern, then pulled up and went round again. They saw Twistleton's lights cross the field, then they lost him.

"Did he look all right?"

Instead of loving your enemies, treat your friends a little better.

EDGAR WATSON HOWE

"Sure was high-tailing it," said Jimmy.

They landed. The other Beau seemed to have disappeared. Then they saw a knot of excitement away off to the side of the field, among the buildings. They rushed over in the jeep and there in the car park stood the Beau looking huge with a little saloon car between its wheels. It looked like a great cat with a mouse. Twistleton and his sergeant had fallen out and were jumping about and hitting each other and laughing hysterically.

The Beau had landed too fast, overrun the perimeter track, skimmed along a line of parked aircraft without touching one. Then it had swerved, broken through a guardrail and pranged the only car in the park.

At any other station Twistleton would have got off with a dressing down and a bill for the damage to the car, but this was at Lychmoor, where there was no good will and every molehill was made into a mountain. The station adjutant was instructed to call a Board of Inquiry.

Wallis was called to give his evidence.

"Mr. Glendinning, you have heard the statement of Pilot Officer Twistleton that he considered his instruments to be unserviceable. You have heard the evidence of the crew chief who tested them later and found them in order. Can you shed any light on this discrepancy?"

"Instruments often go unserviceable for short periods in the air, sir."

"For what reason? Apart from mechanical failure, which seems to be ruled out here."

"Air turbulence. Sudden maneuvers."

"You were flying that night. Was the air, in fact, turbulent?"

"No, sir."

"Then you suggest that instrument failure might have been due to sudden maneuvers?"

"It is a possibility, sir."

"By the way, I see that you logged your—ah—flight as an equipment test. Did you, in fact, test any equipment?"

"No, sir."

"Then why did you describe it as an equipment test?"

"I have no answer to that, sir."

"I point out that whatever your motives were, it caused you to make a false entry in an official document. However, I think we can leave that to your commanding officer. Any further questions, gentlemen?"

The finding of the board was simply that the accident was due to pilot error—there was no suggestion of disciplinary action. The station commander, having made his point and played his game of cat-and-mouse, was content to let the mouse go.

As soon as he was released from the board room, Wallis had gone to his quarters and written out his request for transfer. After the findings of the board had been promulgated, the squadron C.O. sent for him.

"I'm going to ask you to withdraw your request. I have three or four pilots in this squadron who will make it or break it, and you are one of them. I should add that personally I should be sorry to see you go. Well?"

The C.O. was not an easy man to know. He had been plucked from a desert fighting squadron just as he was making his reputation; he must have been livid with chagrin and disappointment, but he never showed his feelings about it.

The good ones always had you. "I withdraw it, sir."

The C.O. tore it up and dropped it into the basket.

"What a chump you are, Glendinning," he said, indicating that the official interview was over. "You know what we are trying to do here. We are trying to develop a technique of enemy interception at night. So—we are going to get on with it and people will be killed and people like Twistleton will be hurt. There never was a worth-while job done without masses of people getting in the way."

"I don't mind a war, sir. It's Crutchley's war I don't like."

"No one pretends discipline is fun. It made Crutchley—it also made the service. And don't you forget it."

He lifted a handful of papers from his basket.

"And what have we here? A mass of bumff from the M.O. Seems that one of my flight leaders, who should be setting a good example to the troops, has not had his shots."

"Those shots mean a loss of forty-eight hours' flying time. I can't spare it, sir."

"You are going to spare it now. You are herewith suspended from flying duties for seven days. And by a striking coincidence, you are now starting seven days' leave. Get those shots and off you go."

When he got to London, he phoned Alix. "I have some leave. Will you come out with me?"

"I'd like to. Where shall I meet you?"

"Wherever you like." He said the first place that came into his head. "The Savoy?"

He waited for her in the lounge of the hotel. He was restless, not in a good mood. He prowled around, too tense to sit, watching the English at their affairs. So this was where they were keeping the army. Some of them looked very distinguished in their red tabs—



and why shouldn't they? They lived well and kept out of the weather. Well, it was their island. As far as he was concerned, they were welcome to it.

"Hello." Alix was beside him. "You were fathoms deep."

He was taken by surprise. He had expected the girl on the roof, a simple small girl with tousled hair. Now dressed for dinner, she was very smart, very Bertholet-Radetski. In the restaurant, she talked on, socially competent, about food, English food, war food. She studied the wine list. He ordered Scotch and he noticed that it had an odd metallic taste, as if there was something wrong with the soda.

The orchestra was playing familiar American tunes. He knew that he danced well; as they drifted about the floor as easily as smoke, he looked at the other couples and asked himself why the English upper classes bothered to go through the motions. "Listen, that is a South American rhythm. There should be a law forbidding the English to dance to it."

"What *is* the matter?" she asked. "You have hardly eaten anything. You are quite the best dancer I have ever danced with, but you seem to get no pleasure out of it. Would you like to go?"

"Perhaps we'd better." He realized now that this was more than a black mood—he was feeling very odd. The surroundings were alternately blurred and clear, as if his eyes were not focusing properly; he felt on the verge of being sick.

There was one thing about the Savoy—you could always get a taxi. But it was a time of petrol shortage and the driver made a difficulty about driving to Kensington. Wallis felt an angry, violent impulse to jerk him out of his cab and hit him. He thrust a pound note at him and told him brusquely to get on with it. They drove in silence, she in her corner, he in his.

They were in the square. He jumped out and sudden movement finished him. He felt the earth rising up at him. . . .

He came back to consciousness and found himself sitting against the sand bin. He could smell the leaves on the plane trees. The taxi had gone.

"It was those shots," he said.

"What shots?"

"I had to take them this morning." The M.O. had said there would be a reaction; it seemed a long time ago. He got up cautiously. "I'm very sorry."

"It's two flights up—can you walk that far?"

When they got to her rooms he saw himself in the mirror; he was pale and his eyes looked like two holes burned in a blanket. She made him a cup of tea.

"The buses stop at midnight."

"A walk will do me good."

"You aren't very sensible, are you? You are cold and you are sweating. I'll make a bed on the sofa and you can stay here."

She came in when he was in bed. "Good night," she said and turned off the light.

"Come here, please." In the dark he found her hand; she let him take it without willingness. He guessed she was not pleased—she probably did not like men who passed out and went to sleep on her sofa.

"I'm sorry I spoiled your evening. Spoiled mine too. It wasn't only the shots. I'm at a bad place ——"

But what could he say of Lychmoor—and Twistleton, probably dead drunk somewhere—and the malice that kills? Nothing that she would understand.

"Good night."

He slept until noon and wakened to find the sun pouring in the window.

"Morning," she said. "I hope you're feeling better." She was moving around, setting a tray. She was wearing her old black sweater.

"It's a pity it's Sunday and the shops are closed. Otherwise we might go shopping and buy you a sweater."

"Really!"

"Cousin."

"Oh, very well, cousin."

It was the English Sunday-morning breakfast of the war—tea and tomatoes, bacon and toast. "Now you must do something about that beard while I wash up."

He came back, very spruce, shaved and brushed. He was six feet tall, he had the figure of an athlete.

"What is it?" he asked because she looked at him.

"I was curious about Amelia's great-great-grandson," she told him. "Shall we go down to the square?"

The iron railings which had protected it were gone, and the flower beds neglected. But there were grass and leaves and sunlight. They sat down on a bench.

"Once I had a collie. And he got pneumonia and he had to wear a sweater and his was smarter than yours."

She let out a sudden snort of laughter like a child. After that, things were better between them.

"Now what—do you have to go back to Lychmoor?"

"Not for a week. I'm grounded."

"Why?"

"Fatigue."

"You aren't very sensible, are you? You might have said, 'I don't feel very well and I'm filled with various injections.' And we could have sat down quietly somewhere."

"Then I wouldn't have slept on your sofa. I'm glad I did everything wrong." He tilted his face to the sun and closed his eyes.

"How are you going to spend your leave?"

"Where would *you* go if you had a week's leave?"

She thought about it. "I should go to Exeter and take a walk on the moors."

"All right, let's do that. Will you come with me?" He turned his head to look at her. "It would be a wonderful thing for me."

"Not for a week. But for the afternoon."

They went to Wimbledon Common and wandered through the glades. They sat down among the bracken and he stretched out and she thought he had fallen asleep. A flight of Spitfires passed very high and he said, "The daylight boys."



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"Do you like flying at night?"

"At first you hate it, then it has a fascination. You get the curious feeling that you are held in a void while the earth turns below you."

"Is it dangerous?"

"Last week we lost two pilots and two navigators," he told her. "This week we will lose two more."

"But that's shocking!"

"Cheap at the price, if night interception can be made to work." He rolled over on his elbow and studied her face until her color rose. "You have the loveliest tints in your skin."

"I know how I look—like an apple."

"And when you are displeased, you glower. At least, you try to. I admire you very much, cousin."

"Thank you, cousin; you should see me when I'm a Scotch terrier." She rose and picked up her mackintosh. "Time to be going. What will you do about your leave?"

"I have it all planned. Monday night I'll ask Alix to go to a movie. Tuesday night I'll ask Alix to go to a concert. Wednesday night I'll ask Alix to go wining and dining ——"

She looked at him somewhat troubled. "I might have a few days off ——"

His face lit up, he clapped his hands on her shoulders. "Atta baby!" Then he pulled his upper lip down and said woodenly, "Good show. Saved my life. Must try to show decent composure."

"Listen, please ——"

"I know. Terms. I want you—on any terms. I say, Leslie, old girl, we're going to have fun!"

She had not been to Exeter before; she found it charming. Its old tranquil buildings still stood. She made the mistake of buying Wallis a guidebook—in ten minutes he had read it from cover to cover and was quoting it glibly and unreliably. "'Isca Damnoniorum occupied the site in ancient times. There were two sisters—Isca and Tisca. . . . William of Orange landed here in 1688. Complained of the whiska.'"

"Well, how was I to know? I thought Canadians always wanted to improve their minds."

They rambled inconsequentially. They found Horse Lane and the canal; they came upon the ruins of a Norman castle and the old town wall. They stayed at the Royal Clarence, which was filled with army people and visiting wives.

At night they walked in the Close. There was misty moonlight; the cathedral seemed to float free in elation against the sky. The men who had built it had believed in the glory of Almighty God.

"You can see they were tremendously excited about it," she said.

"Take my arm, old boy," he said. "There's a heavy dew, you might trip on it. How do you stand on Leofric?"

"Where I have always stood. In complete ignorance."

"The Chapter House contains the famous Exeter Book given by Leofric to the cathedral. . . . So much for Leofric. Did you notice the couple in the pub—he was wearing brown corduroys, she had a splash of powder on her nose, she couldn't keep her eyes off him?"

"It's a difficult time for love."

"Don't you believe it. This is the climate love thrives in. Everyone raised a notch in pitch, a bit more perceptive, more willing to love."

They walked up and down.

"I really know very little about you," he said. "I know of course you are a great girl on a roof—calm as an apple and as brave as a lion. I know that you weigh about eight stone—and I take exception to that way of putting it. Only the English would say that about a small girl full of refined thoughts. Why can't they just say, 'She's a nice kid, she weighs about twelve ounces,' instead of spreading it round that she's as solid as rocks?"

They had adjoining rooms; they said good night in the hall.

She undressed and washed and attended to the blackout. For a moment she stood looking out over the city, then she jumped in between the sheets. There was a scratching at her door.

"Who is it?"

"Me," he said. "Please."

She opened the door. He stood there in his dressing gown, his hair brushed, looking hopeful.

"There's a mouse in my room. I don't like to put him out—he might not be able to get another room, and he seems a very decent sort. I wonder if I could come in with you."

"I'm afraid not. But you can put him in here; I rather like mice."

"Good night, Leslie, old chap."

"Good night, Glendinning, old boy."

They took the bus to Torquay and now it was she who benefited by the change. Here were Spanish pines and palm trees and stone steps curving up to mossy gardens—a thousand things to remind her of another time and another world. She was glad that she had brought her paints. Everywhere there were color and form and texture, and the earth was dappled. The shadows of the clouds sailed across the hillsides; the light made her tipsy.

"Look, Glendinning, look! Don't sit there like a lump! Look there! And there!"

The moors around Okehampton were yellow with the gorse. They were stared at by black-faced sheep, otherwise they seemed to have the world to themselves. She set up her easel and painted, there was never time enough; she always wanted a few minutes more. If she stayed up later than ten she found herself yawning fit to crack her jaws. And she slept dreamlessly, she simply fell into unconsciousness.

She left her door unlocked now; she knew he would find some excuse to come in. She reckoned he would never run out of excuses. Now she got into bed and left the window and the blackout to him. He scratched and came in.

"A serious situation has arisen."

"Hand me that little pot, please, Wallis." She put on cold cream. "Let me think—there is a large commercial in your bed?"

"Much more serious—a distinguished statesman. He was incognito, also in despair. 'Glendinning,' he said to me, 'I'm simply in despair. I must have a good night's rest—the fate of the nation depends on it—and they have mislaid my bed.' I said, 'Have mine, sir,' and he said, 'Glendinning, you are a noble fellow'—and in he popped."

"Noble—but alas, bedless."

"Surely I can count on the co-operation of other loyal subjects."

"Very well. I will share my bed with you. You may have the top blanket. Take it with you."

"Good night, Leslie, old thing."

"Good night, Glendinning, old chap."

There was one day as vivid as a jewel.

They took a bus which happened along—it was going to Clovelly. A lane turning off the road looked inviting—they asked the driver to throw their bags off at the depot and got down. The lane dwindled to a cart track on the grass. They had made a rule: when you found a track on the grass you must follow it. It led them to a forest of oak trees, very old and very silent. The floor was of bracken and the light slanted down through the aisles in gold and brown. Then through the trees they saw the sea—most perfectly blue. They went on and came out on the summit of a cliff and there before them was the Bristol Channel and a toy vessel towing a balloon with a toy Wellington circling overhead.

They sat down, and when she had looked her fill she poked him. "You're not paying attention. Look!"

"I see."

"Not properly. When you look like that, like a red Indian, I know you are hiding something. You might as well tell me."

He turned to see her face. He remembered the first time he had seen it, with tousled hair and smudges of fatigue. Now it was vivid, with fine brows raised over her hazel eyes.

"I'm in love with you."

Her expression turned to dismay.

"I'm in love with you. It's a very odd feeling. I knew I was on the verge. Then a moment ago, when you saw the sea and your heart sprang right into your eyes ——"

This was monstrous—she felt as if the roof had fallen in on her. She burst out in vexation, "Wallis, this is horrible!"

He was quite cheerful. "Here's this guy, he's in love with a dame. Horrible."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

ON THE TIP OF THE TONGUE

By SUZANNE DOUGLASS

There is no nourishment in verbs,
Nouns don't have much flavor;
Prepositions are quite flat;
Pronouns have no savor.

Adjectives have little spice;
Adverbs haven't any.
Words are pretty tasteless things;
I know, I've eaten many.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

"Even if it were true—I can't do anything bout it. I won't tell you why—I can't love ou."

"Well, who asked you to?" he said easily. Love—at this stage—is a very rewarding exerience. . . . Somebody has been up and round polishing things, everything is shining ke fish scales. . . . What happened to you?"

"I won't talk about it."

"Are you experienced in love?"

"I am quite hard. I have been hurt enough. am not going to hurt anyone—or be hurt gain."

"I suppose you are experienced. I'm not," told her. "But I doubt if experience would elp me much. It doesn't need experience to t drowned."

"It's not worth the fish scales."

"Sure it is—it's the timing that bothers me. m in a very shaky business. I need all my its about me. Now my head will be full of ctures—Alix painting, Alix putting on cold eam ——"

They came to the end of the breakwater. he gulls made sailing shapes against the sky. he gray water rose and fell and brought the old, clean breath of the sea.

"You know, I was half in love with you bere I saw you. Because of Amelia. The night met you, before I saw you—walking along in e streets in the blackout—I felt a sort of ation. As if something had gone ahead of e and come back and reported, 'Oh, boy, e's wonderful!' As soon as I saw you I knew ou were of the same stuff as Amelia."

"I should like to go back to London. I on't want you to come with me."

To make the London connection, she found she would have to take an early bus. That evening after she had packed, she tapped on his door. "I will be gone before you are up. I have come to say good-by."

"Come in. Now that you are here, we can light the fire." It was laid with twigs and pine cones, it burst out roaring and snapping. Outside they could hear the wind beginning to blow, and a sound of motors.

"This is a pretty room," she said.

"Everything for lovers. Firelight—and the wind outside."

She came slowly to where he was sitting. "Thank you for the mouse and the jokes. Good-by, Wallis. You can kiss me if you want."

He pulled her down on his knees. "Ninestone Alix."

"Why do you keep harping on my weight in that ridiculous way? I'm quite normal."

"We haven't much time. Just tonight. How long does it take to move a French Scotty?"

"It's bad luck, Wallis—heart like a stone."

"In that case it may take a little longer. All the arts of love must be compressed. Only a few moments to make verses for you. '*Alix, thy beauty is to me like those Nicean barks of yore* ——'"

"I must go."

"You don't mind my borrowing? All lovers borrow. '*Alix Muller on a summer's day —— tee-legged, tow-legged, bow-legged Alix* ——'"

He brought her mouth to his and kissed her.

Alix had been dining with Wing Commander Adrian Foulkes. He had known her family, he had been very good to her when she came to London. He was older than she, with formal manners and pale precise features. With his habits and tastes he should have derived from a long line of scholars; instead, he was a scion of hard-drinking, fox-hunting squires. He was in the Intelligence; he had authority; Alix gathered that his modest rank was part of his camouflage.

He had asked her some time ago to be his mistress—formally, making the matter as clear as if it were a marriage settlement. She would have her own place, furnished with beautiful objects; she could keep her job, if she wished, she could do as she liked, but he wanted to share part of her life. "I wish I could make you an offer of marriage, but you know that that is out of the question."

She knew Laurette, his wife, and anyone knowing the history of that disastrous marriage could not but feel sympathy for him. She had not evaded the issue, she had simply postponed the decision.

"They are giving me a new job." He rarely mentioned his work; she was surprised that he spoke of it now. "We need recruits. I wonder if you would care to join us? It would mean—eventually—joining the Women's Auxiliary Air Force."

"I thought you didn't approve of women in the services."

"I don't, but we need some like you. Rather desperately."

But the thought of the pigeonholes of the Air Ministry repelled her. "I think I should stay where I am."

Roger waylaid Caroline in St. James's Park. He stepped from behind a tree and said "Boo!" She jumped with pleasure.

"How long have you got?"

"Two hours."

"Two whole hours! What shall we do?"

"I have a plan. I'd like to sit here and look at you."

They sat in the park chairs. He gave a sigh and stretched out.

"You look tired."

"Not much sleep up our way. . . . Caro."

"What?"

"Nothing. Caro with a crotchet and a quaver. I didn't know what a crotchet and a quaver were. I looked it up; we say, 'quarter note, eighth note.'"

"Go to sleep, if you want."

"I'm not sleeping, I'm as bright as a button."

"Your head is nodding like a daisy."

"You think because my eyes are shut, I'm sleeping. I fool lots of people that way. Then I make my spring—like a tiger."

"And fall out of bed?"

"All right. I'm in bed and asleep. I'm having a beautiful dream. I've just met Caro in the park—I'm about to ask her a very important question."

"No, you mustn't."

People were sitting in the chairs, people were walking. The western light was bright so that the green of the grass was noticeable and shadows walked with their people—almost a stagy light. The air-raid siren at Westminster started up, crescendo. For a moment the scene remained. The sound waves attacked it, shrill, insistent. A crocodile of children led by a young teacher changed direction and inclined toward the slit trenches. People began to move, without haste or panic. Like veterans.

"Go on," said Caroline. "Ask."

"Will you marry me?"

They sat there hand in hand.

"Why didn't you want me to ask?"

"So much depended on the time and the place. When the siren went, I knew it was the time and place for me. Did I say I would? I'd like to."

Wallis walked along the edge of the field. There were problems pressing on him: problems of personnel, equipment, the problem of Bob Burnaby now growing acute—he had to make up his mind about him ——

He stopped. "Good heavens, where did you spring from?"

Dale was standing there, smiling. He was a group captain now with a show of his own. "I wanted to see my old B flight—and my insubordinate Canadians. But first I want to talk to you. Let's go somewhere out of sight."

They walked up and down behind the flight hut.

"I'm at Ford," said Dale. "Wizard show. I can't tell you what we're doing because it's supposed to be hush-hush. We have Mosquitoes, Spits and long-range Hurricanes. And we're encouraged to have weird ideas. Nobody knows quite what we're up to—so everybody respects us and our priority is colossal. I'm looking for another pilot, a tough egg with a flair. In fact, someone like you. That's why I'm here—do you want the job?"

Here it was, out of the blue, the longed-for escape. He sniffed the clear air of freedom—

NEXT MONTH

EDNA FERBER'S NEW NOVEL BEGINS AS A SERIAL

"The white fox parka with its hood of white wolf was a fitting frame for the girl's brilliant face." This is Chris Storm, heroine of "Ice Palace." The author of "Giant" tells the story of Chris, a girl some people called "too dazzling," and two men who loved her and fought for her.

WHY ARE HUSBANDS UNFAITHFUL?

"Several of us have husbands who must travel for weeks at a time on business," says a letter to Dr. Clifford Adams. "One woman argued that if a husband went astray it could only mean his wife was not affectionate." Doctor Adams replies, citing some "errors of attitude" on the part of wives. "Making Marriage Work."

THIS PARTY DINNER COSTS ONLY $1 A PERSON. IT'S DELICIOUS!

Main dish of the "miracle menu" is made with tender layers of veal and ham, baked in a mushroom sauce flavored with orégano. It's easy to prepare and so is the beautiful dessert, Bing Cherry Frost. Margaretta Stevenson tells how to serve eight for less than $10.

ON PAROLE AT THE AGE OF 6. THEN NINE YEARS LATER . . .

Richard, "the holy terror," had an 80-page police record when Policeman Jack Shaw told his wife, "Honey, we've got a new son." The Shaws, of Beaumont, California, with three children and a policeman's salary ($385 monthly) to live on, have taken several troubled children into their home. Next installment of How America Lives.

WHAT'S THE "CHANEL LOOK" IN HAIRDOS?

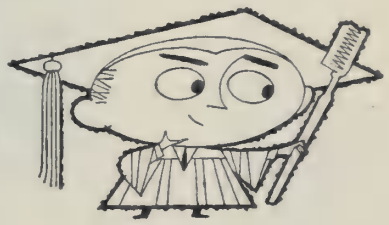
It's short, brushed up, and with or without bangs—one of seven new styles Dawn Crowell Norman describes and tells how to arrange to put you in fashion . . . prettily.

"GRAB HER," SAID THE EARL, "AND SHOWER KISSES ON HER FACE."

The Fifth Earl of Ickenham only wanted to be helpful when he advised (1) the butler, (2) his nephew, Johnny and (3) pretty Barbara Crowe, career girl, how to solve their romantic difficulties. "Cocktail Time," by P. G. Wodehouse, tells what happened. It's complete, condensed in this issue.

"Spring Trousseau," wardrobe for the bride with photographs in full colors, and four more pages of fashion news, short stories, Dr. Spock's page for mothers and many, many other features, all coming

IN THE APRIL JOURNAL



Can you pass this 1-minute test on

Dental Care?

The results may surprise you!

1. What is the greatest cause of tooth loss after age 35?

a. Decay
b. Gum troubles
c. Accidents

ANS: b. Gum troubles cause 53% of tooth loss after 35 and 37% of *all* tooth loss.

2. Dentists say your best defense is:

a. An antiseptic mouth wash
b. Antibiotic tooth paste
c. Regular daily care at home

ANS: c. Daily home care is the best way to keep teeth and gums healthy.

3. To brush thoroughly, you should:

a. Use a stiff brush
b. Use a gentle brush on gums as well as teeth
c. Bear down hard

ANS: b. Use the gentle-action Oral B for both teeth and gums. To neglect either means trouble.

4. Massaging gums with a toothbrush is:

a. Good for your gums
b. Bad for your gums
c. A waste of time

ANS: a. Gentle daily massage with the proper brush is basic for healthy gums.

5. Dentists recommend the specially designed Oral B Toothbrush because:

a. It has softer, finer nylon bristles
b. It protects both teeth and gums
c. It cleans easily and safely

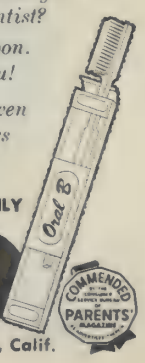
ANS: Score 20 points for a, b, or c. Oral B has all the answers for gum line protection.

TAKE 20 POINTS FOR EACH CORRECT ANSWER

100-80	*Exceptionally well-informed on the subject. Take a bow!*
80-60	*Well above average, but you learned something, didn't you?*
60-40	*When was the last time you talked with your dentist?*
40 or less	*See your dentist soon. He has news for you!*

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then he knew what he was going to do. "Thanks—but I'm all right here."

Dale looked at him sideways. "Always had the idea you didn't like this place much ——"

"Do me a favor. Take Roger. He's a first-class pilot and there's a reason he should be out of here."

"I'll see what I can do."

"Don't give him a chance to refuse. Make it an order."

Dale's priority was as good as he had promised it to be. A few days later an order came through, bidding Roger report to Ford.

"It's simply unbelievable luck!" said Roger. "Ford is only an hour from London."

"Nice going. And you're out of Crutchley's war. You just have to fight the big one."

The pilots had got into the habit of asking for the emergency floodlights to be turned on when they were landing, for as one pilot put it, every night landing at Lychmoor was an emergency. One night when the floods were on, a high-flying enemy marauder spied them and let go a stick of bombs. A hangar was hit and set on fire.

Group Captain Crutchley issued a new set of blackout regulations, very stringent.

A few nights later Boomer was flying an air test alone. When he was coming in to land, his undercarriage refused to lock down. The sirens screamed the stand-by for an emergency landing, the crash car came to the edge of the field. The Beaufighter touched down, the undercarriage collapsed and it went bounding and smashing along its belly, shooting out showers of sparks.

"All lights!" yelled the flying-control officer. All the lights sprang up white and dazzling. Everyone began to run toward the Beau, and the crash car and the fire-fighting truck dashed out on the field.

The telephone in the control hut rang. It was the station commander, coldly angry.

"What is the meaning of this insane display?"

"Sir, there's an aircraft down on the field ——"

"That is no reason for endangering the station. Turn out the field lights."

The field was suddenly plunged into darkness. The crash car plowed into a group of men. Figures ran about in confusion, their torches winking. The aircraft was farther away than it seemed—suddenly a lick of flame showed where it lay. They reached it—only to be driven back by a blast of flame and searing heat. They saw through the glass of the cockpit Boomer trying to lift himself, raising his hands to the hatch, then turning, sinking and collapsing, like a dummy crisped in the heat.

Burnaby seemed more stunned than grief-stricken. "I always thought old Boomer would make it." He kept muttering that he was sure old Boomer would make it.

For a few days he moved around the station like an automaton. Wallis wanted him to go away, to take leave, but he would not.

"What's the use? I'd always be thinking about it."

Wallis could not rid himself of the feeling that it was all wrong. He could not think of Boomer and Burnaby separately; he had a premonition that Boomer's death had set in motion a sequence that must end in another tragedy. There seemed to be nothing he could do about it. What little was possible, he tried to do.

He told Burnaby, "O.K., you're back on operations. You have Dog Patrol tomorrow night."

"Who is my nav?"

"Ordinarily, your navigator will be Wilkie. But I'm going along this time."

"Going to keep an eye on me? I wonder you're not scared I'll wham you four feet down."

"Sure I'm scared. I'll be quivering like a jelly."

Burnaby laughed. "That makes two of us—I'll be pretty scared myself." But he seemed pleased that Wallis was coming along.

On the next night a fog blew in from the sea and Dog Patrol was scrubbed. Wallis was thankful for the break—he had had a tiring day; he lay down on his cot fully dressed and fell asleep at once.

He wakened with a start, sure that he had heard an aircraft go over. He looked at his watch—it was four o'clock. He rolled off his cot and grabbed his cap and torch. He stopped to look in Burnaby's room—his bed was empty.

He ran across the field. The fog had blown away, the night was dark and almost still. The controller was sitting in the dim watch office, resting his head in his hands.

"Is one of our aircraft up?"

"Patrol-and-search order came through half an hour ago."

"Who?"

"Burnaby and Wilkie. They reported a few minutes ago. They should be back any time."

He went out on the catwalk. The watch-office corporal came and stood beside him. They heard, murmuring, the sound of the Beau's engines. Over the village the navigation lights winked on and off.

"Right on course," said the corporal.

There was a streak of gray across the east. He made out the shape of the aircraft, like a great bat. He found himself gripping the rail, frightened.

The engine noise faded, came again, faded. The Beau dropped down toward them, looking huge, rocking gently. It seemed to be going too fast as it neared the ground—they always did—it *was* going too fast! *Pull up, pull up, for God's sake!* The sound of the crash was incredibly loud, like the crack of a big gun. He might have made it, but he hit one of the ammunition huts which the ground control had not got around to demolishing. Burnaby demolished it for them.

Any shrine is better than self-worship.

OLD PROVERB

The deaths of Boomer and Burnaby affected the squadron profoundly. And then—good luck. Their aircraft were moved to Eastmoor, a satellite field a few miles away. It had been a sheep moor; all that space went to their heads—the flying skill of the squadron took an upward bounce—they were slapping their Beaufighters around like Hurricanes.

The squadron had turned its corner. It was now an effective fighting unit.

Wing Commander Foulkes telephoned to ask Alix if she would have lunch with him and meet a friend. He met her in the visitors' room of the Euclid—one of the oldest and dimmest of his London clubs. Hush lay on the place like faded velvet. A girl entered, and as she walked toward them Alix thought, *How lovely and how English.* She had great dark eyes which she used only for looking; her hair, her skin were exquisite, and she wore—proudly—the bunchy blue serge of the C.D., with a sergeant's stripes.

"There you are," said Foulkes. "Caroline, this is Alix Leslie. Alix, this is Caroline Brooke. . . . Shall we go in?"

They went in, under round Roman arches with snuff-colored hangings, over a parquet floor which creaked, and sat themselves in Italianate chairs at a table which wobbled. A very old waiter tottered up with the wine card.

They offered each other introductory sentences, charged with no more meaning than the wish to be civil. From the recital of names and places, Alix gathered that the Brookes and the Foulkeses were distantly connected.

Caroline spoke of the Foulkes family place. "It was simply Bloodley Hall," she said to Alix. "They were always harrying some wretched animal."

"And being carried down the drive on a shutter," said Wing Commander Foulkes.

"Do you remember the story of Giles, who was invited to join a hunting party in France and he brought along his huntsmen, his grooms, his horses and a full pack of hounds? Imagine being an excitable French hostess and seeing *that* coming down your drive."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 147

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

With the fish came a message for Wing Commander Foulkes which called him away.

"The adventure of the gentlemen's club," said Caroline, looking about. "Isn't it pathetic? They go to the trouble of keeping women out for two hundred years and this is what they get."

"There may be certain intangibles. Change everywhere but no change here."

"I wouldn't mind if it were change they were hiding away from—but it's us." She looked around at the high dust-shadowed walls, the drapes with folds as hard as iron. "When I got orders to meet Miss Leslie"—a waiter came to change the plates and she swerved easily to a less personal topic—"and it is a very curious thing that in this war everyone gives me orders. Even my corporal gives me orders—but that's all right, she's a natural-born sergeant. Well, my young man said I must meet the girl and win her confidence. I expect you think this is the most frightful cheek ——"

As she chattered away Alix remarked her great Spanish eyes standing by, calm as cup custards.

"—— because we think he is going to be transferred to Ford."

"Who?"

"Oh dear, it would be too embarrassing if I had the wrong girl. Did you have a great-great-grandmother called Amelia?"

"Yes."

"Then that's all right; I'm talking about Wallis Glendinning. Roger—that's my young man—said to get your phone number and tell you to be ready to spring into action, for we think Wallis is coming to Ford."

"I'm glad. I think he hated Lychmoor."

"They all hated it. It must have been pretty frightful—they never talked about it—I didn't realize it was so bad until I saw the change in Roger afterward. You knew that their friends were killed—two of the boys who had been with them from the beginning?"

"I didn't know."

"They won't talk, you know, they simply make jokes. Have you ever been to Canada?"

"No."

"Nor I. I expect it will be very odd—and empty. Nearest neighbor a day's ride away. I expect I shall get that Empire look; you know, the eyes crinkled from gazing across the wide-open spaces."

Alix laughed. "I expect you will."

"I have to talk the most frightful nonsense to keep my spirits up. About leaving London, you know. Just to say it gives me a sinking feeling."

Alix was called to the phone in her office. "Scramble, Red Section! That's you," said Caroline. "Wallis arrives in Charing Cross; we're going to leap from a pillar and surprise him."

They were there when she arrived. Roger seemed to her a vivid type, fawn-colored and well scrubbed. She liked him because he was excited and did not try to hide it. The train moved in, squirting steam; all its doors opened at once and the platform was thronged. Roger drew them behind a baggage truck; they peered out, scanning the faces of the travelers.

"There he is!"

Among all the uniforms, he was another man in uniform, carrying a suitcase and a dunnage bag. They fell in behind him, arm in arm.

"There he goes—most dangerous crook in London."

"Carry yir beg, sir," piped Caroline.

He wheeled about at once and his face lighted with pleasure so that everyone knew that the surprise was a success. Caroline and Roger pounced on his baggage and lugged it off. Wallis stood looking at Alix, smiling. "How nice you look in your little mackintosh."

Roger and Caroline came back. "We sent your bags to Snowshill, Gloucestershire—in case you ever go there."

"Silly asses."

"Now, then," said Caroline, clapping her hands. "Here we all are! Let's make it a rouser, shall we? I'm a wolf and this is my night to howl!"

Alix looked at her in some surprise. Caroline, under the influence of the Empire, seemed a different girl.

"She's off again. Last time she was Henga and Horsa."

"And a more confused evening I never spent."

"I wasn't in the least confused," she said. "It was all perfectly clear. But before we decide anything, we must think things out."

There followed an interval of getting into and out of taxis. The three of them kept talking all the time talking nonsense. Caroline blew a kiss out the window. "I love these literary evenings," she said.

They went into a bar—a place that Alix had never seen before, very crowded and noisy, and ordered champagne cocktails. They drank to Red Section and to Blue. Caroline offered various suggestions for the evening, which were not well received.

"Well, if you won't go to the cinema, would you like to call on my literary aunt?" she asked.

"This is the first I've heard of any literary aunt," said Roger.

"Then we should think carefully before we commit our forces. On the one hand, we have the cinema; on the other, one aunt."

"We're going the pace, boy."

"Well, about this literary aunt—does she live in Pondicherry Lodge with her throat cut from ear to ear?"

"Her name is Godolphin, as a metra fect, and she lives in the house Jenny Lind lived in."

"Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale?"

"Tell me, how would a Swedish nightingale sound?"

"Like, 'Sven, Sven, come out of the smorgasbord.'"

"More chirp, I think. More jug-jug."

"Let's try."

"Come on, Alix, lend a Parisian trill."

They put their heads together and made the sound of a Swedish nightingale. It came out rather well, they thought.

"Shouldn't we think about eating?"

"Oh, it's all right to *think*."

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

The Stand-by

By BET HART

Even before it's March, Barbara J. knows *exactly* what she wants and needs as her final fill-in for spring. She's sure only because of her past scheming (begun, remember, way back in the beginning of January). Her memo on wardrobe progress in-the-making reads:

Already have . . .
Silk-print separates (for casual wear and informal evenings).
Black pleated skirt, white blouse and beige jersey jacket (really a spring suit).
Needed . . .
A classic daytime dress to wear every day to work, perhaps do overtime on weekends too.

Knowing Barbara, we are sure her investment follows the plan, and even more. It's a dress to count on for wear day in and day out—a true stand-by. The success of this is in the complete simplicity of design and in the fabric—a cotton-and-rayon knitted tweed. Perhaps most important, it need never look the same twice. Barbara can accessorize it according to whim, the mood of her day.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PRIGENT DRESS BY MANDEL

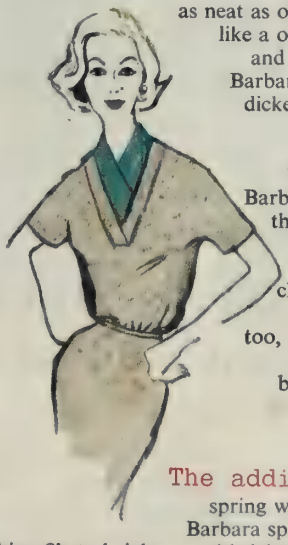
The Investment . . . A spring evening and Barbara arriving home from work looking every bit as neat as on her way at 9 A.M. The beige dress looks like a one-piece, but is really in two—a slim skirt and bloused top that hugs the waistline. Here Barbara wears the dress with its own crisp linen dickey—the white accent a sure sign of spring. Total cost of the "stand-by"? . . . $17.95.

Possibilities Unlimited . . . Barbara likes the all-one-color look. Here she wears her beige jacket from last month over the dress. Accents with her new black patent bag and belt. The color accent: yellow, and only at the neckline.



For a Saturday, Barbara might wear the beige skirt, her white blouse from last month, and her bright cherry cardigan from January. If she's saving the blouse for the next day's wear, she might wear her new white dickey, the sweater buttoned to within three buttons of the top.

SKETCHES BY R. CRANER



The next day (and the one after that too), Barbara might wear the same dress. Instead of the white dickey, her bright turquoise scarf. Here Barbara wears the dress beltless, a pretty silhouette. For a neckline-a-day change, Barbara could wear almost any color scarf (a polka-dot would look well, too, she thinks) in a number of different ways. She could also add a narrow white piqué bias fold around the sleeve and V neckline.

The additions . . . With her spring wardrobe practically complete, Barbara spends a few fashion $'s to heighten and brighten the investment. The first, a shiny black patent belt—a wonderful accent for the beige dress, as well as with her suit from last month: $1.00. The second—a soft hat in the brightest of prints. This one in pink and red roses printed on white. This, too, will go with either one of her new spring basics: $3.95. And third, a black patent bag: $2.95.



HAT BY SOLOMON

	$1.00
	$3.95
	$2.95
Beige dress	$17.95
TOTAL	$25.85

"There'll be sandwiches and cake later on. They always serve them at these literary teas. Is that a tea urn over there—or is it a lady poetess?"

"That's Mrs. Pomeroy."

"The urn, the fern and Mrs. Pomeroy."

"Well, Mrs. Porter and her dorter, they wash their feet in soda worter."

"Never mind her—what about this dolphin in Bloomsbury?"

"If you mean my aunt, she lives in Earl's Court." Caroline looked under the table. "I seem to have someone else's legs."

"I'm rather swimming myself," said Alix. "Could we swim toward some clearer air?"

"Certainly. Off we go to Pondicherry Lodge. Have you got your revolver ready for action, Holmes?"

Outside, the fresh air came as a fine surprise. There were no taxis, but Caroline found a bus. In her clear, lovely voice she named a destination and proffered the fares. The others watched her in admiration.

"Where did she say we were going?" Wallis asked.

"Hops, Hants, Hopplesex."

"I know what would happen to me if I got on a bus and said Hops, Hants, Hopplesex—I'd wind up in Wapping Old Stairs, that's where I'd wind up."

"She went like a breeze about the money, though. 'Here's threepence h'penny—pay the rest on Saturday,' she said."

"It takes nerve to say a thing like that."

They left the bus at a stop which Caroline said was Grosvenor Road and what they needed was a nice walk. She walked ahead with Wallis—bits of their talk came back to Alix, following with Roger.

Roger had taken off his cap and looked at it with distaste. "This thing weighs about ten pounds. I will now tell you the history of Air Force caps. As I see it, they were invented by a character who stood twenty-eight inches high in his bare feet. When he put it on, it came right down to his chest. So he never knew where he was going and thus became an air vice-marshal. And from there it was but a step to the nearest public lavatory. But when they got it off him, he was as bald as a teak."

"As a what?"

"Teak."

Wallis turned around. "What did you say?"

"Teak. Teak."

"What do you think you are—a French clock?"

They sat down on the curb and rested. The roadway curved into blackness pricked by the points of street lights. The tiny headlights of three cars, evenly spaced, wound across it and for a moment the blackout became purest magic—an Oriental screen with a dragon.

Lovely, thought Alix. This was a very strange evening—everything seemed curious and entertaining. She was standing back a little way, detached and approving. This must be the proper dimension of wine—the one which is so hard to find. "The viol, the violet and the vine." The urn, the fern and Mrs. Pomeroy. Outwardly, she felt that she preserved a decorous appearance, that she looked as serious as an owl, but inwardly she enjoyed a happy confusion. Not tipsy, nothing so downright as that; more shimmering—a private dance of light motes.

"Listen ——"

There was a faint murmur to be heard, like a distant indrawn breath—the air-raid sirens. The sound swelled to a banshee chorus; it came toward them and encircled them.

"No, you don't," said Wallis. "I declare a closed season, absolutely!"

The sound of motors could be heard, as if the raiders were coming in pretty low.

"I call that pretty beastly," said Caroline angrily. "Coming over on my night off."

She searched in the roadway and found a stone and threw it.

"Gave him a nasty fright, that did," said Roger.

"Just ignore them and they'll go away," said Wallis. "Anyway, it's time for another drink. Come on, we'll find a place."

They turned in through a gateway in a wall and found themselves in a garden. The place was neglected, leaves strewn on the flower beds. They could see it all clearly in the light of a fire. They sat down on a bench.

"Now for that drink," said Wallis. Alix saw that he had been carrying a bottle all this time. "Only two glasses, though." He pointed the bottle at an imaginary raider and released the wire. It made an encouraging pop. "Got him." He filled the glasses.

The noise increased in volume. There was a rushing of vehicles in the street, shouts of men, a blowing of whistles like yelps of excitement. Something blew up and there was a patter of falling debris among the leaves.

They sat on the bench and took turns sipping the wine. Alix thought she had never tasted anything so cool and delicious.

"There's nothing like a garden," said Caroline in the tones of a hostess making conversation. "I wonder whose this is."

"Sir Mortimer Twombley, I know him by his tracks."

"Pugs, old boy."

"A great calceolaria man."

"I once knew a calceolaria. She was third from the left in ——"

The sustained, descending whistle fell toward them—seemed to be falling on top of them. The whole earth seemed to jump. The sound of the explosion scarcely registered—the shock wave hit with enormous force. It seemed to Alix that she felt for a split second feelers of air on her skin and hair, then she was lifted and turned head over heels. . . . She found herself in the flower bed covered with leaves and earth.

"Are you all right?" asked Caro. She was lying beside her, face and hair muddied.

"Yes, thank you. Are you?"

"I'm all right—but I feel rather odd."

The bomb had hit in the roadway a short distance along. It was a lucky thing they had turned into the garden—the wall had deflected the violence of the burst. Roger was crawling around on his hands and knees looking for his cap.

"Are you all right, Sir Mortimer?" he asked.

Wallis, whom she could not see, made gobbling sounds and Alix raised herself in alarm. Then she understood he was imitating a man who has lost his teeth.

"Losth my stiffth lip. Flew right outh with my plateth."

"Nasty feeling, that, old boy. I'm no good without my stiff lip and my cup of tea. Just hang on, old boy, and we'll have you right as a trivet. Here you are—here's a trivet as good as new. Now if we could only find your pants ——"

"They're all right," said Caroline, "they're being true blue. You know, I had the loveliest feeling—as if I were enclosed in a bubble; everything else was outside. I was floating ——"

"It was a lovely party," said Alix.

In London it was snowing hard. When Wallis got Alix on the phone, she wouldn't think of going out. "I've washed my hair and tied it up in a towel."

"I've never seen you with your hair in a towel."

"It's not worth much, I assure you. Call me tomorrow."

"Tomorrow I'll be far away. Secret mission. Very dangerous."

He found her, as she promised, with her hair tied up. She was pale, she was not feeling well. They spent the evening sitting on the floor before her fireplace.

"Are you really going away?"

"To the Midlands. Bomb-aiming course."

"But you aren't a bomber."

"They have a new notion. They're going to send small aircraft down to drop markers on the target while the heavies scow about above the murk."

She tried to teach him a European card game—so simple, she said, that little Swiss and Austrian children played it in the cradle—but he did not seem to get the hang of it. She kept beating him.

"Not frightfully bright in the Air Force, are they?"

He was content to go on losing—though he did not think he was losing. He thought he was winning, just to be sitting there. It was a pleasure to see a girl dressed for a dull, domestic evening. She wore a blouse and a tartan skirt and white socks, and slippers that kept falling off. She looked, he thought, almost too young to be marriageable; she looked like the younger sister who is so good with the children, not much interested in love because love has not touched her yet. While he played his cards at random he spied upon her, observing that because she was pale her eyes seemed green, that her lashes had a sheen on them, that the hairs of her brow lay in silky lines.

"Really! In Switzerland, they would laugh at you. Teach me a game of yours, then."

He taught her blackjack. She got the idea at once and she had remarkable luck. She won three shillings in no time.

"Wallis, why don't you write to me? I like so much to get letters and I rarely do."

"Now it's letters she wants! I bring you expensive presents ——"

"One sweater ——"

"Flowers ——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

The woman who helps her neighbor does herself a good turn.

BRENDAN FRANCIS

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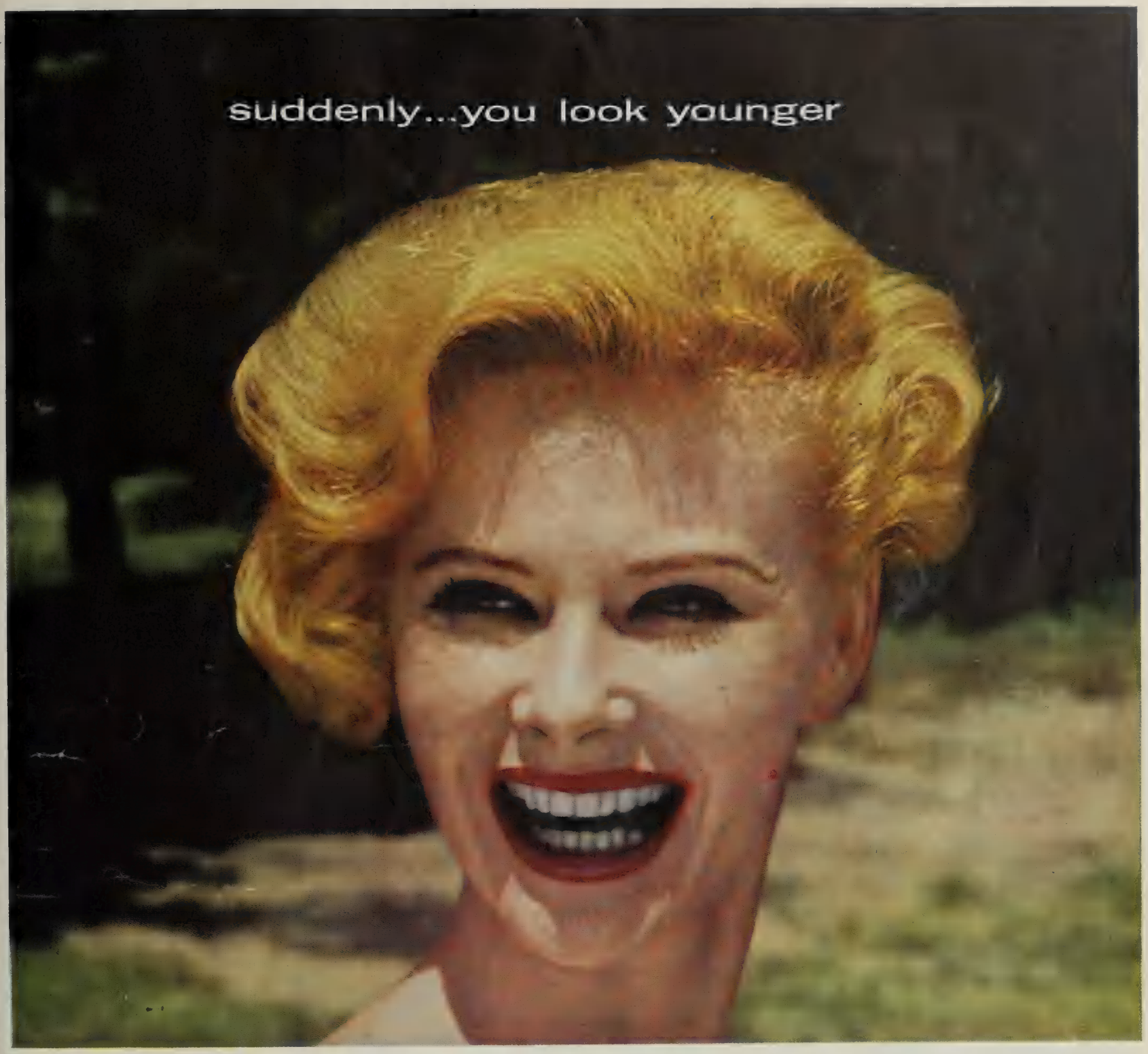


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Want lighter or darker hair? A match of the color nature gave you, or an exciting change? If *your* haircolor isn't all it should be...

ask your beautician why she prefers ROUX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

"From a barrow. Blackjack." She turned up the jack. "That's another shilling. Don't you think it is dull playing for money?"

"What do you want to play for?"

"Letters."

She won fourteen letters and she was pleased. "So you must start writing at once. And I intend to keep count."

She made cocoa; then she said he had a long journey and it was time for him to go.

"On a night like this, lots of girls would say, 'Do stay, Mr. Glendinning. I shall be quite comfortable on the floor.'"

"I will go down with you."

He drew her through the front door onto the porch. The wind had fallen, the night was clear and cold, the snow lay serene. He drew in his breath sharply with pleasure, picked her up and held her against his chest, feeling the delicious weight of her flesh and bones. But sometimes lovers are vouchsafed a lick of sense. He held her for just a moment, then set her down.

"Forgive me if I run along. Got a lot of letters to write."

Caro and Roger were married on a fine spring day at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Alix was a bridesmaid and Wallis was the best man. Caro made a beautiful bride—so beautiful that a few tears flowed with the wine. After the reception, the young people had a rowdy time chasing the car with the newly wedded couple around the square.

Wallis' friends and their girls got together for a party afterward. It was gay for a time, but it did not last. Wallis and Alix found themselves alone at a big table in a hotel dining room.

"Let's go," he said abruptly.

She knew that he was in a mood—all evening he had been drinking too much. During the drive to Kensington he was silent. Suddenly he broke out:

"There they are—penned up in a room at Claridge's. He's shy, you know. The shyness of girls is nothing with the shyness of a man—no one believes that, but it's true. Let's call him on the phone."

"We can't do that."

"The only ray of hope in an intolerable situation is Caro. Caro is a good kid. Sometimes the English show a grasp of situations like this."

"Also the Latins and the Scandinavians and the Laplanders."

"Everyone but the French-Scotch."

"You *are* in a mood."

"Why shouldn't I be in a mood! The more I think of it, the more reason I see to be in a mood. And to blazes with you, you Scotch cairngorm."

"No more letters?"

"I don't think you even read them."

"Where are you going now?" she asked. "Are you staying at the Rose?"

"Yes."

"Let the taxi go and I'll walk along with you."

They walked along to the Rose, which was all in darkness. The side door had been left unlocked for him. They mounted through the darkness; the stairway was oak. The Rose was as solid as the English character.

At the top Alix brought her hands together in a gesture of pleasure. Along the corridor outside each door were glass globes, pink as cherry blossoms. His key was in the door; they went in. There was a table with a fringed cloth; in the center of it was a bottle of whisky standing on a note from the landlord. Wallis snatched at the whisky as a drowning man snatches at a life preserver.

She wandered about the room, looking at things.

"This is sweet," she said, using the word thoughtfully. There was a brass bed—a bright burnished piece that had never been out of fashion. It had a spread of stiff linen with a ribbon insert, and a lace cushion between the pillows. There was a sea shell on the floor showing its pink insides, the wallpaper was a gay and gamy riot. There were two chairs of pine, upholstered in winy red and tarnished gold. Everything was old and used and cared for.

About 1910, Alix thought, *and the chairs a bit earlier*. She thought of the people to match it—the Edwardians who had stayed here, women in camisoles and long knickers, with thoughts of love and duty, and men in mustaches and colored braces and stout hearts. *A people simpler and better than we—why do we refuse to acknowledge they were better?*

"This is a good place."

But he was too young and ignorant to care about the miracle of a good inn. "Where do they hide the glasses?"

She opened a cabinet door with a touch of her finger, and there they were, in the rack beside the water bottle. She brought them to him.

"Is this what you wanted?"

"What do you mean?"

"To get roaring drunk."

"You know what I want. You."

She raised her eyes and looked at him. Her eyes said, *Very well, if you wish it.*

The glass made a clatter against the neck of the bottle. He stood there in a sort of dismay. She waited, very pretty in her wedding finery, with that air of belonging only to herself.

"All this because I got mad ——"

"Oh, no." She looked around. "Because of the beautiful bed."

She made the slightest gesture. He came to her, raised her chin and kissed her lips. His hands moved from her shoulders, down to her waist, he held her tightly, squeezing her.

"How can you stand there," he said, still not believing, "and not defend yourself?"

Caro and Roger were having breakfast in bed.

"As I see it, as I get the picture, the whole thing is glorious. If you're not busy, we should have a business meeting."

"What about?"

"Things. Your allowance."

"You mean I get allowance besides all this? Oh, bliss. How much?"



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1 envelope unflavored gelatin
2 tsp. Sucaryl solution
¼ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. lemon juice
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Drain liquid from cherries, saving ½ c. Soften gelatin in ¼ c. liquid; add Sucaryl, dissolve over hot water. Chop cherries; add remaining ¼ c. liquid, salt, lemon juice. Add gelatin and mix well. Chill until mixture begins to thicken, combine dry milk solids and ice water; beat to texture of whipped cream. Fold into gelatin. Pour into lightly oiled 3-cup mold. Chill. Serves 6.

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"We must figure it out—so much for ıch, so much for dinner."

"I generally have a little something at ven and again at four. Do you count them ?"

"We'll have to scheme it out. In the mean-ıe, as this is a serious business meeting, I'm ing to put some of this delicious honey on u and eat you."

"Roger—ow! This is Claridge's Hotel, ondon, England! Roger ——"

Alix was getting lots of letters these days. e had one from Caro. Roger had got his omotion and a transfer; he was with 406 uadron in Devon and Caro was living near e field. "I don't think I was cut out for an r Force wife," she wrote. "It's bad enough t having a proper job to do while Roger is sy, but the very worst is to lie awake at ght listening to the take-offs. They go off th a great buzz, then suddenly the noise dies ay and you wait, shrinking, for the sound a crash. It's just as bad for Roger—he ows that I start worrying if he is a few min-es late, and I suppose he starts worrying too. old him I had to get out of here or go crack-s, and he agrees. I've applied for the Wrens; lot of my friends are in it now and I've a od chance of a posting."

Her next letter was from Southampton, ıere she was sent as a member of the .R.N.S.

Roger and his navigator, Babe Hillborne, ere returning from a long-range reconnais-nce over the Bay of Biscay. "Anything new ı the search?" he asked Hillborne.

There had been a big flap earlier in the day. Sunderland of the Coastal Command had

One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters.

GEORGE HERBERT

en shot down by an enemy submarine. An r-sea operation had been laid on to look for rvivors, but the Sunderland's position was ot accurately fixed and the search area was a ide one. Roger had altered course to fly ong one edge of it.

Hillborne shoved his headphones back. No signals. Not much hope, is there?"

"No."

"They wouldn't last long, even if they got to their raft. Most of them would be urned."

They passed out of the search area. They ad not expected to find anything, but they ad been vigilant. Now they could relax, look rward to getting home.

Off to the left something caught Roger's at-ntion—a speck had shown for an instant. le throttled back and let the Beaufighter slant own a long slope. The sea became clearer. here was no doubt—it was the life raft from ne flying boat. They sank lower until they ould see four figures in it. They thought the gures moved, waved; then, seen more closely, eemed to be motionless.

"I think they're dead," said Hillborne, with ne glasses.

"Call up base and report."

Roger knew most of the searching aircraft ould be running low on fuel; Coastal Com-nand had called up a destroyer and it might e close. If they could hover over the raft until nother aircraft could relieve them or the de-troyer arrived, the raft could be picked up. Once lost sight of, it would never be found.

"Say we can circle for fifteen minutes." That was stretching the fuel supply to the dan-er point. "Ask them where the destroyer is."

Something in the sea was making a com-notion, like a rock in a current, like an island ising. A black shape, like the back of a whale, vas growing, streaming water. As they recog-ized it for a submarine, men came leaping rom the tower toward the guns.

Roger thought bleakly, *This is going to be a ad business.* It was probably the same sub-narine that had brought down the Sunder-and—it had remained in the area, now it was rising to get on with the job of recharging its batteries. The Beaufighter was armed only with .303 machine guns which would do no harm to the submarine's hull.

"Report it," he said.

They continued to circle.

"He's going after the raft!" cried Hillborne.

"O.K., Babe, ready for attack."

He dove the Beaufighter toward the sea. As they passed over the raft he had a glimpse of white blind faces. He saw the wink-wink of bursting shells swinging toward him, like a stream from a hose—he saw his tracers threading through a gun crew. Then they were up and over, jinking violently. There was a hole in the fuselage through which cold air was pouring.

Hillborne was badly shaken. "Not so good, was it?"

The horizon was still empty. There were no witnesses but the indifferent sky.

When Hillborne realized that they were going to attack again he was incredulous. "No, no!" He grabbed Roger's shoulder, his mouth working. "Are you going to kill us too?"

They skimmed the wave tops. Roger fired a burst and saw the bullets stitch a line through the water. There was a sharp explosion under the wing root, the aircraft slewed off course. Another shell burst almost under them—the column leaped in his hands. He knew the Beaufighter was not coming out of this one. One engine was smoking; he felt a shock and saw fire running up the side of the fuselage. There was a hill of water over his shoulder; they were running along in the trough, between the waves, then they struck and it was like hitting a wall. The cockpit was full of smoke, the aircraft was sinking. He freed himself, tried to stand and fell down; he kept shouting to Hillborne to get out, but Hillborne sat there, his hands clasping his stomach, his face a mask of shock. . . . They were out of the aircraft in the water, the dinghy had inflated

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

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1. The contest is open to all women 18 years of age or over living in continental limits of the United States, except employees of Libby, McNeill & Libby, Slenderella International and their advertising agents.
2. Write your entry on a plain piece of paper or on the official Libby Slim-Down Sweepstakes entry blank obtainable at grocery stores. *Attach a label from any size can of Libby's Tomato Juice to each entry* and mail to Libby Contest, P.O. Box 1200, Chicago 77, Illinois.
3. Send as many entries as you like. *All entries must be postmarked before midnight, May 31, 1958.*
4. THE GRAND PRIZE WINNER will start her Slenderella course in the beautiful new Slenderella Salon in Paris under the direction of Princess Irene Mdivani. The winner will finish her program at the Slenderella Salon in the U.S.A. nearest her home.
5. 150 OTHER WINNERS will each receive a complete Slenderella course in the salon nearest her home plus $25.00 in cash to use toward transportation costs.
6. "Complete Slenderella Course" is defined as: the number of visits to Slenderella required to bring the winner's figure to the proportions required by her proper dress size as determined by the Slenderella figure analysis.
7. Prizes will be awarded to contestants whose entries are considered by the judges most original, unique and apt. There will be duplicate prizes in case of ties. The contest will be judged by R. L. Polk & Company. All entries become the property of Libby, McNeill & Libby.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151

and was floating, he was trying to get Hillborne into it. Still clasping himself, making a thin inhuman noise, Hillborne resisted. Roger tried to roll him over the side of the dinghy, his face came against the great wound in his back; he saw the white bones of the rib case sticking through a reddish-purple mass. . . .

The dinghy tossed, half full of reddened water. He tried to keep Hillborne's head out of the water; it was an instinctive action: he knew Hillborne was dead. He was glad he was dead, for when he died the screaming stopped. It was very cold. There was nothing in the world but pain and cold.

The destroyer picked him up an hour later.

Roger lived in pain for weeks. An explosive shell had torn a hole in his leg; his thigh and side were burned. Skin had to be taken from the other leg to make a graft. It began to appear that he would never walk properly again.

Something had happened to Roger's spirit. He took little interest in the life around him. Even with Caro, he was a polite stranger. She was heartbroken.

"What is it—what can I do?" she cried to Wallis. "He just sits there like the ghost of a person." She conceived a hatred of the convalescent home with its sterile atmosphere, its professional cheeriness, its brisk acceptance of calamities. It kept her out of his life, it was doing Roger no good at all.

"If only we could get him away somewhere."

"How do you mean?"

"If we could find a cottage somewhere ——"

Caro, Alix and Wallis went house hunting, crowded into Wallis' little English car. They had good reports of the cottages near Redlea—but when they reached them, they did not even get out of the car. The cottages were flimsy shacks surrounded by children and litter.

"I'd die, I'd simply die there!" said Caro.

"Is there not one small reasonable vacant house in the whole south of England?" asked Wallis.

They found Spinney Cottage on the flank of a hill and walked up a grassy lane to it. It had nearly white stucco walls, low eaves, and a row of windows overlooking a flagstoned terrace. Most of the windows were broken and the terrace was overgrown with weeds. A general air of abandonment hung over the scene. They turned around to see the prospect and looked out over a vivid calmness of green fields going down toward the sea.

"This is much better!" cried Caro, taking heart.

"It probably needs a million things," said Wallis dubiously.

"It's got an odd sort of stubborn look," said Alix. "It has character, good or bad."

"Let's have a go at it. Most of the things that need doing, we can do ourselves."

Roger was duly released from the home on temporary convalescent leave. Caro and he came by train, Wallis met them at the railway station with his car. Roger was able to walk on two canes; he looked shockingly shrunken.

It was a dank, dispiriting day; the countryside appeared through a mist of faded greens and grays. They came to the lane leading to the cottage.

"We have to walk from here. We're almost there."

Roger got out awkwardly and balanced himself on his two sticks. Caro moved to him, lest he should topple. "I'm all right," he said shortly.

Wallis went ahead and opened the door quite proudly. They had worked hard to make the cottage livable. Roger came in and stopped short, looked around, and the other two realized with a shock of disappointment that they had been misled by their health and strength, by the fact that they had improved the place out of all knowledge. Now they saw it as he was seeing it—sparsely furnished, smelling of damp and disuse. He gave an uncontrollable shiver, which nearly undid Caro.

Wallis bustled about. "Good hot tea is what we need."

Roger had no appetite and he was clearly badly jangled by the train journey. He went to bed right after tea.

Wallis had to return to the station. Caro walked down the lane with him in the rainy dusk. He knew that she was crying. He put his arm around her.

"Take it easy."

"Will you come for the weekend?"

"Of course. Alix will be here too."

"Don't fail me. I need you."

"We'll be here. We'll have a celebration—we'll have a literary evening."

He met Alix at the railway station on Friday evening. The weather was rainy and squally, working up to a violent storm. She got off the train lugging a rucksack with delicacies and bottles of wine. She wanted to know about Roger's home-coming.

"He was tired and nervous after his first day out. He came in and looked around and didn't like it much and Caro's heart quietly broke."

"Poor Caro."

"Mind you talk nonsense all the time. Between nonsense and Caro's shape, we'll pull him through."

They were blown into Spinney Cottage on a gale of wind which made all the lamps jump. Everything looked peaceful—a fire was burning, the room was pleasant with flowers and candles. Roger was lying on the couch, in uniform. He sat up with a flicker of animation to greet Alix.

Wallis went on into the kitchen. Caro was working at the range, with an apron over her dress. Her face was tragic, she was strained to the breaking point.

"We made a bad mistake. He wants to go back to the home."

"You must give him time. He's in a dark place; we can't follow him, but we can try to coax him out. . . . How did things go otherwise?"

She made a gesture of despair. This house would be the death of her. It was impossible to get hot water—the fireplace smoked—there was nowhere to shop. She had walked to the farm that morning and begged a leg of lamb —— She opened the oven door to look at it. Appetizing odors filled the room.

"Looks good."

"But it's been hours and hours—I'm almost cooked too!" She looked at the range with smoldering eyes. "I would like to kick it right through the wall!"

"Atta girl. Come and have a drink."

In the living room, Caro accepted a drink and sat down, and for a moment her troubles stood off from her. Roger was always pleased to see Alix—she thought he looked a little better, more like himself. Everybody was talking. She took hope from the moment—they were together, the four of them, please God things might be all right again.

Outside, the storm was rising to a peak. Rain streamed down the windows, the wind rattled them in their frames. Caro felt herself overwhelmed with a premonition of disaster—she felt all her nerve ends quivering. She jumped up.

"Come along! Everybody come along, please. Time to eat!"

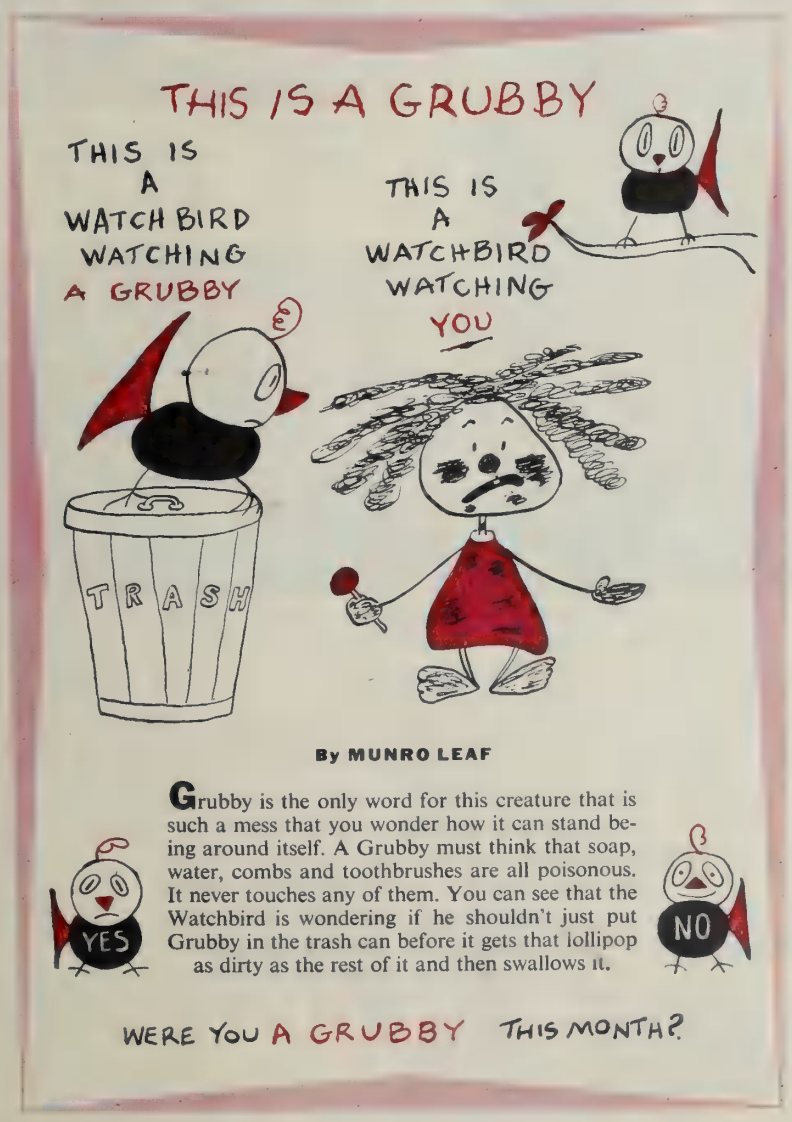
Caro came in carrying the platter, rather anxious, a young wife at her first party. She had on a cream-colored blouse, her dark hair was magnificent. She got halfway to the table when there was a close flash of lightning followed by a stunning crack. Something struck the roof a great blow, a cloud of smoke and soot belched from the fireplace and enveloped her. There she stood, as black as a chimney sweep.

For an instant no one moved or spoke. Then Wallis rolled out of his chair, howling; Roger gave a nervous yelp and began to laugh too. Caro looked at her blackened arms, her sooty dress, the ruined roast—and dropped it on the floor. She drew her breath in a sort of sob and left the room in a dignified way. Alix did not laugh; she made to follow Caro, then changed her mind; she picked up the roast and the pieces of platter and carried them to the kitchen and shut the door.

Wallis rolled about the floor till his sides hurt. Roger made rusty hysterical noises like a man who has forgotten how to laugh. They laughed themselves out and stopped.

"Good show," said Wallis, "but rather hard on Caro. Look, Roger, if you have no further

CONTINUED ON PAGE 155



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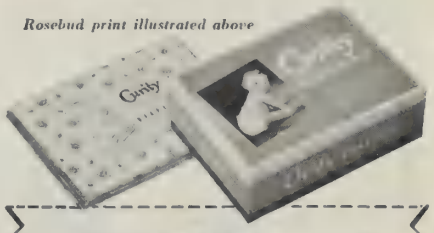
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153

use for her, why not take your revolver and put her out of pain?"

Roger's face changed at once. "If you knew how it felt to be like this ——"

"If you knew how it felt to be like her ——"

Roger hesitated, picked up his sticks and put them aside, then he took them up again, moved stiffly to the bedroom door. He knocked and went in.

They came out. again shortly afterward. Caro had washed and changed her dress. "I bawled and cursed," she said.

Alix had cut away the outside of the roast; inside, the meat was quite edible. They opened a bottle of wine and sat eating and drinking. But there was still a prickling of nerves, a not-quite-comfortable feeling. They were too polite to one another.

Wallis deliberately pricked the bubble. "Caro, whatever happened to that Negro cook?"

She rushed around the table at him. "You cad! You bounder—it's all your fault! Come on, everyone, help me!"

They all fell upon him, the scapegoat. They needed him now badly. Roger and Caro held him flat while Alix tried to pour water into his mouth from a jug. He pulled them all down on top of him; they rolled about, kicking, hitting, roaring and yelping, knocking over furniture. They got his shirt out and tickled his stomach, which he could not endure. He yelled for mercy.

"That ought to learn you, Glendinning," said Caro. Her hair was down and her stockings torn off, but she had a bright-eyed look.

"Did we hurt your leg, Roger?" asked Alix.

"Yes, rather", Roger told her. "But it was just what it needed."

Caro and Roger went off to bed; Alix and Wallis washed the dishes and tidied the room and sat before the fire which was now burning brightly.

"Chimney is pulling like a horse," Wallis said.

"Nearly everything is wrong about this house—but it may be right for us. A form of therapy."

"You should see my loft; it's a form of water therapy."

Wallis had chosen the loft for his sleeping quarters because there was a four-poster bed with a canopy there. He had simply hung his gear on the posts. The naked rafters showed the shape of the roof and the floor was bare boards. The roof leaked; they were leaks of long standing, each had its attendant ewer or basin—there was a busy plashing and dripping.

Alix took a look. "You'd be much more comfortable in another room," she said and left him.

He undressed and washed in rain water and went and scratched at her door.

"Yes?"

He went in. She was sitting before her mirror brushing her hair. She wore a white gown with a golden girdle. He lay down on her bed and watched her at her toilet.

"I love you. I love you wonderfully and truly."

"I love you too," she said.

"How do you love me?"

"The only way I'm allowed to. I love you ho-ho."

The wonder is always how there can be a mean man or an infidel.

WALT WHITMAN

They came to the heart of the summer, to a time they were all to remember. Alix arrived to spend her holidays and Wallis had leave. They were lucky, the war stood off from them.

Their housekeeping was of the sketchiest—Spinney Cottage seemed to resent any serious attempts at housekeeping, they accepted its terms. Every day they decided upon Today's Great Plan—it might be only a swim or a picnic or a foraging expedition, it did not matter in the least. They pottered, they had trifling adventures, they talked nonsense all the time.

Roger and Wallis tried to prepare Caro for life in Canada.

"One thing you will notice is, no prams."

"Then how do they carry their babies?" she asked.

"Papoose boards. Baby is packed in caribou moss, very clean, very sanitary, and rides on mummy's back."

Caro looked at them sideways. "Really?"

"Really," said Wallis. "Up north among the Crees where babies come in sets of five, it's quite a sight to see a Cree mother going along with five little heads sticking out like a bunch of grapes."

Caro said flatly, "I intend to have my babies one at a time and push them in a British pram, the way God intended me to."

Roger had to go back to the hospital for an interim medical examination. He went off alone, pretending that he was not a bundle of nerves. He came back in tearing spirits.

"They were amazed! They were amazed, dumfounded and flabbergasted!"

"What did they say?"

"They said, 'O.K., Beckon, report to your medical board on the twentieth.'"

"Oh, hell!" said Caro.

"Why? You wouldn't have me a peevish invalid."

"Yes, I would—if you are safe. Where will they send you this time?"

He had brought with him a manual of the RCAF with the history of the squadrons and their insignia. "Pick one yourself."

She looked at the names and read them out. "401, Ram—*Mors Celerrima Hostibus*. 403, Wolf—Stalk & Strike. 406—that's my old squadron—We Kill by Night. 421, Red Indian; 411, Grizzly Bear—like the names that little boys choose for their gangs."

"All right—make up one of your own."

"Well, I will," said Caro. "The important thing is the insignia. The motto must have a literary flavor—we're a literary squadron."

"How about 'Hic Haec Hoc'?"

"How about 'Two cents a day on overdue books'?"

"Oh, dear, we're not as literary as I thought."

"There's something in Stendhal," said Alix: "'The company of the elect and the pursuit of love.'"

"'The Company of the Elect and the Defense of London,'" said Caro. "London must be defended at all costs."

"Well then—'The Pursuit of Love and the Defense of London.'"

They decided on that.

"What about the badge? Will you whip one up, Alix?"

"What would you like?"

"Well, I've always rather wanted to be on a crest," said Caro, "lolling about, holding up a scale or something."

It came out very well, it made them laugh. The central shield carried the Tower of London; Caro, nude and magnificent, tangled in her heraldic sash, held up one side with the expression of one who is doing all the work. Alix, also nude, had let her side go to sit down and make a sketch. The scroll below carried the motto.

"How pleased the Air Ministry will be," said Caro.

"I have a present for you," said Alix.

They were sitting on the knoll behind Spinney Cottage. Before them, England sloped to the Channel, the air was fresh and clear.

It was a brown paper package.

"What is it?"

"Amelia's letters."

He sat up at once and watched her open it. He received it from her carefully, the yellowed, mended pages preserved between stiff covers. He read all the letters, completely engrossed.

Afterward he sat silent, thinking about her.

"How close it brings her. You know, there is nothing in these letters that I have not imagined, yet she seems more real, more actual." He touched with his finger tips the letters Amelia had formed.

"You care about her, don't you?"

"It's because of her I am sitting here, in this spot. It was because of her I came looking for you. Do you think she would be interested to know about her great-great-grandchildren, in a love affair, in a war?"

"Any grandmother would."

He gave the letters back to her to keep.

"But I meant them for you."

"Keep them a little longer. I'll ask you for them after the war is over."

"Promise?" She was kneeling on the grass, looking at him seriously, as if she believed that a promise might keep him from harm.

"I promise."

Alix dined with Adrian Foulkes on her return to London.

"How well you look."

"It was a lovely holiday."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing much. Swam, played foolish games. Oh, yes—we formed a squadron."

"What sort of squadron?"

"An elite squadron. Our motto—'The Pursuit of Love and the Defense of London.'" She smiled, remembering.

"Are you in love with Glendinning?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes—I . . . it's very strange—but yes."

"Are you going to marry him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"You know why not. I want him to stand in his own fate, I don't want him tangled with mine."



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"I have never heard of a woman holding back for that reason. If he loves you, he is entangled now. In your luck, good or bad. You may get him killed, you may help him win the V.C. You know what I believe—that events spring from people. When people of strength, of passion, stand in a certain relation, they create a field of force around them in which events happen."

"I want him out of my field—I'm one of those Bertholets who have bad luck."

She was called to the phone.

"Alix, it's Roger." His voice sounded thin and faraway. "I'm afraid it's bad news. Wallis didn't return from his last mission."

Foulkes phoned and asked Alix to come to his office. When he rose to meet her, his pale face was full of concern.

"I didn't want to talk about it over the phone. My dear, you must learn to hope. . . . This is the story. Glendinning was one of a force of night fighters sent from Ford in conjunction with a bombing raid. He was flying a Hurricane, his first job was to go to an enemy radio beacon which was being used as a rendezvous for their night fighters. He reported once; no other signal was received from him. The rest of our information comes from Bomber Command. Somewhere over Holland one of their Lancasters was being attacked by two enemy fighters when the fighters were attacked by one of ours. He blew up one enemy fighter and drove off the other—the bomber got clear, but from a distance they saw a fighter going down in flames. It looked like our fighter and they so reported it."

She waited. She drew the fingers of her gloves straight, one by one. "Then he is dead."

"Not necessarily. I talked to his C.O.—Air Commodore Dale. Dale thinks that if the Hurricane blew up there is a chance that Glendinning did it himself. Every aircraft that left Ford that night was equipped with an explosive cartridge which could be set off by the pilot in case he had to bail out. Dale is rathe hopeful. He says Glendinning is a first-clas pilot, very cool and resourceful—he think there is a good chance he will turn up as prisoner of war."

"If there is any news, how soon will i come?"

"My dear, I wish I could tell you, but can't."

She stood at the window looking out at row of stone gables. *Only last week*, she wa thinking. . . . They had been bicycling, it wa hot, they had sat down on a grass bank. H had a blade of grass; he was blowing on it be tween his hands, trying to make it sound like reed. She had watched him, more like a painte than a lover, to note the pigment of his sweat ing skin, the red of his pursed lips, the way hi eyebrows sprang out before turning aside The bones of his clasped hands, his absorbe look—so much of life. So miraculously alive ——

"Once you said you had a job for me."

When he did not answer, she turned aroun and saw that he was troubled about some thing.

"When I spoke to you, it was a simple matter of joining our organization here. Now I am not sure I want you to apply."

"Why?"

"Elements of danger. If you are accepted, you will be made privy to some rather alarming secrets—and you might possibly be asked to do something rather dangerous. Take a few days to think about it."

"I don't want to think about it. I should like to apply."

"Very well, I'll speak to the director abou you."

A few days later, Wing Commander Foulkes conducted her to an office in Queen Anne's Gate.

"Sir, this is Miss Leslie, whom I spoke about."

"Ah, yes, Miss Leslie, how nice to see you."

They sat down and chatted. The director asked her about her family, her education, her residence on the Continent. After half an hour, he suggested that they might like to go along and see Carver.

Carver was apparently the linguistic expert. He spoke French to her, the French of the market place and the cattle market. Wing Commander Kesten came in a few minutes later and was introduced. He was a man of quite different type, a man of urgency with a hawklike look, capable, she judged, of quick and ruthless decisions.

They questioned her about a wide range of topics, but their interest seemed to hover over the country around Beauvais. They showed her pictures of bridges and villages which she was able to identify. They were patient, they were thorough, they were interminable. She was asked endless questions about life in the château of Beauvais, the people who came there, the neighbors. She was asked to listen to recordings of conversations.

"Do you recognize that voice, Miss Leslie?"

"Yes, I think I do. I think it is the voice of a M. Dubissac."

"He is a bad egg, a collaborator. . . . Miss Leslie, if you were a German officer in charge of an operation near the coast and you wished to store dangerous substances such as fuel or explosives, have you an idea where you might find a place reasonably safe and concealed?"

She reflected. She remembered a journey she had once taken with an old friend. "The caves of St. Leu d'Esserent."

When she saw Wing Commander Foulkes again he had a number of papers for her to sign.

"Everything is in order. You are accepted. To all intents and purposes you are now a member of Operation Crossbow. Have you heard of it?"

"No."

"I'll give you a brief sketch. In December, 1942, we began to receive hints about a new German weapon undergoing trials at Peenemünde. Then in June of this year, from captured documents, we learned that the new weapon was a pilotless aircraft and that its



development was well advanced. Enough of the robot aircraft, loaded with explosives, launched without warning, would be worse than the blitz—they could destroy London. Our job here is to ferret out every scrap of information about the aircraft and to devise a way to meet it when the attack comes."

She was given a place in Operation Crossbow. Her work, the translation of enemy documents, had scarcely begun when she was summoned to a meeting with Foulkes and Kesten.

As she opened the door, she was aware of the atmosphere of tension. The tail end of Foulkes' sentence still hung in the air—"practically a death sentence," he had said.

"Ah, Miss Leslie, come in. I'm afraid a situation has arisen. Wing Commander Kesten wants to borrow you. I should explain that it is purely a voluntary matter."

She looked at Kesten. She had guessed from the first that he was a member of a different group.

"The point is, Miss Leslie," he said, "we have information we want to get to a man in occupied territory. We know that he is expected in Antwerp—the plan is that you should meet him there."

"How will I know him?"

"He will know you—we think."

"Then I know him?"

"It is better that you should not be told, in case you are picked up. In any event, you are not to make any move—the approach must come from him."

Alix walked to the square to which she had been directed. It was a busy one with a café on each corner, and a church not far away. At the edge of the sidewalks under the leafless trees there were benches which had not yet been taken away for the winter. It was too damp and chilly to be sitting outdoors, she felt conspicuous, but presently she had company. An old man, probably driven from his room by womenfolk, came and sat and complained of the cold. She pretended that they were together, she read him bits from her newspaper. He was a faultfinding old man, but she was sorry when he left.

At lunchtime, she wanted very much to linger in the crowded café and get warm. Then her conscience drove her out. A sort of numbness settled on her; she did not believe anyone would come. And she must wait here for three days, they said, if necessary.

It was not a face but a voice which she recognized. It startled her; almost she made the mistake of whirling about, but caught herself in time. She glanced over her shoulder. He was with another man who was talking volubly, he was about to pass her and he had not noticed her. She slipped the catch of her bag and let it fall to the pavement. She stooped to recover it and he almost bumped into her; as she rose she looked into his eyes.

How he had changed! And how he had not changed! She must be clever, now she was the leader. He might be watched, the man with him might be an enemy. She walked a little faster. She came to the church, she ran up the steps and went in.

She chose a place in the shadow of a pillar. Now she must wait for him to come to her. The minutes went by. Nothing happened. She became impatient, then she began to despair. He had made no sign, perhaps he had not recognized her. It had been so long ago. She had failed in her mission.

Colonel Duvernay slipped into the pew beside her and bowed his head. "Alix!"

"My dear, my dear!"

"You are trembling."

"I have been waiting since morning."

"You are my package, then?"

"Yes. I must see you. I have a room in an inn near the harbor—Hotel Beaudoin, Number Twelve."

He thought for a moment. "I will be there. About seven. Are you well?"

"Now that I have seen you—very well."

"It is safer if you let me leave first. Give me ten minutes. Soon, my dear child."

At seven there was a scratching at her door, she drew him in quickly. His hair and mustache were quite white, he seemed smaller, but his eyes still blazed with their old yellow fire.

They embraced. He kept hold of her hand. "What a fine surprise! This pays for everything."

They sat close on the bed, talking in low tones. "What a surprise for me! When they said it was someone who knew me, I never dreamed of you." She reproached him. "And it should not be you, my friend; now I will not have an easy moment."

"Do not disturb yourself! I count myself lucky—I am having an extra fling. You have a message for me?"

The ideal wife is one who knows when her husband wants to be forced to do something against his will. SYDNEY J. HARRIS

She drew her sketches from memory, she wrote down the technical data she had memorized, and the list of questions. He took it in, nodding his head, he was matter-of-fact about it. He carelessly stuffed the papers into his pocket.

"More running about," he said.

"But you shouldn't be! At your age, you should be living tranquilly ——"

"Bah for tranquillity! I tell you, each day is better because of the chance that it may be one of the last. It is psychological! Even my arthritis is better."

"Are you still living at Beauvais?"

"Of course. Listen, I will tell you something which will interest you. You know what a post office is? It is a name we give to a place where messages may be left if our chain is broken by arrests or disappearances. And do you know where our post office is at Beauvais? It is a place that you children used to use in your games—do you remember?—you had your own name for it."

"A hiding place? Wait." Her mind went back to Beauvais, the cemetery at Antimes where the Bertholets were buried and where as children they had played their games. "Was it 'Under the Angels'?"

"The very place! Under the tomb of your Great-grandmother Anne. I think she might be pleased if she knew. Now you must tell me all your news."

She gathered her scattered wits. "The most important news is that I have met a cousin—a great-great-grandson of Amelia. He is in the Canadian Air Force. He has asked me to marry him."

"Good! I have a great admiration for that little Amelia. Is this grandson to your liking?"

"Very much so. But I said no. What would I do in Canada?"

His wise old yellow eyes rested on her. "You wish him to ask again!"

"With all my heart! But he is missing."

"But not dead?"

"I live in hope."

"The great thing is to love, to be quickened," he said.

They stood looking at each other, each with the same thought—that they would not see each other again. There were tears in their eyes. She embraced him; she felt how thin and brittle his bones were, the bones of an old man.

"Adieu. I shall never forget you."

"Adieu. In leaving you, I leave that which is good and admirable. I bless you, my dear child, as if you were my own daughter."

"You got back all right?" asked Wing Commander Kesten. His casual tone reduced her adventure to minor importance.

"Quite safely, thank you."

"Next time we will give you a harder one."

Next time! She felt as if she had been painfully turned inside out, her feeling wrought to an intolerable pitch. She would not go through that again for anything.

She was in bed reading when she was called to the phone. It was Adrian Foulkes.

alone . . . with cheese . . . or anything you please you'll



taste the difference in Sunshine Hi Ho . . .



the all-'round cracker with that finer flavor

"News," he said. She felt weak, she sank down on the seat. "Good news. He is in Sweden. Can you hear me? It's all right, he's in Sweden."

"Yes, yes, go on!"

"I can't tell you much more—just that he arrived there with two others. Nothing about their condition."

"What will happen?"

"They will feed them for a few days—usually they are starving—and find them clothes. Then when there is room on the diplomatic plane, they'll send them along."

"Will you tell me when?"

"Of course."



"Oh, Adrian, thank you, thank you!"

She hung up the receiver slowly and carefully and went back to her room. There she was smitten with a fearful joy. She felt her heart swelling, actually and physically. She was filled with gratitude, she felt that she must give thanks to someone. She went on her knees beside the bed.

"Amelia," she whispered, "Wallis is safe. He is coming back to me."

Wing Commander Foulkes drove with her to the London airport in his car. He tried to warn her. "He's probably had a rough time, you know. He may need a little time to adjust."

They waited until the courier plane landed; then Foulkes touched her arm. "He's there all right. I'm off. Good luck—take my car."

She hardly heard him, did not notice that he had gone. She was trying to find Wallis among the uniforms. Then she saw him, one of a group of three, all with a curious, uneasy air about them. She ran like a deer.

"Wallis!" She stood in his way.

He was startled. He stared at her, almost with a wild air. His face was darkened by exposure, there was an unkempt look about him. "What are you doing in that uniform?"

She had forgotten that he would not know she was a member of the Women's Air Force. She took his hand, but it was a stranger's hand. "Would you like to go somewhere for supper?"

"Could we go to your place? Do you remember once when I was going on a course to the Midlands, we played some crazy card game? I'd like to play it again."

"Very well."

It was a long drive, she was all pins and needles before they reached Barham Gardens. When they arrived he snapped at her, "And take off that uniform!"

In her bedroom she felt her face burning. He was rude, he was unbearable—she wished he would go back to Sweden. She changed into the clothes she had worn the night they had played cards, white blouse and tartan skirt and white socks. When she came out, he looked at her intently for a moment.

They sat on the floor and played in silence. His hands were swollen and clumsy, his eyebrows were drawn down on his nose in an ill-tempered expression. He played as if his life depended on it and he played just as badly as before.

"Really!" she said, exasperated. "Europe has not improved you one bit!"

That broke the evil spell. He flung his cards into the air and reached for her and dragged her across the cushions.

"My darling, my darling!"

He covered her face with fierce kisses, he would not let her speak. "I wanted to be sure it wasn't all a dream—that it had really happened, that once before I had sat here and played cards with you. There were times when it kept me going. . . . Are you all right?"

"I'm all right—now."

"What honest lashes you have! If your lashes weren't so honest, I'd be lying out in a turnip field."

"Were you frightened?"

"Scared and miserable the whole time. Except for a week I hid on a Danish farm, and then I was scared for the people."

"I wanted you so. I love you."

"It's very nice of you to say so."

"No, no. I mean I love you truly. With all my heart."

"Ho-ho."

She wrenched his head around and flung herself upon him. "How dare you say ho-ho to me! I'll give you ho-ho!"

Alix came upon the notice in the obituary column of the Times: "Laurette Mary Eardley Caterwood, wife of Wing Commander Adrian Foulkes, D.S.O., suddenly at Briony Gate, Ireland ——"

This was totally unexpected—she had thought Laurette was the sort who lived forever, mainly to make things difficult for other people. And now she was gone, this bleached daughter of an old family. She had been disastrous for Adrian, and though he had separated from her, he was still bound by the strong bond of his conscience. Alix wondered how she had died; she had left England to live in Ireland at the beginning of the blitz.

Foulkes was gone for four days. On the day after his return she went to his office at five o'clock and found him at work, very tired and white-looking.

"I saw the notice about Laurette."

"You never liked her, did you?"

"No."

"I suppose it would have been better if she had been strangled at birth. Or exposed on the hillside, as the Greeks exposed a child of ill omen. Her life was the result of a doctrine—that man is born in sin and his nature is sinful. She had been taught that for generations and she believed it. She found malice everywhere she looked, and wrongdoing."

"Let her go. In peace."

"She left peace behind her. It makes such a difference to me. Now I begin to taste the sweetness of being set free. For the first time it is not a sin to want you."

She looked at him, shocked.

"I know, I know. I know you are in love—I won't say any more. Will you bring your young man to dinner one night?"

She took alarm. "Oh, no!"

"I assure you, I would like to see him. I am not more jealous than is reasonable."

"What else could we be but a sort of trap for him?"

"Bring him. To please me."

They dined in Wing Commander Foulkes' apartment, part of a town house once owned by his family. The rooms were graceful, with high ceilings. In the dining room the four great paintings, the Turner, the Constable, the Romney and the Morland, looked down at them sitting there in their drab uniforms.

It was a setting which imposed itself upon the mind of the observer—Wallis saw himself from outside, one of three figures, surrounded by the living excellence of the past. He looked from the Morland to the wine-colored wood of the table, and the silver epergnes. This was very strong stuff, he thought, and his mind went back to a conversation with Alix, who had not wished to come.

"We are rather alike," she had said, "we have seventeenth-century tastes."

"And now that his wife is dead?"

"I think he will ask me to marry him. He has a lovely old house near Lyme Regis—he hopes to go back there one day to his seventeenth-century letters."

"Love among the ruins."

She flashed with anger. "You are a barbarian!"

That evening, as they arrived, on the doorstep, she had turned to him suddenly, as if a wave of premonition had touched her. "Let us not go in. We'll phone from somewhere ——"

"We can't do that," he said.

Wing Commander Foulkes had seemed very glad to see them. He could be very charming when he wished; he had the advantages of distinguished good looks and pleasant formal manners, and the knowledge that he was out of the top drawer.

After dinner, he brought out his collection of miniatures. He showed them as an Englishman shows his treasures, with a depreciating air, yet not able to hide his pleasure in them. Over the likenesses of this famous beauty, that celebrated wit, he told them the stories of his boyhood, of his grandmother's purple Irish acres and worm-eaten old house, of his father's people, the red-coated English squires, stories entwined by the convolvulus of character and eccentricity.

It made Wallis, harking back to his own boyhood, feel naked as a savage. He had only Amelia to compete with this picture gallery. He looked at Alix, intent upon the miniatures. This was a strange way of making love—but it might be effective.

As they rode home, he asked, "Was it so bad?"

She seemed dispirited. "We should not have gone. When we sat round that table, I felt as if some ancient charm were being wound up and we were all in it, all three of us."

Men and armor had moved into the south of England until it seemed that the island must tip under their weight. The ships were gathering in the harbors. The newspapers of the world were full of the coming invasion. The Air Forces were pulling themselves together for a supreme effort. There were the usual on-the-eve changes in operation leaders; Wallis was given command of the City of Westmoreland Squadron of night fighters based on Kenthill.

Roger turned up at Kenthill with all his gear.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 161

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

Something about the idea of a four-day week for their husbands makes mothers of small children inexpressibly thoughtful.

In the fall, a small girl helped to plant some crocus bulbs. Spring came and she observed their sudden blossoming. "I understand better about babies now," she told her mother; "all the time you can't see them, they're there, getting ready to be."

The mother of several sons believes she has an infallible way of knowing when a boy begins to be girl-conscious: he stops working on the inside of his car and begins decorating the outside.

New wives should remember that the flavor of good coffee, just as good writing, can be lost in translation.

The father in our family declares he only worked against himself when he praised one of the daughter's cooking efforts, since it promoted her departure from the family sooner.

An about-to-be-married daughter was offered three items of advice for a smooth-going marriage:

Keep the range and your disposition at medium.

Never attempt more than one new recipe or improvement in a single day.

Finish whatever you begin; let him do the same—including his "late" explanation.

More devastating than unexpected dinner guests is the bedtime pronouncement, "Mamma, I have to take thirty-six cupcakes to school tomorrow."

Boy's comment on book in which the principal character is a girl: "I do not like this book because it is about the kind of people I do not like."

It is quite possible to be refreshed and almost nourished by beautiful china, sparkling glass and polished silver on a table.

Dieting: Putting off until tomorrow the food you can do without today.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

"And what do you think you're doing here?" asked Wallis.

Roger passed over his orders. "Temporary posting. They're going to give me four-oh-six at the end of the month. They asked me where I'd like to go in the meantime and I said here."

Their squadron had nothing to do on D Day. Gossip from Fighter Command trickled in—confusion on ground, sea and air and very few German aircraft making an appearance. At midnight Wallis led his flight of Mosquitoes over the Normandy beaches. That night for him was all anticlimax—an engine overheated, fuses burned out—and when his gun sight went dark, he turned over command to his deputy and went home.

Abruptly the Westmorelands were pulled out of Operation Flower. "Now what?" everyone asked, but no one seemed to know.

"They're pulling out the cream of the day fighters too—Spit Fourteens, Tempests."

"Why? Are they expecting a counterinvasion?"

"This bloody robot bomb, they say."

The first flying bomb had fallen near Gravesend in the early hours of June thirteenth. They continued to fall in a desultory way, at random. The stories in the newspapers were meager, there was not much of a stir about them. The general impression seemed to be that they were more of a nuisance than a menace.

Sunday morning, the eighteenth of June, the air was soft and balmy. Wing Commander Foulkes had business with the Observer Corps near Dover and Alix was going along for the ride. He came along in an open sports car.

"I asked Caro Beckon to come with us, but she thought she should go to church."

"I'd be very glad to have her."

"Drive around by Birdcage Walk; perhaps we'll see her."

The park was beginning to look its best. People were strolling there, enjoying the summer air. They saw Caro walking toward them from the park. She was in uniform and very smart. She came to them, smiling.

"You will never guess what I've been doing. I've been visiting the spot where I got engaged. Over there, where the slit trenches were."

"We are hoping you'll change your mind and come with us," Foulkes said.

For a moment she hesitated. "I'd like to—but I think I'll go and offer up a small prayer. Off you go—have a good day."

She stood, smiling, watching them go. She put out her hand as the car moved and Alix took it in her left. Their hands clasped for the last time. Looking back, Alix saw her cross the road, to be met by an officer of the Guards.

"I'm looking forward to this day," said Foulkes. "I feel rather hopeful today. Probably the effect of the June weather. But still I find cheerfulness breaking in."

They crossed the river by Westminster Bridge; a tall red bus against a blue sky made an agreeable vignette. There was a man standing on the step; suddenly his head jerked back. The faces all around looked upward, changing their expression. There was a noise, growing louder; it came beating back from the buildings in shattering waves—it came from every direction, bewildering ——

Foulkes slammed on the brakes—traffic ground to a halt. They were caught in a cage of sound waves; the waves beat at them, growing louder. Above the sky line of the buildings a winged object came into sight. It was black and rigid, it gave no illusion of flight, it seemed to be falling on them. It passed over the river and plunged down—the roadway jumped with the shock, the bridge vibrated—the explosion came as a trembling roar—the sound of houses falling down.

Time and motion were grotesquely distorted. People began to run, some toward the river, some away from it. A car started up suddenly and banged into a bus. Cars attempted to turn in the roadway, blocking it. Foulkes drove up a side street, reversed and turned. They came back across the bridge.

A heavy shape of smoke hung over the roofs of the buildings. Police had sprung up from somewhere and formed a line across Birdcage Walk. People came running from the park and stopped along the sidewalk; behind them groups were still running. C.D. vehicles were drawing up to the curb.

"Come along," said Foulkes sharply. They left the car and ran, mingling with the Civilian Defense people. They reached the spot where a few minutes before Caro had joined a Guards officer going to church. The building—the Royal Military Chapel—sprawled in ruins.

The bomb had crashed through the roof. The portico had fallen, blocking the entrance. They made their way with the rescue workers through the heaps of rubble into the interior. The pillars had fallen, only one wall remained. Everywhere, except for a small space before the altar, were the piles of ruinous, killing stones.

The air was full of dust and the smell of the hot rubble. Beside the lectern lay a dead officer wearing a uniform of dust. The search for survivors had already begun, they were carrying the dead to the cleared space before the altar. There were to be 121 of them.

They found Caro. Alix knelt beside her. There was no need to ask if she were alive: she, too, wore the uniform of death. Her face, her hair, her clothes were all one tint, as if she were a statue in the dust.

How remote she looked, remote from a world which had destroyed her. Now she was gone from them, too, she had gone beyond their sunny days, their laughter. "May London have my bones," she had said. London had them now.

Friendship is always a sweet responsibility, never an opportunity.

KAHLIL GIBRAN
The Prophet
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

The flying bombs continued to fall—an average of ninety-seven every twenty-four hours for the next two weeks. The balloon barrage intercepted some, the guns got some, fighter aircraft continued to shoot them down. But not enough. The Air Ministry asked Operation Crossbow if the attack had reached its maximum force. Wing Commander Foulkes gave his opinion that it was still building.

One point increasingly held their attention. A radio monitor had overheard an enemy conversation between a divisional staff officer and the commander of one of the launching sites. The staff officer had evidently passed on orders to increase the rate of firing and the flak officer was protesting angrily that this was impossible until the divisional staff would do something about the roads. Here was evidence of what they had been hoping for. There were fifty trainloads of bombs stored in the German supply dump in the caves of St. Leu d'Esserent, but the air attack preceding the invasion had destroyed the railway system of Northern France. Supplies reaching the launching sites had been cut to a trickle.

German reinforcements were moving by every possible route through Northern France toward the battles in Normandy; from French Resistance groups came a steady stream of information about units on the move. Wing Commander Foulkes, studying these reports, came upon the name of Flak Regiment 155.

They knew a good deal about Flak Regiment 155 at Crossbow, for its commander was in charge of the flying-bomb offensive. Then why, Foulkes asked himself, were units of this regiment moving to the west? A possibility occurred to him. He called in Kesten.

"These people were spotted in Trappes, which is only twenty miles west of Paris. Supposing Regiment One-fifty-five was in charge of a train working up from St. Leu ——"

"Loaded to the guards with flying bombs!"

"Will you put your people on to it? And the Resistance people? We must find that train—if there is one."

A French Resistance group found the train in the yard at Trappes. It was manned by soldiers of Flak Regiment 155 and closely guarded.

"I don't think there's much doubt about it," said Foulkes. "It's from St. Leu."

"We must get this one—absolutely."

The train was kept under constant watch. It moved north; it turned east and came into the Beauvais district. Kesten sent word to Colonel Duvernay and dropped another agent by air with a prearranged schedule for radio messages.

After a nerve-racking wait, Duvernay's messages began to come through. They had spotted the train, they confirmed that it was loaded with airframes and high explosives for the bombs, it appeared to be heading for Amiens. . . . Then it vanished as if into thin air. It was there—it was gone and no one knew where.

"They *must* find it!" cried Foulkes.

Duvernay's messages came through; the train had been moved to a hidden place. Then another message—the action alert: train was preparing to leave, probably by way of Warlieu. Then silence. The silence prolonged itself—it became a silence of disaster.

An orderly came to tell Alix she was wanted. "We have a messenger," said Foulkes. "And

CONTINUED ON PAGE 163





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 161

we think he comes from Duvernay. But he won't talk. He asked for you."

"Me?" She was surprised.

"The Special Services found him at the post office. They didn't know what to do about him—they brought him along. A railway signalman. But we haven't been able to get a word out of him about the train."

She followed Foulkes and Kesten. At a table in the corner sat a military policeman, guarding an old man wearing the blue cape and visored cap of a French railway worker.

At a signal the guard withdrew. Kesten spoke to the old man in French. "You have had some soup—good! And we have brought the young lady you asked for—this is Mademoiselle Alix." He said to Alix, "His name is Carnac and he lives in Beauvais."

The old man raised his head and looked at her—the face of a peasant, obstinate, shut, with a great gray mustache curved like the horns of a buffalo. It was also the face of an old man, upset and uprooted. He took in her uniform and dropped his head.

She sat down opposite him. "Please help me, monsieur; I believe that you have something to tell me. Something from Colonel Duvernay, who is my friend."

He gave her that look again, angry, obstinate. "Who is this Duvernay? Is he here?" He looked about, grumbling to himself.

"Please, Monsieur Carnac, I am Alix Leslie, I used to live in Beauvais ——"

"Without doubt!" he said angrily.

"Truly I am. I am the daughter of Madame Allison Leslie, who was born Bertholet, and the granddaughter of Hercule Bertholet."

He shook his head. "You are trying to make a fool of me."

She named a number of the shopkeepers in Beauvais. "Now listen to me—I will tell you the names of the girls who were maids in the château before the war. There was Martine Rajotte, Nicole Simard, Alphonsine Goyette ——"

"And this Alphonsine Goyette, how was she called?"

"Fat Alphonsine."

The old man struck the table a blow with his hand. "You are right—that was Alphonsine—she was a relative of my wife's." He peered at her closely. "I can see that you are honest, mademoiselle, I see that you are a Bertholet. Ah, mademoiselle, I must tell you: Monsieur Duvernay and the others—they shot them in the wood, without any time to prepare themselves. I was there—I was standing there by my signals—Monsieur Duvernay said to me, 'You must find Mademoiselle Alix Bertholet and tell her. To have no regrets'—that is what I was to say—'to have no regrets and to look forward.' It was a terrible thing, mademoiselle!"

"Why did they shoot them—because of the train?"

"Yes, yes, because of the German train! They caught two of them in the wood and the Germans laid a trap—and so they caught Monsieur Duvernay. He told me to bring a message. And so I did. I was right to do it, mademoiselle? Was I right?"

"You have done well, Monsieur Carnac," she told him.

He looked at her closely. "You are grieving?"

"He was my friend."

"Yes, yes—I was there in the wood when it happened."

"Where, Monsieur Carnac?"

"In the old siding where they used to load the logs."

"And the train was there?"

"Of course!" He looked at her in astonishment that she should not know. "Of course, that is where it was hidden."

"It is still there, monsieur?"

"They were making the repairs. Then it will go by Warlieu. Perhaps last night, perhaps tonight ——"

Kesten touched her arm.

She rose and took the old man's hand. "Thank you, Monsieur Carnac, thank you for your message."

"It was a good message?" he asked.

"Yes, it was a good message. I will remember it always. Now I must leave you—they will look after you. Good-by, monsieur."

In the office, the air vice-marshal thanked her very civilly for her help. The conference broke up quickly. There was little time and much to be done. The liaison officer, Fighter Command, came to Foulkes.

"Will you take the briefing, sir?"

"Yes."

"It will be at Kenthill. The City of Westmoreland Squadron."

In the car she asked, "Did you know it would be Wallis?"

"Yes. I asked for the Westmorelands because I expected he would lead them. You know my beliefs. That events spring from people. That people in certain relations to each other form a field of force in which events take place. This night has been preparing for a long time: you and your life at Beauvais, and Duvernay—it was you who brought in Duvernay. Myself in love with you, and Glendinning whom you love. Another leader might or might not find the train, some trifling accident might intervene, he is not in the field. But Glendinning is. If he leads the raid, I think he will find the train. I do not know whether or not he will come back—but I think he will find the train. And that is what matters."

She looked out the window. "What you said was true. I am a Bertholet. Those we love we kill. It is our trade-mark."

Wallis did not know what to think about Roger. The memory of that Sunday was engraved on his memory. It began with the message from Foulkes, which Roger did not seem to be able to understand and which he would not believe. Wallis had driven him to London; with other people, some of them quietly crying, they filed down a corridor, past a line of bodies on carriers. They came to Caro's.

It was a shock. They would not have known her. She was recognizable as Caro, but not their Caro. She had nothing more to do with them. Roger had stood looking down at her, then all at once he began to tremble and his control had shattered. It was as if grief were a knife thrust, a physical pain almost beyond endurance. He whimpered like a child or a dog, he made sounds painful to hear, pressed out of him by pain. He understood nothing of what was said to him. When they tried to give him a sedative, he broke the glass. At last he passed into a quieter stage, he sobbed like a woman, his face in his arms. It went on for hours, he cried himself into a sort of sleep.

Next day he was like something dazed or broken. By the time of the funeral, he had regained his self-control. He went through the conventional motions with a white-faced composure.

He returned at once to Kenthill, he would not take compassionate leave. He wanted work at once, so he was given work. He flew again, seemed to have returned completely to normal. Wallis could not understand it. It was almost as if Caro had never lived.

The phone rang and Wallis answered it. "Glendinning here. . . . Hello, sir. . . . Four aircraft. . . . I'll take Blue Section. . . . No, Beckon is detached as of midnight, I told him to beat it. . . . Any other gen, sir?" He listened, made notes and hung up.

"Now what?" asked Roger.

"Wing is laying on a special raid," Wallis told him. "Four Mosquitoes, mission into France."

"What's the target?"

"Some London Intelligence types are on their way to brief us. All we know is, some flap about a train."

Roger nodded and turned to go. His hand was on the doorknob, he paused. "I wonder—what sort of train?" He came back. "I'd like to go along."

I, BEING WOMAN

By NANCY HUNTER

I, being woman, this much must confess:
If I must be content with something less
Than amber pearls upon the staggering sand
Or azure daisies trembling in my hand,
If this new love like every other one
Cannot erase the temporary sun
Or bottle the cold rapture of a star
To hang suspended in my chimney jar,
If there cannot be roses in the air
Whose stillness fills the silence of my stair,
If Love cannot bring summer to my door
I shall resign myself to waiting for
The metamorphosis only you can bring:
The green perfection of a sudden spring.

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Wallis was writing. "You go along and worry about Four-oh-six."

"I'd like to fly this one with you," said Roger.

"O.K."

Wallis wrote out the tickets for the operation board. Red Section leading, Glendinning and navigator Lyautey; Red Two, pilot Beckon and navigator Warre; Blue Section, pilot Shearer, navigator Moisevich; Blue Two, pilot White, navigator Lawrence.

Waiting in the briefing room with the wing commander, Group Captain Caughney, were Foulkes, Kesten and Alix. Wallis, leading his crews in, almost stopped in surprise. Blue Section looked at her with appreciation—it was not usual to find a woman in the briefing room.

The C.O. introduced Wing Commander Foulkes, who took the briefing.

He pulled down the large-scale map of Northern France and drew a circle with his pointer.

"Your target is somewhere in this area. It is a train, camouflaged as an ordinary passenger train, loaded with explosives and airframes for the flying bomb and headed for the launching sites on the coast. We know that until a few hours ago it was concealed in a siding in the woods near Beauvais; we have good hopes that it is still there, preparing to move under the cover of darkness. We expect it will go northeast by this route. The train includes a number of covered trucks—these almost certainly contain antiaircraft guns. The train is manned by units of Flak Regiment One-fifty-five and you must expect fanatical resistance. Any questions?"

There were none. Foulkes laid down his pointer and waited till the silence made an emphasis.

"This train is important. Many people have taken part in this operation, Frenchmen and Englishmen. We know that seven people have lost their lives so far—three in the line of duty. Others, like Miss Leslie of the Women's Division, have played their essential parts. We have done all we can. Now it is over to you."

Alix waited now on the edge of the field, breathing its open air. It was too dark to see the station, but she felt it all about her. Wallis and Roger came out of the darkness, casually, in bomber jackets and flying boots, and fell into step with her. Walking like this was good—but at the far end of the field their aircraft were waiting.

"I wish it weren't you," she said.

"That's all right, we're in the business."

"Any time you want a train blown up, we're the boys to do it."

"Trains—or anybody you don't like. Boom!"

The van carrying the other pilots and navigators came up behind them with subdued beams. It passed them and slowed.

"That's my bus," said Roger. He held her fingers, she hugged his arm. "So long, Alix."

"Good luck, Roger."

The van went on, the jeep following went slowly by and stopped a little way ahead.

"Time to go," Wallis said.

She could not see his face, he was just a dark figure. A sort of panic swept her, as if he had already gone and left some unknown in his place. She held on to his arm.

"I suppose I've killed you."

"Uh-huh, you're always thinking things like that. You're not the end of a line, you're much too vital."

"Then come back. If you don't come back ——"

"Do you remember," he said, "that holiday in Devon? That was a good time, the time we had the mouse. Good night, old Leslie."

He kissed her, a short hard kiss—no "love," just "good-by"—and went. She saw him, a shadow in the reflected light, getting into the jeep. The jeep accelerated at once. She watched the red light fade into the distance.

Good-by, my love, my only love.

They waited in their aircraft, he and his navigator, Lyautey, on the edge of the field. Lyautey spoke to him, he did not answer.

He wanted to think for a moment of the island, the island which had shaped him. He saw its river gleaming like satin and smelled the hot rank smell of the yellow daisies squatting on the township line. . . . They were on the boathouse balcony, looking down into the pool, and he was climbing up to dive. Roger was turning in the sky, arms spread, ankles together, turning and falling, with a white cloud behind him. Falling through the lazy, sweet, do-nothing afternoon, falling in controlled grace, falling down the invisible curve of the world, with the summer spread all about them, falling forever. Then the water fountained up, water rushing together and lifting a circle of points like a crown, then falling and drawing back—the miracle of a water splash. . . . Again he was standing in the orchard under an apple tree talking to a summer visitor whose name he had forgotten, telling her that this was the wishing tree. She was smiling, her face was the color of moonlight. She was Everygirl in the moonlight.

"Green light," said Lyautey.

"Here we go."

He observed himself, watching from outside. He noted how automatic the control of flight had become. The Mosquitoes skimmed at speed, they rose together as suddenly, as precisely as a flock of birds.

He glanced up. Roger's aircraft flew at his left wing, a little above and behind; Blue Section rose in two steps on his other side. Blue Section were chattering on the radio as usual. Danny and Ken were old hands, nothing impressed them any more. Once over Holland Ken had been bounced by a Focke-Wolfe. "Fellow flew right through the cockpit," he yelled. "Pay no regard," said Danny. It had become a squadron phrase. Complaints about weather, war and women were shrugged off in the same way: "Pay no regard."

"O.K., kids, get off the air," said Wallis.

The sea was below them, not an element in its own right, a mere bottom to the air. Off to the west, the coast of Normandy fulminated under its cloud cover.

"French coast coming up," said Lyautey.

They could not see it, but he had seen it so often that it was engraved in his head. First the thin lines of the beaches, then the tidal rivers with their scoured banks, then the wooded valleys. The land would be veined with men and armor moving to the battle.

"Time to let down," said Lyautey.

They slanted through pools of misty moonlight and came out under the cloud base. How lovely was the earth with its shields of wood and curves of water, the trees rising and breaking into leaves like fountains. How wonderful to be alive without the thought of death—to live with the earth and enjoy it.

"Approaching target area," said Lyautey.

Ah, well, pay no regard.

The flight dropped lower. At two thousand feet they could see fairly clearly. They found a railway line by the shape of its right of way.

"Blue Two to leader. Smoke ahead. About ten miles, hundred and eighty."

"Blue Section, break right. Roger—turning left."

The formation divided and flew on parallel courses. The plume of smoke grew larger—it was moving—there was a locomotive under it. They went down to treetop height, they got a good look at it as it crossed a bridge a few miles away. Passenger cars, with covered trucks, trucks in front of a locomotive which was smoking prodigiously.

"Good old Flak Regiment One-fifty-five down there sure," said Roger.

"It's our baby."

They watched it for a moment, a toy train, loaded with trouble, loaded with significance. All their lives might have been merely a preparation for this moment. He told Lyautey to report to base in Morse. When the signal had been sent, he called in Blue Section and made a wide turn to bring them back to the line at an angle. The train hurried desperately through blocks of woods.

"O.K., I attack the first trucks; Roger, shoot for the engine. Blue Section, choose your trucks. Do not close beyond one hundred yards. Set?"

"Ready, leader." . . . "Ready, leader." . . . "Ready, leader."

For a moment it was a dark worm, innocent, despairing—then it was a snake, its bright tongues quivered at them. Something pallid was rising out of the leading truck.

"Searchlight!" yelled Lyautey.

Wallis jinked and brought his cannons to bear. He held his dive, he saw his shells strike. He pulled up and hard around—from somewhere there was a towering flash of light.

The hard turn put gray veils behind their eyes. "They got Danny," said Lyautey when he could speak.

They could see the wreck of the Mosquito burning in the field.

"Never pulled out of his dive."

"Ken, are you all right? Come in."

Ken was slow in answering, his voice was strained. "We're damaged—we're still flying."

The train stood still. Steam appeared around the locomotive like a pale hood. A few figures ran toward the woods. Smoke thinned and writhed over the fields.

Lyautey made his report. "You got the searchlight with your first bursts. Number Two got the locomotive. Very fierce fire from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

I cannot discover that anyone knows enough to say definitely what is and what is not possible.

HENRY FORD

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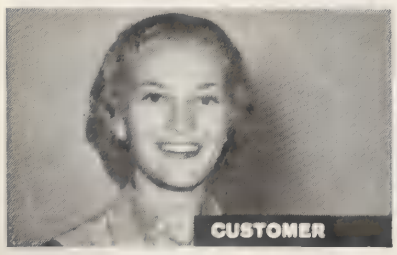
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

rear trucks; they caught Blue Section coming in."

"Hello, Roger."

"Here, leader."

"Rear end this time. Ken, shoot for the midsection. Go."

He knew from the first it was all wrong. The moon lighted them with a hard clear light, the Mosquitoes showed up huge and dark. All his night-fighter instincts rebelled. From the corner of his eye he saw a flash where no flash should be.

"Break!" he yelled, rolling over and away.

Roger rolled off and away as nimble as a Spitfire.

Blue Two was slow in breaking off. They saw a stream of shells hammering into its belly; suddenly it went up in a great *pouf* as a tank exploded—it crashed into a field beyond the wood.

"Hello, Roger."

"Here, Wallis." He sounded quite cool.

"I've just enough shells for one more pass—we've got to get him this time. You fake a pass from above, come in high. I'm coming in on the ground." He felt his voice growing thick—this was turning out to be a bloody bad show.

"Suggest I come in with you," said Roger.

"You stay up there, draw his fire."

"Don't worry, we'll get him," said Roger, drawling. Wallis knew why Roger kept talking: he was talking against the violent recklessness beginning to burn in him. Wallis felt it held in check momentarily as he went on, deliberately. "Old One-fifty-five will never get away with this—smoking in a non-smoking carriage ——"

There was a fiery light all about them, reaching even into the cockpit. They looked down in amazement. The moonlit plain was gone: fire was taking great jumps across it, now clumps of trees were going up like torches—exploding ammunition from the burning Mosquito had set the woods on fire. The train had disappeared, they could see only fire and billowing smoke.

Roger's voice came in his ear, quick and light. "That's done it! He can't see. Coming down!"

Wallis turned back and pushed the Mosquito over the cliff. The bulge of the earth loomed to meet them, under it the train was hidden. It was like falling into a mountain range of smoke and fire; defiles opened and closed in blankness and billowing. The earth rushed at them with its hardness, its trees, its stones preparing the blow which would lance the shattered bones through the pierced flesh. An arch of tracers rose and fell in fiery spray; he swung toward it, opening fire. The wind blew a great hole in the smoke and held in its frame was a lurid landscape. There was the train fiercely lighted with the woods behind it on fire, with shadows racing all about it like an army running back and forth, and a line of shells bursting right across it. They were so close, the danger was so clear, that time extended within itself, like a slow unfolding, and they knew what was going to happen.

"Pull up! It's on fire!"

"Roger, pull up—you've got it!"

He had a glimpse of the other Mosquito, still firing, bursting out of the murk above the wood. It hung there, like a huge bat, lit by rosy flames. It continued to hang there, the flames were fixed, the shadows stayed, everything was deprived of motion while the senses cringed away from the great blow. Wallis was pulling up and hard around and gravity was crushing them, draining the blood, pulling the flesh from the cheeks. A yellow light bloomed, growing brighter and higher, and shadows jumped about the aircraft. There was a great jolt—the column kicked out of his hands, the Mosquito rolled over, it was threshing about in the treetops.

There was one slow tick of time when, feeling himself to be lost, he felt the aircraft rolling like a boat in water and saw the outline of a wing and the crown of a tree beyond it and thought, like someone else thinking, that the tree was higher than the wing, that they must strike the ground.

They pulled out of it and rose out of the valley of the old watercourse which had saved them, with Lyautey hanging unconscious in his straps.

The train had disintegrated. It lay about in the fields in burning fragments. There was no other aircraft in sight. They flew around calling.

"Roger, can you hear me? Come in.... Come in, Roger."

They flew around, searching and calling. There was no answer. They knew there never would be an answer.

He wrote the letters he had to write, to Roger's parents and others. He packed his belongings, as he had packed the belongings of all his friends, and sent them back to Canada.

There were deaths that were just deaths—and there were deaths that changed everything. In his mother's room at Rosedale there were photographs of Roger—one showed a solemn little boy of eight, one showed him at Y.M.C.A. summer camp, skinny and sun-bleached. And one taken at graduation which showed him grave in his gown and hood, with the world before him—which Roger disliked and always turned upside down. So many Rogers. . . .

He was walking down the platform at Charing Cross and someone called and he turned and there was Roger, looking pleased. With Caro beside him. "Carry yir beg, sir?" And they had seized his bag and lugged it off and pretended to send it to Snowshill.

They stood before him as gay as larks. Death had added a dimension—it had given them duration. They were complete now, and changeless. No more pain. He saw them clearly in their bright bubble calling to him, making jokes. The bubble was floating away; they remained in it, secure and changeless.

It was a comfort to write Alix: "Other people knew them, too, but we knew them at their best. Some of their brightness is in our minds. We will be the ones who will remember them longest. This is the only immortality, a remembered brightness. And when our brains die and fall to dust, that will be the end of them too."

Alix was on her way to lunch at the Euclid Club and she was taking a remarkably roundabout route to Carlton Terrace. She felt very roundabout this sunny morning. She sauntered, she took time to admire this old London drawing its first breaths of peace.

She had a cable from Wallis in her pocket. He was in command of an RCAF station at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

NEXT MONTH

● It all began when Pongo Twistleton's Uncle Fred, the fifth Earl of Ickenham, knocked off pompous Beefy Bastable's top hat with a Brazil nut. Uncle Fred was quite correct in thinking that Beefy *needed* his top hat knocked off—it would make a better, deeper, more lovable man of him—but even as astute a man as Uncle Fred could not have envisioned all that happened as a result: a best-selling novel, a Hollywood contract, blackmail, a stolen letter that would *prove all*, chases and stealthy searches and utter confusion, with Uncle Fred merrily egging on the whole thing and incidentally straightening out a dozen tangled love affairs, including that of Beefy himself.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

Rockcliffe. Where Rockcliffe was she had not a notion, but she inclined to think that wherever it was, he was giving it some bad moments. His cable began "Wicked obstinate creature ——"

There was a cable office not two hundred yards away in the Strand. Very convenient if she wanted to send a reply. "Have just received your message on my way to lunch with Adrian." That should make him writhe.

His cable had said: "Wicked obstinate creature please come love."

She leaned on the smooth rim of the fountain. It was delicious to be out of uniform—"delicious" was her word for it. It was delicious to be dressed again in too little, to feel the sun through her linen suit, right through her nonregulation underwear, to her nonregulation skin. She had never felt comfortable in uniform; she knew she would never really be a member of the armed forces, not though she served a hundred years.

She had a future to think about now, with the Office of Works. The Office of Works was grabbing all the artists it could lay hands on for the job of bringing out of their hiding places the nation's collections of art. What fun it would be, unpacking old masterpieces, meeting old friends again, seeing how they had come through the war.

But on the other hand, there was this meeting with Adrian to which she was wending her roundabout way. Adrian wanted his answer. There was Adrian lurking in that cast-iron club of his, wanting an answer; there was Wallis raging and roaring on the other side of the ocean wanting his answer. And there was the Office of Works waiting politely in its little office for its.

And here was the cable office, and Mercury with his tin hat and his winged heels. What fun it would be to go in and send a lot of telegrams.

She went in, she joined the line of people chewing their pencils and furrowing their brows. But they were obviously in anxiety searching for the words that would unlock fortune's door while she was merely enjoying herself. She took a pad of forms and wrote, experimentally.

DEAR OFFICE OF WORKS: I ACCEPT. WORKER LESLIE.

Very good, very sensible.

She wrote another: DEAR ADRIAN, I ACCEPT. TENTATIVELY. ALIX.

H'm. I don't know—what do you think, Lora Mercury?

She took another blank. *Group Captain Wallis Glendinning, Rockcliffe, Canada: What cheek calling me wicked and obstinate when it is you who are as unreasonable as a, well, very unreasonable. Besides, whatever would I do in Canada?*

Holding her pencil, she found herself thinking of a water color which had hung in her room at Beauvais, a punt moored in the river under a willow tree, which Amelia had made. That Amelia whose life had touched hers; whose house she would like to see; on whose grave it was her duty to lay a flower.

Her fingers wrote of their own will: COMING. Clearly these were the right words, arriving of their own accord. She felt a delicious sensation, a rising, thrilling, jocund happiness, as if she were a grapevine in the spring sun. COMING LOVE HO-HO ALIX. END

A BIRD IN THE PAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

roasting pan, breast side up, and roast in a moderate oven, 350° F., 25 minutes to the pound or until tender and golden brown. Baste frequently with the drippings that collect in the pan. When done, take bird up on a platter. Remove all fat in the pan except 2 tablespoons. Then make a gravy by adding to the drippings ½ cup heavy cream, ¼ cup giblet broth, ½ teaspoon each salt, pepper, curry powder and grated orange rind. Don't give the giblets to the cat—chopped and mixed with a well-seasoned *risotto*, they make a delicious luncheon dish. Makes 4–6 servings.

Roasters, due to slightly advancing age, require longer cooking than fryers, but, if properly cooked, come out as tender as a love song. Of course the venerable and respected way to serve them is roasted in the oven and brought to table crisp and brown, corpulent with savory stuffing—as pretty a sight as was ever seen. But another way, equally good, is to pot-roast them. Done this way, they are moist brown miracles, their sides bulge with stuffing and they have their very own gravy.

WHOLE STUFFED CHICKEN—POT-ROASTED: Wash and drain ½ pound fresh spinach. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and cook, covered, in only the water that clings to the leaves, until just wilted. Drain and coarsely chop. Set aside. In a skillet, melt 1 tablespoon butter. Add ½ pound finely chopped mushrooms, ½ cup chopped parsley, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and 1 teaspoon basil. Sauté for about 5 minutes. Mix into the spinach and add ⅔ cup dry fine French-bread crumbs. Season with 1 teaspoon salt and a little pepper. Cook for another 5 minutes and then set aside to cool. Wash and singe a 3½-pound roasting chicken. When the stuffing is cooled, stir in 1 slightly beaten egg and ⅓ cup grated Romano cheese. Fill the bird with this. Skewer or lace the bird shut. Salt and pepper the bird and lightly dredge with flour. Melt 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons olive oil in a Dutch oven. Brown the chicken on all sides. Remove from the kettle. Add ½ cup chopped onion, 1 teaspoon basil and 1 crushed clove garlic. Sauté 5 minutes. Pour in ½ cup chicken broth—or, if you prefer, ⅓ cup brandy and ⅓ cup sauterne. Also add ½ cup tomato juice, ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon black pepper. Cook this together for 5 minutes. Add the chicken. Cover the pot. Place in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 1 to 1½ hours. Baste with the sauce several times during baking. Skim off any excess fat on the top of the gravy. Add a little extra water if necessary. Serve this as a sauce for the stuffing. END



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IS MORALITY "NORMAL"?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

establish thereby what is going on at the time and among the groups studied. They ascertain thereby what is typical and their followers (and often they themselves) then establish the typical as normal. But no society, if it wishes to retain its vitality, can uncritically accept the typical as normal. A culture establishes normalities and then does everything possible to normalize public behavior in the direction of general well-being.

The late Doctor Kinsey made studies that established a vast incidence of sexual perversion and promiscuity among the persons he interviewed—an incidence so prevalent as to appear typical. We may here leave out of account the shortcomings of the method in a field so intimate, the limitations of the research to a self-selected group, and its confinement to a small proportion of the population. Suppose the Kinsey studies did accurately report conditions in general. Suppose the condition is typical. Does that make it normal?

Some commentators on the reports made that equation, arguing that since this is the way people are, this is normal; legal penalties and feelings of guilt should be abolished.

I should say, rather, that if prevailing conditions are actually portrayed, everything possible should be done to create a new normality. For widespread concupiscence and sexual perversion have time and again been symptoms of degenerating civilizations.

Personal and group behavior is enormously influenced by what people, especially youth, are encouraged to admire and emulate. The "function" of heroes is that their lives embody standards which then appear to be "normal" for all. During the London blitz I remarked to newspaper friends the superb behavior of the British people. They told me, "They did not, initially, behave so well. There was a great deal of panic, and egotism, as each sought to save himself."

"What changed this?" I inquired.

"We helped, I think, a lot," I was told. "We made it a policy to report only acts of courage and helpfulness. When people thought that everybody but themselves was behaving well, they behaved well too."

Observe whom and what a people admire and you will know what they will become.

If they admire only worldly success, interpreting it in terms of income ostentatiously spent and flashy publicity, they will never know contentment or peace, and will suffer from many moral and emotional derangements.

What people at any time consider normal and according to which they pattern their lives reflects prevailing standards.

But standards do not evolve of themselves. They are a conscious, cultural creation. They have always been set by a minority of the natural leaders of the community who first of all set them for themselves. People of the highest intellectual and moral integrity exist today inside and outside educational institutions. But their example must compete against a continual barrage of publicity, recording the comings and goings, deeds and views of persons whose lives are conspicuous for the absence of any standards whatever while, apparently on the thesis that crime and misdemeanors are more newsworthy than good acts, part of the press presents a picture to ourselves and the world of downright depravity. Press, radio, comics, TV and the movies probably exert a greater influence upon the young than home, church or school, and their very voluminousness precludes, with rare exceptions, superior quality.

This is especially true of TV, whose demand for scripts is more voracious than can be met by available talent, since it grinds out its dramas and shows continually. Hence the repetitiousness of its themes, their tawdry sentimentality, forced wit and heavy humor, their sensationalism and constant recording of violence—violence being the easiest stuff out of which to create hack drama.

But still education must seek to guide the young. How?

I have written before in this space about the oversexuality among young people, which has, as far as I know, no parallel elsewhere. Every great civilization has always protected its young girls from too early sexual experience, whether or not that experience is consummated in the actual sexual act. People with ordinary horse sense expect sexual play to be consummated because that is its purpose and natural end. Yet it is now considered quite "normal" provided it "does not go too far"—provided, that is to say, that it does not reach a normal conclusion!



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Of course it reaches its normal conclusion in unnumbered cases. The results are abortions, shotgun marriages concluded before full maturity, unwanted children, first babies given away for adoption, later divorces, and the breakup of homes that were never seriously intended.

It is all very well to speak of "safe contraceptives." None is absolutely trustworthy, the safest won't be fitted by reputable physicians to young girls, and consummated petting is not intended or provided for.

Once girls were told quite candidly by their mothers, and even by wise women teachers, what they could expect from allowing sexual play. "Nice" girls did not indulge in it and they set the standard of "normality" and got the best boy friends too.

Really, one could learn something from cattle breeders, who preach no moral lessons to cows but keep their heifers, until fully mature, out of the bull pasture! They do so because the progeny of precocious conceptions are usually weak and the cows often "spoiled." An aborted cow goes to the hooks for meat. But a good cow is worth several hundred dollars. Our daughters, some of them, are apparently less valuable.

Callousness toward others is only the opposite of consideration. Consideration is largely cultivated through manners, and a home or school that does not demand mannerly behavior will contribute to the subhuman manners of the "subway crowd" who make public travel in some of our great cities a horror. Manners may not be indicative of real, inner consideration, but we do tend to feel the way that we act.

And as for finding new moral values for a changing world, no one ever has surpassed, or ever will surpass, the Golden Rule: to do as you would be done by, as a person, a group, a nation. The Golden Rule, incidentally, is not a Christian invention. It is enunciated in all the great religions.

That it is an ideal continually falling short in practice does not cancel its validity. I should say it was not less but more valid in the atomic age, when hatred and ill will can exterminate a large part of mankind.

Civilizations are made by ideals, and ideals are embodied in their moral systems and practices. They are the strongest bulwark of survival. END

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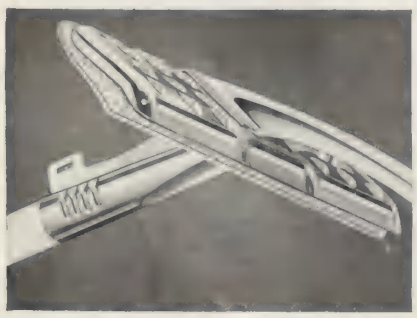
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50 YEARS OF QUALITY O cedar
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SWISS STEAK, SAVORY AND TENDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

takes time. Peel about 2 dozen pearl onions and cook so they are done with the meat. Sauté the mushroom caps in a little butter. Just before serving, remove the meat to a board and slice into serving pieces, cutting always across its grain (this helps to make the meat more tender too). Lay meat slices in a serving casserole. Thicken the gravy (removing any extra fat that is on the surface first). Stir in 1 cup commercial sour cream. Pour the gravy around the meat. Drain the onions and toss in melted butter. Spoon them around the edge of the casserole and decorate with sprinkles of paprika. Lay the mushroom caps in and around the meat. Makes 8 servings.

Time for tomatoes. Most tomatoes need sun and time on the vine. But you can ripen the shipped green tomatoes of winter at home. Buy those not packaged in cellophane and keep them tenderly unrefrigerated until bright red, juicy and sweet. *Good* tomatoes have a special virtue. They lend their own flavor and absorb that of other foods in the baking pan—in this case, tender eggplant zestfully seasoned with curry.

TOMATOES STUFFED WITH CURRIED EGGPLANT

Remove the bud ends of 8 rosy-red tomatoes, cutting deeply enough to remove the buds completely. Cut a thin slice off the top of each. Then scoop out the insides, leaving the outer ¼" of the tomato intact. Sauté 1 large onion, cut into rings, in 2 tablespoons butter. Add the tomato pulp and simmer until the tomato is softened. Peel a medium-sized eggplant and dice into ¼" to ½" cubes. Add to the tomato pulp. Season with 4 teaspoons curry powder, ½ teaspoon orégano, about 1½ teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate. Tasting is the only way you can tell if the flavor is just right. Cook, stirring gently, until the eggplant is tender and the sauce is thickened. Sprinkle the insides of the tomato cups with salt and pepper and fill with the hot eggplant mixture. Place in a casserole. Top with buttered bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 to 35 minutes or until the tomatoes are tender and the crumbs browned. Makes 8 servings.

Thought for the salad bowl. For our salad we have selected a pair of greens—water cress and the tender hearts of romaine—sliced radishes, a handful of toasted slivered almonds and about ¼ pound green beans cut into short lengths, cooked and cooled. Use French dressing for the tossing.

The miracle of bread. If you've never made a loaf of bread by your own hand, you've missed the warm deep satisfaction working with dough gives. As you knead it, the rhythm of the push, turn . . . push, turn . . . push, turn is calming. Watching the satiny, smooth dough rise before you, you'll discover what women thousands of years ago knew about the sanctity of bread. Every yeast bread gives off a warm, rich fragrance as it bakes. And especially our herb bread. That's why we suggest you reheat it before serving. What a wonderful way to sharpen the appetites of hungry guests.

HERB BREAD

Have your kitchen warm to start with. Soften 2 packages dry yeast in ¼ cup warm water. Scald 1 cup milk. Measure ¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup shortening and 2 teaspoons salt into a mixing bowl, then add the milk and cool to lukewarm. Add 2 cups sifted flour to make a thick batter and mix well. Stir in the softened yeast, and 2 eggs. Crumble ¼ teaspoon each dried basil, dried thyme and dried orégano. Add to batter with ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Beat well. Add 2½ to 3 cups more flour until a soft dough is formed. Turn out on a lightly floured board or pastry cloth. Knead about 5 minutes or until dough is smooth and satiny. To knead: Press ball of dough flat, fold over on itself toward you. Push away from you with the heel of your hand. Turn dough ¼ turn, fold and push again. Repeat in a rocking motion. Place dough in a greased bowl. Brush with melted butter or other shortening. Cover and let rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk—about 1½ to 2 hours. When light, punch down.

Divide dough into 2 equal portions and shape each into a smooth ball. Let rest 10 minutes. Shape into loaves. Place in greased 9"x5"x3" bread pans. Let rise until doubled, about 1 hour. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 35 to 40 minutes. Makes 2 loaves.

Finally, fruit and cookies. There's no better way to round out a hearty meal than with cool bowls of tart, spicy fruit—fruit naturally tart, fruit seasoned with a spicy sauce. Choose bright red apples, team them with Tokay grapes. Add another favorite frozen or in-season fruit and top with our very special sauce.

SPICY CHESTNUT FRUIT SAUCE

Heat 1 tablespoon butter in a skillet. Slice a 5½-ounce can water chestnuts and add to the melted butter. Stir until butter is absorbed and chestnuts lightly browned. Remove from the heat.

In a large saucepan mix 1 No. 2 can pineapple juice with enough water added to make 3 cups, a 6-ounce can tangerine-juice concentrate, undiluted, and 2 sticks cinnamon. Bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer for 5 minutes. Meanwhile, mix ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup cornstarch, ¼ teaspoon ground ginger and ⅛ teaspoon salt in a bowl. Blend thoroughly.

Pour a little of the hot fruit juices into the cornstarch mixture. Stir until smooth. Return cornstarch mixture to fruit juices and cook, stirring until clear and thickened. Remove from heat. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind and 1 tablespoon butter. Cool sauce at room temperature.

When the sauce is cool, remove the cinnamon sticks. Chill. Just before serving, add the sautéed water chestnuts. The water chestnuts aren't essential, but they add a wonderfully crisp texture to the rather mellow fruit. Makes about 3 cups. Keeps well in the refrigerator for about one week.

In a crystal bowl arrange any combination of fruits you like: thin slivers of apple (leave the peel on) fence in watermelon and honeydew-melon balls (these come frozen), frozen strawberries and green seedless grapes or red Tokay. Or you might substitute diced pears for the melon.

Fruit desserts call for a bit of sweet. Nothing so rich or elegant as cake. Just a two-bite conceit. Crunchy filbert macaroons, for instance. Delicate—but sweet—morsels, these.

FILBERT MACAROONS

Beat 3 egg whites and ⅛ teaspoon salt until very soft peaks form. Gradually add 1⅓ cups brown sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition. Continue beating until the sugar is dissolved, about 15 to 20 minutes. If you haven't an electric mixer, stop in between beatings—it's a lot of arm work. It won't hurt the meringue to let it rest a bit too. Fold in ½ pound finely ground, toasted and shelled filberts. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Drop by teaspoonfuls into ½ cup sugar and transfer carefully onto lightly greased baking sheets. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 8 minutes. Makes 75 macaroons.

No last-minute jitters with this Swiss-steak dinner. The bread, fruit sauce and cookies can be made ahead of time. The steak simmers itself so you'll have lots of time to prepare the tomatoes, cut up the fruit, arrange the table, crisp and toss the salad.

Easy on you, easy on your budget—that's Swiss Steak, Savory and Tender. But what a delight to your guests! END

ONE FLUID QUART

KRAFT

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Kitchen Fresh

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No other mayonnaise mixes like velvet-texture Kraft's!

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We pay you 5¢ each for *not* washing:

Mixing Bowl ..... 5¢
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Measuring Spoon ..... 5¢
Mixing Spoon ..... 5¢
Your Total *Refund*... 20¢

Here's all you do—just mail us one Aunt Jemima Corn Bread Easy-Mix label and your name and address by the end of Lent, April 6th, 1958 and we'll mail you 20 cents refund. Address: Aunt Jemima Corn Bread Easy-Mix Dept. 880, Box 6015, Chicago 77.



Here's why this corn bread is no work—you get mix, mixing bag and baking pan in every package. Add only egg and milk. Squeeze bag to blend.



Pour right from the bag into the special pan. It needs no greasing, never sticks. (Bag and pan are both disposable. No muss, no dishwashing.)



Bake perfect corn bread—the moist, tender, non-crumbly kind. Look for this gold foil package and mail in label for 20¢ refund!



Aunt Jemima Corn Bread Easy-Mix



Our Teen-Age Drug Addicts

Crowded neighborhoods are breeding new delinquents: teen-age "junkies," turned criminal to support the habit

By MARGARET PARTON and MARY ANN MacKAYE. PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABBOT MILLS

Sixteen is the common age for becoming a drug user today. That is the age at which boys and girls whose problems make them drug-prone are most vulnerable. Instead of putting childhood behind them and seeking the pleasures and challenges of adulthood, they live only for the "next shot" . . . and the next, and the next. They face a lifetime of addiction, a tragedy for them personally. They also pose a new threat to the community. For an addict in his teens is much too young and unskilled to support a habit which costs him $35 to $70 a week. He must turn to some form of crime which will yield him the necessary money.

Who are these young addicts, and how are they trapped into the habit?

"Twenty years ago," according to a 1955 report of the New York Academy of Medicine, "addicts were generally adults in the latter part of their life span; today addicts are predominantly under thirty, not infrequently youths." The problem of the teen-age addict has been established only recently, and there has obviously been no opportunity for long-range study of the victims. But the future that can be painted from such a trend is so alarming that many psychiatrists, social scientists and the medical profession in general are expediting their efforts to pin down the causes of such youthful addiction, and to develop new methods of treating it. Thus, a research team at New York University, comprised of a psychiatrist, Dr. Donald L. Gerard; a psychologist, Dr. Robert S. Lee; a sociologist, Dr. Eva Rosenfeld; directed by Dr. Isidor Chein, has made seven intensive studies tracing the path a young drug user follows to addiction. They can



now describe the home background of the typical addict, and have unearthed some important clues to successful treatment.

Dope addiction is a big-city problem, intense in parts of Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, Detroit and Philadelphia, generally their slum areas. "The typical teen-age user lives in a poor neighborhood, where family life is disrupted, where the population is deprived and disorganized," say the New York University investigators. "This does not mean, necessarily, that he comes from one of the poorest families in the area. Furthermore, 90 per cent or more of the youngsters in deprived neighborhoods don't use drugs, and many who do don't become addicts."

This research team also disputes any quick-and-easy connection between juvenile addicts and juvenile delinquents in general. Not all addicts were previously delinquents. And they aren't, most of them, gang members. More than occasional indulgence is disapproved by gangs, and habitual use will cause a boy to lose leadership in a gang, because the other boys feel he cannot be depended on. Anyway, a boy in the clutches of a habit has no time for gang warfare, vandalism or general Cain-raising: he personally must turn to delinquency "for profit," to cover the cost of his drugs.

"There does not appear to be any organized selling of drugs in juvenile gangs," Dr. Chein observes, "nor does it appear that such gangs are a medium for recruiting users." Nor does the novice usually get his first shot from an adult pusher. Usually a friend offers it to him—a common occurrence in poor neighborhoods where drugs are available.

The teen years are the time when many boys and girls will try anything. Many children, even in high-drug-use areas, know little about the bad effects of drugs. In any case, they cannot realize the consequences as an adult can. Some try drugs for "kicks" and never become addicts. Others who try dope find a reason for continuing. Drugs make them feel better able to cope with their problems. So why not take more . . . and more . . . and forget the problems?

What are these "problems" that can lead a youngster into such a vicious habit?

Manuel Diaz has begun to find out. It wasn't any one thing, exactly, which made him an addict. He was unhappy at home to begin with. The stuff was there, so why not? Normally a handsome boy of nineteen, his face is bitter when he remembers his arrival nine years ago in New York.

"All we could think of was getting our next shot. We decided we were spending too much money, so we bought some heroin, capsuled it with milk sugar and started selling it around."

"We couldn't find an apartment, so we lived with my mother's father and his—his wife. My father was sick and couldn't work and one day my grandfather got drunk and told him we had to leave. I remember my mother came to me and my brothers and put our coats on us and wrapped Anna in a blanket and we left that same night. We went to the police and asked them to help us. They said they couldn't do anything, so we went to a hotel and got a room. The hotel was dirty and the people who lived there were dirty too. We slept six in a bed crossways, and during the days my mother and father would look for a place to live while I stayed in the room with my brothers and my little sister.

"We got a room downtown on Twenty-fourth Street with two beds. My brothers and I slept in one, my mother and father in the other, and my sister in a crib which my father got for her. There weren't many Spanish in the neighborhood—mostly Irish, and I had to fight every day. It got so that when I was coming out of school I would just set my books down on the ground and put up my fists. But I liked the people at St. Peter's Church. I met Luis Gonzalez there, and Father Chandler, who worked there while he taught at the seminary, and he helped us play baseball.

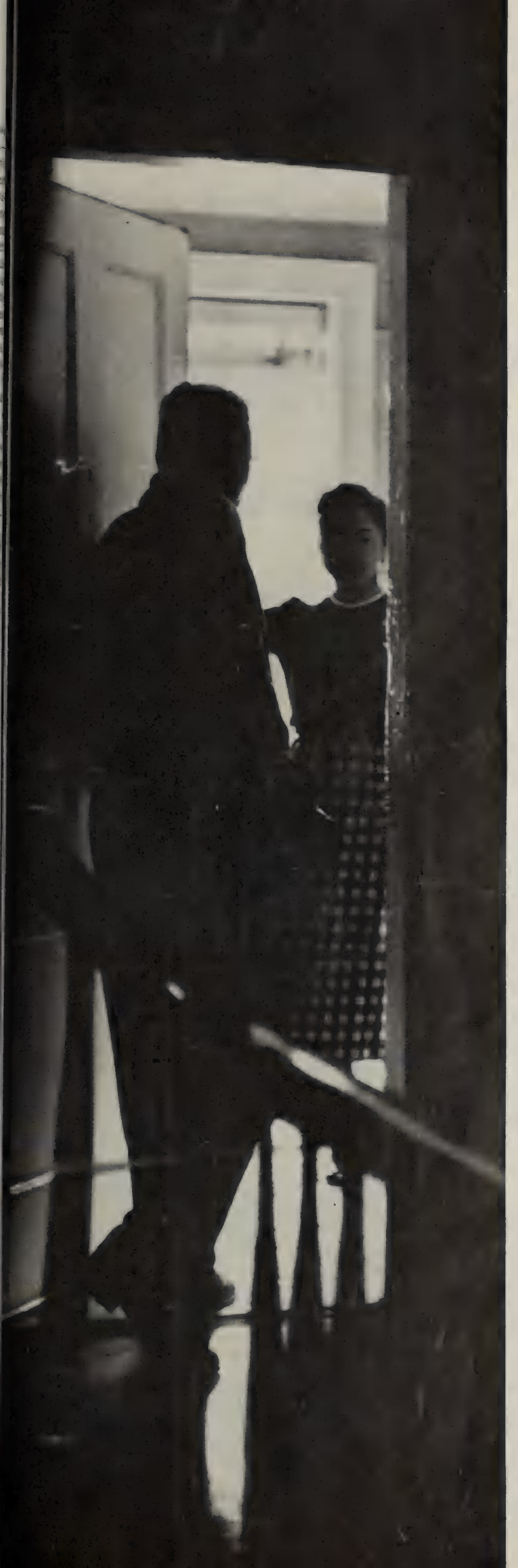
"Then after about three years my uncle came and told my mother she should live uptown with him and his mother, in El Barrio. When I heard we were going back to Spanish Harlem, I cried. I wanted to stay down with Luis and Father Chandler and all my friends. But my mother told me we had to move.

"My father said I could keep on going to trade school downtown, so I took the subway every day, and on weekends I sometimes stayed in a room at the seminary, so I could see Luis and Father Chandler and my friends.

"But little by little, I met people uptown. The first boy I met lived in our apartment house. I was coming down the stairs one day with a funny book in my pocket. He grabbed it and I said to him don't try any more stuff like that. That boy looked at me and told me, I like you, kid, you're *down*. *Down* means ready for anything. I told him, I can be as down as you can any time, boy.

"This boy—his name was Carlos—was two years older than me, but he liked me. Luis began coming up to stay with me and after a while Carlos got me and Luis into his gang—the Black Dragons. I was the Right Hand of the War Councilor. But there was one thing they used to pick on me about. I didn't like to smoke kids—that is, I didn't like to beat people up. I didn't mind a fight with another gang. But when it was just one guy or two to all of us, I wouldn't be in on it.

"My father was sick a lot with stomach trouble—ulcer. I think. He was good, but I never really knew him. He used to talk about Puerto Rico and how he could be rich if he were in South America or



"We were good at giving the girls lavia—sweet talk. We'd tell them how pretty they were and they'd give us their rings, watches. We'd pawn them to get some more dope."

someplace. He told me to work hard and be a good boy and never steal or cheat or do anything bad. He wanted me to go to school and be somebody.

"But I wanted to quit and get some money. I got my working papers and right away found a job as a delivery boy at $35 a week.

"So I was working and making money and buying lots of good-looking diddy-bop clothes and learning diddybop talk. I hung around at dance halls and places and picked up girls. I used to give a girl some *lavia*—sweet talk—and she'd be pleading with me to be her guy. Girls really go for me. When a girl would fall for me I'd wait until she had really fallen and then I'd say beat it, baby.

"We smoked pot—marijuana—in the club. It made us feel big, and everyone was doing it. My cousin, who was twenty-one, and a junkie, gave me a sniff of heroin one night when we were on the roof. It made me high, but I didn't think anything of it until a long time later. There was nothing to it. A lot of people I knew were junkies.

"I don't remember when or how I started sniffing horse on my own. I don't remember why either. Luis and I were hanging around with my cousin, Chico, and another junkie named Tato. We used to sit on the roof and sniff heroin and things looked a little better to us. I didn't know I was getting hooked on the stuff until one day a girl I was going with told me to stop. I tried and I couldn't. It wasn't long after that I started mainlining.

"I took a cure—a shot—two times a day then, and all I thought about was getting my next one. Chico, Tato, Luis and me got to talking and decided we were spending too much money copping shots. So we all chipped in some and bought an eighth of a piece and some milk sugar and some empty capsules and went into business. We worked on the roof: took some glass and cut the piece [the heroin] on it, then added milk sugar and capsuled it. We bought the eighth for $40, made up thirteen packs of twenty-five capsules each and sold them for $13 a pack. Every week we bought a bigger piece with the profit."

Both Manuel and Luis stopped working. "You can't hold a job when you're in deep. You can't do anything but hustle dope. The only time I ever went to a movie was when a girl would take me. Luis was good at giving the girls *lavia*—he'd tell them how pretty they were and they'd give him their rings, watches, whatever they had. We used to pawn the things and get dope.

"I used to see this girl Terry Garcia walking home from work at night, and I could tell she CONTINUED ON PAGE 185

What Boys and Girls are Getting Dope?

Can you tell whether teen-agers you know are using dope? Here are some signs (authority, the Community Council of Greater New York) to help you to know when narcotics are being used. However, don't jump to conclusions.

Are his school grades suddenly falling?

Is he playing truant from school?

Has he suddenly started staying away from work?

Are clothes and personal belongings rapidly disappearing?

Is he rapidly losing weight?

Has he suddenly lost his appetite?

Does he suffer from nausea after eating?

Has he suddenly dropped his old friends; taken up with questionable companions?

Has he suddenly taken to staying out late, refusing to explain his actions?

Does he spend an unusual amount of time locked in his room or in the bathroom?

Are his finger tips scorched from cigarettes?

Does he yawn too frequently?

Does he have strange-looking, odd-smelling cigarettes?

Does he have a glassy stare—fish eyes?

Does he have marks on his arms or legs that could be caused by injections?

Does he leave empty capsules, bent spoons, hypodermic needles in places where he has been?

If the answer is "Yes" to most of these questions, get the child to a doctor and find out why.

New York University studies have shown that sixteen is the most vulnerable age for those with the personality make-up that makes them susceptible to drugs. If offered heroin at this age, they are more likely to try it. They are more likely to find the sensations agreeable. They make less effort, subsequently, to break off. Sixteen is the average age for becoming a regular user.



ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

"We lived like animals.
We just lay around all day—
except when David went
out to get money or dope."

The Way Down

A couple now released from the drug habit tell

The people who knew Judith and David Straus four years ago wouldn't recognize them today—and Judy and David make sure that none of them has a chance to try. Four years ago the Strauses, both in their early twenties, looked like fifty-year-old skeletons. Today they are normal, handsome young adults. Four years ago they were broke, in debt, unemployed and turning to crime, their stuporous days melting one into the other. Today sunlight floods their home, and the days are too short for all their plans and dreams.

Four years ago the Strauses were drug addicts. Today they are not. Their story is true, but the names are fictitious.

There isn't any miracle about it, for it was a long and easy road down, and a long, hard pull up. The illness, the agony and the shame are done with now, but all their lives the Strauses will have to live with one hateful residue of the past: uncertainty. Judy and David know as well as the experts do that a narcotic addict is rarely "cured"—the best an ex-addict can hope for is to "stay off drugs" for as long a period as possible. The Strauses hope that period will be for the rest of their lives.

"How awful," Judy sometimes muses, "if David hadn't been arrested. We might never have had any of this."

"This" means first of all two-year-old Sammy, their lively and adored little boy. But it also means their four-room apartment, sparsely furnished still (because of the debts) but bright and spotless. It means David working at a good job, Sammy napping peacefully among his toys, and a chance for Judy, her housework done, to sit down in the living room and reflect on the dark road which began no one quite knows where, and ended with David's arrest.

From Judy's point of view, it began when she was born into the Nagel family in 1933. Her father, a glum man, paid little attention to her, and went on about his business of peddling office gadgets. Her seven-year-old brother, Bobby, ignored the new addition to the family. Her fifteen-year-old sister, Sally, delighted in showing off the baby to her many boy friends. Her mother, after two months, went back to her job as a department-store clerk.

Judy spent her early years shuttling back and forth between the Nagels' apartment on New York City's west side and her Grandmother Hirsch's apartment in the same neighborhood. Often her hard-working mother didn't get home until late at night. When she was ten her grandmother was dead, her sister was married and living in Chicago, and Bobby had joined the Navy. After school Judy was more or less on her own.

By the time she entered high school she was convinced that her mother did not love her. She felt the same way about her father, although she usually sided with him in family battles. She herself, Judy had concluded, was one of the homeliest, least intelligent, least popular girls in school. She mourned her protruding front teeth, she despaired at her skinny frame, she hated her curly black hair and heavy eyebrows. (Today she knows that her teeth do not protrude nearly so much as she thought they did, that eyebrows and hair can be changed, that a petite figure is an advantage; today she knows she is attractive.)

"Although I might not have become a drug addict if David hadn't introduced me to drugs," Judy says now, "I know that the emotional problems I had in my teens would have resulted in my finding some other form of dependency—perhaps a less damaging form. I think that there are two conditions necessary to make a person into a drug addict: the person must have drugs available, and the person must be immature. I'm sure that there are many kids who could have grown up fine, if some addict hadn't taught them how to obtain and use dope. The worst thing is, once a young kid is hooked, there's no chance for him to grow up emotionally.

. . . and Back

By MARGARET PARTON

of the four years in which they were hooked

"David started taking drugs when he was about sixteen. For the first four years he never used them more than once a week, at the most. It wasn't until after we were married and using drugs together that he became addicted. But David also had some problems that would have brought about his dependency on drugs whether I had been in the picture or not. When David describes the sensations he received from drugs, he always mentions that he felt 'relaxed' and 'didn't have any problems.' But it's funny—if you ask him 'What were the problems you didn't have?' he'll just shrug and say he really didn't have any problems ever. Personally, I feel that he had been spoiled by his family—especially his mother and his grandmother—and when he began meeting real competition, I guess he just couldn't take it.

"But I didn't know all this, back in those days. David was the only boy friend I ever had, and I clung to him as if he were my father, my mother, my sister and brother and all the boys who had never asked me for a date—everyone all rolled into one.

"I had known David for quite some time before we began going together. David lived across the street from a girl friend of mine, and he and some other boys used to play ball in the street there. We used to hang around and talk, hoping we'd get a date. I had a crush on one of them, a tall blond fellow named Frankie, and when he didn't ask me out I finally invited him to a dance at my school. I was really in the clouds when he said he'd go!

"But I had the worst luck—though as it turned out, it really wasn't so bad at all. I got flu and by the afternoon of the big day I knew I couldn't go anywhere. Frankie was very nice about it. That night he and David came by to see me.

"It was the first time a boy had come to my house for any reason at all—except delivery boys or something. They brought me a box of candy, and even though I was too sick to eat it (they finished off most of it), I felt like a queen because they thought enough of me to bring it to me. After they left, my mother, who was home that evening, said, 'Frankie is all right, but if I were you I'd set my cap for that dark-haired boy. I thought he was very nice.'

"David seemed more grown up than Frankie, and pretty soon I thought I was in love with him—as much as I knew about love then. We started going around together—I don't know if you'd call it exactly dating. You know how it is when you all live in the same neighborhood and go around in a crowd. We went to the movies and he came over to my house and we went to parties and school dances. Dave played in a jazz band at school, and I even sat in at his get-togethers with the other boys in the combo. I was the only girl at those sessions, and I guess I liked being queen bee. I depended on David for everything—for affection, fun, prestige. I can't imagine what my life would have been without him.

"It was after we had gone together for almost a year that I found out about the dope. One Saturday night David didn't show up at my house. I thought right away that he had another girl friend and I was never going to see him again. I lay around all evening feeling miserable. The next day, Sunday, I swallowed my pride and walked around to my girl friend's house, hoping I'd see him. He was playing ball with some of the fellows, and when he saw me he came over to the curb. I didn't know what to say so I burst into tears and asked him if he had another girl friend. He said he didn't, but he couldn't tell me why he stood me up. He tossed the ball to one of the guys, put his arm CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

"I didn't want my baby born with my addiction. David and I must make a whole life for our child!"



ABBOT MILLS

DON'T GET IN MY WAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

from you, a herd of cows this year." . . . "*Get a good education, a college education, don't waste your time.*" And waffles and sausage and fruit juice on the table. The cold corn bread and buttermilk he had eaten on the dark of his mother's hearth were like a stone in his stomach. The bill had been three-sixty, not two-forty. Mrs. Widlough had got mixed up again. She always did. When he could bring himself to tell her she would give a little shriek like she always did and apologize and tell him she could never keep money straight. He kicked at the rosebushes against the garage in passing.

He was early to school. He had walked a little quicker in the fog, hating to be wet. When he got to the field it was muddy, the school buses were just unloading. The boys and girls from the Ridge, from Bald Mountain and War Woman Creek, the mountain kids, were collected by the auditorium, pulled away from the front steps where the town crowd congregated. It was like someone had drawn a knife down between the two groups. They were cut apart. In a little while they would go inside the high school and mingle, but the division would still be there.

In the mountain group the boys were nearly all in need of haircuts, quiet-spoken, standing with their hips jutted forward, easy, the girls clad in wash dresses, rabbit-shy, plain as salt. The town kids were noisy, assured. They wore jeans and brass-buckled belts, the girls had on sweaters and skirts and hair ribbons. He looked for Jane Widlough, but did not see her.

But Addie Jean Sikes was there. She was on him like a cat on a mouse when he came up, her voice screechy, teasing. Now that was one girl he really hated, he decided. He put his hands in his pockets and turned away from her. Durned little scrawny Sikes girl from over near the Bald. For a mountain girl she sure did have a big mouth, but then you could look for anything in the Sikeses.

She followed him, looking to see if her girl friends were watching her, if any of the town kids were seeing her making a fool of herself, giggling and carrying on.

"Hi. Ain't you tired, totin' them eggs?" she asked him. Her words meant nothing, it was the way she cut her eyes at him and flailed her skinny little hands. He wished even one of the fat Mann girls would take out after him instead of this one. He knew Jane Widlough was somewhere on the steps. He hoped against hope that she had gone inside early.

"You goin' back on the bus this evenin'?" Addie Jean pursued. "I'll sit with you ifn you'll let me."

He wished that she would disappear into a hole in the ground. There was just no way of getting rid of her.

"Tell me about what I heard," she said breathlessly. "That you're goin' to pasture down in your pa's bottom land and Mr. Tucker is goin' to get free seed for you."

With long-legged strides he bounded ahead of her, up the steps. She was not quite bold enough to run after him. Fool girl. Sometimes she even followed him off the bus at the Gap road and walked all the way to the fork with him, carrying on a one-sided conversation all the way. She could talk the arms off a brass monkey.

It had always surprised him that any of the Sikes girls would bother to go down to Hobart to school. The others had gone off to work in the mill early and had sent back their babies by the welfare worker a year later. Not that this bothered old Bab Sikes too much. He was usually off in Carolina or Tennessee tripping moonshine or down in Atlanta serving a sentence for being caught at it.

Reece tried to put all annoyances in the back of his mind. It was hard enough for him to keep up with his schoolwork, getting up in the middle of the night to do the milking and the chores before delivering eggs, working on the dikes in the pasture until late lanternlight. It seemed that his life now was crammed full of things to do between getting up and going to bed.

When he was in history class he saw the sun break through the overcast and spring come out like a pale light on the mountaintops. King John and the rebellious barons fled from his mind. All he could think of was the pasture by Sweetwater Creek, the dikes all broken down and neglected since his father's death, and what he planned to do with them. He thought of Pet, the part-Jersey cow, standing in the trumpet vine and Johnson grass and blackberry stickers which had overrun the bottoms. Old Pet, her back swayed and laughable from many calvings. In his thoughts he built the scene again as he hoped to make it: the trumpet vine and briers gone, the dikes high and clean to keep the flood off the rich topsoil, and not Pet but a herd of purebred Guernseys, trim-ankled, standing in blue-green grass. Clover, thick like a cushion. This was the way his pasture should look.

He scratched the back of his chapped hand. His hands would do it, and the breadth which had gone into his back like a miracle this past year. His hands, his back and what Denham Tucker had put into his head. The county agricultural agent had singled out a shy boy, a mountain boy, had been persistent and patient with him, going the long trip into the hills to walk the bottom land and talk to him about drainage and flood control and proper seeding. It was a new thing for these valley people to hear of, who lumped all mountain folk with the Sikeses when they thought of them at all. It had been a long time since any town folk had thought of mountain land as worth working, any mountain people more than moonshiners.

He had figured out on paper how much time it would take to repair the dikes and the ditches and how soon it would be before Mr. Tucker could approve them. He knew to the

THE TRADING STAMP:



In cities where stamp use is greatest, food prices have risen the least

In these inflationary times, the finger of blame for rising food prices is being pointed in many directions. It should be interesting to American consumers to know that the trading stamp is not a contributing factor.

This fact has been shown in two ways by the studies of marketing experts in universities. First, these studies found no evidence that stamp stores, as a class, charge higher prices than non-stamp stores. Second, from studying the Government's Bureau of Labor Statistics Index, they found that food prices have risen least in cities where stamps are given most.

Between December 1954 and December 1956, food prices rose 2.8% in five Index cities where supermarkets did not give stamps.

During the same period, in ten other Index cities where more than half of all supermarkets gave stamps, prices rose only 1.3%. In 3 cities where stamp use was greatest (75% of all supermarkets), food prices rose only 1.2%.

From all available research, it seems reasonable to assume that families living in "stamp cities" have indeed been more fortunate than others. Their food bills have risen the least.

★ ★ ★

REFERENCES: "Competition and Trading Stamps in Retailing." Dr. Eugene R. Beem, School of Business Administration, University of California.
"Trading Stamp Practice and Pricing Policy." Dr. Albert Haring and Dr. Wallace O. Yoder, Marketing Department, School of Business, Indiana University.

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last sackful how much clover seed he would ask then. Everything had to be done according to the rules laid down on the mimeographed sheet like Mr. Tucker said. No slipshod slap-will-do. It must be done right. Better than right. With a mountain man's pride and stubbornness.

When he came to the house that afternoon he saw his mother out in the kitchen garden laying out the new-plowed rows with a hoe. She did not speak to him, only nodded. But he thought she gave him a queer look. He did not know she was thinking that it would not be too much longer she could nod him leave to go down by the creek and work. She saw that he was tall as a man now and his face and hands hard as a man's. He was past a boy's chores. It was his land now, not hers; his dreams had taken it from her. When he was out of sight she smiled with her pride.

He went to the cabin and hung up his school clothes, even the worn-out shirt. It was almost warm enough in the sun to work bare-backed and barefooted down in the mud of the creek.

When he got to the pasture and set to work he found it was indeed warm enough to work up a sweat swinging the shovel. A catbird began to squawk in the trees overhead and a cloud of sweat flies came from wherever they had been hiding during the winter to plague the skin of his arms and back. When his mind was not blank with the effort of flinging mud higher on the dikes he thought endless thoughts of how they would soon be high enough to keep out the unruly creek, and of the herd of cows which would stand near where he was bending and shoveling now. Somewhere, if he worked hard enough, there would be the money for the cows. He was certain of it with the certainty of eighteen years.

"So this is where you got to," a shrill voice like the jay bird's said. He looked up to see Addie Jean perched on the bank, her feet drawn up under her.

He threw down the shovel.

"What you want sneakin' around here?" he shouted at her.

She looked defiant. "I followed you offn the school bus. Your nose was so high in the air you never saw. I ain't goin' to steal your old field. I wanted to see what you acted so proud fer." She squinted around her. "Looks like a mighty little bit of grown-over land to me. My pa's corn patch is bigger."

He came up out of the creek, dripping mud and water. "You got as big a mouth on a woman as I ever seed. And a bigger bite of curiosity. Did you ever hear tell of what it did to the cat?"

To his surprise she jumped and squeaked. He towered over her, standing so close. She changed from boldness to terror all in a flutter of her eyes. She humped herself over the ground out of his reach.

"You needn't get so mad," she told him. "I jest wanted to see. You like to have scared the breath out of me. All I was goin' to tell you was I could swing a shovel as good as a man, all the corn I've chopped for pa and the wood I've hauled."

But he could see she was afraid to be with him now in this lone place. She was no pesty Sikes youngun any more, and he was no half-grown boy. He thought of her sisters.

She pulled the cotton dress down over her legs.

"I'll jest bet you wouldn't jump at old Jane Widlough like that," she flung at him. "Nor holler at her, neither."

He stared down, disgusted. When you were up close to her you could see that her hair was natural curly. She had a sharp little nose and her collarbones stuck up out of her neck. She had a soft little-girl's mouth when it wasn't all twisted up with boldness. But she was mighty skinny. Likely the Sikes girls never got enough to eat until they left home to go to work in Hobart.

"You better go on. Your ma will be looking for you," he told her.

She looked sullen. "They only look for me so's I can mind younguns."

"I'll carry you to the road," he said.

"You don't have to, I know my way," she said, but he paid no attention to her. He wanted to see that she was gone, not hanging about watching him.

As she walked along she kept her head down but she talked all the way. Her voice had lost some of its jay-bird shrillness.

"We got land been cleared since my pa's great-grandpap cleared off the trees," she was telling him. "It's all gone weedy now, some's comin' back in slash pine big enough for pa to log off. But they do say it was fields of corn and oats once. Same as the Bald was once cleared by oxen. Maybe that's why the dirt all washed off and won't nothin' grow up there now, not even scrub cover. I hear tell that men could make a good livin' in the mountains

Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid growth.
GEORGE WASHINGTON

once and not like now with sorry corn and cotton crops."

"There's good livin' to be had still," Reece said. He spoke cautiously, the subject was near to his own dreams. "There's people live good in the mountains in Europe, the Swiss and other folk. They take care of the land and some of it's poorer than what we got here. But they know what to do with it. They know somethin' else too. That it's better to live free in the mountains than down in the valleys and towns with the others. Their ways ain't our ways, though I'd like to bring some of the good things about their life up here. Here a man is his own man, and if he's a good man he'll make a good livin' providin' he's willin' to learn. I aim to be that man."

She looked at him doubtfully. "I don't rightly know. That's a mean little creek. Your pa worked many a year and never could keep that bottom from flooding."

"I tore down some of pa's dikes and put in new ones. The ones I thought was put in right I left as they was. By first floodin' they'll be set so they'll hold."

He left her on the Gap road standing stock-still, staring after him.

The next day was Wednesday, the day he did not deliver in Hobart. He rode the school bus down to town in a light drizzle rain. Addie Jean Sikes was on the bus, but for once she was quiet, her face pressed against the pane of glass, watching the road wind down into the valley.

By noon Reece could not keep his eyes away from the windows streaming water. He felt cooped up in the school; the lights and the noise echoing in the big halls made him jumpy, mean. He wished fervently that he were down in the creek working on his dikes. He went over what he had done there, step by step, and how much lay unfinished and imperiled.

Somehow the day got over. It was gray dark, like twilight on the way home to the Ridge, and the windshield wipers of the school bus worked tirelessly against the torrents pouring down. Addie Jean leaned over from the seat behind so that her mouth was almost in his ear.

"Let me come down to the creek with you, Reece," she begged.

He did not answer her. He didn't want a fool girl floundering down around the bottom hindering him. He jumped off the bus while it was still in motion and ran down the muddy path to the cabin.

He stripped off his shoes at the door and left them under the well cowling. He hardly spoke to his mother. She went out in the rain to the lean-to for him and got his shovel and a lantern while he changed.

"I wisht I had got you boots last time I was to town," she said. Her face was worn in the lanternlight.

"It's all right, ma," he told her. He patted her arm. Her love was in the words she spoke to him, she was trying to tell him she was anxious for him and his dream. She handed him the shovel.

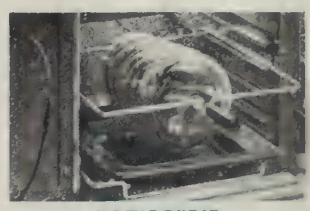
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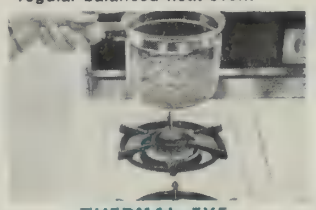


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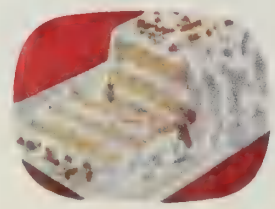
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 179

"Your pa never had no boots neither," she told him. She turned her back and began to rake up the fire on the hearth. "I'll bring down your supper in a mite."

He went out, pulling the door firmly after him, as there was a little rain stirring out of the north. He caught a glimpse of a figure, Addie Jean, skulking through the woods, dragging a hoe.

"Git!" he shouted after her. He waved the shovel.

"Don't you yell 'git' at me!" she shrilled back. She looked like a little marsh rat with her pointed nose and skinniness and her dress plastered to her.

"If'n you get in my way I'll brain you," he snarled at her. He slid down the last slope and waded into the roiling creek. He began to throw up mud and stones onto the dike. Without being told to do so, she took a position on top of the dike and began to tamp down the earth with the back of the hoe.

For a long time he worked so hard that he did not pay any attention to what she was doing, but when he took time to rest for a moment he saw that she had done a good job. The dikes were firm and hard and would hold against the tug of the current. He wondered how she had managed to keep up with him. Peering through the rain at her, he saw a gesture of the hand against her face in weariness and her skin white with strain. But he had no time to waste on her. He hollered orders to her and she followed them silently. They went down deeper into the creek to throw up logs and tree branches to divert some of the drag of the brown water. They saw a beaver swim by, a twig in his mouth.

He looked around for Addie Jean, saw her slip and go down in the water up to her chin. He grabbed for her arm, hauled her to her feet.

"Go on back up to the dike," he shouted. "Get back up the slope and I'll follow soon's I throw some truck on top the logs to hold them down."

She shook her head stubbornly. He was disgusted, but made grudging allowance for her pride.

"Well, come on," he told her.

She could hardly walk, and he found himself impatiently hauling her upward. They finally stood on top of the dike, shading their eyes from the rain.

"It looks like it'll hold," he said after some time. "Ain't so much rain further up. Bet the crest has already passed." Her only comment was a shivering, chattering sound. "What's the matter, Addie Jean?" he teased. "Cat got your tongue? I ain't heard a word from you more'n half an hour."

She looked pitiful. Her hair dripped down into little wet corkscrews on her forehead, and her face was not so much pinched and skinny-looking as delicate. Her long dark eyelashes were stuck together with the rain, her eyes deep blue, miserable. He looked around for something dry to put around her, yet there was nothing. He had a feeling of dismay when he thought of bringing this girl into the house to warm her before the fire and the look on his mother's face when she saw her. Yet Addie Jean had worked for him mightily, without complaint, and he could not slight her.

She clutched his arm and pointed. "Look!"

A great brown stain was spreading out from the creek. From somewhere above a great surge of water had begun.

Reece flung himself at the breach in the dike like a madman. It seemed to him for the first time that his body was not large enough, not strong or fast enough to fill the gap. A sense of being overwhelmed came over him and the creek became wider as he looked, the valley turned into an expanse that no man could defy.

They began to scramble about wildly. His arms worked the shovel in rhythm, hard. Addie Jean was beside him, flinging mud and stones up with her hands.

They lost all sense of time, even reasonableness. They stemmed the water in many places and it came through faster than they could work.

It's got to drop down sometime, he thought, *it's got to slack off if we just stay long enough. Got to keep an eye on that fool girl, she tried to get herself drowned once.*

He took precious minutes to look for her, saw her far out in the creek, being turned around and around by the current waist-deep, flailing with the hoe to try to catch a bush or branch to anchor herself.

How in the heck did she manage to get herself out there? he raged. *Durn fool girl.* She was too light to work down here; he needed a man, someone like his pa.

But he waded out to get her. With a sob she threw her arms about his neck, let herself be lifted in his arms. He waded for the dike, had a bad moment when he stepped into a hole and went down on his knees. But he kept going. There was water backed up behind the dike, it would give way any minute. He set Addie Jean on her feet, gave her a shove up the incline to get her going.

Behind them the dike disappeared into the flood. They paused to turn and look. The pasture had become a rippling brown pond, a big lake in the little valley.

Addie Jean clung to him and wept. "It ain't no use, it ain't no use," she repeated. "It's never no use for folk like us. Pa says us Sikeses is licked before we start. But I thought you, hard-workin' like you are, from good folk on the Ridge ——" Her voice went off into wild weeping.

He shook her loose and stepped to one side to be alone, to look down on the ruin below. He thought of the Widlough kitchen and the gleam of glassware, the roses planted by the garage. And Guernsey cows, deep in clover.

"Won't no pasture grow this year," he heard himself say. "That fool creek needs a dam in it up yonder and that's the truth."

"It ain't no use," Addie Jean insisted.

He stirred and looked down at her huddled in the rain. He mustn't forget that she had worked hard, near to killing herself for him. He bent and patted her back.

"You're just wore out, Addie Jean. You better quit that hollerin' or they'll hear you clear up to Wildcat." He found the heart to tease her a little. "What's your ma goin' to say you comin' in this time of night lookin' like you've been drug through a keyhole?" he asked.

"My ma don't care for nothin'," she said, her voice shrill, "only that I don't bring home another youngun for her to raise." She flung her head back and looked straight at him. "Hit sure don't pay to look above yourself," she told him. "It don't do no good for me to take out after you just like it don't do no good for you to want somethin' above you, neither. Like Jane Widlough and a fine valley farm up here on the Ridge."

He took her arm and his grip was not gentle. "You got some things backwards, Miss Fancy," he said. "I don't want Jane Widlough, if that's what you been thinkin'. But when I look for a gal I want her soft and pretty like town girls, but with grit like mountain folk. And I don't look for a valley farm. I want a mountain farm and a mountain pasture right by this creek and I'll fight to get it same's my pa did and my gran'pa. But I want it my way, the right way, and I ain't licked yet, you wait and see. 'Bout the only thing I got left now is fight and stubbornness and I was born with that."

Her eyes slid away from him. "I got to go," she said. "My ma is goin' to give me a lickin' for sure."

But he held her arm tightly. "Ain't nobody goin' to give you a lickin'." He frowned.

She jerked away. "A lot you know about what I'm goin' to get or not," she hollered at him. "What do you know about the way I got to live? You sure do make things sound nice and easy."

"Why can't you act right?" he shouted down into her face. "Why don't you quit low-ratin' yourself? Why don't you fix yourself up, stop bein' so no 'count!"

He was appalled at the effect his words had on her. He pulled her close, put his face on her cheek.

"Don't cry," he said awkwardly. "I guess we both look pretty sorry now. But, Addie Jean, you're a right pretty girl, and you sure have more spunk than anybody I ever saw. You wait and see. We'll show them."

He was sure he wanted only to comfort her, to make her stop crying. But for some reason he bent his head and kissed her. It took a long time.

"Man," he said finally, "you sure do make a feller's head spin."

She struggled in his arms. "Let go," she cried. "When my pa gets back he's goin' to kick me out for sure, send me down to Hobart to stay with Rena and Martha Belle to work in the mill. I knowed I'd have to drop out of school. I only went 'cause of you, anyway. I thought I'd plumb die wantin' you to take notice of me."

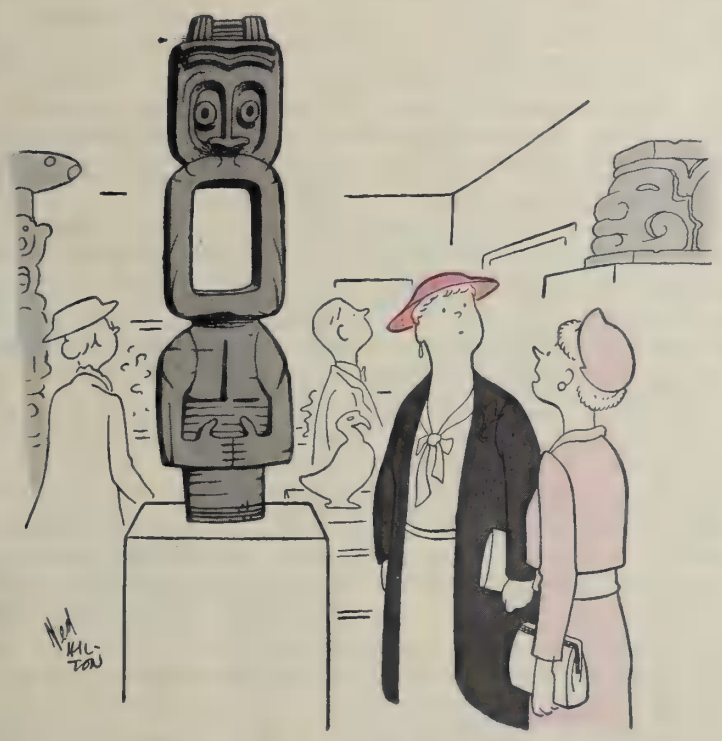
"Never mind what your pa said," he told her. "You ain't goin' to work in no mill. You're too skinny to do much work and that's for sure. Beats me how you can work hard as a man as little as you are."

He kissed her again. His work lay in ruins in the pasture where he could see it, but it was surprising how hopeful he could feel about it. He tried to get his thoughts in order.

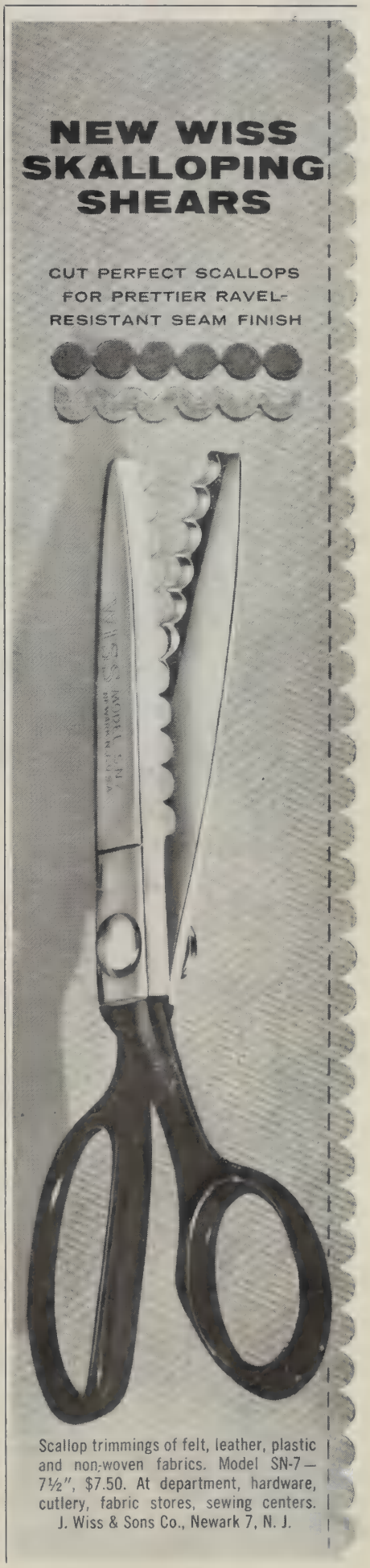
"Don't know what ma is goin' to say," he said gruffly. "I guess she thought it would be a couple more years anyway before I brought a gal home. Stop cryin', Addie Jean. First thing I'm goin' to do, I'm goin' to get you a ribbon for your hair. No, first thing I'm goin' to do, I'm goin' to get ma to feed you up some. You sure are a disgrace to good vittles."

She started to laugh with her sobbing. She hung on his arm, her eyes big and shining. He began to feel impatient, like there was a lot of work to do, a lot of things to plan for and be happy about. He pulled her away, dragging her by the hand over the rocks and mud in their path. His face hardened, black-browed, thinking.

"Addie Jean, sugar," he said suddenly, "you ever broadcast any clover seed?" END



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THE AMETHYST CAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

would for an instant drop; never, if he seized his chance, to be picked up again.

He went back to the shop next day and wrote out a check.

Sherrard had known all along that he was buying no common cat; the personality it developed, on the flight to New York, was nonetheless disconcerting. It created difficulties, and attracted attention, all the way.

To begin with, he hadn't cared to pack it in his luggage. It was too precious, and possibly too fragile. (It might have survived at least a century of racketing about, and perhaps a century before that; Sherrard still thought of it as fragile, because precious.) So he stuffed it into his overnight bag, where its weight, on the airport scales, produced a startled query from the officer in charge. "It's a cat," said Sherrard shortly. "I've a cat in my bag." Someone to the rear laughed, but the officer looked grim. "Livestock?" he inquired sternly. "No, quartz," snapped Sherrard. He pulled it out; the officer grinned and passed him—on payment of excess; and as they were immediately marshaled to their plane Sherrard boarded it with the cat under his arm.

Unusually, the seat beside him remained vacant. Having dumped the cat down on it, he left it there. The cat settled down very comfortably but continued to attract attention. Sherrard was reminded of the one and only flight he'd made with his Aunt Gertrude—a charming and sociable old lady who'd apparently regarded the whole trip as a nice at home given by the airline. Like his Aunt Gertrude—which was something—the cat made contact only with the nicest people: chiefly elderly ladies traveling with their husbands. One such couple—whom Sherrard mentally christened the Texans, on no other grounds than the man's broad-brimmed hat and general air of prosperity—sat directly across the aisle; this lady in particular was perfectly charmed by the cat, and the cat, it couldn't be denied, appeared most complacently to receive her attentions. It didn't purr—it couldn't—but it appeared to purr. Finally Sherrard, who unlike his Aunt Gertrude felt no social obligations whatever, covered it over with his scarf.

He was nonetheless roused from sleep, shortly before arrival, by the Texan.

"Pardon me, I thought you were awake," the Texan apologized.

"At least I should be," said Sherrard—his Aunt Gertrude, as it were, reminding him of his manners.

"The fact is, my wife's taken a remarkable fancy to your cat. If I could get one similar for her, I'd be very glad to know where to go for it."

"I'm sorry, I'm afraid this one's about two hundred years old," said Sherrard.

The Texan looked at it respectfully. (Somehow, during the night, it had got its head out again.) "You mean no one makes them nowadays?"

"Not that I know of," said Sherrard.

"Too bad," said the Texan regretfully. "All the same, I'd like you to take my card—just to show Maisie I'm trying. If you ever run across another and have the kindness to let me know, I'll be deeply obliged."

Sherrard pocketed the bit of pasteboard and tried to doze off again. But he'd been disturbed, for a man of his fifty years, too thoroughly; instead he sat and thought about Maria.

The cat dozed off all right. Sherrard didn't remember pulling the scarf over its head a second time, but when he looked again not an ear showed. It was thus in fine fettle to make an exhibition of itself at the customs but, leaning on its age, carried Sherrard through without difficulty.

Sherrard reached Maria's flat about seven that evening. There were several professional contacts he had needed to make first; he'd had no time to get the cat wrapped, as he'd thought of doing, in some elegant packing. It was still simply muffled in his scarf. But as he set it down, so muffled, on the little table in the center of her living room, it presented at least an intriguing shape.

Maria was there waiting for him. He'd cabled her. Actually he'd cabled her twice—once from London, once from Gander.

"You are the nicest friend in the world!" cried Maria. There was still, even in the pretty affectionate phrase, a formality: as though she offered a little poem of welcome brushed across a fan. She stood before him nonetheless so exquisitely beautiful, so explicitly friendly that his heart rose. "And you've brought me a present from England!" cried Maria. "Really you're too good!"

Smiling and eager, she poked at the bundle with a tentative forefinger. It was another of her charming traits that she was readily pleased and always showed her pleasure; yet Sherrard had no doubt that she reserved pleasure still in store, so to speak, that she would find the unimaginably right words of gratitude and admiration, when she saw his marvelous gift; that before the cat her compatriot, in short, the fan of reserve would at last drop. Already she was more eager, more caught up by a flow of pleasure and excitement, than he had ever seen her.

"Do I unwrap it, or do you show it me?" demanded Maria. "I'm not going to guess. I'm too impatient!"

"Sit down, and I'll put it in your lap," said Sherrard.

Obediently, Maria sat. She even (to give *him* pleasure) closed her eyes—and this momentarily distracted Sherrard, for he had never before seen Maria with her eyes shut. She looked at once ageless and very young; her lids were the color of tea roses; and with irrational tenderness Sherrard realized that her lashes weren't long, as he'd always believed them, but quite short and scrubby, like little brushes.

"What are you waiting for?" urged Maria.

Sherrard pulled the cat out of its wrappings and set it down on her knee, between her slim, welcoming hands.

For an instant, undoubtedly, as she opened her eyes, the fan dropped. But only for an instant. Almost immediately her features recomposed themselves into an expression of extreme politeness.

"How perfectly *lovely*," said Maria.

Sherrard picked up the table lamp and held it so that the light shone down through the violet ears.

"It's amethyst quartz."

"I see it is. Lovely!" repeated Maria. With quick, intelligent fingers she traced the curve from nape to tail, tipped the cat over, scrutinized its underneath, and settled it back between her palms. "Oh, dear, I hope you didn't pay too much for it!" cried Maria uncontrollably.

Then Sherrard knew that the emotion she'd so briefly betrayed had indeed been what he'd fancied it. For a moment, incredulously, he'd fancied she was disappointed. Now he knew she was.

"Does that mean it's no good?"

"Of course not! It's beautiful! Only if they told you it was eighteenth century, you might have paid four or five hundred dollars."

Sherrard was very quick-witted. He saw what was coming and got in first. "Of course it's only a modern reproduction."

Maria smiled with relief. "I'm so glad you weren't robbed—as people can be, quite shockingly! *Now* I can enjoy my present with a good conscience!"

She jumped up, and set the cat first on the table again, then on a taboret, then on the mantelpiece, seeking where it would look best; she gaily and charmingly made a fuss of it, even giving it a vase of violets to smell at, a little silver box to play with. Nothing could have been prettier; but Sherrard remained unhappy. He was indeed in a most distressing quandary: the sheer costliness of the gift had been a large part of its point—a declaration, so to speak, of his intentions; yet he couldn't now admit to it without also admitting himself a sucker—worse, without bringing down

on his head Maria's mingled sympathy and exasperation. She had always an acute dislike of any kind of waste—in her early days in America, Sherrard recalled, how she'd worried over the crusts cut off from sandwiches!—and waste of money ranked next with her to waste of food. She was very nearly parsimonious. Considering her starveling infancy, the trait was a natural one; for the first time, Sherrard found himself disliking it. He hadn't toted the cat across the ocean to have its price asked! True, Maria hadn't done so yet, in so many words, but Sherrard strongly suspected her of wanting to: certain of finding it exorbitant in any case.

He also suspected—too late, too late!—that she didn't much care for the cat at all.

"Next time I'll bring you a cashmere twin set," said he.

Undeniably, her eye sparkled. "Will you? I'll give you my size."

It didn't soothe Sherrard's soreness that the cat meanwhile continued to sit handsome and complacent as ever, looking every minute of two hundred years old. It met Sherrard's gaze affably. *All right, so you fooled me,* thought Sherrard. (It didn't, oddly enough, occur to him that he might have been fooled by the shopkeeper; he was convinced that the cat had fooled them both.) *But now you've run into an expert,* thought Sherrard nastily, *and as soon as I'm out of town you'll be put in your proper place—which is probably the back of a clothes closet.*

Naturally the cat's expression didn't alter. Maria exclaimed afresh, that very moment, at its air of aplomb. Sherrard gave the impostor another dirty look, for his own aplomb left much to be desired—he having just realized the implications of his hasty threat. *As soon as I'm out of town,* he'd warned the cat; did he then mean to leave cat and Maria together behind him? Wasn't he, after all, going to ask Maria to be his wife? And if not, why not? Because she'd wanted to know how much he'd paid for her present? Put so, the thing was ridiculous: there stood Maria just as exquisite as he remembered her, just as charmingly affectionate, having moreover, and at last, dropped the fan of her reserve—and moreover to reveal behind it the admirable wifely quality of concern for a man's pocket.

What an admirable wife she would make!

She'd probably run a wonderfully economical kitchen.

Not impossibly, when he wanted to go out on the town, she'd have something in the oven.

She'd certainly want to see any dinner check.

Sherrard glanced again at the amethyst cat, and the cat with ancient wisdom gazed back at Sherrard. (With *fictitiously* ancient wisdom, Sherrard reminded himself.) It was shocking, and it was completely out of period, that the cat appeared to murmur something under its whiskers about wives to keep men steady, but concubines to keep them young. For a moment Sherrard felt he should absolutely apologize to Maria for the cat's immorality; but on second thought recognized that to her a lump of quartz, however masterly carved, remained simply a lump of quartz.

Which brought him to another point. Beautiful Maria—sensible and kind Maria—lacked imagination. *And what else do I deal in?* Sherrard asked himself. *I, the factual reporter, what else after all do I deal in? Don't I produce, for those who haven't the wit or opportunity to make them for themselves, the images of President, Prime Minister, statesman? Don't I image the whole world, or try to, in a column of print? Maybe it would be all right for me, maybe it would be even good for me, to marry a wife with no imagination at all; but somehow I don't think so.*

Complacently upon Maria's mantelpiece sat the amethyst cat.

Sherrard turned back to her. He didn't know how long the silence had lasted, only that it had lasted quite long enough.

"Where would you like to go for dinner?" he asked uneasily.

Now Maria was looking uneasily at *him.* "My dear, I hate to tell you," she apologized, "but actually I've a date already. And it's one I can't put off—with a boy from China, a boy who knew my family there. It's his first evening in New York, you see; without me he won't know what to do with himself. You do, *do* understand, don't you?"

"Perfectly," said Sherrard. "You'll see he isn't robbed."

Maria laughed in happy relief. "That among other things! Though tonight I think he wants to be rather grand and extravagant, to celebrate *getting* here!"

"Just for once I don't suppose it matters," suggested Sherrard, "if you keep him on a tight rein afterward?"

"Oh, I mean to," agreed Maria seriously. (No wonder the cat looked smug. "That's the sort of lad for *her,*" it seemed to say, "a lad she can boss about; see what I've saved *you* from!" Sherrard ignored the brute.) "So I really ought to dress up a little," added Maria, now glancing frankly at the clock, "but won't you wait and meet him? He's studying medicine, and he seems to be really quite brilliant. Please wait!"

"If you want me to, of course I will," said Sherrard amiably.

He felt suddenly flat—flat and sore. He wasn't yet grateful to the cat at all. He felt let down. For nothing had turned out as he'd planned; even his own emotions had gone adrift, he didn't even feel jealous of the boy from China; and it wasn't exactly Maria's fault, so that he couldn't even feel angry with Maria. His anger turned itself upon the cat—upon the smug impostor he'd toted home, with no other result than to put himself, Sherrard, in danger of looking a fool.

What's the Chinese name that means Labor in Vain? Sherrard mentally inquired of the amethyst cat. *You should know: it's yours.*

He had been alone perhaps five minutes (while Maria dressed up) when the door discreetly opened. The old party who now joined him, however, was in appearance at least less discreet than showy.

Maria's efforts to turn her uncle into a 100 per cent American had in one respect succeeded only too well: he wore a tropical shirt. There were hibiscus blossoms upon it, also sea horses, also bathing beauties; but above its brilliant uninhibited coloring a face like an old walnut peered incongruously diffident, humble and submissive.

VISITOR

By MARJORIE LEDERER LEE

When love came calling
yesterday
I was in town, and not about;
He rang a dozen times (they
say)—
But I was out.

He carried quite a wondrous
stock
(I'm told by neighbors on the
block):
Impractical and fragile ware—
A kind of halo for the hair,
An angel's gown with sunbeam
ties,
A vial of star drops for the eyes,
A chariot with silver wheel,
And sandals, wingèd at the
heel. . . .

I would have bought them on
the spot,
Although impractical, indeed;
A woman really *needs* a lot
Of things she doesn't *really*
need.

And so when love comes back to
lure
Me to his trade, my heart to
win—
Of this you may be very sure:
I shall be in.

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NAME.....

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"I beg pardon," murmured Maria's uncle. "I did not know anyone present."

"Don't go, come on in and keep me company," said Sherrard. "I'm just waiting to meet Maria's new beau."

It was as incongruous to him, that slangy turn of phrase, as was a tropical shirt on Maria's uncle. Sherrard recognized it at once; recognizing also that he wasn't quite himself. Fortunately the old man, it seemed, recognized nothing but a permission to enter; he sidled in, bowing politely, with a smile that revealed a really splendid set of false teeth. Sherrard was again aware of an incongruity: they were so wonderfully confident, those splendid, American dentures, yet the old man's smile remained humble.

"Your company will give me great pleasure," Sherrard corrected himself. "Perhaps you remember me? My name is Sherrard."

Extraordinarily, to this overture there was no response at all.

The old man mightn't even have heard. It was extraordinary indeed: one moment all his attention was fixed on Sherrard, the next it had flown away; one moment his eyes dropped humbly before the stranger, the next they were riveted on the mantelpiece. With short, hasty steps he almost trotted across the room; pushed his wrinkled old face against the smooth complacent countenance of the cat, laid his fingers (like a bundle of bamboo twigs) to the curve of the cat's nape, tipped the beast over, scrutinized its belly—and only then turned back to Sherrard.

Maria had always insisted on her uncle's speaking correct English, so that he could never say anything very quickly; but the words got out at last.

"How—came—this—object—here?"

"I brought it to give Maria," said Sherrard. "D'you like it?"

"I *made* it!" proclaimed Maria's uncle triumphantly. "See, under, my mark!"

There was now naturally much Sherrard understood that he hadn't before. His thoughts raced. Poor Maria, to begin with!—had *she* recognized her uncle's mark, too, or only his general style? Or even remembered, perhaps, sitting under his workbench as he chipped and polished and engraved at that very beast? In whichever case, what a facer for her, what a grotesquely absurd disappointment! And how well, in the circumstances, she'd behaved! Sherrard felt all his affection for her flooding back—not too strongly, not strongly enough to make him jealous of her Chinese beau, but with sufficient warmth to heal all soreness. *Poor Maria, it's a wonder she didn't box my ears!* thought Sherrard—and began to laugh.

Maria's uncle had been laughing for some time. He stood and rocked with silent, delighted laughter, the cat clasped to his bosom, all humility wiped from his face by an artist's giddy pride. Even his teeth looked very nearly natural.

"Listen," said Sherrard, "I'm taking that cat away from Maria and giving it to you. *Back* to you. You understand? It's yours. If you want to sell, I can give you an address where they'll probably pay anything you like to ask for it. And if you can lay hands on any more quartz, or whatever else you carve cats out of, I imagine you've a very rewarding future. . . . I see I'll have to say all this over again," concluded Sherrard, "so in the meantime, instead of waiting for Maria's wonder boy, why shouldn't we go out to dinner ourselves?"

There was a response, all right, then. Half incredulous, half eager, like a very old tortoise sniffing the spring, Maria's uncle poked forth his head above the cat's.

"You and I go out to *dinner*?"

"Why not?" said Sherrard.

"Chinese style?"

"Why not? We needn't," added Sherrard, as the old man appeared to turn something over in his mind, "disturb Maria. We'll just leave her a note."

But it wasn't Maria the old man was thinking of. Stroking a finger down the cat, nose to tail, "You are certain," he pressed, "it can be sold for much? For how much? A . . . hundred dollars?"

"Six hundred," said Sherrard—justifiably confident in his Texan.

Every tooth in the old head gleamed anew. "Then *you* shall be my guest, not I yours," pronounced Maria's uncle.

What an evening it was!

All the best dinners, Sherrard remembered once hearing, are eaten on credit; the old man's credit with a certain compatriot restaurateur appeared illimitable—especially after he had displayed the amethyst cat, which they bore with them. (It didn't even have to suffer the indignity of being left in pawn.) They dined, with intervals for conversation, while special dishes were being cooked, or special delicacies sent out for, until well past midnight.

Sherrard was rather queasy next day, and so, as reported by Maria, was her uncle.

"Where did you two *go*, for heaven's sake?" demanded Maria, over the telephone. "And why didn't you stay to meet Harry? We were disappointed."

"Didn't you and Harry have a good time too?" asked Sherrard.

"Yes, of course we did," said Maria. "We had a wonderful time, we ate steak. But my uncle tells me you've given him my cat, he says now it's his!"

"As you always knew it was," said Sherrard.

There was a slight pause. Then to his immense satisfaction—what a splendid girl she was!—he heard Maria giggle.

"How could I tell you? But really it's the nicest thing that ever happened, my uncle is so pleased! And what do you think he means to do *now*?"

"I know; we spent last night planning it," said Sherrard. "He's going to go back to carving cats, and make hundreds of dollars, and put them all away in a box, and write on it, 'For Maria's Dowry.'"

Sherrard himself boarded the eastbound plane as usual unwed—unaffianced—but not unhappy either. He hadn't Maria with him, he hadn't even the amethyst cat with him; but felt both to be better off where they were, and at least it made for a peaceful journey. He was indeed two hundred pounds to the bad, which he could ill afford; but there'd been something to show for it. An old man's face of bliss, as he looked down at his no-longer-useless hands; an old man's joy in dowering the kind child who'd succored him ——

Cheap at the price, thought Sherrard; glared disagreeably at all his neighbors, in case any should be minded to address him; and went to sleep.

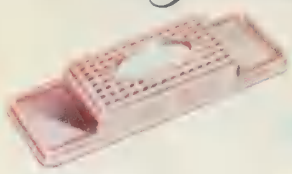
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"He needs more affection."

OUR TEEN-AGE DRUG ADDICTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 175

was a nice girl. I used to think she's for me, nd after a long time she said I could take her ut on a date."

Theresa Garcia de Diaz is a small, sparkling irl who is a year and a half older than Manuel. Her intelligence, quick sense of humor and vident common sense are impressive quali- ies. But most striking is Terry's glowing ma- urity. Her family, though poor, apparently has high living standards. This is one reason why she is different from her Spanish Harlem neighbors. Also, when she was thirteen her mother sent her to Puerto Rico to live with relatives and go to school there. Her reasons for sending Terry away might have been purely financial. But as a result, when Terry returned to El Barrio few of the girls her age were still going to school. She never was "one of the gang."

"I loved Terry right away," says Manuel. "She used to be after me like my mother, taking care of me.

"One day I even told Terry I'm going to quit my habit. She said, 'You can, you can.' She went with me to my father and I told him I was a junkie and wanted to quit."

Manuel's father arranged for him and Luis to meet Father Wendt at St. Christopher's chapel, and on his advice they went before a judge to seek admission to Riverside Hospital for Juvenile Addicts.

"By the time we got to Riverside, it was almost two and we hadn't had a cure since the night before. We were really sick. I had pains in my back, my belly, my knees, my fingernails, my hair, my eyes, my teeth. I got cold and put the blanket on me and got hot and took it off. Finally I put the blanket between my teeth and bit down.

"The doctor was nice. He gave us a shot for our nerves and told us to go to sleep. We couldn't. We lay there all night biting our blankets and feeling awful. Sometimes we got out of bed and lay down on the cold floor. That made you forget the pain for a while. In the morning they gave us another shot. After seventy-two hours the monkey was off my back and I felt good but tired and shaky.

"After about a month I was dying to go home. I didn't think about drugs. I didn't say to myself whether I would or wouldn't go back to junk. All I thought of then was that I had kicked the habit and that was all there was to it. I found out different."

It took only a week for the boys to get bored, buy drugs, become addicted again and go back to peddling.

"Then one day this girl with a habit, she came up to me with a man who looked like a hick. She wanted some junk, so I made a connection with a pusher and when I got back with the stuff the hick asked me what's my name and could he come around sometime to buy junk for the girl. I told him any time. A few days later this guy, he said his name was Visco, came up and said hello do you have any stuff. I said wait for me, and went and made the connection and gave the hick his stuff. The next day I decided to get myself a job. I had my hair cut and my sideburns and goatee shaved off. I was looking pretty greasy and I thought I'd better shape up before I went to get a job. That night a cop came up to me and put his gun right on top of my nose. I told him, 'O.K., daddy, you got me.' I wasn't worried, because I didn't have any stuff on me. He asked me my name and then he asked me when was my last haircut and shave. When I told him today, he said, 'Get in the car.'

"They booked me on 1751—sale to a narcotics agent. Then I knew what it was all about. The hick was a Fed and the cop asked me when my last haircut and shave was because the Fed had said I had long hair and a goatee and sideburns."

Manuel spent the next three months in the Tombs, New York's house of detention for men awaiting Federal trial. Meanwhile his father, Terry, Father Chandler and two other Episcopal priests who work with young addicts tried to get bail for him and to get the charge reduced to "user."

Terry, who spent so much time at court trying to help Manuel that she nearly lost her job, says she will never forget the day when they put their case in front of a judge. The judge had no compassion for "dope fiends," and told the priests they should be ashamed to ask for leniency. Terry remembers the judge saying he thought Manuel should get 45 years. But he stamped the "Youthful Offender" paper, and when Manuel was brought before him to sign it, he said only, "For you I have not pity," though he granted permission for him to return to Riverside.

That time Manuel stayed longer.

"I decided I wanted to change my life, get married, have a good job, have kids. I went to classes at Riverside and took painting, social studies, spelling and woodworking. I made a table for my room and hung my pictures on my walls. Every Sunday when Terry came to visit I had another present for her. The teachers at Riverside aren't like any other teachers I ever saw. The way they get along with you—it's like one big family.

"I tried to help my 'team'—that's what they call the doctor, the social worker, the psychiatrist who try to find out why you're a drug addict. But after two months I didn't want to talk to my team, I didn't want to eat any more. I didn't go to my classes and I stopped keeping my room nice. One day an attendant told me to make my bed. I told him to get out of here or I'll kill you. A few days later they sent me to Bellevue Hospital for observation. After twenty-eight days in their psychiatric ward they decided I wasn't crazy and I went back to Riverside. Finally, they let me go home.

"I got a job in a factory and I stayed off drugs for some time. But I felt bad, thinking about how I had hurt my mother, my father, my girl, my kid brothers, my little sister. After

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a while—I can't remember just what started me—I began using drugs again—just every now and then, on weekends. Somehow they help when you're feeling bad. You can look at your street, your house, your mother, your girl, and you don't love them and you don't hate them. You don't have to feel anything about them because they don't have anything to do with you. Everything is like in a picture frame and you're outside looking in.

"Just at about the same time I got addicted again, I got put on the night shift at the factory. It was too much—trying to hustle my cures in the daytime and work nights—and pretty soon I got laid off."

This time, when Manuel went back to Riverside, he committed himself. "I knew I couldn't handle my habit any longer. And during this eight months my psychiatrist made me understand some of the things that were wrong with me—that it wasn't just the habit I had to kick, but lots of other things I can't talk about. About my mother and how she held on to me and about pop and how he wanted me to be important. Things like that." On leaving he was more determined than ever to get a job, and marry Terry.

He got the job, but it was temporary and he was laid off, so he reverted to drugs. "But not enough to get hooked. I knew then what I should do. You can go back to Riverside and stay for a while if you're in for a bad time and you can't stay off the junk without help. So I went in for ten days. Then I got another job right away, and saved my money so Terry and I could get married fast. I didn't go near the junk for the rest of that month and on Jul seventh Terry married me.

"We didn't have an apartment, so after ou wedding we went to a hotel in the neighbor hood. Terry had one week's vacation, but only had an extra day, because I was new i my job. We had a swell time that week. Ou hotel room was real big and it had a littl kitchen that opened out of the wall. We spen one whole day scrubbing and cleaning up th room. It was our own home, for the tim being. Then exactly one week from our wed ding day—it was the next Saturday—Terry got a pain. I didn't know what to do. She kep moaning and I put a hot towel on her belly and ran out to find a telephone. The ambulance came and took her to the hospital. They said she had appendicitis and they would do an operation. I couldn't sit there waiting while they operated on my wife. I thought to myself this is the end. I'll never see Terry again. I bought an eighth of a piece down on my old street and got high.

"The next morning when I went to the hospital to see Terry I was too late. They said I couldn't come in. So I pawned a clock radio that was a wedding present and got myself some more heroin. In the afternoon I was too high to visit Terry. I went over to her mother's house, and her old grandmother grabbed me and started screaming at me about how I made Terry sick. When I got back to the hotel, I was looking at Terry's skirt and thinking about how I would never see her again, when a Western Union man came to the door. I didn't have any money to pay for the telegram, but I grabbed a piggy bank of Terry's and smashed it and gave him the money. I was sure I knew what the telegram said. I went back to Terry's mother's house to read it. It said she was on the critical list and needed blood. Terry's mother began crying, and her grandmother began screaming why did the hospital need to send telegrams for blood when they had plenty of blood right there. I got so high that night I didn't know anything.

"Terry got all right, and after a week she came home. That day my father was sick and had to go to the emergency ward at the hospital. It was his stomach again. I was worried about him, and worried about money, and besides, I had an infection in my arm from a dirty spike. My mother kept yelling at me about my arm. Terry and I moved in with my family because we couldn't afford to pay for the hotel room any longer. On July thirtieth I committed myself to Riverside again. I wasn't hooked, but I knew I would be if I didn't get away. When I left, my mother was mad at me, and she yelled out, 'Don't ever come back because I don't ever want to see you again.' I said I didn't want ever to come back."

Manuel was released from Riverside after four and a half weeks' treatment. In the meantime, his psychiatrist had told Terry that it would do no good for him to be released unless they lived in another neighborhood—away from his mother, away from his friends. Terry found a room about a block away from St. Peter's. She knew she could depend on Father Chandler to help Manuel. Manuel was indeed happy to come "home" to the new room, but he brooded about what his mother must be thinking because he hadn't been uptown to visit her.

Manuel wants to get a job, but he is still not used to being on his own, and the idea of facing new people frightens him. But he is able now to think about how lucky he is in some respects:

"My family has helped me. Father Chandler is always a friend. On my first day out, he went to the supermarket with me because I couldn't go alone. Others are helping me to find a job. My probation officer is so kind and patient—I know he wants to help me. He tells me not to talk too much to him, but to tell things to the therapist, because he says the therapist can help me more, and he doesn't want to do anything to interfere. My doctor is good to me. She doesn't tell me what is wrong with me—she lets me tell myself. Most of all, my wife—she helps me all the time just because she is my wife. She makes me want to do something with myself, and she gives me courage to try." With the help of his therapist,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

What does the Gardener do in the Spring?

The best thing to do is to start at the beginning: first the seed, then . . . but first the seed.

By THE GARDENER'S ASSISTANT

All gardeners are beginners in a way—in one department or another. And as for the true old-timers—what creatures of habit they can be. Don't let their Latin names get you down, or their dirt-gardener drawl. You're lucky if you're a novice—you have so much less to unlearn.

It's the way they begin in the spring that makes gardeners good, or bad. Now let's say it's about the first of March. For most Americans that is a good month or more too early to do any gardening in the open ground. But even so, if you haven't bought your seed yet, you had better hurry. Because this spring you are not going to sit around waiting for the weather and the ground to get ready; you are going to start your seeds right inside the house. Preferably in the kitchen, due to its vapors and facilities. A good cook and a good gardener can easily get along together. In fact, they're generally the same person.

Here let me interrupt myself long enough to say something you no doubt already know: that there are of course a number of ways to get your summer garden going even earlier than March if you want, and without cluttering up the kitchen with seed pans and flowerpots, without rigging up overhead lights and shelves in the basement. There are little lean-to plant-window arrangements*; there are minuscule greenhouses that attach to the house and the house heating system, and there are various types and sizes of cold frames. A good gardener considers something of this sort basic--as basic as a stainless-steel trowel or a pair of professional pruning shears, or light soft garden gloves, if you like to garden with gloves.

Nor are these various types of protected growing places (even the little greenhouses) expensive when you consider what heavenly joys and plants and smells they exude. Compared with 90 per cent of the garden gadgetry people acquire, they have a purpose as profound as the pleasure they impart. But this spring why not just clear a little space in front of the kitchen window? So now you get yourself an old-fashioned flowerpot of the 6″ size and a small package of vermiculite. The best pot for starting seed is in my opinion what the florist calls an azalea pot; 6″ in diameter and less tall in proportion than a regular pot. You can start enough petunias, marigolds and zinnias in this one pot to fill several gardens.

Now after you have placed a piece or two of broken pot over the hole in the bottom of the pot, to keep the vermiculite from falling through yet provide drainage, you pour in about 1″ of vermiculite, wet it and press it down to compress it firmly, then repeat the process layer by layer until you come an inch from the top. Now your seedbed is ready for you to set out your seeds, one by one. . . . But not yet!

Inasmuch as all good gardening begins with seeds, all good gardeners start with one or more good seed catalogues. Let us assume that you are so good as to have got your catalogues. Let us also assume that you have decided to send for several choice varieties each of petunia, marigold and zinnia seeds, and the smallest packet of each you can possibly buy. Well! You are already a very wise gardener! You have not only chosen the three most popular annuals in the world, and three that beautifully fit what I am trying to put down here on paper, but you have chosen to buy your seeds with the most remarkable restraint.

That was the very next thing I was going to talk about: about what a nation of seed wasters we are. If seed were sold by the seed, instead of by the packet, we would eliminate overcrowding in planting, save work in thinning and soon become a race of supergardeners.

Here comes something important. First find out how long it normally takes for the seed you are setting out to germinate and develop into a plant of just the proper size for planting out in the garden. Then find out for certain what would be the first safe frostfree time for planting out tender plants in the garden. That tells you when to set your seed—and not before! Some plant seeds are much faster than others. For instance, petunias are perhaps three times as slow as zinnias; six or seven weeks against two or more. If it doesn't say on the packet, write and ask the seed company.

Start with your slowest seeds, your petunias. Take a pinch or two from the packet of each variety you've bought and scatter them thinly on separate areas of the vermiculite seedbed, and press them down gently with the backs of your fingers. I hope you're paying attention, because you must do all your watering with one of those little fine-fogging push-plunger bottle sprayers, like the ones for windows, especially on the Jiffy pots mentioned below. Now forget the whole affair for about fifteen days, if you can.

If the seedlings had any say they would select a sunny southern window, but would settle for an eastern or a western exposure in that order. Lacking bright sunlight for the better part of each day, a bright electric light about three feet above the seedlings will serve.

First, microscopic green shoots will appear with two tiny leaves on the top. Leave everything alone. In another fifteen days, third leaves will be forming under the two-leaf sets. When this happens the seedling is ready to be pricked out. Now the gardener is really cooking!

During the month or so that has passed, you have bought several kits of Jiffy pots, which include some specially prepared sphagnum moss. These pots are pressed out of peat and wood fiber, so that when the seedling, which you have lifted tenderly with a little stick from the seedbed pot and have inserted in the nest of sphagnum moss in its Jiffy pot—when that seedling has sent its roots through the sphagnum moss and reached the enriched moist soil of the Jiffy pot, the little plant is prepared to assimilate the adult diet of the pot. And by the time the seedling's roots have grown through the sphagnum moss, and on through the peat walls of the pot, the plant is ready to set out in your garden, pot and all. This whole preceding operation is clearly and completely covered in the directions that come with the kits.

Do all your seeds this same way, no matter what the directions on the seed packet say about sowing the seeds right out in the open ground. Take my word for it that you will never do it differently again.

Don't try to be a mass-production gardener. Treat every seed you sow as an individual seed, and every plant you produce—treat this plant the same way.

If you have ever considered gardening to be difficult, discouraging or dull, it will all be different now.

Note: Since writing the above I have had a chance to observe an even simpler and more direct process involving the use of fertile-cube seedling starters: pressed compost cubes about 1″ square which come in trays of 20. You put the seed itself right in the cube, and when the seedling has reached the right size, you plant cube and all right out in your garden. How easy can good gardening get? Why, you can even buy the cubes with certain seeds already in them. Send a stamped addressed envelope for where to get fertile cubes and Jiffy pots.

In June:

WHAT DOES THE GARDENER DO IN SUMMER?

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 186

whom he sees once a week, and his probation officer, whom he also sees once a week, he maintains a vestige of the discipline he finds so strengthening at the hospital.

The problem about Manuel's mother is yet to be resolved. The confusion of love and selfishness in their relationship will be a long time in the untangling. "My mother always tells me what to do. She tells me I can't get along by myself, with Terry, but I'll have to come to her. I want to tell her I am a man and I have a wife of my own and someday I will have a family—but at the same time I want to just sit there and not have to make any decisions and let my mother tell me what to do all the time. She doesn't understand. It makes me feel bad that I can't make her understand. Then I think that if she did understand it would break her heart, and I don't know what I want."

Manuel certainly had several strikes against him: his family's housing problems, their poverty, the bewilderment of being a Spanish-speaking child in an English-speaking country. The poor neighborhood in which he lived, where pushers and drugs are readily available, is a typical addict-breeding area. But these alone could never have made him an addict.

In examining boys who were prey to heroin addiction, Dr. Chein and his collaborators at New York University found that aside from having drugs available to them, the boys had one thing in common: "All juvenile addicts are severely disturbed individuals." They were unhappy boys, pessimistic, they had a sense of futility. "Everybody is just out for himself," the boys felt. "Nobody really cares about anybody else." They were also distrustful, negative, defiant.

The investigators also visited their families, and concluded that they had a second thing in common. "The causes of personality disturbance in juvenile addicts can be traced to their family experiences." Here were families in which the parents were divorced, separated, in which, at the very least, mother and father were hostile to each other, or, like Manuel's parents, lacking in warmth and mutual interest. The boys believed, "Parents don't want their kids to have any fun." Or they had reached the opinion that "Parents are always looking for things to nag their kids about."

Actually, most of the parents were simply confused about their sons' future. Their ambitions were unrealistically low or high. The boys' mothers were often overindulgent. The boys' fathers, if present at all, gave them little genuine affection or attention. "The child had little chance to identify with and model himself after a male figure."

Manuel's father was of no help to him, either in withstanding the pressure to fall in with the fast, aggressive "cats" of the neighborhood, or in really planning an adult life.

Manuel was very lucky in meeting Terry Garcia. Had he followed a more usual pattern of teen-age addiction, he would have continued to have no time for girls. Heroin deadens the sexual instincts, in addition to costing the victim all his time to hustle shots. Terry offered very real help in giving him some adult purpose in life, to marry and have a family, and support them.

No future . . . so why not take drugs? . . . Drugs absorb the teen-ager in an unreal life, further prevent any realistic attitude toward life. This is the vicious cycle in which the teen-age adolescent is involved.

But this isn't the way the teen-ager sees it. He gets to thinking that the habit is his only problem. He will be O.K. if he just gets "the monkey off his back," he thinks. If his parents and friends are concerned about him at all, that is what they think too.

Patrick is a boy who never got beyond this stage of thinking.

Patrick was the son of a perpetually drunken father and an ignorant, hot-tempered mother whose attitude toward her nine children ranged from hysterical concern to weary indifference. The marriage had been a shotgun affair.

The years of his childhood were monotonous with misery. The family was always being dispossessed, always moving from one

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THE SOUND OF GREEN

By PAUL ENGLE

The color red has quick teeth that can bite.
While blue caresses like a friendly child.
Black is a beast that shambles through the night.
Green is the sound of grass, growing and mild.
Gray is the dripping hush of morning rain.
Gold is the song of birds in a tall tree.
Orange is all the noisy hue of pain.
Brown is a rabbit you can barely see.

Purple is our color of apprehension
When she is lost on a white summer day.
We call in voices yellow with our tension.
And then we hear her calling far away
And see, in love, her many-colored cry,
A rage of rainbow arching the clear sky.

owded New York tenement to another. he father was always coming home drunk nd beating up his wife, while his children reamed and hid under the furniture. Often here was no food. Sometimes the children ere taken away and sent to institutions, but ey usually managed to get back home in a onth or two. The mother was said to "enter-in" men while her husband was away on his rinking sprees. When Patrick was still a small hild, his eldest sister became pregnant by her ther. The sister was exiled from her family, nd has not been heard of since. She is never entioned in the family. The father was sent o jail by the authorities, who learned of the case from Patrick's mother. He died in jail a few years later.

For several years the fatherless family—still on relief, of course—lived in a fifteen-room old wooden house on the outskirts of Queens, a New York borough. There was no heat in the house and the mother and eight children lived in only two rooms, because those were the only rooms with furniture. But there were friends for Patrick and a school he liked and the feeling of settling down at last.

Then, when he was fourteen, the mother was dispossessed again and moved the family to a four-room tenement in one of the worst sections of Queens. "The place is little better than a hovel," a social worker reported some time later, "not far from places where dope pushers meet and peddle their wares." There were many Italians and Negroes in the neighborhood, as well as Irish families, and racial gang fights were frequent. The only playgrounds were the streets.

Patrick's mother claims that all her son's troubles date from that time of change. He missed his old friends and his old school. He began to play truant from his new school, which he hated. He was constantly getting into fights. He took no interest in sports; comic books were his only reading, his only recreation. His mother alternately scolded him, petted him and ignored him.

When he was seventeen Patrick left school and got a job as a night-hours bus boy in a restaurant. After work, around midnight, he liked to go to a nearby dance hall and hang around, looking at the girls he didn't dare to speak to. Inevitably, because it was that kind of dance hall, he found that nearly all the other patrons were dope addicts. It wasn't long until Patrick was an addict too—it was almost as if he had been looking for the chance. And it wasn't long until he had followed the same doomed path of so many sick adolescents: increasing addiction, inability to carry on a job, unemployment, desperation for drugs, drug selling to make money, arrest. He wanted (or thought he did) to get rid of the habit, and was glad when he was sent to Riverside Hospital. He was just eighteen.

Patrick's withdrawa symptoms lasted three weeks, and were unusually bad. After that he was studied, and the reports were encouraging. He had an I.Q. of 99, which is normal. The psychiatric social worker, remarking that Patrick had "an almost plaintive wish to be accepted and liked," said that he was suffering from anxiety and tension but should be amenable to long-term therapy.

As the weeks went on Patrick's anxiety and tension increased to the point where he threatened to commit suicide; he was sent to Bellevue. Bellevue is another New York City hospital with special psychiatric-ward facilities, better equipped than Riverside to protect patients who threaten violence. In some cases the authorities at Bellevue diagnose mental illness requiring the psychotherapy offered in state mental hospitals, and transfer patients to one of them. But Patrick's violence was short-lived, so after a month they sent him back to Riverside, suggesting long-term treatment. But Patrick refused to recognize that he had any problem at all beyond the drug addiction, of which he now felt cured. Unable to force therapy on anyone unable to accept it, the authorities let him go.

Within a few months he was back again, voluntarily. He had had a summer job in the country, the job had ended, and he had taken to drugs again in his depression. So he got rid of the habit, left for home—and a few months later he was back. He had wanted to go to trade school, but instead had had to take a job to help support his family—and took to drugs again. Since then Patrick has been back to the hospital three times.

During his in-and-out months at Riverside, the psychiatrists have done their best to probe the secrets of his addiction. But since Patrick steadily refuses to face or explore his inner self, the psychiatrists ended by noting that he was "deeply disturbed but not amenable to psychotherapy," and sent him back once more into the world of the slums.

Patrick is now in a reformatory on a long sentence for armed robbery committed in order to get money to buy drugs. He is, short of a miracle, now past saving. His home life was dreadful, but no one knows why he and one brother were the only ones to take this form of escape.

Neither Patrick's nor Manuel's story lends much encouragement to the idea that there is a sure-fire "cure" for addiction. And available figures on relapsed patients are no cause for optimism. A narcotics agent once said, "I have been in this business for thirty years. When you're hooked you have one chance in ten thousand of ever snapping out of it!" For this reason neither doctors nor patients ever speak of an addict as being "cured." If he's lucky, if he has a lot of help, if he wants to enough, he "stays off it."

"If he wants to enough" is a major factor. At Riverside Hospital, the nation's only school and treatment center for teen-age addicts, many patients relapse almost immediately after leaving the hospital. They think they can make a go of it, want to get out, find they can't, go back—they generally go through several cycles of trial release. "A patient may need repeated failure," says Dr. Rafael Gamso, Riverside director, "to convince him that he has been overestimating his powers of self-control, that the trouble is not simply an external 'monkey on your back' and that there

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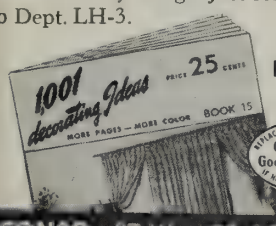
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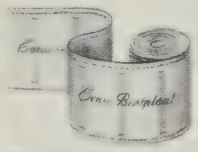
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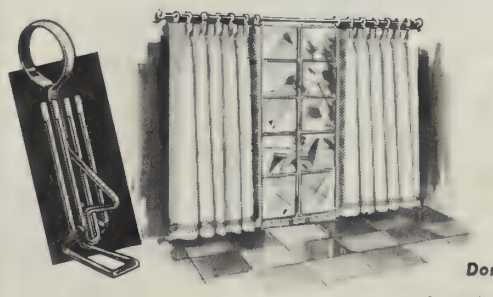
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really is something about himself that needs to be changed before he can be truly cured. Indeed, repeated failures should not be taken as a convincing demonstration of the hopelessness of the struggle."

To Doctor Gamso the narcotic addict is not a "dope fiend," not a criminal by nature. He is a sick person, and his addiction is simply a symptom of his emotional disturbance. "It is essential to treat the whole patient and not only his symptoms."

Doctor Gamso does not discount the importance of police action in managing the drug problem today. He favors increased national, state and local efforts to eradicate illegal drug traffic, and hopes for increased international co-operation in restricting the cultivation of the opium poppy, illicit traffic and smuggling of drugs. But many of his hopes for preventing and treating drug addicts more effectively touch programs in which the ordinary citizen may engage:

- Better education of susceptible young persons as to the dangers of drug addiction. Few, if any, youngsters have any realistic picture of the harmful results following habitual use.
- More narcotic hospitals, properly staffed. Federal hospitals at Lexington, Kentucky, and Fort Worth, Texas, treat both adult and juvenile addicts. Riverside, a New York City hospital admitting patients from New York State, with a capacity of 140, is the only center dedicated to the young addict. Many more local hospitals should have facilities for helping addicts withdraw from drug use.
- Widespread public information about treatment programs. "It would be wonderful if only more people right here in New York City knew about Riverside," Doctor Gamso says. The Salvation Army is doing a unique job in all sections of the country to inform addicts of Federal hospital facilities, and assist them in getting admission and transportation to these hospitals. Clinics are available in Detroit and Chicago to counsel addicts. But more such work is needed.
- "Halfway" houses—residences properly staffed to guide the ex-addict in the interval between his release from the hospital and his return to the home which may have been responsible for the addiction in the first place. Narcotics Anonymous, the counterpart of Alcoholics Anonymous which gives ex-addicts an opportunity to share their common problems, does a most worth-while job. But it does not separate the newly released patient from the temptations and other damaging influences of the neighborhood which fostered his addiction. Some victims should be able to go to training camps affording an even longer period of rehabilitation.
- More professional personnel, including psychiatrists, psychiatric social workers and others trained in the field of drug addiction, and more trained sympathetic workers to help the ex-addict when he is trying to readjust to the world without drugs. Mothers who encourage their daughters to take training in such fields are helping.
- More playgrounds, better schools, more counseling for emotionally harassed families. This is part of a long-range battle against narcotic addiction, as is any fight against racial discrimination which confines minority groups to aimless, drug-ridden slum environments.
- Co-operation among community agencies to provide job opportunities, recreational facilities, housing, family counseling and guidance, and other necessary services. Convalescents are not wanted in the schools, they are not wanted in the neighborhood settlement houses, they are not wanted in churches and Sunday schools, on the grounds that they might introduce other youngsters to drugs. Employers are loath to hire a former addict. Lack of understanding and sympathy on the part of the public is one of the great obstacles to a lasting cure.

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DOES MEDICAL RESEARCH REPAY THE AMERICAN PEOPLE?

- There has been a 19 per cent decline in the death rate since 1937. Why the striking figure? Because medical research discovered antibiotics and drugs against high blood pressure, and other new drugs. In addition, medical research has recently produced the Salk antipolio vaccine and new drugs for mental illnesses such as Reserpine and Thorazine.

The decline in the death rate between 1944 and 1954 means that 1,244,897 more Americans are alive, more than the combined populations of Rhode Island and Vermont, almost as many as the combined populations of Arizona and New Mexico. Medical-research discoveries mean that the Federal Treasury gained in taxes in 1954 alone $277,711,720.

How much is Congress spending to finance new victories over death through medical research? Although the Congress voted $267,139,000 for atomic weapons, it voted for research in heart disease only $25,700,000.

Although the Congress voted $116,000,000 to agricultural research, it voted only $31,810,000 to defend Americans against cancer. Cancer killed 236,900 Americans in 1954. Although the Congress voted $51,000,000 for development assistance to Asia, it voted to the National Institute of Mental Health only $17,013,000 for research against mental illnesses, which now fill every other hospital bed!

Although the Congress voted $62,980,000 to continue the Inter-American highway, it voted to the National Institute of Arthritis and Metabolic Diseases only $13,671,000 for research. These diseases cripple (in varying degrees) over 10,000,000 Americans!

Total voted by Congress for medical research against the main killers and cripplers: $102,244,000. Congress voted $33,147,224,106 in fiscal 1956 for defense against death from military attack.

Isn't $102 million for research against the major killers and cripplers of the American people too small in proportion to $33 billion for defense against death from military attack?

To bring victory over deaths from major diseases depends on dollars to pay for brains, training, buildings, equipment. It depends on *your* understanding and action! Will you help? You can do this by urging increased research funds for voluntary national health agencies and for the National Institutes for Heart, Cancer, Arthritis, Mental Health, Neurological Diseases and Blindness of the U. S. Public Health Service, and your voluntary state- and city-operated health services.

"Drug addiction has been a problem for about a hundred years," says Doctor Gamso. "It wasn't until 1949 and 1950 that the courts, the police, social agencies, schools and private physicians were aware of an alarming increase of narcotic addiction in the teen-age group." These are unlike the addicts of yesteryear. Their rehabilitation is difficult, to be sure. They are used to sleeping or lying around, drugged, by day, to wandering the city streets by night. They've never known what it's like to get a job or—more important—hold one. Love? They've seen little of it; it has no connotations of security for them. The boys may feel they should demonstrate their virility, but drugs rob them of any normal interest in girls, and the girls are likewise indifferent. It is hard for them to see the future through grown-up eyes, they have so few of the memories and experiences that strengthen most of us in our purpose, and help us overlook the frustrations of daily living. But swinging down the corridors of Riverside, they look like other boys and girls. In the adjacent school, beautiful paintings, prize-winning sculptures, fine shopwork attest to a normal range of talent among them. When they reach an understanding of their problems, they can find roles in life, but only then can they resist the invitation to oblivion which drugs have given them, and which will otherwise destroy them.

"KEEP HIM IN BED A COUPLE OF DAYS LONGER"—BUT HOW?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

toy store. Sometimes you can find very miniature trains (without motors or tracks) which can be run on a small surface. When one of my sons had to lie on a couch for a month he was happy with a large baking pan of water on the floor in which he arranged docks and sailed the miniature boats which I bought or carved from balsa wood and painted with model-plane colors. Models of planes and trains and boats and cars and scenery can now be bought at model stores in an endless variety of kits, from the simple ones which a six-year-old merely glues together, to those which will keep an adolescent busy for a week.

For boys and girls there are kits for sewing, bead stringing, basket and pot-holder weaving, leatherwork, paper-doll cutting. A construction set, of wood or metal pieces, has dozens of possibilities aside from those in the instruction book, and a boy wants to branch out into his own designs. Doll play can be revived by a few additions to equipment.

The main problem with purchased kits is that if they are beyond a child's capacity, and he cannot adapt them to his level, he will quickly become discouraged. It's always worth remembering that new playthings don't have to be bought at the store. Creation is more soul-satisfying (as well as time-consuming) than the actual play with an object when it is finished. That's why a doll's bed made by the child from a shoe box and equipped with sheets and blankets which she has cut from rags fascinates her more than the finest purchase. A good set of building blocks will challenge a boy to ever more elaborate constructions from the age of two to the age of eight. If a child can't create something new, his second choice is to change something old to a new purpose. This is why, to the distress of his father, he wants to wrench the top off a tin railroad passenger car in order to have it carry real freight.

An invalid's table that extends over the bed is a sound investment for any family.

You don't need to think as far back as covered-wagon days to realize how much convalescence has been shortened and simplified. It was only twenty-five years ago that we had to wait for days, hoping for a favorable crisis, in pneumonia. A child having scarlet fever, even mildly, had to stay in bed for three or four weeks, with good cause. Rheumatic fever required bed rest for many months. Ear infections, which can now usually be stopped in their tracks in a couple of days, used to have to be lanced; and then the doctor and parents would sit with crossed fingers, just hoping that the discharge would cease before too many days and that the infection would not spread to the mastoid bone.

Convalescence was not only long-lasting—it was agonizing.

There is an informative pamphlet called Effects of Radiation and Fallout, by Dr. James Crow, a geneticist, which can be secured by sending 25 cents in cash or stamps to Public Affairs Pamphlets, 22 East 38th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

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safety,

healthful sleep . . .



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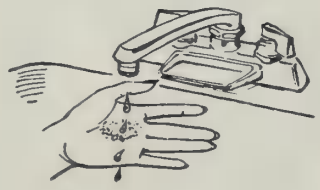
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ZBT BABY POWDER CONTAINS OLIVE OIL

soothes like powder
protects like oil

THE WAY DOWN AND BACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 177

around me and said, 'Come on up to my place. My family is gone for the day.'

"I was dissolved in tears. I sat on the edge of the couch in the Strauses' living room wondering what David's explanation was going to be. He put some records on the phonograph, and after he started them playing, instead of coming over to sit with me, he went into the bathroom. I just sat there trying to stop crying, and looking out the window. Then David called to me and told me to come in for a minute. I got up and went over to the open bathroom door.

"David was standing by the washbasin holding a spoon in one hand and a lighted match in the other. I was mystified. He held the match under the bowl of the spoon. 'I don't have another girl friend, Judy—but here's your competition,' he said. He sounded so funny. I went over and looked at the spoon. There was a little water in it and some white powder which was bubbling and dissolving. I had no idea what it was. After the powder had completely dissolved, David picked up a little capsule from the sink and emptied some more powder out of it into the spoon. David didn't say anything and neither did I. The sun was coming in the bathroom window, making everything look brighter than life, and it was so quiet in there. Out in the living room the record blared away with a drum sequence. It seemed like a dream or a movie or something.

"Finally David reached into his pocket and pulled out a funny contraption—an eye dropper stuck on a hypodermic needle. As he started filling the eye dropper with the stuff in the spoon, I began to realize just what it was all about. I had heard about dope before, and had even had a puff off a marijuana cigarette at a party once, but I had never known just what real dope looked like, or how you used it.

"David pinched the big vein in the crook of his elbow so it stood up a little, and then rammed the needle in. He said, 'Maybe you understand now. I've been taking this stuff for almost a year—just on weekends. I usually take my shot before I come to your house on Saturdays, but last night there was some trouble and the pusher was lying low, so I didn't make my connection until pretty late. Then, after we took our shots—Frankie, Jimmy and me—we were walking along and passed a bar where there was a good combo playing. We went in to listen, and I didn't think any more about my date with you. When you're hopped up you don't care about things like being where you're supposed to be or keeping other people waiting.'

"I sat down on the edge of the bathtub and tried to blink things into focus. It may seem odd, but I was more shocked that Frankie and Jimmy took dope, too, than I was at anything else. I guess when you have so many things to take in at once, you just fasten on one idea. David put his arm around me and lifted me to my feet. 'Come on in the living room,' he said.

"We sat there with the records playing away and David told me how Jimmy's brother, who was twenty-two then, had taught Jimmy, David and Frankie how to use dope, and had sold it to them. David said that a lot of jazz musicians used dope. 'I'm not an addict, though,' he said; 'I just use it with the boys once or twice—sometimes three—times a month. It's pretty expensive.' I kept looking at him trying to see if the dope was making any difference in him. I couldn't see any change. That's a funny thing—an addict can spot another addict a mile away; the ordinary person—unless you're a doctor or something—finds it very hard to tell if a person is under the influence of dope.

"Well, this will seem crazy, but as I was sitting there one thing ran through my mind, and that was that if David was taking dope I wanted to take it too. It seems incredible to me now, looking back, that I could have made a decision—one that was to affect my whole life—so quickly. What I was thinking about was that David had said, 'Here's your competition,' and if that was my competition, the way to get rid of it was to share that part of David's life. I asked him to give me a shot and at first he refused, but when I kept begging he gave in. He said later on that if he hadn't been hopped up he would never have given in to me.

"Back in the bathroom, David started cooking up some heroin in a spoon. After that was dissolved, he pulled out another capsule, which was cocaine, and dumped it in too. He told me that this was a 'speedball'—heroin and cocaine together—and it was the biggest and best kind of shot you could take because you got two different kicks from it. I was shaking all over. I wasn't exactly scared. I was excited and I felt as if the whole world had disappeared or something. I stuck out my arm, and David plunged in the needle. I started to cry because the needle hurt, and then as the fluid disappeared into my arm I began to feel dizzy and very sick. As soon as David took the needle out I ran to the toilet and began to vomit. I have never vomited so much in my life. Then I had the dry heaves. I was staggering around the room, sure I was going to die right away. David didn't seem too concerned—that's because he was hopped up. You're never concerned about things when you're high. Actually, I could have had even worse effects from taking a shot of that potency when I wasn't used to drugs. After I had control of myself, I went into the living room.

"As I lay there on the couch, I began to know what it meant to be hopped up. I can't explain that first feeling to you very well. I don't know if it's anything like being drunk or not, because I've never been drunk. I just lay there until it was dark outside, and David was stretched out in an easy chair with his eyes closed and his hands behind his head. We talked and talked and talked, and it seemed as if everything we said was very important and very interesting. The music sounded better than any music I had ever heard. The ordinary thoughts that were always running through my mind—my family, my looks, my schoolwork—just faded away. I didn't have a care in the world, and it didn't matter to me what time it was or what day it was or even what year it was.

"From then on, it was like the first time I had ever been kissed. I kept thinking about what the second time would be like, and the third time.

"After that, David and I took dope together once or twice a month. We called it 'weekend binges.' We usually gave each other shots at my house, when my father was asleep and my mother was out. As the year went on, those binges became more frequent, but still they were never more than weekend affairs. We were sure we could never become addicted.

"By this time David had been out of school for a year and had been working as a bookkeeper for $35 a week and going to business school at night. I decided to quit school and go to work to earn some money. David and I thought we were in love, and we were talking about the day we could get married.

"His parents were reluctant because they thought David was too young—he had another two months to go before he would be twenty. But we were married a week after my eighteenth birthday.

"We moved into a furnished one-room apartment where we shared the kitchen with two other families, and for two months after our wedding neither of us took any dope. Then we got bored. We didn't seem to have as much social life as we had had before. I didn't enjoy preparing meals in a shared kitchen, so we mostly ate out, and when we were in our room we felt sort of closed in. We didn't have a TV set, and we ran out of things to talk about.

"So one weekend David went over to Harlem and bought some stuff. We went on a binge that lasted the whole weekend. We didn't mind sitting around in our room while we were high. The next weekend we did the same thing. After a while, we got so that Mondays were just about too much for us, and we started buying a little extra dope for a small shot on Monday mornings. Pretty soon we were taking drugs every day. There didn't seem to be any reason why we shouldn't. We were on our own, and we didn't have anything better to do.

"One Saturday night we used up our supply, and the next day we slept late. When we woke up that Sunday morning, we both felt sick. We knew we had to get ourselves a shot fast. I guess the idea hit both of us at the same time, because we looked at each other and said, 'We're hooked.' Until then, it hadn't occurred to us that we were addicted to dope. So far it had just seemed like one long binge. David went out to get some stuff, and I lay in bed getting sicker and sicker."

Judith, contemplating now the dark time that was past, fell silent for a moment, her face shadowed with pain. Then from the next room young Sammy's voice, still dreamy with naptime, sounded a plaintive summons. Smiling, she went to him swiftly, hugged him, changed him, and placed him in a sunlit playpen. Fortified with this reminder of present reality, she was ready again to relive for a time the bad days that are gone.

"Soon we were spending about $10 a day on drugs," she resumed. "Since our combined incomes were only $67 a week, and our rent was $70 a month, you can see we were living way outside our means. My mother had been talking about finding us a nicer apartment, and when she finally did locate a three-room basement apartment on her street, we didn't know what else to do but move in. We didn't dare tell her how broke we were.

"Within two weeks after we moved, I got fired from my job. I had been afraid of that, because I was so sleepy every afternoon at work that I wasn't really getting anything done. Also, I had called in sick just a few times too often. I stayed home from then on. We didn't know where the first month's rent for our apartment was going to come from, but we cared about things like that only when we were not under the influence of drugs. We pawned our wedding gifts—the silver that David's aunt sent us, a new clock radio, and several other things, even my engagement ring, a family treasure which had belonged to David's great-grandmother. David had quit night school by this time—he couldn't keep up the pace. We were taking drugs as often as three times every day. We were borrowing from everyone we knew; and worse than that, David was successfully extorting money from the men in his office. He and Jimmy had worked out a 'con game.' The system they worked was as old as the hills, and we often wonder how people could have fallen for it.

"What he used to do was to tell a guy he knew where he could get some stolen merchandise—cameras, typewriters, radios—for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 195



What makes children good or bad?



The Shaw twins, of Beaumont, California, have successfully grown up with the companionship of delinquents, runaways and poorer children brought home by their father for temporary brothers and sisters.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

By JOSEPH LAITIN

HOW AMERICA LIVES In the April JOURNAL

Emotional Tensions

drain your skin of beauty oils—every day

Skin authorities say the emotional tensions of your daily life can actually drain your skin of its own beauty-giving fluids. That's why by evening, your skin looks drawn and dry. To keep your skin lovely you must replace the oils your skin has lost.



The iron scorches a shirt



Susie "helps" in the kitchen



Tommy starts to pound



. . . And so do your nerves!

Pond's exclusive formula replaces the beauty oils that tension drains away

Bring your beauty to glowing life

How relaxing . . . how refreshing the cool, smooth touch of Pond's!

As you cream and cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream, dry tension lines smooth out, tautness disappears. And quickly, as each tiny pore is replenished—you see your beauty wake!

Once more, your skin is smooth and lovely—beautifully *alive!*

Deep-Cleanses to let beauty oils in

After a rushed day your skin is thirsty for Pond's rich "beauty-oil" formula. As it deep-cleanses, Pond's sends needed vitalizing oils deep into dry tissue.

What a glorious feeling!—You can really *feel* your skin soften. You can *see* it glow. He'll notice the lovely difference, too, when you're close enough to kiss!

You need never be too busy to be beautiful. Let Pond's Cold Cream work this magic for *you*—tonight.



Today—in 37 seconds—bring out the beauty that is *naturally* yours

You need never be too busy to be beautiful



so good in glass

. . . because pure glass is a natural protector of the rich full flavor of instant coffee. Because glass jars are so convenient. You can seal them up again and know the contents will stay fresh. That's why you find instant coffee, and so many other products you don't use all at one serving, safely sealed in sparkling glass jars.

GLASS CONTAINER MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, 99 PARK AVE., NEW YORK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 192

about half price. Let's say the victim bites and he wants to buy a typewriter, a famous-make standard, brand new, for only $50. He agrees to meet David at such-and-such an address—one of those buildings full of furnished rooms in Harlem, the kind with the flat roof that leads on to the roofs of all the other buildings up the block.

"When the victim arrives, he is introduced to David's pal, Jimmy. David says he is going to buy two typewriters—one for his uncle—and Jimmy says he is going to buy two Leica cameras. David and Jimmy have $100 each, while the victim has $50. While they are waiting for the man with the goods, David hands Jimmy his $100 (usually a wad of paper rolled up in a $5 or $10 bill) to keep with his money, and suggests that the victim turn his $50 over to Jimmy also. The victim does so. They wait some more, and eventually Jimmy strolls upstairs to see if he can find the man. He returns in a few minutes to say that he saw their man on the second floor, and he'll be right down. They wait. The man does not appear. After a while, David turns to Jimmy with a horrified expression: 'Hey—you didn't give that guy our money, did you?' Jimmy looks stricken. He turns red. 'Well, he *said* he'd be right down with the stuff. I thought it would speed things up.' David glares at Jimmy and dashes for the stairs. There is no sign of the man on the second floor or the third or the fourth. Usually the victim discovers the stairs to the roof, and decides that the man must have escaped over the rooftops. The victim is furious because he has lost his $50, but he doesn't suspect foul play. After all, his friend David lost twice that much and David's friend lost $100 also.

"We went downhill faster and faster. I can't really remember this period in our lives. I was always doped up, and I couldn't distinguish even one month from another. I just remember the end, when we were completely broke and had no way to get hold of some dope. I was violently sick—it was a Sunday morning again. David had some crazy idea my parents would give him the money if he told them the whole story, and then he could buy some stuff to last us through the day, and then worry about what they would say later on. My parents didn't react the way he wanted them to, though. They called our family doctor.

"The doctor wouldn't give us anything to ease the withdrawal. After he left, we were so desperate we went around looking for old envelopes and sacks, trying to scrape up just a little heroin or cocaine from the corners. That didn't work. Somehow we suffered out the night without anything at all to help us. I went into convulsions, and couldn't sleep at all. The next morning my parents and David's family came over and took us down to Bellevue Hospital.

"I don't like to remember my four days at Bellevue. I was violently ill the whole time, and they wouldn't give me anything to relieve the withdrawal pains, except paraldehyde—which just made me vomit. On the third day I learned that David had checked out of the men's ward. I was furious. David was out of the hospital one day sooner than I and therefore having at least one more shot than I was going to have! I was determined to catch up with him, and I made plans with another girl in the ward, who was also a junkie, to go out on my own after I left the hospital. I shiver when I look back on this, for I am sure that the girl was a prostitute—like most girl addicts—and I hate to think what sort of life I might have led had I gone ahead with my plans. The next morning, though, David was in the lobby waiting for me, and with him were our parents. The Strauses' car was outside, and before we knew what was going on we were being driven up to a sanitarium in upstate New York for a three-month 'rest.'

"We rested all right. There was no therapy of any kind—in fact, there was nothing for us to do but just sit. We hated it.

"I got sick there. I had realized that the drugs were affecting my normal female functions—I hadn't menstruated for I don't know how long. The doctor told me this was a usual result of using drugs, and that I wouldn't conceive, either, while I was on the habit. But he also said I had an ovarian infection, and couldn't have babies without an operation. I felt bad about that. I hadn't really wanted babies until the doctor told me this. Then all of a sudden I wanted them. But even though I had decided that dope was the cause of my problems, I was still obsessed with one idea—to get myself a shot when I got out. Just one shot to catch up with the speedball David had the night he left Bellevue without me.

"However, when we left the sanitarium, our parents had more plans to keep us out of trouble. They had arranged for David to go stay with an aunt in Hartford, Connecticut, and look for a job and place for us to live there. By the time I joined him, he had a good job as a salesman and bookkeeper in a large television and electrical-appliance store, with a salary of $70 a week. This seemed like a million dollars to us—we never dreamed of making so much. We located a nice three-room furnished apartment for only $50 a month, and after a week or so I found a job typing for $35 a week.

"We liked this life. We saved some money and bought a secondhand car. We didn't think about dope much, but we weren't 'cured' by any means. I resented terribly, still, the fact that he had checked out of Bellevue and left me alone there. I was the one who ruined our chances to continue with our constructive life in Hartford. I kept nagging David about how much I wanted to go visit my family. I had in the back of my mind the notion that once we got to New York, it would be easy to get hold of a shot for myself. Then, I thought, I would never take any more.



"Finally, after we had been in Hartford for more than a month, we drove to New York one Friday evening. We visited my parents and David's family Saturday and Sunday. Before leaving, we bought a deck of heroin [an ounce or less] and a package [about the same amount] of cocaine.

"After that first binge, we wanted more, and started hanging around bars and other places in Hartford where there were dance bands. Finally we met a couple of musicians who were addicts, but we learned that they made trips to New York every weekend for their supply. We all decided to go in together the next weekend. From then on, it was routine.

"It didn't take long for us to get hooked again. We had been gradually increasing our purchases, so that we'd have enough to last all week long. What with gas and other expenses, our habit started costing us $200 a week—and we made only $105. David started dipping into the till at the store.

"Two months after that first weekend binge, David was caught. He admitted to having stolen $2000 and his boss decided not to press charges, because all the store was really interested in was getting the money back. A bonding company agreed to reimburse the store, and David was free, with the understanding he would pay back the bonding company. We had no money, and we were desperate. I had already been fired from my job for the same old reasons—drowsiness, sleepiness, absences. We decided to go back to New York, but first we knew we'd have to kick our habits. We checked in at a Hartford hospital for three days. The doctors and nurses were very nice, but they weren't used to treating drug addicts, and didn't know what else to do for us but to give us paraldehyde. While I was there, despite the terrible withdrawal pangs, I think I began to have my first thoughts of recovery. I believe it was because I was so well treated by everyone at the hospital.

"We packed up, borrowed $20 from David's aunt, drove to New York, and checked into a hotel in Harlem to buy some stuff. We wanted a last binge before we faced our families.

"The next morning we decided we might be better off alone, and we agreed to separate. David went to his family and I went to mine. Because of that last binge, I had more withdrawal sickness to go through, and I did it alone at home with no medication.

"After two weeks of separation, David and I went back together again. We told our parents we needed each other, but what we both craved was a shot. David's grandmother loaned us $100 to get started on again, and we took a furnished room in the neighborhood for $14 a week. Our first night together, we got high, and as I remember it, we were almost immediately hooked. We went through David's grandmother's $100 in a week. Neither of us could work. I didn't have enough energy to job-hunt, David looked too bad to apply for an office job. He was fifty pounds underweight, and full of needle scars. The veins in his arms had collapsed, and each time he took a shot he had to punch all over his body to find a vein that would take it. He did get a job as a shipping clerk in a supermarket, but it lasted about two days. He didn't have enough strength.

"We lived like animals. I just lay around all day. I can't remember eating anything more than soup and bread. We didn't trust each other. If there was some stuff in the room, neither of us would leave the other alone with it—we were both cheating each other by holding back on portions. David took an overdose and nearly died, and after that I took charge of doling out the stuff. I used to mix about half his share of heroin with mostly water, and throw in a little cocaine, saving the rest of his heroin and some of his cocaine to make my own shots better. Then I would watch him make a pincushion of himself just to get half a kick. He didn't suspect that I was the one doctoring his shots, because I used to complain that mine weren't good either. We blamed it on the pusher—we'd had milk sugar sold to us before."

Judith leaned back in the chair and looked weary with remembrance. After a moment she shook herself, as if from a recurrent nightmare, and disappeared briskly into the kitchen. Soon she was back, with a tray of coffee and cookies, and orange juice and zwieback for Sammy. She set the tray carefully on a little table, carried his midafternoon snack into her son's room, and returned looking happier and refreshed.

"The end came," she said, sipping her coffee meditatively, "when David was arrested for cashing a stolen Government check. In one way this was the worst thing that ever happened to us, for my husband has a jail record. But also, as a result, we haven't taken any dope for almost four years.

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"It happened this way. The pusher bailed David out of jail, and while he was waiting for his trial to come up, a probation officer told us that there was a good chance David could serve out his sentence at the Federal hospital for addicts in Lexington, Kentucky. He also suggested that I go there immediately.

"I can't remember too much about the trip. David supplied me with enough heroin and cocaine to keep me from getting sick on the long ride, and I was hopped up the whole time. I do recall that it was no easy job to fix a shot in those little cubicles in the ladies' room. I had to be pretty steady to keep from spilling my spoonful when the train went into a lurch. I took the last of my supply shortly before my stop.

"At Lexington I was examined from head to toe. They make sure you're not hiding any dope on you—and I mean they make sure. After that they took me up to the isolation ward. I'm not sure whether it was because the nurses and doctors at Lexington were so understanding and so interested in helping me, or because they gave me medicine that helped me to relax and even sleep, but my whole withdrawal period was, I think, as easy as a withdrawal can possibly be. There was none of the violence of the other times—the vomiting and convulsing, the horrible itching and hot and cold flashes, the thrashing around. This time I just felt sort of weak and uncomfortable. After about a week I was feeling well enough to be bored with just sitting around.

"I requested a transfer to the population ward, where I could keep busy with hospital duties. I noticed some typewriters around, so I taught some of the other girls how to type, and before I knew it I was conducting a regular typing class. By the time I had been at the hospital two weeks, I was beginning to gain some weight (I was thirty pounds underweight when I went there) and I was taking an interest in how I looked—something I hadn't bothered about for a long time. I decided to ask for psychiatric help. You're not required to do this unless you want to.

"I'm not sure now why I stuck with the psychiatrist as long as I did. We didn't get along well at all. It started off wrong when he refused to believe that I had not been a prostitute. I could understand why he was so suspicious, for all the other girls there had done that kind of thing. He kept saying to me, 'Come on, now—tell me the truth. How did you contribute to getting the supply?' And I'd say over and over, 'When I didn't have a typing job, I didn't contribute anything. David got the money. He bought the dope.' Finally the psychiatrist wrote to David, who was still in New York, and asked him to verify what I had said. When David did, the doctor seemed satisfied and went on to other things. By that time, though, I was just frozen against the psychiatrist, I didn't feel like opening up to him at all.

"I am convinced that the experience that made me determined to overcome my addiction was my first meeting with David after I had been at Lexington for three weeks. On the day he arrived, one of the nurses took me to a visiting room to see him before he went to the men's isolation ward. I went into the room and sat down on a bench to wait for him. There was a skinny figure huddled on the end of a bench along the opposite wall. I glanced at it, half interested. It looked like a very sick man who hadn't changed his clothes in a month. He was bent over with his head hanging almost to his knees and his arms folded in front of his chest. His hair was dark and long—it straggled around his neck and ears and hung in his face. I wondered vaguely if he was there to see one of the girls I knew, and it ran through my mind that I hoped he wasn't going to sit there all the time while David and I were together.

"The nurse, who had been standing at the door talking with a social worker ever since I came into the room, looked over at me and said in a surprised tone, 'Hey! Aren't you going to speak to him, now that he's finally here?'

"That emaciated, dirty man was my husband. It was like a nightmare. I walked over to the bench and sat down beside him. He didn't move—just sat there shaking. He hadn't shaved or washed in days. I had never looked at my husband when he was under the influence of drugs when I hadn't been in the same condition myself. It was a shock—it was the greatest shock of my life to see him then. My twenty-two-year-old husband looked like a middle-aged bum from skid row.

"After that, I was a different person. Most drug addicts who manage to get cured—or as cured as an addict can get—tell of experiences which bring about what we call a 'reawakening,' after which they have a real drive, deep and powerful, to be cured. I don't think it's possible to overcome an addiction without this drive. From the moment I realized that I was sitting in the same room with my husband and didn't know him, I had that drive.

"From then on I saw David only on Sunday mornings, when the girls sat on one side of long tables and the boys on the other side for visiting hour, and on Sunday afternoons, when the girls' Addicts Anonymous group met with the boys' group. During the week I missed him terribly—I would get very depressed, and once I was in such a bad way that the nurses arranged for me to see him on a weekday. Even though I was getting well and was busy in a number of activities, I still needed reassurance from David. I needed to hold his hand and have his arm around me. He was my whole life.

"I was very enthusiastic about the Addicts Anonymous group. That's the same sort of thing as Narcotics Anonymous, only Addicts Anonymous is a strictly institutional group and doesn't meet outside the hospital. Both are run on the order of Alcoholics Anonymous. I was secretary of the girls' group, and I think that one indication of how far I had progressed by the time David came to the hospital was that I stayed enthusiastic about the group even after I found out that David thought it was all silly and stupid. When he first started coming to the meetings I used to hear him snorting and mumbling in the boys' section behind me. In the old days, his attitude would have killed my enthusiasm: if he sneered, I sneered. But I was beginning to grow up, and I worked as hard as ever with the group. As the weeks went by, he stopped snorting and making remarks, and after a while he began taking a real interest. Before long he was editor of the newspaper we put out and he spent his free time reading everything he could find on narcotics.

"I left the hospital after eight months. David still had about eight months to go because he was serving his full fifteen-month sentence there. When I got home, I had my real test, for I had to learn all over again how to get along in the world of normal people, and I had to discipline myself by myself. There were no doctors and nurses around to help, to keep me from going out and buying drugs, no one to think up occupational therapy for me. Although I hadn't had much trouble with cravings during my stay at Lexington, the moment I arrived home I began to suffer terribly from what we call 'yens.'

Never despair; but if you do, work on in despair.
EDMUND BURKE

"One thing helped me a lot in that period. My mother, who had always ignored me, became very understanding. She had thought before I went to the hospital that it was all David's fault. She couldn't understand how some white powder could have taken over my life. David's family couldn't understand either. They thought he was just being pigheaded. When my mother saw how I struggled with myself in those first months out of the hospital, she knew at last that I had been an addict in my own right and that I could continue to be one, with or without David. She made up for all the time she had spent away from home during my childhood by being my close companion during those months between my release and David's. We went to the movies together and she came to Narcotics Anonymous meetings with me every week.

"The doctors had been unanimous in their verdict that if we were ever to be cured, David and I would have to separate; that as long as we were together one would drag the other down. We refused to do this, but I knew that the doctors weren't talking through their hats either. I knew very well that if I didn't make myself strong by the time David came back, we would both sink together. At the time I left the hospital David still didn't have it through his head that we could never take another shot as long as we lived. He was still talking about going on one final binge before we quit.

"I went to all the meetings of Narcotics Anonymous, and when I would get a strong yen I'd spend hours on the telephone with one of the members just talking off the craving. When I got terribly depressed I went to a doctor. We discovered that my depressions were mostly a product of extreme premenstrual tensions. The doctor wanted me to take tranquilizing pills at that time, but I was so afraid of establishing a dependence on any kind of medicine that I wouldn't take so much as an aspirin, no matter how bad things were.

"I got a typing job in the neighborhood, and by my fourth month in the world I was beginning to know I could succeed in my new life, no matter what happened.



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"By the time David came home, I had tually stopped having cravings, and no atter how terrible his cravings were they dn't hurt me, except that it made me feel d to know what he was going through. We oved in with his family in their new home the suburbs. No one in the neighborhood ew anything about us, and that helped a eat deal. When David would get a bad yen e would go to the movies and hold hands tight as we could. Sometimes we'd come t of a double feature and look at each other d I'd know that he hadn't got over it, so e'd get on a bus and go to another movie. avid came through his first month with ing colors, and he never had any trouble ter that.

"Three months after David's release, what e had thought was impossible happened. I arned that I was pregnant. If there had been y doubt in our minds then that we were oing to stick to our guns, this news dispelled entirely. We didn't want our baby to be orn with my addiction.

"From the moment we knew that I was go- g to have a baby, nothing mattered to us ut to make a whole life together for our child. avid had already started his present job with e insurance company, and by the time our ttle Sammy was born had had a promotion nd a raise.

"We moved into this apartment a year after ammy was born. We have been paying off ur debts every month—we have $500 to go— nd we have two big dreams: first, to have wo more babies; and second, to have enough oney to buy brand-new furniture and some- ay a nice little home where our children will ave their own rooms and a yard to play in."

It was almost six o'clock, and Sammy, re- eased from his pen, had been running about houting "Daddy" for the past ten minutes. udy leaped to her feet. "David will be here n a minute and I haven't even started din- ner!" She looked thoughtful and sat down again. "I can't quite understand why people are so afraid of addicts," she said at last. "You read how addicts are homicidal maniacs, sex-crazed fiends—I don't know what all. I would say that it is rare that a junkie will commit acts of violence. For one thing, the worst addicts are too weak and undernourished to be violent. Another thing: it's not when the addict is 'hopped up' that he is likely to steal. When he is high, he is happy, and he isn't worrying about where he's going to get money for more stuff. It's only between shots, when he isn't doped up, that he will steal and cheat to get money to buy his drugs. If there weren't a black market in drugs, encouraged by the laws connected with drug selling, there wouldn't be so many criminals.

"David and I also talk about the laws connected with drug using. They're so tough. One of the best ways for Narcotics Anonymous to help addicts would be for one or two members of the group actually to go to the addict's home and stay with him until he has overcome his craving—the way members of Alcoholics Anonymous do. But we can't. If David or I—even after four years of inactivity—went to an addict's home to help him through his withdrawal, we would run the risk of arrest. If his place was raided while we were there, and narcotics were found, we would not be able to prove that we were innocent. We both think that if the public knew more about the addict's problems, the laws would be changed."

Judy jumped to her feet. "I've got to stop making speeches and get dinner started." She disappeared into the kitchen. Just as she started the hamburger patties, the front door opened. Sammy, with a great, glad yell, ran to greet his father. David Straus, a pleasantly ordinary young man who might be anyone's husband, father, son or brother, was home at last.

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

upposed to help me through my menopause hich, according to the doctor, has come prenaturely. It drives me wild to have Whit renind me of my medicine, although I won't leny I had forgotten to take it and frequently lo forget. Well, I took the pills. But I didn't eel any better. I couldn't keep from thinking Whit might have lost his temper because my accusations had hit on the truth and that he really *was* stepping out on me.

"Maybe Whit isn't guilty of infidelity, but if he is innocent it seems very odd he should be away from home so much. I know he is unusually capable, and yet, judging from the money I receive, he earns ridiculously little. Those facts just don't add up. It is almost impossible for me not to suspect another woman in the picture.

"My great fear is that my second marriage will be a repetition of my first. Late one evening a month ago I was bringing Larry home from a junior-high basketball game when I saw Whit's car parked outside a tavern. Almost before I realized what I was doing, I got out and went in. Whit was sitting in a booth with a lovely-looking blonde. For a minute I stood and stared at them, too weak from shock to move. I don't know what might have happened except that just then another man walked over from the cigar counter to the booth, and the blonde looked up and smiled in a way that made me think the two of them were probably together. Somehow I managed to leave, but when Larry and I reached home I was still trembling inside.

"Twenty minutes later Whit came storming in. He insisted I had made a spectacle of myself, although I hadn't spoken a word. Whit's story was that the blonde and the second man were married, and that he was trying to sell them both on the idea of a big annuity for the husband. But he did not explain why he didn't bring his prospects to our home, less than a mile away, to be entertained. Furthermore, if he ever sold a policy to that couple, which I doubt, he has yet to mention it.

"I cannot understand why insurance needs to be sold at expensive lunches and dinners, in bars and in taverns. Whit doesn't drink much, but he often stops in that particular tavern, the one so close to our place, and fraternizes with his business associates instead of bringing them to meet me. If I object to the tavern stops, Whit is likely to punish me by taking out his annoyance on Larry.

"I cannot understand why a man as basically decent and kindhearted as Whit can treat a child as he treats my son. If our daughter Ellen brings home a good report card, Whit praises her to the skies. If Larry's marks are high, he accepts the fact without comment, but he has plenty to say when the marks are low. In my opinion Whit himself is partially responsible for Larry's poor record. Larry would love to think of Whit as a father, but Whit makes the youngster feel like an outsider in our family.

"Larry has never had a decent break. His own father made him feel like an outsider too. On the rare occasions my first husband—his name was Joe—was at home he plainly showed his preference for our elder child, a little girl who died of leukemia. I myself neglected Larry in those days. My daughter by my first husband died during World War II, when it was impossible to obtain nurses, and for the two years she was ill I scarcely left her bedside long enough to change my clothes. The week she died her father announced that he had no affection for Larry and me, and within the month I filed for a divorce.

"My first husband and I should never have married; Joe was a star football player, a ranking tennis player, the president of our freshman class in college, and I was overwhelmed at his noticing me. My father thought little of either my charm or my intelligence—he was disappointed I hadn't the brains to study medicine, of all things!—and he was impressed that a man as popular as Joe should propose to me. Both he and my mother, who always agrees with what my father thinks, disapproved of my divorce, and I am quite sure my father believed I was to blame for the crack-up. I know my father was very surprised I had a second chance to marry. He said so.

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"Whit and I were extremely happy in our first years together. Four years ago, before Whit went into business for himself and burdened both of us with debts and with worry, we hardly ever quarreled. He didn't pick on Larry in the beginning. It was after the birth of our own children—Whit was marvelously proud when our daughters were born—that my son was shoved out in the cold.

"Whit used to be a wonderful lover to me. On our honeymoon and for long afterward our sexual relationship was perfect. That part of our lives has now almost disappeared. If I approach Whit, he says he is too tired. He pushes me away from him. He turns his cheek to my kisses. Many, many nights he leaves our bedroom and sleeps by himself in the living room. In the long, sleepless hours that follow when I turn and toss and worry over so many things, I wonder whether weariness is the only answer to Whit's indifference. Again and again I wonder whether his thoughts aren't with some other woman. My worries are wrecking my nervous system, breaking my heart. I love Whit as I never loved Joe, as I could never love anybody else.

"I simply must make a success of this marriage. I am sick with fear I will lose Whit either to another woman or to his business. If only he would take up a different line of work, I believe our marriage could be radically improved."

Whit Tells His Side:

"Lila has never really understood the insurance business, although her father made a fortune in it," said forty-four-year-old Whit, an attractive man whose wide shoulders were held straight but whose quick chain smoking was an indication of inner tensions. "I am afraid to tell Lila the amount of my picayune earnings for fear of throwing her into a tailspin of worry. It's bad enough for me to worry; supporting his family is the man's part of the marriage bargain. I have never been able to buy the things for Lila and our children I have always wanted to buy for them.

"Ten years ago when Lila and I were married I was employed in a real-estate office and was pulling down enough to support myself in fair style, but my achievements were hardly remarkable. When my father-in-law recommended I shift to the insurance business, I was so impressed by the trappings of success surrounding him I overlooked the fact that he didn't offer to sponsor me in his own company or offer me any backing—except advice. I changed my career overnight, not realizing that it takes the average fellow, who lacks influence and isn't on the inside track, five years to build a profitable clientele and make a decent living.

"My father-in-law, a rugged individualist who worked his way up from nothing into custom-made shirts and a ten-thousand-dollar automobile, is the most self-centered individual I have ever known; he is actually more selfish than the uncle and aunt with whom I lived as a boy after the death of my parents. My father-in-law has cheerfully sat on the side lines and watched his daughter and his grandchildren and me sink into a bog of debt—there are occasions we have barely enough to eat—and his sole help has been trifling birthday gifts. Oh, yes, on one occasion he did offer us the down payment on a house, provided Lila could locate a real bargain.

"After a lengthy search she turned up a gem of a place at a genuine bargain, something very rare in these times. The real-estate agent, a personal friend of mine, promised to hold the place off the market for three days. My father-in-law was already regretting his burst of generosity. He inspected the house for five minutes, patronizingly remarked that he guessed it was O.K. but he would require several weeks to make up his mind. My disgusted real-estate friend immediately telephoned a red-hot prospect and sold the house the next day.

"Lila was crushed and I was burned to a crisp on her account. I blame Lila's father—his browbeating and bullying, his changeableness; my father-in-law is the sort who would kick a horse to death and then pet the colt—for the worrywart qualities that make her life a misery.

"I tried to make up to Lila for her disappointment in losing the 'dream house.' I suggested that perhaps she and I might find a more desirable place to rent than we were then occupying. Lila selected our present home and we moved. The place has a magnificent view. Also, we are farther away from Lila's parents—my mother-in-law, I must confess, is a sweet, self-effacing little lady—and this, of course, is dandy with me. In other respects, however, our location is anything but ideal. Both Lila and I spend too many of our waking hours in driving. I average from four to six hours at the wheel seven days a week. I arrive home too late and too exhausted to feel affectionate toward Lila or to feel like relating the petty details of 'my day.' At this time I have nothing optimistic to report anyway.

"If Lila could grasp the over-all picture and realize I won't always be a failure—she doesn't tell me I'm failing, but I know what she thinks—the situation would be easier for us both. I realize I may be largely to blame for her present unhappiness—her poor health is a factor too—but I literally don't know how to help her. In the evenings she is feeling blue and lonely and sorry for herself—she has seen nobody except the kids since early morning—and she wants excitement and stimulation. But I'm too dispirited myself to provide it. My heart sinks the moment I walk in the front door.

"Maybe I should be more philosophical about Lila's housekeeping, but I just can't manage it. When I see things thrown around, it has a physical effect on me: my stomach tightens, my eyeballs throb, and invariably my temper snaps. Perhaps my aunt's one virtue as a woman—it was my Aunt Gertrude's delight to push me around when I was a helpless kid until finally she pushed me into military school—was her meticulous housekeeping. If I brought in any dirt on my shoes I was not only obliged to sweep out the dirt, I was compelled to sweep and often to wax the entire



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om. In military school, if a white-gloved ill sergeant turned up a single speck of dust my quarters, I had to march around the rade area, a distance of four miles.

"I sometimes wish Lila had attended the male equivalent of a military school. She eps our house fairly clean, I guess, but she is pelessly unsystematic and scatterbrained. e works in spurts and dashes and habitually pends her energy, which isn't great, on the rong things. Six months ago, instead of waitg for me to come home or calling for Larry's sistance—my stepson is only fourteen years d, but he is a big kid, who should develop s muscles—she dragged the heavy lawn furniture from outside and stowed it in the cellar. That night she was in agony; the following week she was in the hospital for surgery with a severe hernia. One large item in the debts I will have to hump to overtake consists of medical bills, over fifteen hundred dollars, mostly Lila's.

"An ironic thing is that Lila worries constantly about my health, which is reasonably good. She diagnoses a slight case of the sniffles on my part as incipient pneumonia and drives me distracted by clamoring that I stay home in bed. I *must* work and work long, hard hours if we are to eat, and I am ever to be solvent. If Lila were genuinely concerned about my health, it seems to me that she might spare my nervous system by providing me with a neat, orderly house. Also she might raise a few windows and turn down the heat occasionally. Many times I have to move out of our bedroom to the living-room sofa in order to raise a window and get some air to breathe.

"Yesterday evening when I came home the thermometer in my den registered eighty-four degrees. The whole house, den included, looked as though a cyclone had passed through it. The vacuum cleaner was in the middle of the living room, the ironing board was set up in the dining area, my daughter Ellen had scattered crayons and note paper on my desk. I stepped on one of little Sally's roller skates in the foyer and it's a miracle I didn't break my neck. Lila was lying down.

"I hung on to my temper until I put away the vacuum cleaner and the ironing board and a pile of unironed clothes and deposited the crayons, note paper and roller skates in my daughters' room. But Larry had dumped his coat in my easy chair and shoved his schoolbooks under it. My stepson, who used to be a smart little kid, now uses his schoolbooks for everything except study.

"I wasn't going to pick up after Larry, who is under strict rules to stay out of my den. I shouted outside, where he was fooling around doing nothing. I told him to haul his stuff to his own room. He stuck out his lip and just stood there. His impudence was too much for me. I pushed his coat and his books into his arms and ordered him to be on his way.

"He moved, but he went into his sisters' room. In a minute I heard a yell from five-year-old Sally. Larry had pushed over her dollhouse, a favorite trick of his. Furthermore, he'd clouted Ellen when she rushed to her baby sister's assistance. Lila excuses Larry for teasing our daughters as she excuses him for everything else, but I will not tolerate his bullying the girls. I grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him and ordered him to apologize to Ellen and to put the dollhouse together. He bellowed as though I were murdering him.

"Lila came flying out of our bedroom. I could tell at a glance she hadn't taken her pink pills—when she forgets her pills, the difference in her disposition is enormous—but I tried to give her the high sign to wait for my story of the fracas until we could be alone. She proceeded to attack my authority in the presence of all three children. She blessed me out for favoring our daughters, which possibly is true to a very limited extent, and for consistently maltreating her son, which is sheer fiction. As evidence of my brutality, she shrieked that I hadn't bought Larry a bicycle I can't afford.

"If Larry wants a bicycle so much, I should think he could get a paper route and earn it. I earned my way through college by carrying papers and jerking soda and washing dishes while other boys my age were joining fraternities and attending dances.

"I finally managed to get Lila back into our bedroom and behind a closed door. But I couldn't calm her down until she had given her jealousy, which is almost pathological, a thorough workout. If I stay in the drugstore twenty minutes instead of fifteen, Lila decides I've fallen in love with the cashier. Yesterday for the hundredth time she abused me about a pretty blonde I once took to dinner with her husband in the hope of selling a twenty-five-thousand-dollar policy. Because of Lila's reaction on the occasion—she stood in the restaurant and stared like a zombie and then without a word marched out—I was so rattled I lost the thread of my thought and lost the business. Frequently when I am in the midst of a business conference Lila shows up and behaves that way, and I'm always thrown off balance. She thinks I should bring my prospects into our home to meet her. I have never explained to her why this is impossible, since I dislike hurting her feelings. The truth is I am afraid to take such a risk when I don't know what condition I will find the house in or what shape her nerves may be in.

"I love Lila and I love my children. But my nerves are in bad shape too. I wish Lila would try and remember I'm not made of iron. If she doesn't drive me into a breakdown, if she will try to co-operate and be a little helpful and understanding, I am sure I shall soon be earning a better living for the family. When that

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happens, I am hopeful all our differences, including our arguments over Larry, can be ironed out."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"I started working on this case by trying to help Larry. It seemed quite possible the fourteen-year-old's mental health was at stake. At my request Whit thought back to his own boyhood spent with unfriendly, unsympathetic relatives; he then acknowledged that any child from a broken home is likely to have a tough time and he recognized that he had been making Larry's life very tough indeed. He also recognized that Larry, in haunting his den, borrowing his shirts and neckties, was repeating some of his own boyish patterns; as an orphaned youngster Whit had wistfully tried to copy and stick close to his uncle, only to be slapped down. The fact was that Larry desperately wanted to be a member of the family on an equal footing with his small half sisters. He resented being singled out and spoiled by his mother almost as much as he resented Whit's harshness.

"Whit was horrified to discover he was subconsciously reflecting the behavior and attitudes of both his uncle and his aunt, two people whom he had heartily disliked. His demand for neatness, tidiness, cleanliness, which was exaggerated to the point of compulsiveness, was an echo of his demon-housekeeper aunt and his military-school experiences. Whit set about the task of viewing himself objectively and trying to see Larry's side of things. In a long confidential conversation, the first of their relationship, he talked man-to-man to Larry and asked for the boy's co-operation in helping the younger children, being less careless with his possessions, applying himself to his studies. Admitting that a youngster living in an isolated beach neighborhood could hardly earn a bicycle with odd jobs, Whit stretched his overextended budget and bought Larry a second-hand bicycle. Almost at once there was a sharp turnabout in the boy's attitude. Treated generously himself, Larry began treating his small half sisters more generously. When he began carrying a magazine route, a job made possible by the bicycle, he frequently divided his profits with Ellen and Sally. His school marks rapidly picked up, even though he was busy with a job as well as with his studies.

"When Lila was invited to review her past, she perceived that her overprotectiveness of her son—she was coddling Larry far too much—sprang from feelings of guilt. Instinctively she was attempting to make up to Larry for what she fancied was her neglect of him in the sorrowful days her first-born daughter lay dying. This effort, she came to understand, was futile and foolish, hard on everybody in the family.

She also came to understand that her baseless jealousy of Whit, her fears and insecurities were rooted in her past. Lila's parents, her father in particular, had reared her to feel self-deprecatory and stupid; subconsciously she had patterned herself upon her self-effacing, shy little mother. Her first husband, Joe, had swelled her feelings of inadequacy and taught her to be suspicious and jealous. Since Joe had been faithless, she subconsciously expected faithlessness of Whit.

"After Lila recognized the origin of the jealousy and perceived she had unconsciously been confusing Whit, her second husband, with her first husband, Joe, it became easier for her to control her jealousy. Whit assisted her very materially in this respect. He stopped being so secretive about the details of his business, a reticence that in a considerable measure was based on his own feelings of failure and inadequacy.

"Lila had a good-enough head to deal with the family creditors; she was sufficiently intelligent to comprehend Whit's business once he explained it instead of leaving her apprehensive and in the dark. She stopped thinking of his work as an enemy and greatly modified the pressures she was putting on him. When the pressures were modified and Whit was able to apply his whole mind to his business during business hours, his income went up. Today—perhaps in part because he has passed the five-year mark he set himself, but certainly partly because of the improvement in his family life—Whit is doing much better financially.

"Whit and Lila's sexual problems were resolved as the other problems of their marriage were resolved. Overwork, weariness and worry are seldom conducive to increasing a man's interest in sex. Moreover, it was unreasonable and unrealistic of Lila to expect Whit to sleep in an overheated bedroom. When she began to show him thoughtful and sensible concern (her multiple anxieties, her frequently expressed worries about the state of his health were not helpful), when Whit felt less harried and driven by family and business demands, he soon became more affectionate.

"It was difficult for Lila to organize her housekeeping on a smoother basis, but she did so. Together she and I worked out a new schedule for her which included doing important tasks, the things important to Whit, early in the day. This meant she didn't let the bed-making and dish washing slide while she exhausted her energies scrubbing the floors and woodwork throughout the house. She quit attacking chores beyond her strength and then feeling unwell and martyred. She scheduled the heavy cleaning for Saturdays, when Larry could be of assistance. She admitted it was being unfair to Whit and to her whole family when she neglected to take the medicines prescribed by her physician. She wrote little notes of reminder to herself, began taking her pills faithfully, and her nervousness was considerably relieved.

"Toward the end of our counseling, Lila and Whit took another step. They borrowed the money to pay off their landlord and move to a more convenient address. They saved on telephone and gasoline bills. Whit automatically was able to spend more time at home and automatically Lila became less pushed, less clinging and dependent on her husband for her entire social life. The children now walk to school and Lila has made friends among her neighbors. If Whit is a little late, a rare occurrence these days, she doesn't go searching for him. Most of the time he still entertains his prospects outside his home, like the majority of insurance men, but Lila no longer worries about it.

"This case was closed some time ago, but from time to time I hear from Lila and Whit. Both assure me their marriage is on a firm foundation."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
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SMART MOSAIC effect in black-and-white Armstrong vinyl Corlon goes with any colors, makes a lovely background for rugs. There are several practical black-and-white designs in Corlon, many other colorings. Picture below is about 1/6 actual size.



floor fashion news: black and white and practical all over

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Ladies' Home Journal

CONTENTS

VOL. LXXV NO. 4

April, 1958

JOURNALITIES



Edna Ferber

EDNA FERBER's novel, *Ice Palace*, begins on page 62—that's about all the encouragement most people need to turn to that page and start reading. Before you do, though. you might like to know that Warner Brothers, who made the highly successful, all-star movie, *Giant*, from her last JOURNAL-serialized novel, plan to do the same with *Ice Palace*. You can decide how you would cast it as you read—although her imaginary characters often seem more real than real ones. Alaska may seem to you to be the heroine in this novel, and that part can be played by the territory itself. It is, you can be sure, Alaska *today*. Edna Ferber says she has never written a historical novel. But in Alaska at this moment, she wants the world to know, there is no town of Baranof, no village of Oogruk, no building called the Ice Palace, and no character in this novel is meant as a portrayal of any real person.



Joseph Laitin

"I am not now, nor have I ever been, married," JOSEPH LAITIN informs us. He wrote this month's *How America Lives: No Place Like Home*, on page 159. "For twenty years I was a newspaperman, starting as a police reporter in Brooklyn. I left because baseball leaves me cold and I couldn't stand all the talk about the Dodgers. As a correspondent I witnessed the Japanese surrender on the USS Missouri, the occupation of Korea and the war-crime trials in Manila. After the war I was present for the first two atomic tests at Bikini atoll, then traveled halfway around the world for the closing weeks of the war-crime trials at Nuremberg. I live in Hollywood Hills, but now that the Dodgers are in Los Angeles I may go back to Brooklyn."



Elizabeth Nel

I Was Churchill's Secretary, by ELIZABETH NEL, page 68, accounts for the author's whereabouts until December, 1945. And then—"I was married at Pretoria, Transvaal, to Lt. Izak François Nel, ex-prisoner of war captured at Tobruk, whom I met just after his release in May, 1945. We now have three children: Andrea Elizabeth, eleven; Deborah Susanna, seven; and François Michael Jonathan, two. Frans, my husband, is in charge of the Port Elizabeth branch of the South African Bureau of Standards. I love South Africa and am very happily settled here."

Condensed Books Complete in This Issue

COCKTAIL TIME (Fiction), *P. G. Wodehouse* . 64
I WAS CHURCHILL'S SECRETARY (Nonfiction), *Elizabeth Nel* . 68

Stories

ICE PALACE (First part of three), *Edna Ferber* . 62
PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE, *Inez McGowan* . 66
THE UNSUSPECTING, *Kaatje Hurlbut* . 70

Special Features

THE MOST POWERFUL ANTIPOISON, *Dorothy Thompson* . 11
CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?, *Dorothy Cameron Disney* . 21
FATHERHOOD WITHOUT FEAR, *Abbot Mills* . 43
WHAT MAKES A CHILD AGGRESSIVE?, *Benjamin Spock, M.D.* . 46
THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR . 51
KIWANIS AND YOUTH, *Margaret Hickey* . 51
WHY I LOVE MY HUSBAND . 72
WHY I LOVE MY WIFE . 73
HOW AMERICA LIVES: NO PLACE LIKE HOME, *Joseph Laitin* . 159
IS ONE BILLION DOLLARS FOR EDUCATION ENOUGH?, *Neal Gilkyson Stuart* . 178

General Features

OUR READERS WRITE US . 4
THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE, *Harlan Miller* . 36
UNDER COVER, *Bernardine Kielty* . 41
MAKING MARRIAGE WORK, *Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D.* . 56
FIFTY YEARS AGO ▪ JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN . 61
ASK ANY WOMAN, *Marcelene Cox* . 136
REFERENCE LIBRARY . 149
THIS IS A MESSY MISSER, *Munro Leaf* . 180

Fashion and Beauty

I DO LOVE A WEDDING IN THE SPRING, *Wilhela Cushman* . 74
APRIL PRINTS . 78
BEST-LOVED COTTONS, *Nora O'Leary* . 80
WANT A LIFT? TRY A NEW HAIRDO!, *Dawn Crowell Norman* . 82
HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING, *Bet Hart* . 139

Food and Homemaking

SPRING SHAD FEAST . 86
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS: SAUCES . 88
GOOD-TIME BUFFET FOR EIGHT, *Margaretta Stevenson* . 108
A KITCHEN FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES, *Margaret Davidson* . 114
THE WELL-FED BRIDEGROOM, *Margaret Williams* . 122
MRS. WIZARD, THAT'S YOU, *Jean Anderson* . 170

Architecture and Interior Decoration

DREAM HOUSE FOR US, *Grace L. Roosevelt* . 84
HOUSE WITH A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING . 184

Poems

CHILD'S VOICE, *Eleanor Averitt* . 30
THE BLUE FIRE OF APRIL, *Rosemary Clifford Trott* . 91
THE SILENT WOMEN, *Mary Kennedy* . 102
MARGINAL NOTE ON A MILK BILL, *Georgie Starbuck Galbraith* . 112
I SHALL COME TO YOU, *Barbara Shook* . 126
DINING OUT, *Janet Henry* . 167
OLD SONG, *Elizabeth McFarland* . 169
SPLIT ROOT, *Joseph Langland* . 173
AGED EIGHT AND THREE, *Norman Nathan* . 188
WHITE COLLAR, *Constance H. Dallas* . 196

Cover: Mark Shaw, Photographer
Tina S. Fredericks, Picture Editor

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Sweaters which carry this trademark must pass rigid quality and performance tests.

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OUR READERS WRITE US

Back-Yard Lily Pond

Larned, Kansas

Dear Editors: I had a dream's-eye view of my back yard. The view was of a bathtub, sunk into the ground, surrounded by a collection of rocks and having a water lily, goldfish and cattails growing in it.

The tub and rocks materialized soon, but the contents! There have been frogs,



Lilies and cattails.

fish, a very bad-tempered turtle and toads. The most frequent contents are shown in this picture. The cats also love to play in it.

I haven't even missed the water lily or the cattails. Sincerely,

ALENE ZOLL KIRCH

That First Word

Kalamazoo, Michigan

Dear Editors:

One morning at an early age
Our daughter proved herself a sage.
Her round face decked with cooky crumbs
She spoke her piece from toothless gums,
"Good!"

No music that we ever heard
Surpassed the charm of that first word.
Indeed, it soon became a song.
She sang it to us all day long,
"Good, good, good."

She crooned it as she stroked her pet,
She wailed it when her pants were wet,
She gurgled it when she was fed,
She shrieked it as she went to bed,
"Good, good, good!"

We wait in vain for baby girl
To drop another verbal pearl,
But since she sounds but one clear note
We're glad it's one that we can quote:
"Good!"

Sincerely,

BETTY FERGUSON HORVATH

Parents are Human Too

Klamath Falls, Oregon

Dear Editors: I think it's about time we scrapped the so-called "modern" theory that there are no juvenile delinquents, only delinquent parents. We parents are trying to raise a generation of children who are being taught that they do not have to accept responsibility for their actions, for the crimes they commit—and consequently they obey every slightest urge to do wrong. Wouldn't it be better if juvenile officers helped to impress on juveniles that their parents are human beings too?

There are innumerable cases of youngsters who run away from home because they do not want to accept the responsibility of a few household chores. They are put into other homes where they don't have to do chores. Their parents are pictured as tyrants, and instead of punishment for the child, he has a grand vacation. Is this any way to teach a child that he must accept his share, that he will get back only what he puts into his family? I think not!

There are no "angel" mothers or perfect dads; and not all bad children come from bad homes. Sincerely,

LENORA KIRKPATRICK

Hot Foot?

North Bergen, New Jersey

Dear Sirs: Years ago I always complained that the pot holders I purchased, as well as the pretty crocheted ones I received as gifts, were never insulated enough. Then my husband brought home a piece of asbestos cloth.

Now, using an old woolen or cotton sock, I cut off the heel, cut a piece of asbestos to fit, slip it into the sock foot and loosely stitch the opening for easy removal. A loop can be sewed on if the pot holder is to hang on a hook.

When soiled, take out the asbestos, wash sock and you have a clean pot holder. When sock wears out, the asbestos is usually good for another sock foot. This is a good inexpensive gift for children to make!

Sincerely,

MRS. CHARLES CASTORO

Give Yourself a Chance

Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Editors: On a gloomy Monday morning I had a phone call from the leader of my daughter Jenny's Camp Fire group. Would I be willing to accompany fifteen girls to Camp Hantesa, forty miles away, for the weekend? I looked out at the dingy sky. It was late in the season. Snow could be expected any day.

The leader went on. We would be housed together, in the lodge, and would cook our meals outdoors. The girls were greatly enthused; none of them had ever been to winter camp. From the urgency in her voice, I received the impression that she had put this proposition before some of the other mothers with little success.

My mind was busily at work preparing my own excuses. I had made plans for the weekend. It was the only time my husband and I could work together on family projects. Moreover, I had little inclination for camping. Then when the leader finished talking I took a deep breath and put into practice the theory of giving myself a chance. "You can count on me," I said.

I faced the weekend with misgivings—and some of my fears were justified. It was frequently bedlam in the cabin. One girl had to be forcibly dissuaded from listening to all fifteen hours of an Elvis Presley program on a pocket radio. Water had to be carried across a swinging bridge from the caretaker's cottage down the valley. And the toilet was *beyond* the cottage.

But there were rewards that far outweighed the inconveniences. Not even minor disasters could extinguish the laughter. And in the evening, as the girls painstakingly brushed their hair, the firelight shone on their sweet young faces. By

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

OLD JOURNALS?

The Radcliffe College library's set of JOURNALS is now complete with the exception of these issues:

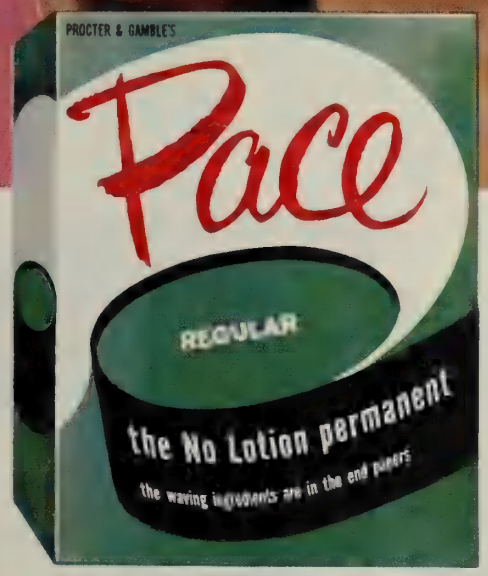
December, 1883
January through December, 1884
January through November, 1885
February, 1886
August and September, 1889

Readers who own one or more of these magazines and wish to sell them for $1 each should write to Mrs. Richard Borden, Women's Archives, Radcliffe College, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

no lotion!

New kind of
Home Permanent
from
Procter & Gamble

The end papers do the waving for you



Costs no more than lotion permanents—$2 plus tax.
Choice of 3 strengths: Regular...Gentle...Super

Every end paper contains its own waving ingredients—just the right amount for each curl

Because the end papers themselves measure out the waving action, your wave will be perfect

Easiest, fastest way yet to a really lasting wave—just wind, wet with pure, clear water, and neutralize

Why didn't somebody think of this before? A home permanent with the wave in the end papers instead of a bottle of lotion. That's Procter & Gamble's new PACE.

Guesswork taken out. Because each paper contains just the right amount of waving ingredients—never too much, never too little—you get a perfect permanent *automatically*.

No more waves that take in one place, don't in another. No more stragglers or strays. No more "first week" frizz.

No messy, strong-smelling lotion. Just wind hair as usual, wet with water, neutralize, and look! An even, lasting wave that looks like a gift of nature.

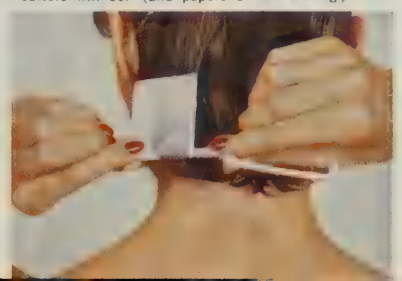
So now there's no reason to leave the house for a permanent. Not when it's next to no fuss at all to get one at home. That's with PACE—the worry-free way to a perfect wave. How about today?

Pace

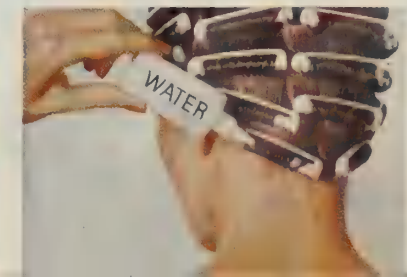
Procter & Gamble's
no lotion permanent

© P. & G., 1958

Wind curls as usual. Any home permanent curlers will do. (End papers do the waving.)



Squeeze on **clear water** with PACE'S handy plastic bottle. No messy, strong-smelling lotion.





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If you start your Pine Spray collection during April, International offers you the following exciting introductory gift opportunities:

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Homemakers' Service for Four—Buy four 5-piece place settings and *get free* 1 tablespoon, 1 butter knife, 1 sugar spoon worth $27.75.

Family Service for Eight—Buy eight 5-piece place settings and your *free gift* will be 1 tablespoon, 1 butter knife, 1 sugar spoon, and 8 additional teaspoons worth $63.75.

This offer is good during the month of *April, 1958* only.



BRIDAL GOWN BY MURRAY HAMBURGER

Don't live a little—live a lot

You're that little girl who always "knew she'd have the finest" when she grew up! Fine things like Lenox China. So here's good news. Lenox costs only slightly more, you know. And Lenox, today, is even more beautiful and stronger than the Lenox your mother cherished! So don't bother with "compromise china." Lenox makes only one quality—superlative. For presidents, kings and for that little girl who always "knew she'd have the finest." You! ✓ ✓ ✓ Five-piece place settings priced from $14.95 to $50.00. Also individual pieces.



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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
EDITORS

COLIN SIMKIN COLLECTION



THE SEASON OF BLOSSOMS.
Currier & Ives were essentially pictorial reporters. This actual scene in 1865 was drawn by staff artist Fanny Palmer, who lived on Long Island. Probably a local view, it is a good example of the sentimentality which characterized certain of the Currier & Ives lithographs.

THE MOST POWERFUL ANTIPOISON

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Some time ago two articles appeared in remarkable, possibly accidental, juxtaposition on the editorial page of the New York Herald Tribune. One reported and commented on the case of a four-year-old Canadian boy. The other, entitled The Perils of Alertness, was contributed by Britain's famous military critic and historian, Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart.

Little Ronald Tisdale, of Montreal, swallowed a bottle of sleeping pills and was rushed to St. Justine's Hospital, where he was put into a resuscitator, his stomach pumped out, and he was dosed with every available antidote. Nothing availed; sunk in the deepest coma, his life was flickering to a quick close.

Dr. André Soucy had read of a powerful new British antipoison called Megimide. A call was put in to the Poison Control Center of the New York Health Department. The center had half an ounce—a sample imported from Great Britain.

At the moment of the call, late at night, an Eastern Airlines plane was about to take off for Montreal. The forty-eight passengers aboard were asked whether they would endure a delay and told the reason. The "yes" was unanimous. A Health Department car raced to the airport. A waiting car in Montreal rushed to the hospital. In a few minutes the little boy stirred in his coma, soon he was conscious and spoke. He was saved—in a Canadian hospital, by a British drug, furnished by an American institution.

The Tribune commented: "Only one life was at stake, but what . . . resources . . . were called into play to save it! Telephones, automobiles, airplanes, interference with vital schedules, the single-minded concentration on putting everyone's plans and purposes secondary to the saving of one boy's life"; and further, "When one considers that the world now enters a phase in which the pressing of a single button may shortly be able to extinguish whole cities, nations, populations . . . one can only hope that this lesson . . . may, somehow, have its application. . . ."

Captain Liddell Hart, in the adjoining space, warned that the catastrophe envisioned might happen *by accident.*

Last autumn General Power, commander of the United States Strategic Air Command, rather casually disclosed that since October his force of over 2000 jet bombers had been put into such readiness that a third of it could get into the air with fifteen minutes' warning; that the aircraft, with H-bombs aboard, were kept at the end of their runways with the crews sleeping beside them, and that a goodly proportion of them were always in the air, day and night. This, in answer to a question in the British Parliament, was confirmed by the Foreign Minister.

The object of this continual patrol is to be ever ready for instant retaliation in case of attack on any one of the allied countries and bases scattered throughout the world. The British Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, in a recent broadcast defended this, saying, "Effective deterrence depends on instant readiness to deter," and that "None of these bombs would be used except on deliberate military order given upon the instruction of the British and American governments acting in agreement. We have an absolute veto on the dropping of these bombs from any plane based on this country."

But do they have this "absolute veto"? Does any government?

"Instant retaliation" does not square with government agreements reached after deliberate consultation. Captain Liddell Hart called attention to reports in Washington that the U.S. Government has authorized local commanders to unleash their own bombs if they believe their bases are in "imminent peril" of destruction.

If this is true, one local commander would have the fate of mankind in his hands by his interpretation of "imminent peril."

But Captain Liddell Hart goes into other risks than that of trigger-happy commanders acting in a moment of nerve-racking tension.

Retaliatory orders would be transmitted by code. Suppose (again under tension and with overstretched nerves) the code word was misused or misunderstood! He gave three illustrations of just this happening during World

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Wars I and II, all of which caused greater or lesser fatalities.

There on one page are two sides of a picture. A network of governments, hospitals, science, communications goes instantly into motion to save one young life, that one man might instantly destroy along with millions of others.

This is what Erich Kahler sees as "The Tower and the Abyss," in a remarkable book of that title that I cannot too earnestly recommend to readers. The title alone describes the position in which all mankind stands today: The Tower, symbol of human aspiration, of life abundant beyond anticipation, of ever-expanding knowledge of earth, sky, universe, and man himself. And the Abyss, into which man, his civilizations, his culture, his works and even his biological future may be swallowed, conceivably never to rise again.

Truly this generation of mankind has a rendezvous with destiny. The destiny involves everyone—the most refined Parisian, the proudest Londoner, the Moscow student mounting the broad stairs to enter his fabulous university of science, the professor on the campus of Harvard, and the savage of the most remote African jungle.

It is as though the Creator, having endowed but one of His creatures on a minor star with a measure of His own power and freedom, were putting that creature, man, to a final crucial test: as though He said, "I will permit man to penetrate into the nature and secret of all things, in which lie creative power never yet out of My hands, and the Satanic power utterly to destroy. If he chooses the latter—the universe will go on. There are other forms of ever-evolving life and myriads of other stars. But man will have proved himself unworthy of freedom or power."

There is a very simple test by which, it is said, we can tell good people from bad. If a smile improves a man's face, he is a good man; if a smile disfigures his face, he is a bad man.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Between the tower and the abyss there is no room for compromise. Either we are heading for a *new* civilization or for a mass grave in a poisoned planet.

Whatever forms a new civilization may take, it will be a world civilization.

It will not be, as it has predominantly been for centuries, a white man's civilization. It will not, I am sure, follow the pattern of any existing "ideology" comprehended in such words as "communism," "capitalism," "nationalism," or even, I think, a mere synthesis of them. All these ideologies have in them the ingredient of war, open or implicit: communism of class war, capitalism of war for profits, nationalism of war for superiority.

And "democracy" to which every state and society pays lip service is a still-unrealized dream.

We have entered a new human and historical cycle, which can neither be checked nor reversed. It has been impelled less by political thinkers than by the scientists who, for better or worse, have unleashed new and until recently undreamed-of energies affecting all forms of social and political organization, national and international. The promise of universal abundance automatically removes one perennial cause of war, while it unleashes the determination of less-developed peoples to win access to it and to speed up the process of equalization. It confronts highly developed societies, such as our own, with the problem of surpluses, which, in itself, challenges all monopolies. It upsets the cumbersome and unproductive bureaucracy of Communism. It demands a new world society—the tower.

On what foundations can the tower be built? Surely only on mutual aid—on which, in fact, the survival of every species is dependent.

In the long and painful course of building the tower, all beliefs and institutions will come under review, including religious beliefs and institutions. It will be realized that though the Creator has sent many messengers to mankind, He has always sent the same message. For how could He seek to confuse those whom He seeks to enlighten? The messenger has been eclipsed by the creeds and rituals and institutions that have grown up in His name obscuring the limpid truth of the message.

The truth will be rediscovered, not in spite of science but *with* science, within the new science of spiritual power. For it, too, is a *science*. Whether or not men call themselves "Christians," Jesus of Nazareth will loom in transcendent splendor. For what He taught a few humble men, withdrawn from the multitude on a mountain in Judaea, will prove demonstrably true. The dispirited *will* find the "Kingdom"; the mourners *will* be comforted; the pure *in heart* will see God's plan; and the meek—the unaggressive—*will* inherit the earth, or whatever is left of it. Those who *hunger* for righteousness will find it. The merciful, and only the merciful, will find mercy; the peacemakers will be universally recognized as the children of God.

The prophecy will be fulfilled by the foreordained means, foreordained because as true as the mathematical formula through which the atom was split and a new human cycle initiated: "Resist not evil with evil" for thereby you compound it. *Love* your enemies and do good to them who hate you—and they will cease to hate. Salute only your brethren and you will have a feud with those not of the tribe, religion, clan or "ideology."

The greatest "deterrent" in the world is the aspiring power of the human mind and soul.

If you do not believe this, consider one single person: Marian Anderson. This woman's recent visit to the Far East had the most extraordinary effect upon every person, every child and every crowd with whom she talked, and for whom she sang. Transmitted by TV, she had the same effect in our living rooms. The effect was to create the loftiest harmony, in an aura of pure love and complete faith.

Miss Anderson is "colored"; she has endured personal insults from stupid people; the colored Americans have for her a peculiar concern. But there is in her not a trace of resentment or revenge. She walks, as the old phrase has it, through nettles and they do not sting. She does not sing "for America." She sings for humanity, whatever its color, and for the love of the universal Creator and her Redeemer and mankind's. She cannot sing *anything* without its being a testimony and an affirmation. She is a healer of souls. And I am not at all sure that she consciously knows it—and certainly not how or why a beneficent power speaks through her.

But this power of the soul is a scientific reality. And so is the power to transmit poison.

The most promising branch of medicine today is in the all but unexplored psychosomatic field which has already demonstrated the *physiological* effects of fear, hate and anxiety.

We already know that every person is a radioactive center, emitting and receiving rays that can be electrically *measured*—every thought causing its own vibration. We are all sending and receiving stations.

A little child, even an infant, cries, becomes peevish, refuses his food when there is tension in the household. A bitter quarrel between his parents, conducted beyond his sight and hearing, nevertheless creates "static," outside his consciousness but rasping to his nerves. What we used to call "sensing" things can already be more accurately explained.

Now, consider what has been happening—for years! Thoughts and feelings of hate, fear and self-righteousness—which Jesus found the deadliest of sins—have been cross-beamed out upon the atmosphere from all quarters of the globe. Hundreds of thousands of people employed by the "blocs" into which mankind have blocked themselves, have been searching for every weakness, every fault, every vice in their opponents, publicizing them with relish over every medium of communication. We are living in continual bursts of static without a harmonious song in the air.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

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No wonder New FAB is approved and recommended by the nation's leading manufacturers of fabrics and clothing!

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Yes, New FAB washes clothes so completely clean, so brilliantly white, that the very men who know fabrics best—the manufacturers themselves—recommend it *without qualification!* 24 of them tested New FAB with Duratex in their own laboratories and in 1958 over 250 *million* of their products will carry these instructions: "WASH IN NEW FAB WITH DURATEX"!

Wash all *your* family's fabrics and clothing in New FAB with Duratex . . . sheets, shirts, socks—*everything!* Remember, no other product in the *world* can wash clothes so clean, so white, so lastingly odor-free!



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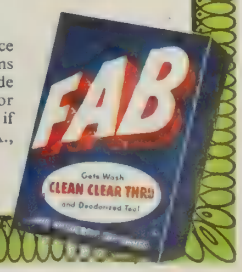
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Prove to yourself that New FAB is everything we say it is . . . and *more!* Clip this coupon, take it to your dealer, and *he'll* clip 10¢ off the price of *two large-size* boxes of New FAB or 10¢ off the price of one *giant-size* New FAB. Get your first package of New FAB with Duratex *today*—at this handsome saving—and tomorrow get *cleaner* washes, *whiter* washes, washes that are *lastingly* odor-free!

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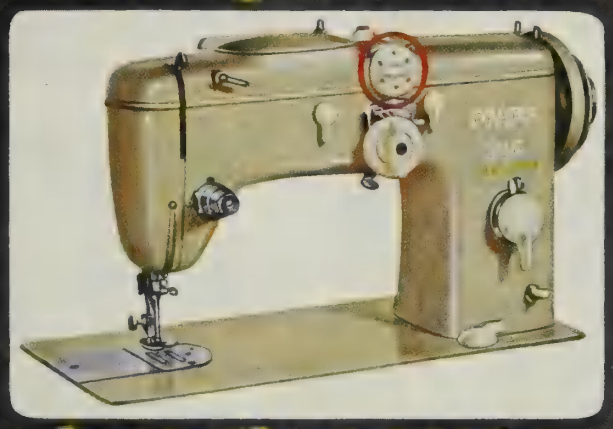
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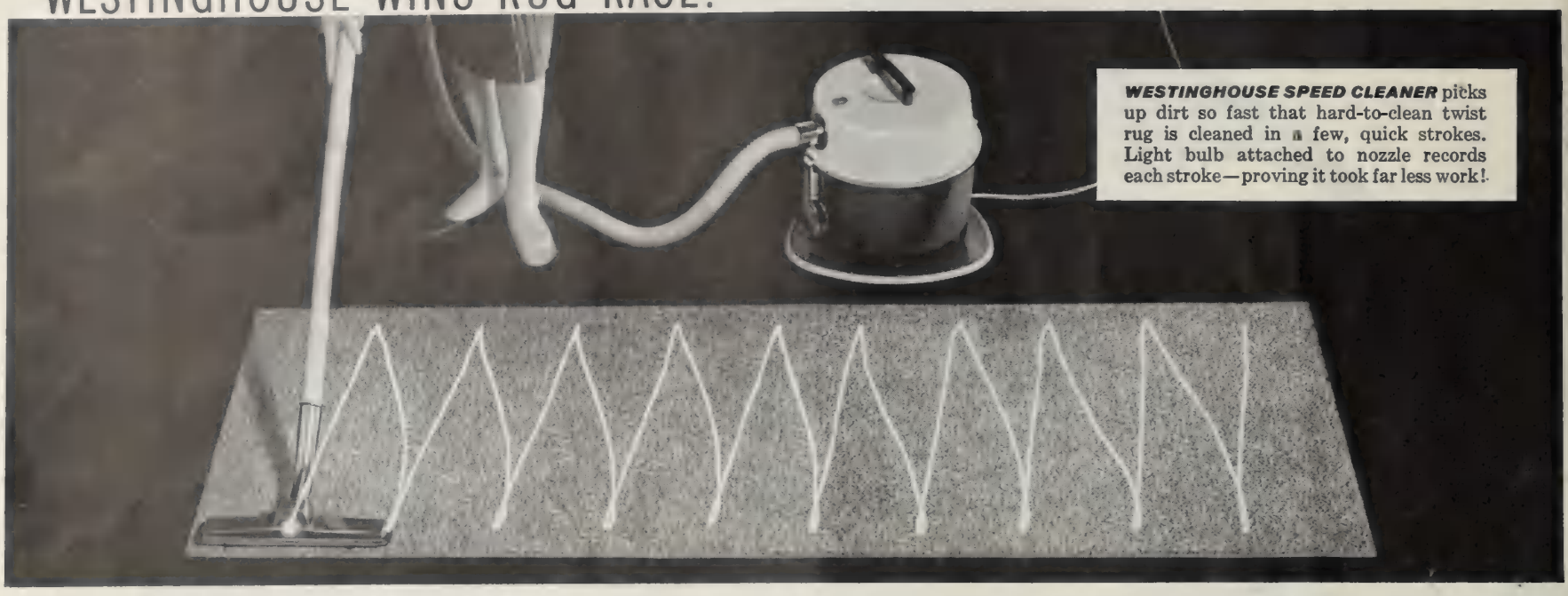
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PICKS UP MORE DIRT FASTER

than other canister cleaners

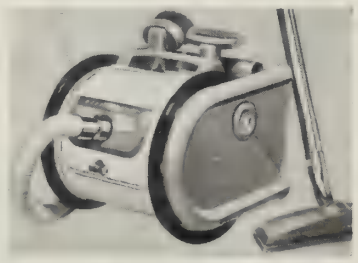


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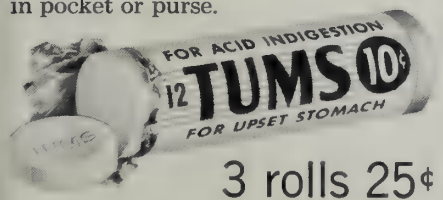


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

The earth, we are told every day, is divided into a "free world," a "slave world" and an "uncommitted world."

But it is *not true.*

In the "free" world are peoples suffering under governments as oppressive as that of the Soviet Union. In the Soviet Union and throughout the Communist world a new wind of freedom is stirring, as palpable to the sensitive visitor as a spring breeze. Communism is evolving all the time, as it must, since to live is to change. There is no "uncommitted" world, for all peoples are committed to *something* if not to *someone.*

And to what is the spirit of the times, the spirit of man, in however monstrous or distorted forms, committed?

It is committed to building the Tower.

I have seen it in Khrushchev's Russia, in Nasser's Egypt, in Bourguiba's Tunisia, in Nehru's India, in West Germany. I see it in every line I read from Poland. I read it in the abortive Hungarian rising. I find it in words written or spoken by the natural scientists, geneticists, biologists of every land. In Algeria's tragic war I see it in the aspiration of the Arabs and in the disillusioned but still living spirit of idealistic French youth. I have seen it in deeply disturbed young Israeli, who know that the only hope for their state is to win the love of their neighbors. And I see it, and feel it, in my America.

People say that the Tower is "visionary." Then let them gaze into the Abyss, which is not.

"Gaze too long into the Abyss and the Abyss gazes into you," said a European of genius long ago. It is gazing back, friends, it is staring.

We must never throw away a bushel of truth because it happens to contain a few grains of chaff.
DEAN STANLEY

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," said the immortal psalmist. And the hills are still there.

Suppose we changed the tune—which is no "tune." Suppose our country and all its media of communication should seek to find what is praiseworthy everywhere—and were to praise it. Suppose we should celebrate every great achievement, from wherever it comes, as an achievement of, and for, mankind. Suppose that by whatever spiritual means at our command, we should purge hate and fear out of ourselves—each of us, individuals.

Suppose we should propose doing things together—West, East and Uncommitted: exploring outer space, fighting disease, sharing all knowledge, giving away what we do not need. All this is being done, but in how small a way! A pittance of the wealth and energy of the world is being devoted to building the Tower; a monstrous amount to digging the Abyss.

Armies—yes, armies—are necessary to build the Tower. Armies of teachers, physicians, nurses, engineers of all sorts, workmen, youth, working side by side with their counterparts of all races on enterprises often difficult and sometimes hazardous but of a value not debatable by anyone: the armies projected by the American philosopher, William James, as a "moral equivalent for war."

Diplomatists seek for "points of agreement." But they seek them precisely where they are, for the time being, least likely to find them. Travel around the world and you will see innumerable points of agreement in every sphere of human endeavor, with every race of man.

The grapes of wrath have long since been trampled out. The wine of love is yet to be distilled.

Distill it and the Abyss would begin to recede and the Tower to rise. The task begins in *wanting* it to rise—*determining* that it shall rise, clearing the air of static, attuning our ears to good tidings, tuning in on other wave lengths. They are there. END

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THE SOFA WITH A SECRET*. Instantly, this lovely sofa gives you a full-size double bed—extra long, extra comfortable, deep innerspring mattress.

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Table and 4 side chairs, **$139.50**
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Permanized* construction! Selected mahogany veneers! Choice of beautiful Stardust or Autumn finish! Fine craftsmanship!

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C-SWIVEL ROCKER
as shown in nylon nylon boucle $89.50
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An entirely different kind of home permanent, by Richard Hudnut! Unwinds right from the curlers into silken-soft, natural-looking curls... no re-setting... *this* wave lasts 'til you cut it off!

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A superb new creme formula! Gets *past* the hair's natural oil barrier to give you a softer, yet longer-lasting wave! It's bliss!

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Can this Marriage be Saved?



Money has often been called the greatest source of conflict between husband and wife, but actual surveys indicate that, at least in the educated part of the population, there is more quarreling over the handling of the children than there is over the handling of the finances. Since this is as disastrous to the youngsters as it is to the marriage, parents should be given better preparation for child guidance, long before they become parents. The American Institute of Family Relations includes a special Children's Department to deal with that phase of family life; but all parents can read and study together. If they get the same ideas, have the same understanding, about how to treat their children, and if they then maintain a united front in the presence of their offspring, most of their difficulties will disappear. . . . The counselor in this case was Mrs. Kay Sinclair.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *General Director*



DON ORNITZ

"Clark's refusal to discuss his divorce has caused me abiding worry. There are times I don't feel my husband and I are truly married."

SHE: "I think Clark was too self-centered to adjust to fatherhood. Our daughters are tense and jittery around him. Like me, they are braced for trouble. If he ever again lays a hand on either of my children I will leave him."

HE: "Ellen and Janey are important to Abby and I am not; I have the feeling I'm horning in on a threesome. When I get home, dead beat, the kids are wild, rambunctious. I watch TV to keep my mouth shut."

ABBY TELLS HER SIDE: "Perhaps Clark didn't want to take our children to the zoo," said plumply pretty thirty-year-old Abby, who was ten years younger than her husband. "Clark hardly ever wants to take our two small daughters anywhere. But last Sunday seemed like the perfect opportunity for the girls to wear the new dresses Clark's mother had given them. She'd been visiting us for a month and had just gone back to Missouri. I hoped showing off his mother's gifts might please Clark. Also, I wanted my parents, my father particularly, to see my daughters in their pretty clothes.

"At first things went fairly well at the zoo. Clark bought Ellen a bag of peanuts to feed the bears and she was overjoyed. She is five years old and at an age to value attention from her daddy; she receives very little. On the way to the bear cages the baby—Janey is a frenetically active two-year-old—fell and hurt herself and cried; I should have been holding her hand. But Clark blamed Ellen for the accident and confiscated her peanuts. Ellen set up a howl at this injustice and I defended her. No doubt I should have kept quiet. For Clark increased poor Ellen's punishment. He made her sit on a bench and watch while, one by one, he fed her peanuts to the bears. The child screamed herself into hysterics and Baby Jane again began to wail. Clark lost his temper and marched them both to the car.

"By then it was lunchtime. Maybe his conscience was troubling him or maybe his sour mood had temporarily improved. Anyway, to my surprise he suddenly invited us to eat in a restaurant. I declined. He needed a haircut, I wasn't wearing a hat and Janey's dress was dirty from her fall. Besides, we can't afford restaurant meals and my parents were expecting us for lunch. When we arrived at their apartment Clark was still busily policing the girls. My father had one of his nervous headaches and didn't seem glad to see us. He went into the bedroom with a volume of the encyclopedia, and did not come back till lunch was ready.

"My mother is fond of Clark and far better at coping with a man's moods than I am; she's had practice. My father is high-keyed and difficult to live with. Unfortunately I inherited his nervousness—I take tranquillity pills nearly every day—instead of inheriting my mother's heavenly patience. She and I hurried up the food. Then she put the youngsters' chairs at the far end of the table. To be perverse—no other reason—Clark shifted the chairs around and placed himself between Ellen and Janey. At home he has no interest in eating with the girls and me; by preference he eats from a tray before the TV set.

"Ellen rebelled and demanded to sit beside her grandmother. Clark sent her away from the table. By then I was really upset by Clark's performance before my parents, my father in particular. My mother shook her head at me and I managed to hold my tongue. At that point Janey reached for her milk and turned over the glass; Clark slapped her. I went wild. I grabbed her in my arms and when Clark jumped to his feet and tried to get her away from me I held on. The baby began to cry. My mother calmly stepped forward and took Janey from us both. I screamed at Clark that if he ever again laid a hand on either of my children I would leave him.

"It was Clark who did the leaving. He turned on his heel and walked out of the apartment. He did stop at the front door long enough to say he wouldn't return until I had learned to behave like an adult. Clark himself had been behaving all day long like a mean, undisciplined child. I knew right then my marriage was on the rocks. My mother thinks Clark and I should stay together—he is sleeping on the sofa now—for the children's sake. I have religious scruples against divorce, but I think Ellen and Janey would profit if Clark and I went to court and got a legal separation.

"Clark was thirty-five when Ellen was born—we'd been married almost six years—and I sometimes think he may have been too old and self-centered to adjust to fatherhood. At first he seemed proud we had a child, but I wasn't home from the hospital long before he began



to snap and growl at both me and the baby. Often when I was bathing or feeding her he would interrupt by asking me to iron a shirt or to make coffee for him. Ellen cried a lot and when she cried at night Clark complained bitterly. It was a difficult time for me. I was away from my mother—we were then living in Chicago—and I was inexperienced in child care. I didn't know how to keep Ellen quiet; I thought her crying meant she was sick. I called the pediatrician so often that he finally refused to talk to me on the telephone.

"Clark's temper got worse as the months went on. Even today I will not trust my children to a paid sitter, and in Chicago I wasn't willing to leave Ellen for a single minute. Clark wanted to go out to restaurants and night clubs, I wanted to stay at home. Clark gave Ellen her first spanking when she was nine months old; she wasn't really hurt, but for weeks afterward she screamed whenever he came near her. His disposition hadn't improved by the time Janey came along.

"Both of our daughters are tense and jittery around Clark. Like me, they are braced for trouble. In the evenings he comes in with a scowl on his face, never with a smile. The children are afraid to run and kiss him. He doesn't remember their birthdays, and if they receive gifts from him at Christmas it's because I choose them. I have to buy our presents to his mother and his brothers too. Last year I had all those presents selected by mid-November, but I couldn't induce Clark to visit the store and look at my selections. Eventually I went ahead and mailed the presents, but his indifference spoiled Christmas for me.

"Even when Clark intends to be friendly he misses. He speaks to our girls in the same remote, superior manner my father used to speak to me. I can still recall the sinking dread I used to feel when father cleared his throat and began to talk about my studies. My school marks were never high enough to suit him, and I often thought I was not smart enough to be his daughter. To tell the truth, I often feel as a grown woman that I'm hardly smart enough to be a wife and mother. Clark isn't entirely to blame for the failure of our marriage. I've failed, too, failed him and failed my children.

"I'm not quick and versatile and clever like my mother. She comes from a long line of clergymen and educators—there are four college presidents in my background—but she left college early to marry my father and to establish a business that eventually supported the whole family. Mother had a talent for design and for business too. She started with one dress shop in Los Angeles and since has opened a chain of dress shops on the West Coast. Father is a vice president in mother's company. He is brilliant, but he is also restless and erratic and not interested in business details. In his own words, he prefers literature to ledgers.

"I'm slow-thinking and slow-moving and so constituted that I can do only one thing at a time. If I'm ironing, say, I can't gossip with a neighbor or even listen to the radio; I have to concentrate on the ironing. If I'm cooking and am disturbed by the doorbell, I inevitably burn the food. If I'm playing a game with my youngsters, I can't simultaneously peel potatoes for supper or sort the laundry. Interruptions frequently bother and fluster me so much I burst into tears of sheer frustration. Then to pull myself together I sit down and drink another cup of coffee—I drink coffee endlessly—while my housework falls still farther behind.

"I fully realize I'm too nervous for my own good and for my family's good. I'd be a better mother if I could take things in my stride and be relaxed. I can't. Ellen's incessant questions—she is at the 'why' stage—drive me almost crazy and I screech like a wild woman and make her cry. Then to salve my conscience I may bake the child a special little cake for supper, although I know a cake won't settle for my unfairness. Whenever I fail to meet my own standards, I usually penalize myself in some sort of fashion. If I let my housekeeping slide badly, if Clark stumbles over toys I've neglected to put in the toy chest, I scrub the house from top to bottom the next day. My house comes in for a lot of scrubbing. Perhaps I have the feeling I can scrub away my failures. Of course, I know I can't.

"Just last week I assigned myself the dismal chore of tidying our twin dressers—the day before I'd forgotten to send Clark's suit to the cleaner—and in the midst of the operation my mother telephoned. While she and I were talking Janey dragged out everything from all the drawers and mixed the lot in one huge pile. I was so discouraged and disgusted at my own carelessness—I should have replaced the drawers before I answered the phone—I sat down and cried. Then I took a tranquillity pill to calm myself and put in two hours straightening out the mess. After that I scrubbed the kitchen, the bathroom and both porches.

"By the time Clark appeared that evening I was exhausted but our house was spotless. If he appreciated the fact, he didn't mention it. As usual he turned on the television and fell into his favorite chair, hoping I would keep the youngsters at a distance and hand him his food in utter silence. It was eight P.M. He hadn't seen us since seven o'clock that morning. Yet he hadn't a word of greeting to offer. I'm sure his long hours at work—he is the dispatch agent for a big transportation company—aren't a matter of necessity. The truth is he prefers his place of business to his home.

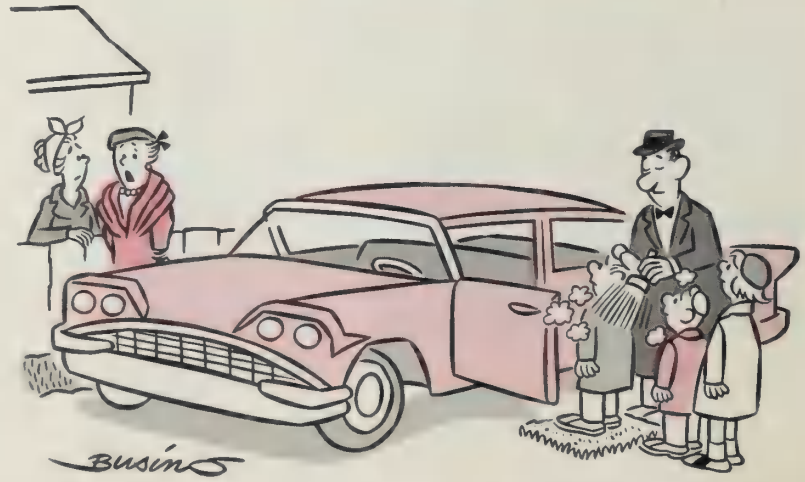
"When Clark and I were married ten years ago I thought he was somebody I could lean on and trust. Somebody strong and dependable and mature. At the time we met I was disillusioned with young men of my own age and was struggling to recover from intense disillusionment with myself. I was twenty years old, living in Los Angeles with my parents and younger brothers and holding a job as an airline hostess. Both of my parents had worked and sacrificed to send me to college—my father always told me to reach for the stars—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

the shoe that understands children

. . . understands that having fun is sometimes serious business! *This* is the shoe that's brightened Easter through the years, with happy style and stamina . . . fine and lasting fit. And, this is the shoe with fresh young fashion . . . made with patient skill and lots of good old-fashioned pride.

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Modess . . . because



In the City of Bagdad lived Hakeem
the Wise One, and many people went to him
for counsel, which he gave freely to all,
asking nothing in return.

There came to him a young man
who had spent much but got little, and said:
"Tell me, Wise One, what shall I do
to receive the most for that which I spend?"

Hakeem answered, "A thing that
is bought or sold has no value unless it contains
that which cannot be bought or sold. Look for
The Priceless Ingredient."

"But what is this Priceless Ingredient?"
asked the young man.

Spoke then the Wise One: "My son,
the Priceless Ingredient of every product in the
market-place is the Honor and Integrity of him
who makes it. Consider his name before you buy."



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Dr Scholl's Electric FOOT MASSAGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

but I had flunked out in my sophomore year. The college boy to whom I'd been engaged promptly broke our engagement and nearly broke my heart. I put marriage from my mind in favor of making my parents proud of my career. On the night Clark and I met—he was then working in the Los Angeles office of the same airline company—I had just received a promotion and been transferred to Chicago. Consequently I supposed our first meeting would be our last. But Clark arrived in Chicago from Los Angeles only a week after I arrived there; he had asked the company for a transfer in order to be near me.

"Within a few months we were married. I was too thrilled and impressed by Clark to question him about his past. It wasn't until after our marriage that I discovered he was a divorced man. If I had known that at the time of his proposal I don't think I would have accepted him. I belong to a strict Protestant church which disapproves of divorce except in extraordinary circumstances. I can't tell you the exact circumstances of Clark's divorce. He has consistently refused to discuss the subject either with me or with my pastor; this stubbornness of his has caused me abiding worry. My religion is very important to me. There are times I don't feel my husband and I are truly married.

"I worry, too, about Clark's flightiness in business. When he changed jobs to follow me to Chicago I thought it was romantic, but he had to take a cut in salary. Maybe the salary cut hurt his pride; anyway, he quarreled with

When one door is shut, another opens. CERVANTES

his superiors and quit and took another job at still less pay. I finally talked him into returning to Los Angeles and, with my mother's assistance, prevailed on him to buy a house—he was willing to pay rent forever—but in the meanwhile he had held six or seven different mediocre jobs. When Clark is dissatisfied, his impulse is to fly into a temper and quit. He has been in his present job for three years now and by careful planning we can get by on his earnings, but I feel no confidence in the future. I have no faith that Clark won't throw up his job at any minute and try something else.

"Nowadays Clark and I don't discuss the matter, but our sexual relationship is not a success. In the beginning I tried desperately hard to please Clark, but I wasn't ever able to satisfy either him or myself. Too often I would be haunted by thoughts of his first wife and by fears our marriage wasn't right in the eyes of my church. I used to ask him questions about his first wife, but he wouldn't ever answer. Although she bore him no children, I've always believed he loved her more than he ever loved me. Our youngsters haven't brought Clark and me together. If I get a legal separation, I'm sure Clark won't miss us."

Clark Tells His Side:

"I would like to be a good husband and a good father, but Abby makes it a tough assignment," said forty-year-old Clark. He was a tall man with thinning hair, hollow eyes, a narrow somber face. "When I get home from work, dead beat and in a mood to relax, the kids are wild and rambunctious and so loud you can't hear yourself think. They've had no discipline from Abby since early morning and she's so tired from chasing after them she's on the point of collapse. She probably won't admit it, but they make her just as nervous as they make me. Often she asks me to take charge.

"But when I try to make our daughters toe the line, she invariably objects to my methods and jumps all over me. The girls then lose what little respect they have for my authority and I lose my temper and the chances are excellent Abby and I find ourselves engaged in another brawl. Things have come to such a pass that I watch TV to keep my mouth shut. I'm one man who has no temptation to hurry home from work.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



New deep moisturizing discovery

Stops Dry Skin Problems in these 5 "Danger Zones"



★ Frown lines!
★ Crow's feet!
★ Flaky patches!
★ Expression lines!
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Now flood precious moisture *deeper* into your dry-lined skin. Age-revealing "danger zones" become less apparent as your skin drinks in the rich benefits of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream. Skin looks, feels smoother.

Woodbury's new *deeper* moisturizing and *deeper* softening ingredients help smooth and freshen skin where the look of age strikes! Its remarkable blend of skin softeners and rich, beauty-giving lanolin penetrates *deeper than ever before!*

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All during their freshman and sophomore years, college boys and girls used "mystery" toothpaste—with spectacular results

How The Class Of '57 Brushed Their Way To Healthier Teeth

BY MARGUERITE HIGGINS
Noted Journalist and Pulitzer Prize Winner

"Which toothpaste are you using? Mine's Toothpaste B."

"I've got Toothpaste C—and I wish I knew what's in it."

Conversations like this were frequent among the students at a Midwestern university from 1953 to 1955. A large part of the class of '57 had volunteered to brush solely with two toothpastes, known as "B" and "C."

What the students did not know was that one of the toothpastes, now named Crest with Fluoristan, contained stannous fluoride. The other was ordinary toothpaste. The test was one of a series directed by dental scientists seeking a better way to prevent tooth decay.

I think you'll agree that they succeeded.

The students who brushed with Crest had 42% fewer new cavities at the end of the first year, compared with those who used ordinary toothpaste.

And the second year's results confirmed that Crest had brought about a major reduction in new cavities.

To me, there are two particularly impressive things about these results.

First, they reveal Crest's remarkable ability to prevent decay during the teen years—the very years when cavities are at their height.

Second, they show that Crest provides steady, long-range protection against cavities—in this case, over a full two-year period.

Crest's success is due to its unique ability to strengthen weak parts of the teeth, called "soft spots," and stop them from turning into cavities.

Indeed, like the gleeful youngster dramatized by Norman Rockwell on the opposite page, many a teen-ager who brushed with Crest has heard the dentist report, "No new cavities this visit!"



X-RAYS AND DENTAL EXAMINATIONS made on the college campus showed that students who brushed with Crest had 42% fewer new cavities than those who used ordinary toothpaste. Thousands of grownups and children took part in the tests, conducted by dental scientists.

A DENTAL HEALTH MESSAGE FROM PROCTER & GAMBLE, MAKERS OF CREST TOOTHPASTE



"Look, Mom—no cavities!"

Crest Toothpaste stops soft spots from turning into cavities—means far less decay for grownups and children. And Crest freshens your mouth—sweetens your breath.



COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU PARENTS' MAGAZINE

SATISFACTORY OR A REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter.
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Is Your Car Lowering Your Standard of Living?

"It is for Thousands of American Families"
says George Romney
President, American Motors Corporation

Millions of families today are spending a higher percentage of the family budget than ever before to buy and keep a big, gas-hungry, oversized car. Reports show that most families spend 10 per cent of income after taxes for automotive transportation. Some spend as much as 50% of their income!



They spend this money at the sacrifice of other important things that can improve the "family standard of living"—things that can make family life more enjoyable. Do you?

There is an answer to this problem



Tens of thousands of budget-minded families are finding the answer to this problem. It is Rambler. Rambler has room inside for six 6-footers, plus the economy and handling ease of a European car.

Cut car costs in half



Many Rambler families find that they can cut their overall car costs in half. Rambler provides the same comfortable, dependable transportation for less, making more money available for new kitchens, power mowers, dishwashers, education, etc.

There is a solution to your budget problems, too!

Let me suggest that you take your husband—take the whole family for that matter—to a Rambler dealer. Try a Rambler for size. See if you, too, wouldn't be way ahead with a Rambler—because you save when you buy and you save every mile you drive.



Discover a new way of life

I think you might discover, as other women have, that you are able to operate a second Rambler, for yourself and the children, for what it costs to buy and run one, big gas-guzzler of a car. Go see and drive the 1958 Rambler.

George Romney

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

"Later on in life, our girls are bound to pay a high price for their mother's coddling. If children don't learn to behave while they're young they inevitably suffer the consequences as adults. I often wish I'd been better behaved as a kid and hadn't thrown away my opportunities. I'm paying now for my lack of training and formal education.

"My father sent my two younger brothers to college—he was such a crack salesman that during the national depression he managed to hang on to a decent income—but at the age of seventeen I landed in the Navy as an ordinary seaman. It was largely my own fault. I was unruly and undisciplined and set a poor example for my brothers, as my mother often told both me and my father. I was the oldest son and a lot was expected of me, but I didn't deliver. I lied and cheated and played truant. During my boyhood my mother would store up the list of my various escapades while my father was on the road and every time he returned I would receive a sound beating. The beatings didn't do much good.

"I ran with the wrong crowd, I suppose, though I didn't see it that way in my youth. Through my parents I was introduced to the upper-crust youngsters in our town, but I never felt the upper crust gave a hoot for me. My disposition was to side with the underdog. I can still remember the sense of outrage and burning injustice I felt when two girls in our high-school class got in trouble, the usual trouble. The rich girl's family covered up the facts while the poor girl was disgraced and practically driven out of town.

"I wanted a scientific education, but not badly enough, I guess. I was bored by the dry-as-dust diagrams and wordy theories that represented science and math in our high school. What I craved was to learn from actual experience; one of my ragtag friends and I picked up quite a bit of practical knowledge of stresses and strains by building model airplanes in his back yard. Years later I found that back-yard learning useful when I went to work for an airline company, my favorite job to date. I quit that job to follow Abby to Chicago. I'm sure she has forgotten that.

"Nowadays Ellen and Janey are important to Abby and I am not. The other evening I came in hungry as a bear to find supper wasn't even on the planning board. Abby had washed a terrific amount of laundry that day, but her hair was uncombed and her own dress should have gone in the washing machine. She was sitting on the sofa with both girls crawling all over her while she read them their bedtime story several hours in advance. She was making things up to Ellen because she had scolded Ellen for disobeying a flat order and running out in the street. We live in a heavy-traffic neighborhood. What Ellen needed wasn't a scolding but an 'I-mean-business' spanking.

"An hour and a half later supper was on the table. Abby cooked and served the meat before the potatoes were done. Halfway through the meat the potatoes appeared. Then there was a lengthy wait while she stepped in the kitchen and washed and mixed a green salad. I excused myself from waiting for the dessert.

"Abby's one-thing-at-a-time technique is rough on her and everybody else. Seemingly she just can't be casual and easy. I'll admit I'm too absent-minded about holidays, but Abby sure takes the fun out of celebrating, out of giving. Last Valentine's Day I bought her a plant and a box of candy; her thank-you was to remind me that three months previously I'd forgotten the baby's birthday. By midsummer she is knee-deep in planning for Christmas. She is determined the presents we give must equal or surpass the presents we receive, particularly where my family is concerned. My father is dead. I don't care about showering my brothers and my mother with gifts—my mother has very seldom given anything to me—but Abby is bent on striking a hundred-per-cent balance. Recently she invited my mother for a lengthy visit against my wishes and my mother bought the children some dresses. The good-by present we gave my mother strained our budget, but matched the price of those dresses to the penny.

"I would like to take Abby out occasionally, but she won't leave Ellen and Janey. It's an ordeal for me to try to show her and the kids a good time. I would sooner stay at home. Last Sunday she was all enthused about making a trip to the zoo and I agreed. It took her two hours to get ready. Then she didn't like the way I drove the car; I try to stay within the speed limits, but I let nobody pass me if I can help it. I'm pushed around too much in my daily life; I don't like to be pushed around in Sunday traffic. On Sundays I like to feel I'm my own boss.

"When we reached the zoo neither of my kids was willing to walk with me; they clung like burs to Abby. When I offered to treat them to a restaurant meal Abby said I couldn't afford it. What kind of remark is that to build up a man's pride? Maybe I'm not a millionaire, but I'm able to support my family. I should be able. I work longer hours than anybody else in my shop, the big boss included. I've been promised the next promotion, which of course doesn't necessarily mean I'll get it. Many a night I lie awake wondering whether or not one of the other guys is out to knife me. Daytimes I keep a weather eye out to be sure I'm not undercut at the plant.

"It's been my experience in life that promises are often broken, that people can't be trusted to give you a square deal. I learned to be a cynic as a kid. One month after I joined the Navy at my father's orders, my high-school sweetheart—she was wearing an engagement ring I continued to pay for for the next two years—eloped with my best friend. To prove I wasn't affected by being jilted, I played the fool and married a woman I scarcely knew; she was only interested in drawing her allotment and was unfaithful from the beginning. Abby used to nag me to talk about my first wife, but I just don't care to discuss humiliations of the past.

"When I first met Abby one of her great appeals to me was her sweetness, her innocence. I knew at once she was a girl I could honor and trust. On our first evening together she took me to meet her parents and they made me feel welcome. I'm fond of my in-laws—I prefer my mother-in-law to my own mother—but sometimes I can't help wishing Abby would listen to me the way she listens to her folks. Every day she and her mother confer on the telephone. I admire my mother-in-law's taste, but I would like our house just as well if Abby and I had picked it out ourselves. It might be pleasant if Abby would develop some taste of her own. My mother-in-law chose our rugs and draperies and furniture—she has helped us meet the installment payments more than once—and I appreciate her kindness.

"Still and all, I wish Abby didn't set such a high value on her parents' opinions. I doubt she is especially fond of her father, but he has a deep influence on her. Not long ago I heard him correct her pronunciation of a word and in a sharp, curt way suggest she consult the dictionary. She ran out of the room to the big dictionary and I followed and found her crying. It made me furious. Abby never knew why I rushed outside and took a long walk before coming back. If I hadn't, there would have been a knockdown fight between me and my father-in-law.

"Abby used to say she wanted a husband who wore the pants in the family. Plainly she didn't mean it. She has no confidence whatever in me. Regularly each week I hand her my salary, minus transportation and lunch money, but she accepts the money as though it were a weekly miracle. I don't begrudge my wages to her and the youngsters. I used to be quite a fancy Dan. In high school I owned a hundred-dollar tuxedo. As a common seaman in the Navy I wore uniforms that cost me seventy-five-dollars apiece; the uniforms were tailor-made. I haven't had a new suit for the past three years. I don't complain about that.

"What I complain about is the lack of companionship in my life, the lack of love. In our house my companion is the television set. Once upon a time Abby loved me. It's true we weren't particularly compatible in a sexual way, but I didn't press Abby. I hoped as she grew older that part of our marriage would improve. After the children came along, I lost the hope. Now if I kiss Abby she turns her cheek. More than likely both of our girls are clinging to her skirts and I have the feeling I'm horning in on a threesome. I don't like horning in where I'm not welcome. It's been six months since I've made love to Abby. She and I have no real marriage. Any love and companionship we once shared now belong to the children. Do you wonder I complain?"

CHILD'S VOICE

By ELEANOR AVERITT

Her voice on the wind is high and thin
As a lone, disconsolate elf—
And I who neither believe nor grieve
Shudder in spite of myself.
Oh, who comes crying that ancient tune,
Piercing the worlds I know?
The world of a child is lone and strange
Now, as long ago.

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"Abby and Clark were using their children to fight each other. They were fighting each other because both of them were miserably insecure and in serious need of personal aid and encouragement. Abby was pouring on her children the affection she withheld from Clark and (perhaps subconsciously) was making him feel shut out and alien in his own home. To revenge himself for this assault upon his already tottering self-esteem, Clark was yielding to plain bad temper and was disciplining his daughters with undue severity. He could excuse his lack of control and judgment by reflecting that Abby was too soft and easygoing with the girls. And she could excuse herself for her coldness toward her husband—here she felt very guilty—on the grounds of his harshness toward her daughters, harshness she had provoked. Continued conflict over children is almost always a reflection of other difficulties in a marriage.

"Abby's and Clark's middle-class backgrounds and even their youthful experiences were surprisingly similar. Both were intelligent and yet both had scholastic difficulties. Both had been jilted and both were wary and suspicious people; as a result they had almost no friends. Abby was obviously a timid, fearful young woman; Clark endeavored with some success to hide his timidity under a cloak of belligerence. Neither Clark nor Abby in youth received enough of the right kind of attention from their parents, their fathers in particular.

"Clark grew up with the conviction that his father was a brutal tyrant, although in the course of many conversations between us very little evidence was developed to sustain this view. To be sure, Clark's family followed the unhappy practice of assigning to the male parent the discipline and punishment of the children. As a young boy Clark began to see his father not as a loving protector but as the man who returned from selling trips with a great big stick in hand. Perhaps, too, during his father's absences too much was required from Clark as the eldest son. At any rate, very early, he visualized himself as the scapegoat in his family. There isn't much doubt Clark associated himself with the group he described as the underdogs in high school because he felt like an underdog himself. When Clark married Abby he was pretty well sold on the notion that nobody liked him. Longing for her love, he was more than half persuaded she was fated to let him down.

"When Abby married Clark she hoped he would build her up and endow her with the sense of importance she hadn't found in her girlhood home. She didn't realize Clark

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35



Company Meat Loaf with a new crunch top

and the delicious natural flavor of Del Monte Peas

You know how peas taste when they're just exactly right? Nice and sweet, yet with enough richness to round out the flavor? And so tender they just seem to melt away as you eat?

Well, that's DEL MONTE *Early Garden* Peas. Like peas fresh from the pod, they're a mixture of smaller, sweeter peas with larger, richer-tasting ones. With this improvement: they're *all* carefully selected for tenderness and flavor first.

So expect garden flavor and plenty of it from DEL MONTE Peas. Sure, they're quick and easy. But the big reason so many women serve them so often is just because they *taste* so good!

CRUNCH-TOP MEAT LOAF

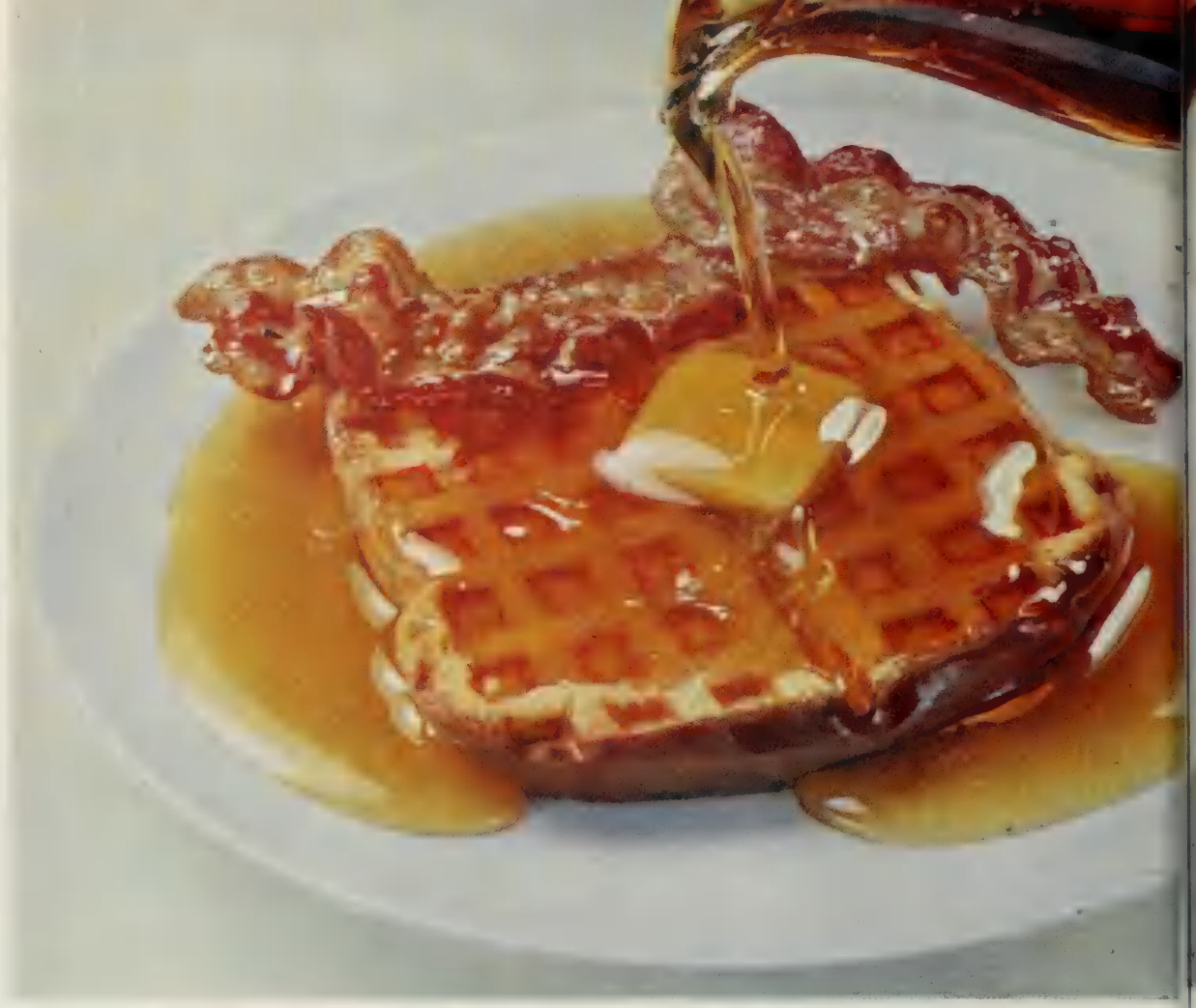
- 2 cups soft bread cubes
- 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
- 1½ lbs. ground beef
- ½ cup DEL MONTE Catsup
- ½ cup water
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
- 1 to 1½ teaspoons salt
- 2 cans (17-oz. size) DEL MONTE Brand Peas

Toss 1½ cups of the bread cubes with the melted butter or margarine. Combine rest of cubes with remaining ingredients except peas. Pack loosely into deep round (8 x 1½ in.) ovenproof glass cake baking dish. Lightly press buttered bread cubes into top of meat. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Cut in wedges. Serve with hot, seasoned DEL MONTE Peas. Garnish with broiled tomatoes, if desired. Serves 6.

Del Monte® Peas



Bread ideas you'll love with Log Cabin Syrup



You can make such crispy-light Waffles—with bread, no batter! And they taste so heavenly with Log Cabin Syrup's real maple flavor. Butter 10 slices of bread lightly on both sides. Add ¾ cup milk, dash salt, to one slightly beaten egg and blend. Dip slices in egg mixture and drain. Bake bread golden brown in moderately hot waffle iron about 5 minutes. Lavish on Log Cabin—it's blended with real maple sugar.

You can delight the children with Pan Cookies! Heat ½ cup Log Cabin Syrup and ¼ cup butter in large skillet over medium heat. Cut up 8 bread slices into cookie shapes with knife or cookie cutter. Sauté in skillet 2 minutes. Turn, cook 5 minutes until golden on undersides. Turn, and brown other side. Cool. Mm-m-m . . . 24 maple cookies. Extra good because of the real maple sugar perfectly blended into Log Cabin Syrup.

New drip-proof bottle



Another fine product of General Foods





You can make sensational French Crisp—flavor-bright with Log Cabin's maple goodness. Mix ¼ cup Log Cabin, ¼ cup melted butter. Brush 6 slices of bread on both sides with this mixture. Brown on Presto's New Control Master Griddle, 3 minutes on each side. Serve with plenty of Log Cabin. Presto Griddle browns evenly, never burns, has slide-out drip tray. Control Master is detachable, so griddle washes completely under water.

You can be gala with bread—make crisp maple Dessert Cups. Mix 2 tablespoons each of Log Cabin Syrup and melted butter. Trim crusts from 8 bread slices. Flatten slices with rolling pin. Brush on syrup mixture and press slices into buttered muffin pans. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) about 15 minutes. Spoon in your favorite ice cream and top with shimmering Log Cabin Syrup. Your family will love this truly different dessert.

Real Butter—
the natural flavor
to use with nature's foods

You're sure the flavor's right—with real butte

(Flavor that makes eating more fun)

You're sure, because you taste the flavor magic real butter adds. You *know* real butter turns good food into great food. Butter is a *natural* food, churned from 100% pure cream, with a delightful flavor all its own. Hot foods especially: vegetables, toast, biscuits, eggs, meats, seafood . . . taste twice as good with real butter. Real butter is flavor magic—nothing else can equal it!



See "The Perry Como Show" on NBC-TV

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Just like milk, real butter belongs on your family table



AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION • Chicago

Representing the dairy farmers in your area

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

himself was too emotionally poverty-stricken to meet the specifications. The strength and maturity she fancied she detected in him during their brief courtship were imaginary. Actually, as she and I quickly decided in our interviews, she was originally attracted to Clark by his resemblance to her father. Both men were restless, visionary, moody.

"The strongest person in the situation was Abby's mother. This clear-eyed lady called at my office, admitted that she had been giving Abby too much advice in the present—probably to make up for neglect in the past. She agreed to encourage Abby to depend more on herself and less on the telephone, and was as good as her word. She sketched a picture of Abby's youth with herself, the mother of the family, preoccupied and often traveling on business, while the nervous, supersensitive father was in the library among his books.

"In childhood Abby had gone all out in the effort to wring praise and approval from her father, always felt she had failed. As an adult she was still hugging the consciousness of inevitable failure; this accounted for her fussy, compulsive housekeeping, her constant indexing of her weaknesses, her foolish self-punishments, her slavish concentration upon the minute details of a task. Few tasks demand absolute attention. Indeed, too much rigid attention can ruin rhythm, destroy skill and bring on premature exhaustion.

"When I met thirty-year-old Abby she was still belaboring herself for flunking out of college; years later she still felt that she had failed her father. Recently it has become the fashion for grown children to blame parents for all their personality deficiencies, a practice that seems to me futile and self-defeating. Abby and I discussed her father's history, not with the idea of placing blame but to gain understanding. As Abby came to understand her father she began to understand herself, to understand the nature of her marital difficulties. Abby's father pushed his children too hard and was too ambitious for them (it seemed to Abby and me) because of his own disappointments; *his* father, a distinguished professor at a famous Eastern university, had expected a more brilliant career from his son.

"Abby made up her mind to break out of this backward-looking, vicious circle. She examined herself and Clark in the clear light of reality. She determined to be rid of the useless self-depreciation that hobbled her in all her actions. Knowing that formulae and symbols were impressive to Abby, I was able to help her in this regard. An intelligence test was arranged and, as was anticipated, Abby registered an unusually high score. She promptly concluded she was smart enough to work and improve her marriage. Once the problem was understood, it could be attacked from several different angles.

"Abby had never taken up with her pastor the matter of Clark's divorce; instead, she had tortured herself by fretting over the possibility that the two of them might be joined in an adulterous union. She had allowed this worry virtually to destroy her sexual relationship with Clark. At my urging Abby called on her pastor; thereupon an illusion of years' standing evaporated. When her pastor was advised of the facts in the case Abby was informed that her marriage, blessed with children, was also blessed in the eyes of her church.

"Next Abby made an appointment with her physician. The tranquillity pills she was swallowing in quantity were self-prescribed. When her physician inquired into her daily consumption of coffee and cigarettes, he strongly recommended that she cut down there as well as on the pills. Dosing herself far less, Abby became less depressed, less vague and a more pleasant, relaxed person to be around.

"When Abby acknowledged she had allowed Clark to feel supplanted by his children and was largely responsible for the unhappy results, she changed her tactics. She could sympathize with sensitivity (once she recognized it) because she was sensitive herself. She arranged to give Clark some genuine and exclusive attention upon his evening return—if only a few minutes. She saw to it that Ellen and Janey weren't immediately on view, clinging to her skirts. It wasn't too complicated to settle them with toys or a game. When she had a sandbox installed on the patio the children spent more time playing outdoors and less time crawling in her lap; they benefited from the exercise and fresh air and from their independence too. Abby had been babying Ellen in particular.

"Once Clark felt welcome at home he automatically cut down his televiewing. He also trimmed his hours on the job. Like Abby, he had been wearing himself out with a large amount of compulsive 'busy' work. He confessed to me that after he began to spend fewer hours on the job he actually accomplished more.

"Abby appealed to Clark for his cooperation in handling the children. It was swiftly granted. When he thought it over, Clark soon realized the impression of himself he was leaving with his children was uncomfortably close to the impression his father had left with him. He didn't want his children to grow up feeling put upon and abused as he had felt long ago. Clark and Abby shared an academic turn of mind; they read books on child care together, discovered what was to be reasonably expected of children the age of theirs, and put the teachings into practice—together. When they differed, they composed their differences in private.

Every time we lose courage, we lose several days of our life.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

"Ellen and Janey rapidly responded to the changed atmosphere in the home, as is the usual way of children. Nowadays they aren't afraid of their father, they return in full measure the affection they receive. Ellen and Janey are now left with paid sitters whenever their parents feel they can afford the fees. It was unfair of Abby to refuse to leave the youngsters except when her mother was available.

"Abby and Clark try to go out together, without the children, at least once a week. On Sunday afternoons they usually go somewhere with the children; with the improvement in his circumstances and disposition Clark has ceased to be one of those dangerously aggressive Sunday drivers. He does not attend church with Abby on Sunday mornings and she still regrets the fact, but no longer lets it worry her.

"They have made a few friends. Now that Clark is less suspicious of people's motives, he has invited several of his fellow workers to his home. Now that Abby is less tense about housewifely details, she has become acquainted with her neighbors and enjoys their company.

"The couple's sexual relationship improved as their other troubles were lightened. Abby had been trying too hard in that area too. When she was content to be loving just to show her affection and to please Clark, for the first time in the marriage she had a sexual experience that was satisfying to her too.

"Clark still is no great shakes at remembering birthdays, but Abby—incidentally, she has stopped price-tagging gifts—now makes remembering easy for him: she rings the kitchen calendar in colored crayon. Despite reminders, Clark forgot her last birthday. That evening when he sat down to supper empty-handed, Abby served him and the children the regular meal but served herself a candle-lighted birthday cake. Clark took one look at the cake, then left the table. Fifteen minutes later he sheepishly returned from a hurried trip to the drugstore with a big bottle of Abby's favorite perfume.

"In the old days Clark's forgetfulness would have caused hurt feelings, bitter words, an acid, dragged-out quarrel. Now Abby thanked him for the perfume and then, simultaneously, the two of them burst out laughing. Abby and Clark have discovered that laughter is a great asset in maintaining a marriage that is still imperfect but that continually grows in richness and variety with the passage of time."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY



New Universal Frying Pan and Detachable Control

a $19.90 VALUE for only $15.95

Now at this special low price you can have the same thermostatically controlled heat in your surface cooking that you do in your oven. Just plug in Universal's Cookamatic Control, set it to the recommended heat . . . and you're sure of perfect results every time. Cooking's easier, food even tastes better. Start your Cookamatic set with this money-saving special at your dealer's now!

COMPLETELY SUBMERSIBLE

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Happy meals every time— the whole family loves the naturally better flavor of *natural* white River Brand and Carolina Brand Rice. Easy to prepare, and they taste so much better — *naturally!*

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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"Now, if I were doing that ——"

I've cajoled my Creature of Sheer Delight not to mention our trip around the world, yet I catch myself violating my own resolve. How delicious to circle the globe and get home before anybody misses you!

My neighbor with the four-car garage tells me he suspects the modest people in smaller houses on quiet unpretentious side streets enjoy more pleasure and relaxation than he does. But I can't persuade him to swap with 'em.

Our male opponent at the bridge table got hot under the collar and demanded that nurses and teachers be drafted and trained just like soldiers. Our female opponent calmed him down by reminding him the bid was four spades, doubled.

In a bighearted moment I told our younger son he could choose any twelve of my neckties for his very own. Later I moved a few of my ties from Siam and Italy to a dark corner of my closet.

We agreed at our annual stag dinner that a wife's dazzling smile, her eager caress, is the greatest reward and solace for any man from truck driver to used-car dealer. (You women underestimate yourselves.)

When we visit our Air Force trio in Japan (our journey's true goal) maybe I'll offer Harlan III a flashlight bulb. At nine months he ate a fragile glass ornament from the Christmas tree, and I'd like to find out if it taught him anything, the little gourmet.

We're short of bookshelf space, so we're equipping our new bathroom with bookshelves and magazine racks. We aim to make it one of our great state's best equipped small libraries.

My neighbor with the thirty-mile-per-gallon imported car confides that his wife confuses worrying with planning. "If she planned more," he says, looking around nervously, "she could worry less."

Few men who've slept in barracks or in the field wear more than the upper or the lower halves of pajamas. (Often less.) What we're really waiting for is a short toga nightshirt that'll make us resemble a Roman senator.

"*My modern girl friends*," *muses Betty Comfort, chasing the squirrels away from the bird food, "resent us sweet women who're so demure and winsome with the men. No style, they say; no zip; only popularity.*"

I've discovered a sure way to get my sausage or bacon almost free of grease: I watch my chance and drain the skillet once or twice.

Who's to blame for the unwed loneliness of one third of all men and women? Too shy to woo, they need help from our high-pressure organizers who waste their energies on trifles.

Our town's most famous nonstop talker has gone wily: she chops her monologues into one-minute bursts, allows her listeners ten-word questions or interruptions.

One of our globe-trotter friends suggests that my Dream Girl carry a canister of powdered coffee around the world in her handbag or purse. And a small bottle of condensed milk?

I like to shoot a few baskets before breakfast or dinner at the goal in our back yard; maybe a quota of ten at twenty feet. Often this requires thirty or thirty-five shots, all the more exercise. It helps clarify the global situation. I recommend it to Dulles.

Without an argument I take my family out to dinner once or twice a week. Our airport restaurant is a favorite spot, like a café on the world's water front, and I notice it's only $424.70 from Rio, tourist class.

One of our neighborhood matrons denounces Disney as a sadist, a child-frightener, because his hungry and sharp-toothed little creatures are so enthusiastic about eating one another. (Shucks, when I was seven I hid under my seat at Hamlet when Polonius got stabbed through a curtain.)

Seven couples from our town have flown around the world recently; one matron even has four complete trays of Pan American dinner dishes and serves a compact meal for four on lap pillows before you can swallow your third sherry.

That deadpan husband in the middle of the next block discovered his wife had never owned a really choice doll. So he bought her a de-luxer on her fortieth birthday and now she wants to start a collection.

Several people used my epigram, "There is no solution, seek it lovingly," on Christmas and Valentine cards. But it's a little verbose, so I hereby condense it to "No solution? Seek it lovingly."

When we phoned our son and his Dream Girl in Japan they were triumphant: a bachelor had swapped duty and taken his holiday flying assignment, and we could hear Harlan III prattling across the 8000 miles.

My family scoffs at my whim for one poem read aloud at breakfast. But I find that by shrewd, swift maneuvers I can read four lines before they drown me out.

After six months, our converted pantry hadn't quite become a bathroom. Tile men blamed carpenters, electricians blamed painters, only the plumbers played it deadpan. We'll have a bath-warming yet.

All winter the squirrels grew plumper and plumper, eating the snacks we put out for the birds. We even greased the legs of tables and grills, in vain: they're too ingenious.

One good reason for mentioning a trip around the world *before* you go is that afterward people won't listen to a word about it. But in advance a peculiar, curious courtesy prompts 'em even to quiz you zealously.

"If I ever become dictator," warns Peter Comfort, sweeping out his garage, "it'll be illegal for wife and husband to have words till after they've swallowed a cup of morning coffee."

My frugal neighbor with the boxful of tax-free municipals blames our economic "flurry" on people's extravagance. "Imagine!" he exclaims incredulously. "Giving a child fifty cents for a loose tooth! All I ever got was a dime."

. . . When your wife gives you a humorous book on tennis instead of spoofing you about your backhand,

. . . And your youngest son becomes a front-page columnist on his high-school paper,

. . . Or your daughter-in-law keeps her sense of humor and her gifts as a letter writer at an air base in Nippon,

. . . And after all these years you begin to feel relaxed with your in-laws,

. . . Or your son-in-law thinks he can bring your golf score below 90,

Then you're getting adjusted, stranger, your misgivings about matrimony were groundless.

NEW IDEA!



Apple Jelly Glazed Ham

Bake a whole or half ham. About ½ hour before it is done, remove it from the oven. Cut away any remaining rind and score the fat surface with a sharp knife. Spread ham with Kraft Pure Apple Jelly and stud with whole cloves. Return it to the oven and spread with more jelly two or three times during the last ½ hour of baking.

In all your favorite varieties

Add flavor to your favorite foods with KRAFT Jellies and Preserves!

Use them as ingredients to add true flavor of fresh-picked fruit, captured the special KRAFT way!

New Kraft Jellies and Preserves are the ones to use—because they're *made* to be extra flavorful. Even when Grandma made her wonderful jelly, much of the good fruit flavor boiled away. But Kraft makes jellies and preserves a new, flavor-saving way. They're "cool-cooked" . . . at temperatures 'way below boiling . . . to *keep* the flavor and color of the fresh-picked fruit! Doesn't using new Kraft Jellies and Preserves as *ingredients* sound delicious, and easy? Try it!

(1) Minted Broiled Peaches. Place drained canned peach halves, cut side up, on broiler rack. Brush with melted Parkay Margarine and broil a few minutes until lightly browned. Fill each peach half with Kraft Mint Flavored Apple Jelly. Serve as garnish with roast leg of lamb.

(2) Silhouette Cookies. Cream ¾ cup Parkay Margarine and ¾ cup sugar together. Add 1 beaten egg, ¼ teaspoon vanilla and 3 tablespoons cream. Mix well. Add 2½ cups flour and ½ teaspoon baking powder sifted together. Chill. Roll out on lightly floured board to 1/16-inch thickness. Cut with 2-inch round cutter. Cut small star shape from center of half the rounds. Place whole rounds on lightly greased baking sheets and place teaspoonful of Kraft Pure Seedless Black Raspberry Preserves in center of each. Top with star-cut round. Press edges together with floured fork. Bake in moderate oven, 375°, for 10 minutes, or until edges are lightly browned.

(3) Pineapple-Apricot Sundae. Top each serving of ice cream with Kraft Pure Pineapple-Apricot Preserves.

FREE RECIPE FOLDER!



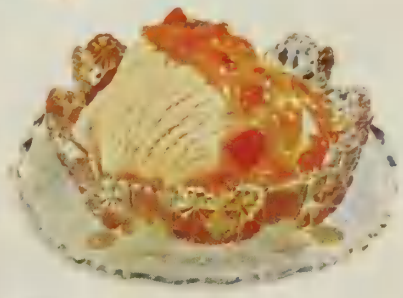
Here are many ways to add flavor to baked goods, desserts, main dishes. Write to Kraft Jellies and Preserves, Dept. L4, Box 522, Chicago 77, Ill.



Silhouette Cookies



Minted Broiled Peaches



Pineapple-Apricot Sundae

The 30th in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide America's Children to a Better Future



Should your child be a Secretary?

by

CLARE H. JENNINGS, CPS

President, The National Secretaries Association (International)

(As told to LLEWELLYN MILLER)

I overheard the comments quite by accident.

The high school juniors who passed me in the school corridor did not know me or that I was on my way to talk with them and their classmates, at the request of their career counselor, about my profession.

"This assembly is a waste of time—for me, anyway," said one. "What can she tell us?"

"Same here," said the other. "*Everybody* knows that all a secretary does is take dictation, type letters and file."

"Like so many other young people, you haven't the vaguest idea of what a secretary is and does," I said to myself as thoughts of the careers of friends flooded to mind.

I thought of the confidential secretary to a midwest Governor who travels widely all over her state, an indispensable part of her boss's staff.

I thought of the secretary to a department store executive in the Northwest, and of her daily dealings with experts in the exciting, competitive world of merchandising and fashion.

I thought of the secretary to the chief engineer of an oil company in the Southwest who is entrusted with running his office while he is on field trips, and who has a steno-typist assigned to take *her* dictation.

I thought of the efficient young mother of teenagers, secretary in a big Red Cross chapter in the South, and of her stimulating contacts with all elements of her community from mayor, newspaper editor and social leaders to those in need of Visiting Nurse Services.

I thought of secretaries in banks, business offices, insurance companies, law firms, police departments; in hospitals, weather bureaus, travel agencies, steel mills, research laboratories, farm cooperatives; in advertising offices, TV stations, universities, brokerage houses, and in countless other industries and professions—each involved with the inner workings of an important enterprise. I thought of the thousands of secretaries in big offices and small all over the country; of the special satisfactions they enjoy as essential members of the business team; and of how valuable a place secretaries have made for themselves in a comparatively short time.

Only a little more than fifty years ago, the young women who mastered a machine just coming into wide use and who ventured into the then almost entirely male world of business were known as "typewriters." Perhaps that is why many people still have the impression that

a secretary's main task is a machine-like turning out of perfect letters from nine to five; and why so many others use the title "secretary" to mean anyone employed in any stenographic or clerical position in an office.

True, typing and shorthand are two of the basic skills of the secretary, but her duties cover a much wider field than the work of such valuable specialists as the typist, stenographer, file clerk and receptionist. The secretary, as we use the title today, often fills all of those positions. In addition, she is an assistant who knows many of the confidential matters of her office and of her employer's business dealings. She uses this knowledge to protect him from unnecessary interruptions, delays and confusions, and to clear decks for him in a score of other ways.

She knows which calls to route to him immediately, which to delay until she can supply him with needed reference material from her files, which she can best deal with herself.

She sits in on conferences when a trusted witness is needed. Her manner over the telephone and to visitors sets the mood of his office. She is his daytime hostess rather than a receptionist.

One secretary may handle a great volume of letters. Another does very little typing. Under any circumstances, there is little machine-like about their work. No machine has the tact to soothe the ruffled feelings of an important caller, who must cool his heels while an equally important one overstays his time. No machine has the judgment about what information may be released in a boss's absence, which requests must be smoothly side-tracked.

No machine can act as a boss's memory by combined use of intelligence, filed material and a carefully kept appointment book.

A secretary's career can have enormous personal rewards. Her working hours and conditions are pleasant. Her office is certain to be comfortable. In a big office, she has opportunity to meet many new friends. Her work puts her in touch with men and women of achievement in many fields. And no field of special interest is closed to the young woman who chooses secretaryship as a career.

Every young person does not have the temperament, talent, time or money to prepare for a career in one of the arts or professions, but the door is still wide open in all such areas—to the secretary.

I think of countless examples, among them:

Miss A. is not a musician, but she is a keen appreciator of music. As secretary to the program director of a radio station, she combines job and major personal interest.

Mrs. B.'s keenest interest in high school was sports. She could not afford college training as a physical education teacher and did not want to work with the young, anyway. She is now secretary to the director of an athletic club, where her knowledge of sports is of great value to her boss because she can talk the language of the coaches, equipment salesmen and members.

Miss C.'s chief interest is people and their problems. She is absorbed in her work as secretary to the personnel director of a manufacturing plant.

The training period can be brief

Not the least of the many advantages of my profession is that the ambitious girl can get a fast start.

As in every other profession, the more schooling a young person has, the better are chances at top spots and for rapid advancement. However, the girl who needs, or wants, to go to work immediately after high school can train herself for a secretary's responsibilities while gaining office experience as a typist, stenographer or clerk. High school will give her the fundamental tools: typing and shorthand. With these alone, she can get a job as a clerical worker or stenographer. If she is ambitious and persistent, she will pick up the extra skills from others in her office, or through night school or correspondence courses, and eventually become a fine secretary, though this will take some years since a secretary must have mature judgment as well as special knowledge.

Private business schools and colleges offer many different training programs at varying costs. Short courses of two to six months usually give the student about the same training that a high school course provides, though intensive coaching in typing and shorthand are of special value in some cases. Business colleges with highest ratings require as much as two years' attendance (one year for the student with two years of regular college) before granting a diploma, and fees can run as high as $800 a year for tuition.

Young people who have four years of college training in the technics of secretarial work and in the sciences and liberal arts, have a flying start, of course.

Nothing points more conclusively to the fact that secretaryship is now a recognized *profession* than that 209 colleges and universities are offering degrees in the field of secretarial studies, according to the U.S. Office of Education's last report. At the end of 1956, Bachelors Degrees were awarded to 1,236 women and to 42 men.

There is a special way by which the secretary, with or without a diploma or degree, can win acknowledged standing in her field. By passing the stiff, two-day written examination given annually in various parts of the United States and Canada by The Institute for Certifying Secretaries, she can qualify for the valued designation of Certified Professional Secretary. This program was established in 1951 under sponsorship of The National Secretaries Association.

Through experience and study, the secretary must be prepared to answer questions in this examination on such subjects as business law governing contracts, sales, insurance, negotiable instruments, property and so on; administration problems concerning prices, taxes, labor and governmental regulations, management controls; accounting knowledge concerning payrolls, income tax reports, budgets; and the more familiar secretarial skills, such as use of duplicating machine, buying of supplies and office equipment, dictation and transcription, and English usage.

The financial rewards can be sizable

As in every other field, salaries vary from one part of the country to another. In areas where a typist starts at from $150 to $200 a month, a girl with secretarial training starts at from $200 to $300. It is not easy to break through the ceiling of from $4,000 to $6,000 a year that many thousands of secretaries earn, but I know of several who draw $10,000. One young woman of 35, who is an officer of her company as well as secretary to the president, has an income topping $13,000.

Admittedly, such a large salary is rare—but it is possible. And one of the most tempting aspects of my profession is that secretaries are in such great demand that anyone not satisfied with her progress can move readily elsewhere.

It's a woman's career—in a man's world

In many professions, women are in constant competition *against* men. The secretary works *with* men. Ours is one of the very few professions where being a woman is of greatest advantage, rather than being a subtle handicap in reaching the top.

Some male secretaries make important places for themselves but, by and large, ours is a woman's profession. Employers value the feminine qualities of tact, intuition, imagination and manner that women bring to an office. They also know that the ambitious girl is apt to bend all efforts to reach the top as an executive secretary, while an ambitious young man is apt to have his eye on a transfer to management—though some girls use their secretarial jobs as springboards to other careers. I know of several who have become editors, account executives, heads of purchasing departments, branch managers, and the like.

These usually are young women who have found that their temperament is not that of the career secretary.

Success calls for special qualities

The girl who finds her greatest reward in being part of a team, rather than a solo star, shows the natural talent to work for and with others toward a joint goal that is essential to success as a secretary.

Loyalty, judgment, integrity and adaptability are high on the list of other requirements.

The girl who makes and keeps many friends, and who sticks up for them and for her family at all times, shows the loyalty in word and deed that a secretary must bring to her boss and her company.

Can your daughter accept sudden changes of plan amiably and without flurry? The secretary must be able to turn on a dime, occasionally, and work efficiently under heavy pressure when an emergency challenges her chief.

Is your daughter accurate? Her boss must be able to rely with total confidence on her reports. Neatness, good spelling, and promptness in completing school papers show the respect for detail and the reliability needed by a secretary.

Is your daughter adaptable? The secretary deals with all kinds of people. The girl who is liked by teachers and neighbors, as well as by many fellow students, shows the capacity to make her way in a big group—rather than stick with a clique—that is needed by the secretary.

Perhaps a prime requisite for success in my profession is approaching secretaryship as a chosen career—not as a stopgap before marriage, or as a stepping stone to other positions.

The girl who does so will gain experience in her working years that will serve her well, no matter what life brings, because she will have learned the secret of greatest happiness in all human relations: the more imaginatively, loyally and consistently she works for and with another person for his success, the more she benefits herself.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

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This article on a Secretarial Career is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship, the Armed Forces, Engineering, Food Retailing, Medical Technology *and* Traffic Managing. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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What kind of diet are you on ?

(almost everybody is)



Infant diet?

There used to be a bugaboo that bananas were indigestible. Now doctors prescribe ripe bananas as one of baby's first solid foods – because they are so easily digested.



Weight-losing diet?

Maybe you have heard the bugaboo that bananas are fattening. What are the facts? The U. S. Department of Agriculture states that a medium banana has only 88 calories.



Low-fat diet?

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Growing-up diet?

Bananas satisfy hunger – and "hidden hunger," too. They provide vitamins and minerals to help kids grow strong and healthy, plus wholesome fruit sugars for quick energy.



Geriatric diet?

Bananas are easy to fix, easy to chew – perfect for older folks. And they help sustain youthful vitality with a well-balanced supply of vitamins and minerals.



Low-cholesterol diet?

There's no cholesterol at all in bananas. So if your doctor suggests cutting down your daily cholesterol intake, bananas a-plenty are safe – and ever so satisfying.



Liquid diet?

Be sure to try a banana shake on the days your doctor advises liquids. Just mashabanana with a fork, shake with cold milk and pour yourself a balanced ration.



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Bananas are one of the best-tasting foods you can eat any day! Such a happy way to build good nutrition into your daily diet. So help yourself. Havabanana today!

Whatever diet you're on...

Help yourself—HAVABANANA

Help yourself to a slender figure!

Help yourself to new vitality!

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Remember—*a medium banana has only 88 calories!*

* **Calorie low!** Fruits as a class are low in calories and bananas are a particularly low-calorie food because they are usually eaten straight from the peel with no high-calorie extras added. A medium banana has only 88 calories.

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Calorie Low!* Vitality High! Bananas belong in your daily diet!

UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Last-minute bulletin—there will be no school today . . ."

The mother had just put her little girl into the hands of the progressive-school teacher, who took the child into the classroom. It was little Margaret's first day. Presently the teacher returned, beaming. "Margaret has made a wonderful adjustment," she said. She had walked into the classroom and promptly socked a little boy on the nose.

It was different when father was a boy, says ***Newman Levy***, father of Margaret, in **MY DOUBLE LIFE: Adventures in Law and Letters** (Doubleday). This is one of the most entertaining biographies I can remember. Since the author is a rhymester par excellence (see *Opera Guyed*) and a successful criminal lawyer, you get both fun and drama for your money. New Yorkers of a certain age will find it captivating, for Newman Levy has lived in New York all his life, and each decade of the big city unfolds anew.

He describes New York at the turn of the century, when Harlem was quaint, and wistaria grew up the front of the house in springtime; when the horse-drawn fire engines went faster than any fire engines today; when bonfires lighted the entire city on Election Night; *when school got you somewhere.*

"*I learned to read, write and spell, and add, subtract and multiply*," *he says.* (*Margaret was still wrestling with these accomplishments during her freshman year at college, he adds.*) "*We used McGuffey Readers, and I could read fluently by the time I was six. . . . We learned to spell by rote, standing rigidly with our hands clasped behind our backs as we recited the assigned words in a flat singsong voice. It is a practice frowned upon today, but I did learn to spell. I developed a proofreader's eye, and ever since a misspelled word jumps violently out at me from the printed page.*"

●

HISTORY TODAY is the English counterpart of **AMERICAN HERITAGE**, both excellent magazines. I am told that the English are instructed to make *History* more like *Heritage*, and that the Americans are told to be more like *History*. *History Today* covers all time and all places. It is one of the few magazines that come into our house that I sit down and read at once. ($6 for 12 issues. 72 Coleman St., London E.C. 2.)

●

THE GREAT DEMOCRACIES is ***Winston Churchill's*** fourth volume in *The History of the English-Speaking Peoples* (Dodd, Mead). This brilliant series is a must for us all—a magnificent opportunity to view ourselves and our forebears through the eyes and the emotions and the astounding pen of the outstanding figure of our time.

(*This may sound hysterical, but if you haven't done so already, it's my advice to take a little time off to read these books. It will restore your self-confidence and your possibly dwindling trust in those same English-speaking peoples.*)

●

The complete book on the family feline is now out: **THE CARE OF YOUR CAT**, by ***P. M. Soderburg*** (Harper). This is almost a cyclopedia, covering kinds of cats, habits, illnesses, feeding, accidents, personality. *When a cat walks with his tail aloft, turned over at the tip and waving slightly from side to side*, he is pleased and happy. *When he holds his tail low and swishes it violently from side to side*, something has come up to give him active displeasure: he is annoyed. *When he purrs*—Ah! But I needn't go on. Recently I met a cat named Teakettle, because of the delectably cozy sounds he made.

●

Like the flowers that bloom in the spring, books are popping up all over. Here are a few, far apart, quite special, but all good:

AN ELEPHANT FOR ARISTOTLE, by ***L. Sprague de Camp*** (Doubleday), is a delightful scholarly conceit. It seems that Aristotle somewhere describes an elephant as if he had seen one. It is also a fact that Alexander the Great used to send him biological specimens from distant parts. Hence the story, in which Alexander decides to send his old teacher an elephant, and gives the job of transportation to one of his officers. Through the adventures on the trip to Athens we get a day-by-day picture of life in the various cities and plains of the ancient world, including Babylon complete with traffic cop.

THE CHANGING FACE OF BEAUTY, by ***Madge Garland***, is an absorbing picture book with text, *Four Thousand Years of Beautiful Women*, from Nefertiti to Marilyn Monroe, the Gibson Girl to Greta Garbo, Diane de Poitiers to Eve Curie, Lucrezia Borgia to Mme. Récamier. ($10, Barrows & Co., and worth every cent of it.)

PRIVATE, by ***Lester Atwell*** (Simon & Schuster), could be classed with *The Last Parallel* as an intimate, honest, inside view (not fiction) of the common fighting man. Besides going through the Battle of the Bulge, Saar Valley and other engagements in Germany, this author is literate and a good reporter. His is the kind of book we cannot afford to miss if we want to know the ultimate in experience of our own war generation.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Now for goodness' sakes, don't make yourself ridiculous by saying anything."

ALFRED AND GUINEVERE, by ***James Schuyler*** (Harcourt, Brace), may strike readers as simple-minded, but I felt like the fly on the wall and enjoyed the sensation. This is helter-skelter conversations between two children, brother and sister, cold-blooded and impervious as a couple of villains on the subject of their grownups, but feverishly emotional where other kids are concerned—jealous, scheming, triumphant or infinitely dejected. Either this author has total recall or a remarkable imagination.

●

Last of all there are good mysteries by two practiced hands:

THE HUSBAND (Harper), by ***Vera Caspary***, author of *Laura*, which concerns a shady husband and a rich wife, London and Paris. And **SINGING IN THE SHROUDS** (Little Brown), by ***Ngaio Marsh***, in which the murderer commits his crime every ten days and leaves hyacinths on the corpse!



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On Baby: Pin Dot Panti-Dress Set. Nylon yoke and ruffles. Pink or azure dots on white. 6 mos.-2 yrs. $3.00.

Look who's sitting pretty!



Left: Top Print Sacque Set. Snap-fastened. Plasticized pant. Blue/pink, mint/toast, toast/yellow. Layette size. $2.50.

Center: Dimple-Knit Sun Suit. Snap-fastened crotch. White/red, white/royal blue stripes. S-M-L-XL. $2.50.

Right: Doll Print Topper Set. Panties ruffle pants. Azure, pink, yellow print. 6 mos.-1½ yrs. $3.00.

That's me in the picture-pretty dress set. It's made of Carter's softest dimple-knit cotton. Auntie says that's because I have soft dimples, too! It has stand-up nylon ruffles that look like angel wings. Grandma says Carter's had her little angel in mind when they put them on! It's machine-washable, never needs ironing, and it's Carter-Set so it won't shrink out of fit. Now, Mother says that's what keeps me and my dress set sitting pretty. But Daddy thinks it's the seatful of ruffles on the matching panties!

Carter's

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"She keeps saying, 'It's the most natural thing in the world.'"

FATHERHOOD WITHOUT FEAR

The author, once a well-known worrywart, reveals how he has finally achieved the calm that has caused so much comment in the expectant-fathers' room.

By ABBOT MILLS

As the title suggests, it is now possible to have Fatherhood Without Fear. I am the father of three children and as I write this am expecting a fourth. I plan to have this child *fearlessly*. Many friends know this attitude of mine. Some think it ridiculous, but all of them have begged me to put into writing how I came to feel this way. It is all in having the first baby. After that it becomes more and more routine until the fourth—*pffft*—nothing. So I will tell you my story, the story of my first baby which I had *with considerable fear*.

Jody and I were married while attending adjoining colleges in sunny Southern California. We lived in the Pomona College veterans' units with many other young couples and I had occasion to notice a number of expectant fathers. It was not a pleasant sight to notice. To say the least, they were not a well bunch of boys. I felt quite superior not to be among this select group when, to my unbelieving ears, Jody announced that on May 2, 1950, I was going to have a baby! From that very moment on I remember feeling, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that *I was* going to have a baby. As time went on it grew worse.

Christmas, which is usually a great time of rejoicing for me, was nothing. Lincoln's Birthday, April Fool's Day—nothing! By April 28th I had lost ten pounds, had tired blood (known by the medical profession as "the gray sickness"), and was in a noticeably shaky condition.

All this time my wife, having put on a few pounds, and in the pink of good health, planned to take her final exam, history, April 30th, and also attend her graduation ceremony at Scripps College the first week in June.

Looking back now, I don't know if she had really given much thought to the near arrival of my first baby, but I can tell you the history professor did.

During the three hours that Jody pored over her last college exam, the good professor paced the floor behind her like a caged tiger, terrified that, by some quirk of nature, he might suddenly find himself taking an active part in the birth rituals of my first child. Nature was kind to the professor, but it was several days before he was strong enough to correct the almost perfect paper that Jody handed in. I mention this only to illustrate one example of how fearful fatherhood can be passed along, even to unexpecting fathers (not to mention unsuspecting bridegrooms).

I must say here that for all Jody's blaséness, she was not unaware of my weakened condition and thoughtfully took over *completely*. She not only mowed the lawn and did the small amount of heavy work there was to be done, but audited many of my classes, taking excellent notes for me.

Then May 2nd arrived! It was a bright, clear, sunny day like all Southern California sunny days. But it seemed different to me. If someone had said, "Today the earth will come to an end," I would have felt very much the same. The not knowing exactly-what-time-May-2nd is what bothered me most.

That morning Jody ate a hearty breakfast as though nothing in the world were wrong. It might have been Valentine's or Labor Day as far as she was concerned. Not I. No eggs for me this morning, and only two jiggers of orange juice (fresh California) instead of the usual four.

I let her do all the house cleaning and dishes as usual that morning, but by noon I was exhausted. She was hungry, also as usual, but I was anything but. She did encourage me to take one small, extra-dry malted milk (double portion of malt—it's good for babies), and I'm glad I did. It helped keep my blood-sugar level *level*, which is important at a time like this.

Afternoon arrived. Condition weak. Nothing! Darn fool doctors should work for the Weather Bureau! Five P.M. Still no patter of little feet. By 5:30 I was fit to be hog-tied and remembered an old saying by Doctor Spock: "God helps those who help themselves." (I often wondered why he said that, as I wouldn't think it would be especially good as medical advertisement, but maybe he didn't say it.) Anyway, I planned to do just that, if only to save face for the A.M.A.

Jody and I climbed into the car and drove out to the nearby orange groves. There she jogged up and down the rows of orange trees while I stood bravely by—car motor running. This is what is called, professionally, "bringing on the baby." We didn't actually want to bring on the baby, not in the orange groves. We just wanted him to get the general idea. Then we planned to lam out of there for the Kaiser Steel Mill. That's actually where he was supposed to be born, at the Permanente Hospital—sort of an assembly-line arrangement, we were told.

Well, after about the fifth lap I just gave up and told her to stop, that it just wouldn't work and anyway I was suddenly awfully thirsty and I think she was too. On the way back we stopped at the Sage Hen, the local pub, and ordered two extra-dry malted milks but they

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didn't serve them. We settled for two lemonades, which, when fresh (and these were), are packed with vitamin C. That night, needless to say, I hardly slept a wink, though Jody did very well.

May 3rd. May 4th. May 5th. Nothing! Idiot doctors couldn't get a job with the Weather Bureau if they tried! For all I knew, the baby wasn't due for two or three more months.

May 6th started off like any other day. Then a weird thing happened. The sky started clouding over. By early evening a heavy fog hung over the area. This, mixed with smog (drifting down from the Oregon coast), made it almost impossible to see more than a few yards in any direction.

This, naturally, was the night we chose to go to the hospital. It was agony driving at ten miles an hour down the highway, knowing that at any moment I might be a father. I think I would have gone nuts had I been alone, so I was especially glad to have Jody along this trip.

We did finally get there and I was all for heading straight for the operating table, but we were stopped at the door by a stony-eyed receptionist who insisted on first getting the story of our lives. How did I know if my father had ever been crazy? I told her I'd have to check with him, as he was in Washington, D.C., working for the Government. She said to let her know for sure later.

Finally Jody went off somewhere and they took me into the expectant-fathers' ward, which was quite crowded. I was amazed to see a few of the older fathers reading magazines. I sat all the time on the edge of my seat, cursing myself for not getting a private room.

Before long Jody's parents arrived. They had already spoken to the physician in charge and assured me that it was safe to go out to supper with them. I went, but it was a waste of time. I couldn't eat a thing.

When we got back we were told that Jody had gone to the delivery room sooner than expected. With that news I sat down and took seasick pills. I don't know how long I sat there before a nurse came in and said, "Mr. Mills, follow me."

We went down a long hall and into a small room. And there she was, Jody and my first baby boy! She smiled and hugged me and I could tell she was very proud of me and I was a little proud and happy for Jody too.

Well, that's the way it happened; and as I said, I really learned something from that experience. Before we even had our second and third I figured that it really wasn't so bad after all. The whole problem just answered itself, and from that day on I knew that Fatherhood Could be Without Fear.

You see, in this modern generation women are doing practically everything: sword swallowing, wrestling, skywriting—practically everything. So why not let them have the babies?

That's why I can calmly sit here today writing this. Our fourth baby was due *yesterday*. In front of me is the weather report. It says, "Rain today, tonight and tomorrow." Outside it is a beautiful, sunny day—and my wife, God bless her, is on her fifth lap around the house.

END



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The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

Whatever you may be sure of, be sure of this, that you are dreadfully like other people.

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DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

"I've never talked with a mother who didn't find one child more baffling than another."

What makes a child aggressive?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

GEORGE ZIMBEL



The four-year-old often explains or protests before attacking.

Quite a few mothers have written asking what makes a child aggressive and what to do about it. I think I've been putting it off because there are so many different answers. A lot depends on what you mean by the word. What's disturbing aggressiveness to one parent is healthy animal spirits to another.

Students of education and psychology and medicine often ask, "Is aggression normal?" Everyone is endowed with the mechanism for becoming aggressive under the stress of dangers of various kinds or in response to the hostility of others. The gentlest of mothers will attack a dog that is threatening her child. Kind men can be taught to kill in a wartime army where the alternative is to be killed.

Most psychologists would use the term "normal aggression" to include the drive or forcefulness which ordinary people put into such everyday activities as games and business striving. In this sense there is nothing abnormal about aggression, as long as it is not excessive for the situation.

I believe—like most people in the psychological professions and most parents—that children are born with different amounts of drive or aggressiveness, even though this can be modified a lot by the experiences they have later. Mothers will comment on the greater activity of one baby while in the womb, which continued right on through childhood. It's so apparent that one infant is content and docile from the earliest months, another shows his energeticness and impatience by the time he's a month old—always straining to raise his heavy head on his weak little neck whenever he's awake on his stomach. A couple of months later he's already struggling to pull himself to a sitting position as soon as you take hold of his hands.

It would have been more appropriate to call the docile baby "her" because I have the impression that a larger proportion of the gentle ones are girls.

Normal aggressiveness and the exaggerated forms vary at different stages of development. To me, one of the fascinating things about the first and second years of life is that though a baby has occasional rages, all right, he doesn't usually direct them at other people. Even when he's 1½ years of age and knows just whom he's mad at (when his mother deprives him of something breakable or dangerous) he takes it out on himself and the floor by pounding it with his arms, legs and head. It's as if he has an inborn inhibition against attacking people, which he only gradually overcomes with experience in this harsh world. At six or eight months, when he's miserable with teething and tries to gnaw his crib rail to splinters, he's usually careful not to bite his mother's nipple. If he yields to the temptation occasionally, he can, in most cases, be easily inhibited again by a sharp word or other correction. Young kittens and puppies show the same restraint. They love to play at tearing each other and people's hands to pieces, but they're surprisingly careful not to go too far.

A baby experiments delicately with hurting as he gets to be about a year old. Looking his mother straight in the eye, during a fretful period, he begins pulling at her hair or slowly approaches her cheek with his mouth open. It's as if he feels the impulse to be mean, but knows that his nature disapproves. A sensible mother promptly reminds her baby that she doesn't like it and that it's not allowed, by pulling back and by restraining his hand or mouth if he tries again. Another mother, who is not quite straight in her feelings and who is willing to play the hurt-and-be-hurt game, *lets* the baby bite and then just looks reproachful, or pretends to whimper. Then the baby, with a slightly sadistic grin, does it a little harder the next time.

You can see that I have a theory that a child under three years doesn't attack very vigorously unless he's encouraged or taught to. Frequently parents complain that their first child at the age of two is incapable of defending himself when other children grab his toy or knock him down. He looks bewildered or cries and runs to his parent. They worry that he's going to be a sissy. By the age of three the parents report, in most cases, that he has learned how to fight back, from bitter experience.

I don't remember ever hearing this complaint about a second child. He has usually taken enough punishment from the jealous first child by fifteen or eighteen months so that he's learned to hang onto his possession like grim death, or whack his brother with it, screaming all the time for whatever help he can get from a parent.

At one or two years of age biting seems to come naturally as a first line of defense or offense, but pushing the opponent over or whacking him with a heavy object is popular too. In other words, the aggression that does come out in earliest childhood is crude and direct. By three or four years of age you begin to see the effects of civilization and maturation. Instead of attacking immediately, kind children will often first ask or explain or protest. More important still is the turning of aggressive feelings into play form. A child will play the cowboy shooting the bad guy, the giant knocking down the house (made of blocks), the cop (on a tricycle) chasing the robber. You might call such play simply the safety valve for hostility, the blowing off of anger he may have accumulated toward his brother or parent. Yet it's also something more important than that. It's practice in controlling his feelings in accordance with the rules of the grown-up world for which he is already developing respect.

Some conscientious parents get this turned around. They try to discourage gun play in the four-to-eight-year-old period, fearing that it might lead to gangsterism or brutality in adult life, whereas it really represents, at this stage, a way station in the progress toward civilization.

The age period between three and six is one in which most children get along relatively well with their parents because they are more aware of how much they love them and want very much to be like them. However, the fact that a boy at this stage normally feels a special romantic and possessive love for his mother—and the girl for her father—makes for an undercurrent of rivalry between boy and father, between girl and mother. In most cases this rivalry does not come to the surface in a dramatic way because the child does his best to suppress it and because the parents maintain a wholesome relationship with each other and with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

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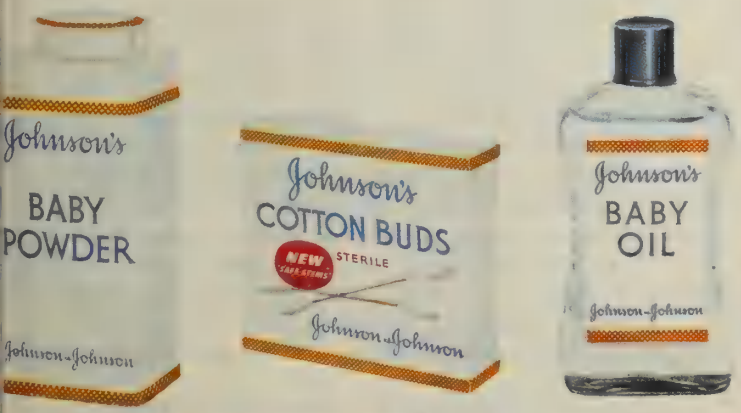
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

each child, which gives little encouragement to the rivalry. But in a few families where things have got out of balance, the mother may be quite baffled to have her four- or five-year-old daughter become surprisingly antagonistic to her for no apparent reason. (In a similar way during adolescence, which is a stage where rivalry is even more intense, a mother may get the feeling that she's pure poison to her daughter.) The rivalrous antagonism of son to father shows on the surface less frequently because sons seem to be, on the average, more in awe of their fathers than girls are of their mothers.

After the age of eight or nine, the simple play-acting of hostility loses some of its fascination. That's where the comics and TV and movies come in. Westerns and crime stories give full rein to all kinds of imaginary aggressions, and then subject them to the penalty of the law by the end of the episode.

The age period between about six and twelve years is one in which the child's own maturing nature makes him try to subdue the impulses which he feels are wrong. Open expression of hostility, especially toward the parents, comes under strict control, even in play form. A four-year-old boy can point a pretend pistol at his mother and grin while he tells her he's shooting her dead. But by the time he's nine years old his conscience has become so strict that it makes him step over a crack in the sidewalk when such a thought merely pops into his mind.

In this age period a child no longer feels free to attack a brother or sister without provocation. He may be almost as antagonistic underneath as he used to be. But he works into a fight step by step, subtly provoking his opponent to counterattack, so that he is convinced at each stage that he is only standing up for his rights.

Now comes the more complicated matter of what the environment does to change the intensity and the character of aggressiveness. Certainly the most important factor is the fit between the child's nature and the personality of mother and father.

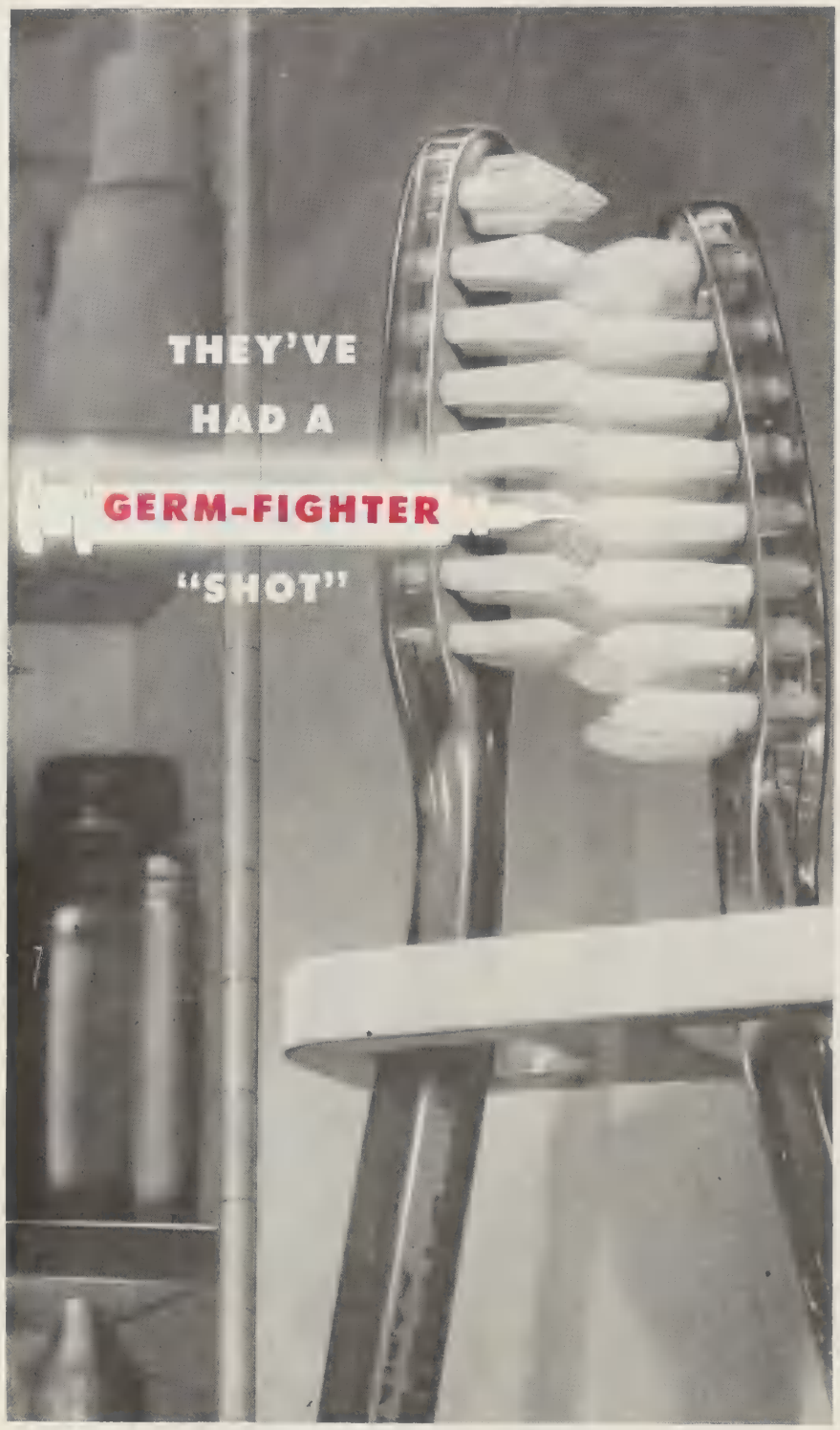
I've pointed out before that parents are obliged to adjust to the child they receive as much as he has to adjust to them. Some parents take much more easily to girls, and others to boys. Some have a knack with roughnecks and others are particularly successful in bringing out a naturally cautious, shy child. I've never talked with a mother who didn't find one child more baffling than another.

Often the baby who is overactive to start with tempts his mother to use methods of handling which increase his overactivity. I think of an energetic 1½-year-old I watched one morning in a park, who occasionally wandered off toward a road or got into other situations which his mother thought dangerous. She kept darting after him and yanking h back to safety. As the morning wore on y could see that he became frantic with her c stant restraint and lost interest in everythi but an obsession to dash away from her a toward the road. Of course you can see h not only an active child and a restraini mother; there was something a little unwho some in her willingness to stay in that spot t two hours (even though she had found a frie to talk to there), letting the situation deter rate into such a frustrating one for her son a herself.

Freud first made clear that a long-draw out toilet-training struggle between moth and child in the period between one and thr years can build a lot of antagonism into child's impressionable character. In a f cases this results in an outwardly aggressi child. More often, the reasonably good re tionship that mother and child have esta lished in other respects, and the fact that values her love and feels guilty in defying h makes him control his hostility (and even ally his bowels). So he is more likely to end with a personality that contains an uncomfo able mixture of too much balkiness and t much guiltiness, rather than an openly host one.

A mother has recently written me about t difficulty she's experiencing bringing up h third child, a boy now four years old. Her fi two were girls, now twenty-four and twen two years old. She found them easy, even f to raise. She remembers no particular pr lems at any time at home. Perhaps we sho take this with a grain of salt, since time dra a rosy curtain. But they must have been g erally well adjusted because they did wond fully in school and college, academically a socially. In the seventeen years that follow the birth of the second girl, the mother fi suspected and then gradually became cert that she wasn't going to have any more ch dren. By the time she was in her forties s was highly satisfied with a life that was fill with social activities and accompanying h husband on business trips to faraway plac They saw their daughters only during va tions and, as most parents of college stude know, not too much then. When her doct told her at forty-two that she was pregna she was at first incredulous, then dismayed a resentful. Being a realistic person, she even ally made the adjustments necessary in h thinking and planning. But in her feelings no matter how much she tried—she ne could become enthusiastic about the comi baby, and this added guiltiness to her oth troubles. The baby turned out to be one those very fretful ones who make the m joyful of mothers feel rejected and irritab As he progressed through infancy it beca

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200



If your toothbrushes touch . . . you need Dr. West's "Germ-Fighters"

The toothbrush that won't pass along germs...

New Dr. West's "Germ-Fighter" BRAND

Is the picture above a familiar scene—family toothbrushes touching? Do you use the same toothbrush after a bacterial infection? Then you want the new Dr. West's "Germ-Fighter" Toothbrush. Treated by a special anti-bacterial process*, this toothbrush destroys or inhibits germs that fall on and hold to it—when family toothbrushes touch each other or other objects. It's *the* toothbrush that won't pass along germs. Does a better cleaning and polishing job on your teeth, too. In adult, youth's and children's sizes.

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Good morning! Now you can drink your orange juice and have it too—in delicate, orange-flavored Aunt Jemima Buttermilk Pancakes. So easy—and so good! Use the quick shaker method (see package) substituting orange juice for the milk. Shake ten times, pour, and bake golden brown. Serve 'em warm and tender with butter and cinnamon sugar or syrup.

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THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR . . . in Midland, Michigan



JOE CLARK

Midland, Michigan, may be off the beaten track for touring operas and orchestras, but its concert calendar is full—because people of all ages enjoy making music of their own.

Kiwanis and Youth

By MARGARET HICKEY

From lullabies to folk songs to popular ballads to the great works of classical composers, music touches our lives—and we are richer for it. As this month's story of Midland, Michigan, shows, the chance not only to hear but also to play and sing music makes the world a better place to live in.

Thousands of American youngsters, and some in Canada, too, regularly have this opportunity because of Kiwanis International's long-time program of backing bands, orchestras and choirs for boys and girls throughout the country. In 1957 local clubs assisted some 2815 musical groups, providing funds, business management, equipment and, in some cases, actually leading the group and helping train the children.

In Pasadena, California, members of the local Boys' Club are gleefully tooting and drumming on the old school and college band instruments of Kiwanis members. A local music store helped, too, by putting equipment in tiptop condition without charge. Kiwanis offers rehearsal space and pays for band trips.

In Racine, Wisconsin, Kiwanis came to the rescue of a 75-member Youth Symphony which was foundering in financial difficulties. In the past three years the club has raised $3500 to pay for instruments, sheet music, repairs, insurance and transportation. The young musicians, of elementary-, junior- and senior-high-school age, give public concerts spring and fall, make 30 outside appearances a year at veterans' hospitals, music festivals and Kiwanis meetings.

"Rhythm Aces," in Charles Town, West Va., became friends in Key Club, a Kiwanis-sponsored service organization for high-school boys. They found they liked the same kind of music, started a "combo" on their own. The men's club heard about them and invited them to perform. Since then Kiwanis has lined up other engagements for the Rhythm Aces, and last June took the boys to annual convention in Atlantic City.

Work with boys and girls is the oldest and most important of all Kiwanis community-service activities. Helping them make music is one of the best ways, the organization feels, to combat juvenile delinquency, and it hopes to work ever more closely through music programs with organizations that help "problem people."

"Music encourages an *esprit de corps* often lacking in our modern society," a Kiwanis spokesman has said. Parents throughout the country agree. In Pikesville, Maryland, grateful mothers and fathers "point to better military-academy and college work and more successful business careers as direct results of Pikesville band membership." END

Jimmy Nelson, aged eight, was sprawled out on the living-room floor studying a map. He knew where to find his home town, Chicago, but now he searched for another town—the one where his family planned to move. "Here it is," he shouted to his father. "Midland, Michigan. But, gosh, it's just a speck. Do you suppose they've got anything interesting to *do* up there?"

This is a question being asked by increasing numbers of American families moving every year to new and better jobs in far-flung communities. Midland, the home of the laboratories and executive offices of a growing chemical plant, is typical of the towns that are attracting newcomers by the score.

In years past it had never been easy to persuade people to come to live in Midland. And no matter how interesting the job, the company could never be certain they and their families would be content to stay. Located on flat prairie land 120 miles north of Detroit and some 16 miles west of Saginaw Bay, Midland did not get world-famous orchestras and opera companies on tour and it was off the regular road-show circuit. Of course some of the newcomers, scientists and engineers were people wholly absorbed in their work. But others were active, community-minded people who wanted to lead full, well-rounded lives that include the arts as well as specialized jobs. For them Midland spelled isolation.

Today Midland is still isolated geographically, but its cultural reputation is reaching out to prospective new residents. "Sure we're off the beaten track," an old-timer tells them, "but what does it matter after you hear the music we make ourselves?"

The old-timer is referring to Midland's rousing 100-member male chorus, the 75-member girls' chorus, the lilting madrigal singers and the 70-member symphony orchestra, all of whom sing and play throughout the year to thousands of enthusiastic neighbors and friends—and who also provide an incentive for many others to come to Midland to live and work.

It was not always so. Anyone looking for "cultural stimulation" in Midland some years ago was doomed to disappointment. Dr. Vernon Stenger, a research chemist who had once played oboe in the Denver Civic Orchestra, and his wife, a string-bass player, had tried, without success, to get an orchestra started in Midland. Finally they joined one in Saginaw, though it meant a 42-mile trip each week. Earl Pelton, also a research chemist, who plays either viola or violin, can recall that once upon a time, during the '20's, the town's more daring amateurs were able to get together for perhaps one small concert a year—and only occasionally did the audience outnumber the players. "To top it all," he tells you, "we had just one clarinetist. He had strong personal likes and dislikes and the rest of us had to play whatever he told us to."

Singers struggled too. Jack Spencer, a design engineer with a natural bass voice, sang falsetto for years because early choral groups were invariably short of tenors.

And children's music education was sadly neglected. The public-school system had only one music teacher; private teachers could not find enough pupils to keep them busy at the low price of 50 cents a lesson.

The smallness of the town and the lack of cultural activities meant trouble for the big chemical company, which needed more and more highly trained minds as it grew in size and volume of output. Midland has almost inexhaustible underground reservoirs of brine—with high concentrations of bromine, chlorides and other valuable mineral salts. It was only a sleepy village until 1891, when an adventurous young Cleveland chemist by the name of Herbert H. Dow took over an old salt well and began pumping the brine. He began by producing bromine, later manufactured chlorine bleach and other commercial chemicals. Eventually the company branched into production of organic chemicals, became a leader in the development of synthetic resins, and today manufactures hundreds of products.

The impetus for a new music program came one Sunday in 1936 when a small male chorus gave a short program at the First Presbyterian Church. Leland Ira Doan, then vice president and secretary of the chemical company, was in the audience. He liked what he heard and it gave him an idea.

The next day at the office he called in one of the company salesmen, Frank Whaley, whom he had heard sing in that chorus. "What would you think of starting a chorus right here at the plant, Frank?" Mr. Doan asked.

"I think it would be great," the surprised salesman said. "When do we start?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55



Exciting Discovery from Betty Crocker

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- Fries foods crispier outside, juicier inside
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Get lighter...juicie now with ne

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR AND MAZOLA CORN OIL BRING YOU THIS DELICATE BATTER RECIPE

Now! A new, easier way to deep-fry, guaranteed to please by Betty Crocker! This new GOLDEN-FRY BATTER is a "mix-quick and dip" *thin* batter that really *stays on* foods, sealing in all their natural juices and flavor.

It fries even, golden-brown, crunchy-crisp. Foods *stay* crispy-tender and delicious, too, even when kept warm in your oven. And you can fry *different* foods together without a transfer of flavors.

What a wonderful way to perk Lenten meals! Try shrimp, scall oysters, fish fillets! Chicken, lunch meats, cutlets, cocktail snacks! O rings, cauliflower, eggplant! Pineap bananas, strawberries! Such a quic easy way to make *any* food fabul Try GOLDEN-FRY BATTER today

elicious fried foods !

crispier fried foods
Golden-Fry Batter

For crispier, juicier fried foods

Golden-Fry Batter

1/2 cup MAZOLA Corn Oil — 1 1/2 cups milk
1 cup sifted GOLD MEDAL Flour — 1 egg

Blend oil and flour. Add milk and egg. Beat with rotary beater until smooth. Batter will be thin. *Dry food thoroughly; then coat generously with unseasoned flour.* Dip into batter, letting excess drip off. Fry in Mazola (375°) 3 to 4" deep until golden brown. (Use chickens 2½ lb. or under; fry until tender.) Drain on absorbent paper, season, serve.







You CAN WIN FRENCH'S FRESH-START

1ST PRIZE—YOUR DEBTS PAID PLUS $10,000 NEST EGG
2ND PRIZE—YOUR DEBTS PAID PLUS $5,000 NEST EGG
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PLUS **200 4TH PRIZES—SUNBEAM AUTOMATIC FRYPANS**

Out of Debt Cash in the Bank

Make all your dreams come true! Win French's Fresh-Start Contest and free yourself of money worries! These are only some of the debts covered: Home mortgage! *Or* a year's rent! Repair bills, property taxes! Time payments for automobile, appliances and furniture! Medical and dental bills! *Plus* current bills for food, fuel, utilities, and clothing! French's Mustard pays your debts of record as of February 28, 1958 up to a maximum of $30,000.00.

For a complete list of debts, contest details, and rules, pick up a convenient entry blank at your food store today!

How To Win—It's Easy!

1 Here's all you need to do: Try the two French's Mustard recipes on the opposite page. In 25 words or less, tell which one you like best and give reasons for your choice.

Special tip on writing your entry: you really need to *try* and *taste* these two new recipes in order to write your answer! The special quality of French's Mustard gives these foods a wonderful new *Light* and *Lively* flavor you can't describe *until* you taste them.

2 *Write your entry on one side of any handy sheet of paper—or use the convenient entry blank which you can get at your food store.* Just be sure to print your name and address clearly, and mail entries to French's Mustard, Box 90, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y.

3 No limit to number of entries you can send. Enter as often as you wish. Entries must be postmarked on or before midnight May 17, 1958, and received by May 23, 1958. Only first three *winners'* debts will be requested and they will be kept confidential.

HURRY! HURRY! this GREAT FRENCH'S MUSTARD CONTEST CLOSES MIDNIGHT, MAY 17, 1958

RECIPES FOR FRENCH'S FRESH-START CONTEST



FRENCH'S SAUCEWICH

1 tall can evaporated milk ⅓ cup ketchup or tomato paste
⅓ cup French's Mustard

Scald milk in double boiler. Thoroughly blend ketchup and mustard into milk. Serve hot on toasted or grilled sandwiches, closed or open-faced or on toasted English muffins. *Some Sauce-and-filling variations:* 1) Add tuna to Sauce, serve on toast, 2) Add deviled or ground ham, pour over poached egg on toasted English muffin, 3) Add grated cheese, cover 'burger on bun.

CONTEST



CROWN O'GOLD MEAT LOAF

Meat Loaf
1½ cups fine soft bread crumbs
1½ lbs. ground lean chuck beef
4 egg yolks, 1½ tsps. salt
2 tbsps. French's Mustard
1½ tbsps. prepared horseradish
3 tbsps. finely diced green pepper
2 tbsps. French's Minced Onion
⅓ cup ketchup

Topping
4 egg whites
¼ tsp. French's Cream Tartar
4 tbsps. French's Mustard

Mix bread crumbs with meat. Combine other ingredients. Blend into meat mix. Pack into 9-inch casserole; bake in moderate oven (325°) 30 min. Beat egg whites until foamy; add cream tartar; beat until *very stiff*. Fold in mustard gently. Swirl on hot meat; bake 20 to 25 min. or till tipped with brown. 6-8 servings.



French's own mustard recipe for a *Light* and *Lively* flavor calls for rare spices, specially grown mustard seeds, and fine vinegar. No wonder more women use it than any other!

On food...
In food...

no other mustard has the light and lively flavor of

FRENCH'S MUSTARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

Within the hour Frank Whaley was tacking up notices on bulletin boards, fellow employees were passing the word at water coolers and at noon in the lunchroom. At auditions the following week, bass Jack Spencer was pleased to see that he could at last button his collar and sing in natural voice again. The new chorus organized with 40 members, scheduled its rehearsals in the company cafeteria or auditorium, and when necessary in the lobby. Company president Dr. Willard H. Dow often stayed around for rehearsals, was surprised to find that men who worked hard during the day got such keen pleasure from a leisure-time activity which itself involved exacting work. Within a short time he authorized hiring of a part-time director.

Company employees were not the only ones who enjoyed the chorus. Members of the community came to hear them sing and to applaud. And some began to ask, "Can't we sing with you—or is this just a 'company chorus'?"

In 1943 the president called in his director of technical employment. "We're starting a music department," he said matter-of-factly. "I want you to go out and find a full-time musical director." An unprecedented assignment at a chemical company it was. But the community wanted music, and in time the names of four conductors were presented to the chorus to "audition." Their final choice was a man who was a violinist as well as possessor of a fine tenor voice and who thus could help organize a new orchestra—Dr. Theodore Vosburgh, head of musical activities at Albion College.

At first there wasn't even a place to put a desk for the new musical director except in the already overworked and noisy auditorium. But Dr. Vosburgh turned out to be the kind of man who never sat down. Stocky, bright-eyed, a voluble talker, he "bounced like a rubber ball," as Frank Whaley puts it, visiting every department, every corner of town, including the public schools. He wanted to meet the men and women he expected to work with; he wanted to know what they were like, what they did for a living, and he wanted them to get to know him. Most of all he wanted to stir up parents and teachers to bring music into the lives of Midland children. "We *must* have a good supply of young musicians to keep our music alive," he told them.

Dr. Vosburgh's zest for his work, his warm friendliness, soon melted the coolness of executives and overcame the shy reserve of by-the-hour employees. When he announced auditions for a male chorus of 100 voices, he was swamped by applications. Hardly had these auditions ended when he next called for tryouts for a symphony orchestra and a girls' chorus.

Before long he was "Ted" to everyone—and still bouncing from rehearsal to meeting and back to rehearsal. He never overlooked a chance to recruit a new musician. On one occasion he called at the home of a tenor-saxophone player whose name another orchestra member had given him. Not only did Dr. Vosburgh persuade the man to join the orchestra—he also talked him into giving up the tenor sax and taking up the bassoon! Even people who couldn't play wanted to join. One young doctor was so caught up by Ted's enthusiasm he arranged to take viola lessons in Pittsburgh—to which he commuted in his own plane.

Whole families took up music. Arthur J. Barry, who joined the male chorus, and his wife, a charter member of the girls' chorus, soon had their daughters practicing on the cello and the piano and also joining with the choruses at festival and oratorio time. Friends of the family began dropping by even more often than usual for impromptu concerts at the Barry home.

Dr. Vosburgh kept his eye on every detail of the music making. At breaks during early male-chorus rehearsals he noticed that hourly employees would gather in groups around the soft-drink machines, too shy to speak with scientists, engineers and executives—though all were fellow members of the chorus. Ted Vosburgh made a mental note to do something about *that*.

As time for the first public performance drew near, Director Vosburgh announced that he expected the entire chorus to wear tuxedos at the concert. Then he waited for the uproar to die down. "We can't go out and buy a 'monkey suit' just to sing in," a foreman shouted. Everyone agreed. But Ted had anticipated this. "Anyone who needs a suit can buy one from me," he said, "and all it will cost is two dollars." He led them to a closet where he had collected trousers and jackets from owners around town who no longer wanted them. All had been cleaned and reconditioned.

Almost at that moment all class consciousness vanished, as Ted had hoped it would. From then on every singer began to call the others by first name.

By 1948 the music program was big enough for a building of its own. Every time there was a last-minute change in time and place of rehearsal, Ted Vosburgh had to get word out to 50 or more people scattered all over town. So quietly he began to scout around. He knew what he wanted, and he found it in an abandoned church on State Street, just two blocks from the plant. In it he could envisage an auditorium, large and small practice rooms and office-studios (all thoroughly sound insulated), and a kitchen for snacks during and after late rehearsals. Upon his recommendation the company bought and remodeled it.

> **If we accept democracy, we must accord to everyone the right to think, speak and publish his sentiments on every subject; and in that case we must indeed be prepared to take the consequences, whatever they may turn out to be.** CARL L. BECKER
> Freedom and Responsibility in the American Way of Life
> Published by Alfred Knopf, Inc.

Today the music building serves as headquarters for a group of madrigal singers, a small band and several other small instrumental and singing groups—as well as the established choruses and orchestra. Its music library is open to anyone with an interest in music. In all some 500 adults take part in the different activities in the building. During a typical season the men's chorus, girls' chorus and orchestra give about 17 performances in Midland and 13 away from home, in addition to the annual spring festival and the annual operetta.

Through free-will offerings at concerts the community provides cash scholarships for Midland's young people. Every March nearly 200 teen-age students gather in the music building to compete for scholarships to either a free summer course at Interlochen Music Camp or free lessons from a local teacher. In twelve years, $42,000 worth of music scholarships have been given to 249 young people. A number of parents have been so pleased by this incentive to study that they have secretly returned the money won by their youngsters for the benefit of more needy students.

Another outcome of the Midland music program has been growing interest in music in the public schools. Where once schools employed only one music teacher, they now hire fourteen. The senior high school and the two junior high schools have bands, orchestras, almost every kind of music group that can be fitted into the curriculum—and principals report that more and more students are entering college as music majors.

Midland, the town where once four private music teachers couldn't get pupils even at 50 cents a lesson, now has 30 teachers—who are turning away pupils. Everyone, from the fifth-grade drummer boy to a grandmotherly hi-fi fan, is music-conscious. Music is so taken for granted that occasionally Midlanders have to leave town to realize how much it has meant to them—as did Harry Cloft, an insurance salesman, and his family. "We soon found out—after spending four years in another city," Mr. Cloft, who neither sings nor plays an instrument, now tells Ted Vosburgh. "And we just *had* to come back." END

"Our thoughts and ideas are so different—even after ten years we have nothing in common."

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

ARE CHILDREN ENOUGH?

"There is no counselor to whom I can turn, and I need help. My husband is 32, I'm 28. We have been married ten years and have two children, the younger in the first grade. They are our only common interest. He says this is enough, but is it?

"I like to read and listen to music, to walk and go on picnics. He only likes to watch movies or television or occasionally to bowl. Our thoughts and ideas are so different. I never let him know how I feel or say anything to cause conflict. I avoid quarrels because he always loses his temper. I've kept mine so long I don't feel anything or any way toward him. I simply try to please him and to share with the children instead of with him.

"My husband is jealous, though I've never really given him any reason to be. I have looked longingly at another man, but that sort of thing is not for me. He doesn't even like for me to visit girl friends.

"I carry all the responsibilities except making the living. (He provides well for all of us.) I make most of the decisions, since he says whatever I want is all right with him, and he says our marriage is perfect. But he must know that I'm not happy.

"I feel the need of counseling because I need aid in accepting a situation that I doubt can be improved."

Many wives in their late twenties are troubled by vague dissatisfaction, especially if they married quite young. If there are no more than two children, as in this case, they are probably now in school, and no longer provide constant companionship and occupation. The wife suddenly has considerable free time, and may not know what to do with it. On the other hand, if there are several small children at home, she may have too much to do, and too little opportunity for adult society.

The combination of loneliness and boredom (whether from too little to do or too much of the same repetitive routine) is sure to result in discontent. But the difficulties will ease with time. Meanwhile, if the husband and wife have developed a close personal relationship, his understanding and companionship will compensate her for temporary discomfort.

But there is nothing to indicate that this wife has achieved such a relationship with her husband. Unlike most such letters, hers makes no mention of affection for her husband, now or when she married him. In fact, she reveals as much by what she does not say as by her specific complaints.

She apparently takes little interest in his work, for she doesn't mention it, except as the source of a good income. Finally, and significantly, though she says that the children are their only common interest, this interest seems to be separately pursued, rather than shared. She says as much: "I share with the children *instead of* with him." In forming the family circle, she has not drawn her husband within.

Her doubts must be resolved, her dissatisfaction relieved, or her marriage will be in real danger. At any time, another man (or another woman) may come along and precipitate a crisis. Passive acceptance of a situation which she doubts can be improved will be of little value, for *unless* it is improved, it will deteriorate. And she must accept the responsibility for seeking the improvement.

The crucial issue, basically, is whether the wife really wants to improve her marriage. If she does, then she must start by deepening and strengthening her relationship with her husband. Only she knows all the facts and is able to analyze them. Once she does this, she will know how to proceed. But any plans must be related to these points.

Her reasons for saving the marriage must be specific, concrete, and must take into account her selfish needs and wants as well as the family welfare, if she is to make a genuine effort. One way for any wife to evaluate her situation is to visualize what her life would be like if her marriage were suddenly to end.

Her feelings must be expressed. Deep emotions, whether of love or anger, joy or sorrow, require expression. When they have long been restrained ("I never let him know how I feel") a deliberate effort must be made to cultivate spontaneity. There need be little fear that emotions will get out of hand; the real threat here is that the brakes will not loosen. This wife needs to talk and laugh freely, occasionally to cry or even lose her temper if she feels like it. Minor conflicts are less to be feared than total lack of communication.

She must learn to share, and she can do so through their common interest in the children. If he is a loving father, he will want to take part in family outings and projects. Gradually, as she tells him of the children's triumphs and disappointments, of her plans and hopes for their future, she will find it natural and easy to confide in him on other matters as well. From their shared concern for home and family, other mutual goals and interests will surely develop.

What this wife really needs (like every human being) is to feel loved. But to receive love, she must learn to give it, fully and freely. She and her husband may never achieve the high excitement of intense romance. But with all that is in their favor they can build a rewarding relationship founded on affection, understanding and companionship.

They have lived together for ten years without serious conflict. The husband has earned a good living, is devoted to the children, loyal to his wife, and even assures her he is contented with their marriage. Many wives would be happy with far less.

WHY ARE HUSBANDS UNFAITHFUL?

"When our club meets, we often discuss your JOURNAL page. There are twenty of us, all old friends, married at least ten years, and now between 30 and 40 years old. At our last meeting, the subject of chastity after marriage came up and many different views were expressed. Some of us felt pretty disturbed and upset, and I was appointed to ask you to write an article that would set us straight on our views.

"Some said they would not tolerate a husband's infidelity and would demand a divorce if such a thing happened; most said they would be terribly hurt. But one woman argued that if a husband went astray it could only mean that his wife was not affectionate. Naturally, this produced loud protests. Another said there were cases where a wife was affectionate and the husband loved her and showed it but still played around. Several of us have husbands who must travel for weeks at a time on business. Even though men get lonely away from home, is it right for them to turn to another woman?

"Why do husbands become unfaithful? I think there are many wives besides our club members who could benefit from your article. I have never had such a problem myself, but in this day and age it can happen to anybody."

At the outset, it must be clear to every reader that morally and Biblically, infidelity or extramarital intercourse is always condemned. In nearly all civilized societies, for a married person to have intercourse with anybody except the lawful spouse is regarded as both sinful and illegal. Yet the problem persists. Kinsey reported that 50 per cent of husbands had been unfaithful by the time they reached age 40. Other investigators have reported an even higher proportion of husbands admitting a desire, at one time or another, to engage in extramarital intercourse.

Why do husbands become unfaithful? There is no single answer. A major reason is undoubtedly the desire for variety and new or different experience. But this is often so trivial as to be unimportant to husbands who are happily married and sexually well adjusted.

Probably a tenth of all husbands are "scofflaws." They like to break the rules of society and take pride in getting away with infractions, whether moral or legal.

A husband who would remain faithful under favorable circumstances may yield to the wrong combination. Absence from home, strong temptation and easy opportunity, immoderate drinking, a violent quarrel, a wife's illness may be responsible for the first lapse.

There is no way in which a wife can certainly prevent her husband's infidelity. But there is much she can do to minimize the likelihood. In general, of course, she will do her utmost to achieve a happy marriage and a close relationship with her husband, physically as well as spiritually. More specifically, she can avoid the errors of behavior and attitude often associated with a husband's unfaithfulness. She will not be:

The wife who blames her husband for sexual dissatisfaction, or who casts reflections on his manhood.

The wife who is unresponsive or sexually cold.

The wife who frequently avoids or evades intercourse.

The wife who is repulsed by what seem to her unorthodox techniques.

The jealous and possessive wife who demands much affection but shows little interest in sex.

This is not an attempt to set the club members "right in their views," nor is it a brief for the philandering male. It is merely an attempt to set forth some of the facts, to help these and other women form opinions based on understanding, not prejudice. Then perhaps they will be less upset by the threat of infidelity, better prepared to act with wisdom and tolerance if unhappily it should come.

DO YOU AGREE?

Should married couples sleep in single or double beds?

Either as long as they mutually agree; if not agreed, then single beds in same room usually work out best.

ASK YOURSELF:

What Should a Girl's Standards Be?

Whatever your age, answer these questions as you think they should be answered by a girl 17 to 20 years old.

Do You Think it is Wrong To:

1. **Go to movies on Sunday?**
2. **Swear explosively or frequently?**
3. **Dislike persons who are in authority?**
4. **Engage in social drinking?**
5. **Have doubts about religion?**
6. **Read fiction dealing in sex?**
7. **Criticize one's parents?**
8. **Marry somebody of a different religion?**
9. **Drink heavily once or twice a month?**
10. **Have friends of lower moral standards?**
11. **Tell a lie for selfish gain?**
12. **Date a man that parents disapprove?**
13. **Pet when going steady?**
14. **Think quite often about sex?**

The average girl of 17 to 20 answers 7 or 8 questions "Yes." But the average mother of a girl this age answers "yes" to 11 or 12. Obviously, this means that there will be considerable disagreement in many individual cases. Unless a mother and daughter can discuss standards of behavior calmly and reasonably, conflict between them is inevitable. Even though such discussions may not resolve all the differences, they will lead to closer understanding between mother and daughter.

Emotional Tensions

drain your skin of beauty oils—every day

Skin authorities say the emotional tensions of your daily life can actually drain your skin of its own beauty-giving fluids. That's why by evening, your skin looks drawn and dry and lifeless.



The baby balks at breakfast



The cookies burn to a crisp



Jackie lassos the lamp



. . . As your nerves tie in knots!

Now– Pond's Cold Cream replaces the beauty oils that tension drains away

You look lovelier—feel lovelier!
So delightfully soothing!—you'll love the cool refreshing touch of Pond's on your tired skin.

As you cream and cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream, tautness slips away. Dry tension lines fade. Your skin softens, a lovely glow lights your face.

Deep-Cleanses to let beauty oils in
This is the wonderful beauty-lift waiting for you in Pond's exclusive "beauty-oil" formula! As it deep-cleanses, Pond's releases rich, softening oils deep into your thirsty skin. And quickly it responds. Smooths out. Wakes to radiant life! He'll notice the lovely difference, too, when you're close enough to kiss!

You need never be too busy to be beautiful. Let Pond's Cold Cream work this magic for *you*—tonight.



Today—in 37 seconds—bring out the beauty that is *naturally* yours

You need never be too busy to be beautiful

ADAM



Strong man with a
weakness for beauty.

EVE



Utterly feminine with
a flair for fashion.

MOJUD hosiery



The fashion that turns
a leg into a legend!

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WIN A EUROPEAN VACATION FOR TWO in MOJUD'S "FAMOUS PAIRS" GIVEAWAY!

FLY SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES TO THE BRUSSELS WORLD'S FAIR, AND THEN TO THE "HEART-OF-PARIS" BY GIANT S-58 HELICOPTER. ALL EXPENSES PAID! NOTHING TO BUY! NOTHING TO DO! HUNDREDS OF OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES! GET ENTRY BLANKS AT YOUR LOCAL MOJUD HOSIERY DEALER.

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OUR READERS WRITE US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

a curious projection of time, each child seemed to assume for the moment the mien of the woman she would become.

Then, in the morning, as I escorted one of the campers down the valley, the naked trees revealed an unbroken rim of sky banded by an incredible scarlet. In the deep hollow beneath the bridge there were the myriad rustlings of wind-scattered leaves and small animals. Overhead a great owl flapped its wings and glided into the deeper woods. It was an interval of pure adventure and mystery.

On Sunday as we trudged up our own steps, Jenny smiled at me with a wealth of love and pride. "I'll never forget the wonderful time we had," she said. Even now I can't remember what small tasks or pleasures were sidetracked so that I could spend that weekend with the girls but, like Jenny, I know that I will remember it as long as I live.

It is rapidly becoming a matter of self-congratulation to be able to deliver a positive "No" when approached for participation in service activities. By phone, letter and in person we are bombarded with requests for our assistance with community, school, club, political and welfare projects; and even the most conscientious person cannot hope to accede to every request and do an adequate job. Often, however, women feel justified in exempting themselves from service activities by claiming that their lives are already spent in service to their families. But the things we do for our husbands and children we do for ourselves. Our families are a part of our own lives, their interests an extension of our interests.

It is also natural, of course, to hesitate at undertaking a new job. Doubt of one's abilities, self-consciousness, small idiosyncrasies are common stumbling blocks. But the field of public service often can afford the opportunity of conquering them.

A friend called on me to ask that I help with an Easter party at the home for blind women. I was greatly interested in the plan and I explained that blindness had always been appalling to me, that I couldn't be with a blind person without a horrible feeling of guilt that I should have the gift of sight he had been denied.

My friend heard me out. "Listen," she said wearily. "Some other time I'll sympathize with all your little quirks and foibles. Right now I need help. Twenty blind women are looking forward to this party and so far all I've produced in the way of a committee is a bunch of excuses."

I went to the party. For hours I guided presents into seeking hands, greeted guests, poured coffee and carried trays. Then we finished off the evening with a sturdy old hymn. With the last notes I looked down to discover that I was holding a songbook in company with a tiny silver-haired old lady. At my murmured exclamation she explained that for each song I had turned the pages and then held out the book for her to share. She had played right along with me, taking the book and pretending to read the words although she couldn't see a thing. It was the best joke on me, she said. She began to laugh. Others joined in and presently I laughed too. It was honest happy laughter that dispersed any lingering taint of guilt. When I left, the women thanked me for helping with their party, but I knew the real gratitude was due to them for teaching me that physical blindness need not mean blindness of the spirit. How close I came to denying myself the chance to learn that.

As long as an elderly person waits in vain for a visitor to appear at his door, as long as a child lies in a hospital bed yearning for a comforting hand, as long as workers are needed to support the charitable organizations and institutions, so long should each of us give himself the chance to serve.

Sincerely,
VALERIA WINKLER GRIFFITH

Altar-Rug Designers

Hudson, Ohio

Dear Sirs: The high-altar rug in the National Cathedral (shown in January JAT) is truly a "beautiful labor of love" by the twenty-two women who did superb work in this needlework project.

But who are the persons who created the rug, planned the design, color and stitches so that when those twenty-two pieces were sewn together there would be no flaws in the picture "stained-glass window"? They must be persons of great skill and talent.

Respectfully,
LAURA P. NEWBOLT

▶ *The very skilled designers of the rug are the Misses Tebbetts, whose needlepoint studio is in Kent, Connecticut. ED.*

That's the Idea, Men!

Victoria, B.C.

Dear Editors: After chuckling over your picture of the sleeping males in your December issue, I would like to show you the tradition that stands supreme in *our* family on Christmas Day.



Men at work.

We weren't actually sleeping, but were definitely resting in the front room.

Sincerely,
MRS. ROBERT G. SINNAMON

P.S. May I introduce my husband and our two sons-in-law?

Journal in Brazil . . .

São Paulo, Brazil

Dear Ladies' Home Journal: Last year we packed our four small sons into an airplane to come to Piracicaba, where my husband is teaching at the Agriculture School for six months.

The Brazilian people received us with such warmth that we began to love it here immediately. And almost the first question a Brazilian woman asked me was, "Do you read the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL?" It is very expensive here, but they buy it and read it from cover to cover.

When I try to cook a meal here, using the recipes in the magazine, I realize what marvels these must seem to Brazilians. We have no frozen foods, handy packaging, prepared mixes, and very few canned foods. So many wonderful recipes call for canned mushroom soup, cream cheese, potato chips, marshmallows or cottage cheese! Even so, the JOURNAL is my cookbook, and I am becoming very clever substituting fresh pineapple and papaya and coconut milk. And we are enjoying all of Brazil: the people, the lizards that walk on our ceiling at night, the vultures that roost on our roof, and the brilliant butterfly that dances by like a living flame.

The JOURNAL to me is a message from home; to the Brazilians, a tale of miracles. We love you!

Sincerely,
ALICE DELWICHE

. . . And in Kenya

Nairobi, Kenya, Africa

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: I must tell you how much the JOURNAL is appreciated here in Kenya. My copy goes the round of my friends and is eagerly read by the neighbors. I usually get it back in a rather tattered condition, since most of the pictures of frocks are cut out for the local Indian tailor to copy.

We simply love Munro Leaf. Is it possible to get a copy of his "This Is a Tub-Ringer"? I cut it out years ago, and pasted it up in the bathroom, but it is a bit splashed now. The native servants understand pictures, and clean the bath far better than if I shouted at them.

Sincerely,
DOROTHY STEELE



DuBarry COLOR GLO



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A new idea in hair coloring! It's fun, fast, foolproof ... washes right out with your next shampoo!

Color Glo is for *you.* It's new! Not a rinse, not a dye, not a color shampoo. It's a fabulous *foam.* Just pour it on, foam it in and that's it. Natural-looking, silken color that *won't* rub off — *will* wash out when you shampoo! And the colors! Blond's *brilliant.* Black's *burnished.* Red's *radiant.* And grey is pure shimmering silver! After your next shampoo, *foam* fabulous color into *your* hair with new DuBarry Color Glo!
Six sensational shades, 1.50 plus tax.

New Palmolive gives

New Life to Your Complexion Safely... Gently!



Palmolive's Rich Lather Contains –

No drying detergents!

No harsh perfumes!

No irritating deodorants!



You can give your complexion new life—leave it softer, fresher—with New Palmolive care!

And you'll see results after just a few days—as New Palmolive care gently washes away dirt and make-up . . . cleanses so effectively it actually gives your complexion NEW LIFE!

New Palmolive's rich, mild lather lets you cleanse far more thoroughly than you'd dare to do with harsher soaps. Palmolive contains no drying detergents, no strong perfumes, no irritating deodorants—just the gentlest of natural cleansing ingredients. So get that "new life" look with gentle New Palmolive Soap!

All New! lather fragrance color wrapper

JOURNAL

EDITED BY: JEAN ANDERSON - ABBOT MILLS - EILEEN SHARPE - GLENN MATTHEW WHITE

ABOUT TOWN

WHAT WE DO
WHERE WE GO
WHOM WE MEET

FRED FEHL



Helen Hayes and cover girl Susan onstage.

50 years ago in the Journal

In April, 1908, you could travel steerage from New York to Italy for $12. Cuddle Up a Little Closer was popular but unfeasible if the lady wore one of the new soaring bird-and-flower-decked Merry Widow bonnets. Autos were excluded from Nantucket, and a fire in Chelsea, Massachusetts, made 10,000 people homeless.

"There is a little saying among men which it may be well for girls to remember," admonishes Editor Bok in the April, 1908, JOURNAL. "It is: 'The thinner the shirtwaist, the commoner the girl.'"

"The $1500 bungalow" featured in this issue "is built of clapboards stained a rich brown and has five rooms and a bath."

The New Method to Keep Us Well, as related by Dr. Richard Newton, was to sleep in ventilated rooms. He decries the American custom of keeping all bedroom windows tightly shut and says, "I know of a little girl, three years old, the daughter of well-to-do parents in New York State, who has never slept in a house. She is as large and strong as a child of six."

To escape spring house cleaning: "Clean one room thoroughly each week, washing windows, curtains, woodwork, bedspreads, etc."

Beauty hint: "Before working in the garden or doing other rough work, rub your fingernails over a piece of soap to prevent dirt from getting under the nails."

"Louisa: When yawning bothers you, go to bed at half past eight every night for two weeks."

"When building a house, consider your wife carrying three hods of coal a day when you plan the distance between the range and coal bin. And why don't you knock your parlor into your living room, get a big room out of the two, and put your 'best things' into your daily life?" architect George Edward Barton urges Journal readers.

"Is it true short sleeves won't be worn this summer during the hot weather?" asks a wistful reader. "True," confirms the Journal. "Have your sleeves three-quarter or a fitted full length."

Fashion accessories: "A black ostrich-feather boa with two long silk tassels, back and front. . . . Bronze slippers with stockings to match. . . . Stiff linen stock collars, four inches high, embroidered with eyelet."

Susan Strasberg became our cover girl (April 1956) modeling a John Frederics hat for ***Wilhela Cushman.*** Now she's playing the role of a milliner in the current Broadway hit "Time Remembered"—partly because she loves hats so, partly because she adores ***Helen Hayes,*** who also stars. "Do you know," nineteen-year-old Susie told us, "that I made a hat once? A navy velvet cloche with a big bunch of grapes? It was really pretty . . . and I absolutely hate to sew!" Of her Easter bonnet she says, "No flowers this year. Feathers maybe, but no flowers." She eats an orchid in the play, a big purple one. Curious, we asked the obvious: How does an orchid taste? "Good, really. Bittersweet."

ABBOT MILLS



Tina tries skits with Zel.

We thought we heard a duckling talk, here in the Workshop. So we looked around, and there was ***Zel de Cyr,*** *a multivoiced actress, doing animal imitations for* ***Tina Fredericks.*** *Radio uses her often, because she can also impersonate boys, girls, irate housewives ("Henry, I told you"), sexy debutantes ("low breathy voice—as if you weren't awake"), and even her cough was voted by a medical group "most convincing." "It's all character identification," she was saying. "I can't even sing unless a part calls for it." It seems Tina goes to an exercise class on lunch hour, met Zel there. "And I knew she had talent," Tina was telling us later, "because all through calisthenics the rest of us groan in an offhand way, but Zel puts real emotion into it."*

"The new movie 'Witness for the Prosecution' is sensational," ***Nancy Wood*** reports. ***"Marlene Dietrich*** wears a slinky-looking beige hat and suit, and when the movie was over and I turned around, there was Marlene, with ***Noel Coward,*** and she was wearing what *looked* like the same outfit." Was it? Nancy asked. The answer: no, but the same *kind,* a Dietrich favorite and one reason she enjoyed her role in the suspense story. It's a brilliant chiller.

"Busman's holiday," explained ***Liane Waite,*** of the Food Department, going to a gala gathering of good cooks at the Coliseum. The eighty-ninth Salon of Culinary Art was in session, and amateurs and professionals could drop in to create "whole table or individual masterpieces." So the exhibit tables were filled with cakes three feet tall, flowered hams, salmon in aspic, candied houses. Liane cautiously refused some "Caterine de Medici pie," and, still on her feet, sampled some prize-winning cakes baked by the U. S. Navy. Can't wait till next year, she said. "But you have to enter as 'classical, practical or artistic,' so now I'll have to analyze my category." We left her looking thoughtful.

Remember the snapshot we ran on this page last June which ***William Holden*** *sent to* ***Peter Briggs*** *from Burma—of Bill with his head in an elephant's mouth? We mention it again only because the movie Bill was then making in Burma has been chosen by the Workshop's first-line-film-tester team as the best big picture of the whole past year—The Bridge on the River Kwai (one-a-day, all seats reserved, priced up to $4, and way longer than most Broadway plays). It'll get around eventually, so start saving up for all its good ingredients—a story of British-army prisoners matching wits with their Japanese captors against unbelievable Burmese backgrounds, with jungle commandos led by luscious Ceylonese bearers, just the right amount of amour, and only one American, a Navy man, the best of all, played by Holden. And without once putting his head in an elephant's mouth, you'll be glad to hear.*

Joe Di Pietro believes in authentic photos all the way. So while in California, photographing police sergeant ***Jack Shaw*** for this month's How America Lives feature, Joe joined in cruising on the trail of criminals. First caught: three delinquents who stole $1000 worth of band instruments. Next job was chasing speeders. Joe complimented his host on not hiding the prowl car behind billboards, and came back with our safety thought of the year. Said Jack: "Anybody who speeds is so dumb you don't have to outwit him."

We wanted to pass along a story from HUGH KAHLER, whose secretary called his favorite New York restaurant for a reservation.

"Hello," said secretary on phone. "Is this Louis XIV?"

"Speaking," answered the voice on the other end.

Outside our Workshop windows these balmy April days, our own garden expert, ***Richard Pratt,*** *can look down at 1000 Easter lilies, followed by 3000 hyacinths, then 2250 tulips, all put in by eight gardeners who work for Rockefeller Center. They till 4½ acres of street and roof garden, have 150 trees, tend pools and waterfalls, and fight crab grass on the 11th- and 70th-floor roofs. Is big-city gardening easy? No, say the gardeners. Romantic young men pick flowers for girls. Pigeons eat ivy. Someone once put soap powder in Prometheus' fountain, so that he was blowing bubbles. "We don't want to encourage those things," said the Center. We promised not to. And still we like to reflect that in the fires of spring the city has a fling, and we look down joyously at everything green and growing amid our city stone.*

ABBOT MILLS



Wendy, Nancy: calories via Casey Jones.

The editors' children's corner: **Small Journalites lunching out with their mothers all want to go to the Hamburger Train down the block. *Nora O'Leary's Wendy* and *Nancy*, for instance, can perch on stools, place orders, and have a miniature railroad chug up the counter. Nora tells us that a cheeseburger borne to you by engine, flatcars and caboose carries rollicking adventure right with it.**

EDNA FERBER, author of "Giant," writes a new novel of America's last frontier where "everything is large

"I don't know how
you think
Alaskans should look,"
Chris said,
"but I'm an Alaskan."



PA

n life, fantastic" . . . of a girl born with a heritage of conflicting loyalties . . . and of two men who loved and fought for her.

ICE AGE

FIRST OF THREE PARTS

Every third woman you passed on Gold Street in Baranof was young, pretty and pregnant. The men, too, were young, virile, and pregnant with purpose. Each, making his or her way along the bustling business street, seemed actually to bounce with youth and vitality. Only an occasional old sourdough, relic dating back to the Gold Rush days of fifty years ago, weaving his precarious pedestrian way in and out of the frisky motor traffic, gave the humming town a piquant touch of anachronism.

An exhilarating street, Gold, though the stores and office buildings that lined it—one- or two-story cement or wooden structures—were commonplace and even shabby. Middle-aged tourists, weary after thousands of miles of travel over this seemingly boundless territory—whether by plane or by a combination of plane, train, ship and automobile—were puzzled and plaintive as they viewed the haphazard town of Baranof for the first time.

"Everybody walks as if they had springs in their shoes. Or maybe it's because you're all so young."

If the visitor's guide happened to be Ott Decker, secretary of the Baranof Chamber of Commerce, he would reject this with the mysterious lightheartedness that seemed to suffuse most near-Arctic citizens.

"Young's got nothing to do with it. Around here you can live to be a hundred, easy, unless you're shot, or your plane cracks up on you, or a bear sees you first. Everybody feels good. I don't know. It's a kind of a balloon feeling."

It was true that everything in Baranof seemed exaggerated. Edges sharper. Skies bluer. Mountains higher, snow deeper, temperature lower, daylight longer, sunlight briefer, depending on the season.

As for grubby Gold Street—it compensated in scenery for what it lacked in architectural grace. At one end the shabby thoroughfare met the mountains that reared their incredible height, peak on peak, a screaming white. At the other end the water curved to hold the town in its icy arms. It was a setting of diamonds and pearls surrounding a blob of agate.

If you were an Important Person arriving by air to visit Baranof, you were officially met at the smart little airport by Bridie Ballantyne or Ott Decker or both. If you were a Very Important Person, you were met by Chris Storm. Christine Storm. Only her grandfather Czar Kennedy and her grandfather Thor Storm called her Christine.

As first assistant to the general manager of Alaska Public Relations, Christine Storm's appearance was likely to mislead the average tourist; but then, she never was assigned to small fry. She was reserved for any visiting President of the United States who condescended to the territory (none in her day); senators and congressmen (national); big-business types (with wife); big-game hunters (minus wife) with guides flying small maneuverable planes in search of polar white or mammoth brown bears. Born in Alaska, the daughter of a father and mother born in Alaska, the granddaughter of two grandfathers who were considered Alaska history, Chris Storm was almost as outstanding as Mount McKinley. Certainly in the wintertime Chris was a striking figure there at the airport gateway as the big four-engine plane from Seattle drummed down out of the heights to the runway.

Her official greeting costume was a pure white fox parka intricately bordered with a delicate frieze of Eskimo symbols in black sealskin. Her grandfather Thor Storm had told her that some of these symbols were phallic or otherwise sexual, which interested her, as did all Eskimo lore, and sometimes, quite matter-of-factly, she would obligingly explain these to inquiring visitors.

"My, that's a lovely coat!" the wife of a VIP from Outside would exclaim.

"It's called a parka, and we pronounce it parky, no one knows why."

"All those little figures and things in the border. Now that one—it looks like two little hills with a valley between. Do the signs have any significance, do they mean anything, sort of like the writing on caves and tombs in the Orient? Mr. Rauschenbusch and I took a trip around the world last year."

"Oh, that. That's part of a legend in which an Eskimo sees the back of his wife as she bends over the cooking pot, he dreams he must find his way through the two hills to the valley."

"What! Sh-h! The men will hear you. What's this one?"

The white fox parka, with its hood of white wolf, was a fitting frame for the girl's brilliant face. Slim white fur mukluks and gloves completed the dazzling effect—too dazzling, her enemies said.

The three Baranof professional public-relations stars used three different weapons with which to do battle with the world known as Outside. Christine, deceptively blithe and debonair, tickled you with a poniard of gaiety, but you never felt sure that she might not drive it suddenly into your ribs. Bridie Ballantyne used a verbal shillelagh wrapped in cotton velvet. Ott Decker, good Chamber of Commerce secretary that he was, just laid on with a shovel.

The visitor from Outside would wave an arm with a gesture that embraced the incredible landscape.

"Some country you got here, that's for sure. I thought it would be different. Of course it's different, all right, but other ways it's more like back home than I thought. Not like it, exactly, but ——"

"We're people—all kinds of people—just like you in the States. But we're absolutely different in one way."

"How's that?"

"Would you like to pay Government taxes if you couldn't have a voice in the state you live in, and couldn't vote for President of the United States?"

This challenge they found disconcerting in a girl as attractive as Chris. "Oh, now, say! What's a girl like you bothering her head about whether you vote for President? Let him worry. I know what I'd do if I was President.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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The complete novel is being published in book form by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

Joe Lyons



The train of events leading up to the publication of the novel Cocktail Time was set in motion in the smoking room of the Drones Club in the early afternoon of a Friday in July. An Egg and a Bean were digesting their lunch there over a pot of coffee, when they were joined by Pongo Twistleton and a tall, slim, Guards-officer-looking man some thirty years his senior.

"Yo ho," said Pongo. "You know my uncle, Lord Ickenham, don't you?"

"Oh, rather," said the Egg. "Yo ho, Lord Ickenham."

"Yo ho," said Lord Ickenham. "In fact, I will go further. Yo frightfully ho," and it was plain to both Bean and Egg that they were in the presence of one who was sitting on top of the world and who, had he been wearing a hat, would have worn it on the side of his head. He looked, they considered, about as bumps-a-daisy as billy-o.

And, indeed. Lord Ickenham was feeling as bumps-a-daisy as he looked. He had just learned that his godson, Johnny Pearce, had at last succeeded in letting that house of his, Hammer Lodge, and on the strength of this had become engaged to a perfectly charming girl, always pleasant news for an affection-



BLACKMAIL, WITH A DELIGHTFUL CAST OF CHARACTERS SAVE TWO

ate godfather; and his wife had allowed him to come up to London for the Eton-and-Harrow match.

He seated himself and beamed on his young friends like a Cheshire cat. "God bless my soul," he said. "It really is extraordinary how fit I'm feeling today. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and the sap rising strongly in my veins, as I believe the expression is. It's the London air. It always has that effect on me."

Pongo started violently. From earliest boyhood the loopiness of this uncle had been an open book to him and he quailed when he heard him speak of the sap rising strongly in his veins. It seemed to suggest that his relative was planning to express and fulfill himself again, and when Frederick Altamont Cornwallis Twistleton, fifth Earl of Ickenham, began to express and fulfill himself, strong men—Pongo was one of them—quivered like tuning forks.

It being the opening day of the Eton-and-Harrow match, the conversation turned naturally to that topic. "Talking of Harrow, by the way," said the Egg, "that kid of Barmy Phipps' is with us once more. I saw him in there a short while ago with Barmy, stoking up on ginger pop."

"You mean Barmy's Cousin Egbert from Harrow?" young Pongo Twistleton wanted to know.

"That's right. The one who shoots Brazil nuts."

Lord Ickenham was intrigued. The great advantage of lunching at the Drones, he often said, was that you met such interesting people.

"Shoots Brazil nuts, does he?" he asked. "You stir me strangely. In my time I have shot many things—grouse, pheasants, partridges, tigers, gnus and once, when a boy, an aunt by marriage in the seat of her sensible tweed dress with an air gun—but I have never shot a Brazil nut."

It was apparent to the Egg that the old gentleman had missed the gist. "He shoots things *with* Brazil nuts," he explained. "Puts them in his catapult and whangs off at people's hats. Very seldom misses, either. It's a great gift."

"Nonsense," said Lord Ickenham. "Kindergarten stuff. The sort of thing one learns at one's mother's knee. It is many years since I owned a catapult, but if I had one now I would guarantee to go through the hats of London like a dose of salts. Would this child of whom you speak have the murder weapon on his person, do you suppose?"

"Bound to have," said the Egg.

"Then present my compliments to him and ask if I may borrow it a moment. And bring me a Brazil nut."

A quick shudder shook Pongo from his upper slopes to the extremities of his clocked socks. In addition to shuddering, he uttered a sharp quack of anguish such as might have proceeded from some duck which, sauntering in a reverie beside the duckpond, had inadvertently stubbed its toe on a broken soda-water bottle.

"Really, Uncle Fred! I mean dash it, Uncle Fred! I mean really, Uncle Fred, dash it all!"

"I am not sure that I quite follow you, my boy."

"Are you going to take a pop at someone's hat?"

"It would, I think, be rash not to. One doesn't often get hold of a catapult. And toppers being obligatory at the Eton-and-Harrow match, the spinneys and coverts today will be full of them. It is of course the top hat rather than the bowler which is one's primary objective. I expect to secure some fine heads. Ah," said Lord Ickenham, as the Egg returned, "so this is the instrument. Yes," he said, moving to the window, "I think I shall be able to make do. It is not the catapult, it is the man behind it that matters."

The first lesson your big-game hunter learns, when on safari, is to watch and wait, and Lord Ickenham showed no impatience as the minutes went by and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116







"Did you know
Louis is getting married?"
said Richard.
She didn't answer.
Somehow tonight she
must tell him.

She loved him—knew she must leave him. Carol was a woman, an

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE

By INEZ McGOWAN

ed of waiting . . .



Funny how it all began. A hundred-franc note was responsible. A flimsy, colored piece of paper worth not quite fifty cents. Somehow, between the post office and the Metro station, Carol had lost it.

Looking into her empty wallet, she felt a stir of exasperation, but then smiled. So she would have to walk home. It was a thirty-minute walk, but still nothing to get bothered about.

She closed her purse, pulled on her mittens and started off for the Fourteenth Arrondissement. She had walked a good distance through the gray, moist afternoon when *it* happened.

She began to notice how constant was the ugliness of the people around her. Really impossible, but each person seemed more grotesque and evil than the last. Of course it was only in her imagination. The distortion would pass in a minute, but right now she could not look away or make the ugliness disappear. She tried to keep her eyes down, seeing only the cobblestones and the gutters.

What was the matter with her? These strangers were merely poor, hard-working souls going about their daily tasks, oblivious of her. How surprised they'd be to know that her mind had turned them into figures of evil.

What was wrong? Why was her imagination playing such tricks? As she asked, she knew. Now, on this wintry afternoon, truth caught up to her. She admitted to herself that she was desperately unhappy and her marriage was failing. Unhappiness had begun to distort her view of the world, turning even the commonplace into the grotesque. Despair had removed beauty and left ugliness. Despair had gobbled up hope and left fear.

She hurried on, the cold air stinging her cheeks. Just a few blocks more, and she would be home. She raised her eyes briefly and was rewarded. The ugliness was gone! The world had returned to normal.

She reached her apartment building, and the iron grille door swung heavily shut behind her. She heard the concierge scratching aside the lace to see who had come in, but Carol could not turn and smile at her. She ran past the glass to the staircase. Up and around the dark stairway—two flights up. She could not wait for the *ascenseur*. Today she could not travel inside its grimy, ancient cage.

She climbed upward, in the dark, without sound. She found the door to her apartment. In a minute she would be safe. She did not notice that her hand with the key trembled. She only knew that inside her body she felt weak and without support.

The apartment was very cold. She would start the stove in a moment, but first she must rest, sit on the couch, still in her coat. Weakness settled through her bones. She forced herself to sit up.

From the cupboard she took some Dubonnet and poured herself a glass. As she did so, she noticed the envelope on the mantel. Richard must have put it there. Once a week her mother wrote her. Once a week a thin envelope came as proof that her family still existed far away in a suburb on Long Island.

She put down the glass of wine. She knew now what she would write her mother. The flicker of truth had come and gone, but it could not be ignored. She began mentally to compose a letter:

Dear Mother: I am coming home. I can't go on with Richard any more. For two years here he has led an irresponsible, penniless existence. I don't want to share it with him any longer. I don't want to be afraid or cold or hungry any more. I want to feel safe again. I want to have a home and perhaps even children. I still love Richard, and I know we could have a happy life together in the States. But if he won't come back with me, then I will have to come alone.

She raised her head. Yes, the decision was right. It surprised her, because suddenly it seemed so inevitable. It was the only solution.

She took a sip of wine. Her eyelids felt tight and strained as though she had been crying. At that moment she saw Richard, crossing the street, below the window.

A noisy, spattering rain had begun to fall, and the wind tore against Richard's overcoat, whipping it about his legs. He wore no hat, his crisp dark hair ducked down against the rain. He looked thin, young and handsome. Under his arm was a large flat parcel.

And there was his friend, Jerry. If it hadn't been for good old Jerry and his tales of the *rive gauche*, heaven help them, they'd still be on Long Island. Why shouldn't Jerry like it here? He had a French wife who could stretch the franc like a rubber band. He had in-laws who, every Sunday, invited him to their home in the suburbs for an elaborate meal. Was it because of those imagined sumptuous feasts that Carol had come to find him unbearable?

She heard the *ascenseur* and left the window. She was still wearing her coat, and hurried to take it off. She smoothed back her silky pale hair so that it was ruffled and shining. Before the mirror, she marveled that her face could look so serene. Her green eyes surveyed her calmly from their gold-flecked depths, and she felt steadier.

Then there was the sound of the key in the lock. Ridiculous the amount of strength that sound gave her. Richard was the one solid, rooted thing in the shifting accumulation of days. But he was not enough. The accumulation of days had become too great.

"Hi," said Richard. "Look what I've got!" He began to undo the parcel. "A decent tray to heat the wax on. Jerry got it for me from the Embassy commissary. No more messing around with that lousy tray from the café."

Because his nose wasn't quite straight, Richard had two different profiles. The left one was the all-American boy, but the right one was slightly sinister. Carol preferred the right one. Now as he bent over the tray, he seemed to be examining it craftily, for motives known only to himself.

"*Ça va?*" Jerry asked, clasping her hand in both of his.

"Not bad," she said. She poured them wine.

Richard kept his coat on while he put the wrapping paper and wood in the stove. When both were burning nicely, he dumped in two shovelfuls of coal and adjusted the draft regulator.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

I was Churchill's Secretary

What was it like to work so closely with "the greatest figure of his time"?

Always exciting, sometimes frightening, frequently outraging, usually exhausting, and often hilariously funny.

says the author, who was

Churchill's personal secretary

through the most difficult war years.

By ELIZABETH NEL



The author at Chequers, where the P.M. went for "rest and recreation," and the secretaries worked straight through the weekend.

I doesn't really matter who I am or where I came from. The only thing of real interest about me is that during World War Two I worked for four and a half years as one of the personal secretaries to Sir Winston Churchill. Much time has passed since those days; I have not seen him for nearly twelve years. All that time I have felt a desire to write about him and the years I spent in his service. I have had much to learn here in South Africa, and some difficulties to overcome. But now I have a little more time; the children have all arrived, and housekeeping is less of a mystery. Therefore I am going to try to set it all down.

To my mind there can be no doubt that Sir Winston Churchill stands above the other great figures of our time. We of his personal staff were called upon to put forth the maximum effort of which our frames, nerves and minds were capable. I do not think this was only because it was wartime; I believe he has always been a fairly exacting employer. In those days, at any rate, he expected those around him to devote themselves heart and soul to the cause to which he was dedicated.

I used to grumble sometimes that there was never any opportunity for dates or fixing one's clothes. But from first to last we were utterly devoted to him, not because he was Prime Minister but because he was himself. Mr. Churchill was a person whom it was quite safe to hero-worship, for if one had not done so one could hardly have borne the effort involved in giving him satisfactory service. Certainly to me he shone with a very, very bright light. Perhaps, after all, it was the unheroic in him that endeared him to us: his twinkling eye and occasional jests at the expense of ourselves or the private secretaries, his unself-consciousness, his extravagant love for the cat, the emotion he would feel on hearing of the exploits of Royal Navy ships, his beaming smile of thanks when he was aware one had stayed up all night copying a speech.

I do not think there were many who in those days would have wished to devote more than a few years of life to serving Winston Churchill, as in time a state of complete exhaustion would have been reached; but I know that anyone who has had the privilege of working on his staff must feel forever a different person, must feel that he has passed close to a personality not to be met with again. What is the key to his character? Wherein lies the focal point of his greatness? I have always thought it is more than anything else his courage.

Among the many young women who have taken dictation from him during his long lifetime, I do not think Winston Churchill would remember me particularly. Perhaps he might recall the evening when a Russian general dumped a bunch of flowers unceremoniously in my lap by way of a bouquet. But I cannot, could not forget him.

I was born in England but brought up in Canada, on the western slopes of the Rockies. In 1936 my father sent me to London for a secretarial course, after which I worked for nearly two years in the employment bureau connected with the secretarial college. In the summer of 1939 I went back to Canada for a few months' holiday—but then war broke out and plans went haywire. Much as I longed to throw myself into some useful work, I was obliged for family reasons to stay at home. This position lasted until 1940, when I found myself free once more to return to England.

On reaching London my first call was upon friends in the employment bureau where I had worked, with an urgent request for a job. They promised to find me "something good"; in the meantime, I started work for the Red Cross.

The worst of the blitz was past; but almost every night raiders arrived. It was quite an experience in those days to travel on the Underground railway after seven in the evening. You would find the whole station—the moving staircase, the approach to the platform, the platform itself—choked with people arriving to spend the night underground. You would see some people sitting up and chatting, some lying asleep, arms shielding their eyes, some prowling about in search of buns and tea sold by girls in white aprons and caps. All the time traffic proceeded in and out as usual, the passengers stepping carefully over the rows of recumbent forms while the trains shot noisily past.

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE
IN-ONE-ISSUE
CONDENSED
NON-FICTION BOOK

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I WAS CHURCHILL'S SECRETARY
is soon to be published in book form
by Coward-McCann, Inc.



When a city had received a bad bombing he would try to pay it a visit, and the people, revitalized, would roar with delight at the sight of him.

It was into this rather muddled existence that the great news suddenly fell upon me. A telephone call from the employment bureau—the Prime Minister needs an additional shorthand-typist on his staff and would you like to apply?

On May 5, 1941, I started work at 10 Downing Street. There stood the door so often seen in photographs—plain, black, with a bell on one side, the figure 10 in the center and a lion-head knocker. It was opened by a uniformed doorman, and I stepped into the entrance hall, where a policeman also stood on duty. A messenger conducted me down a long red-carpeted passage which led to a red-carpeted lobby. I saw the door to the Cabinet Room, the nerve center of the British Government these last two hundred years. Beside it stood a solid-looking grandfather clock with a solemn tick. To the left was the Prime Minister's study, and to the right the private secretaries' office and the room used by personal secretaries.

I was shown the Cabinet Room—large, oblong, with windows looking over the garden. Around the walls were bookcases filled with leather-bound volumes, mostly Hansard, and a map of the world. There was a big rectangular table about which were placed some twenty-two leather-seated and backed chairs. The chair for the Prime Minister, the only one with arms, was at the center of the long table, and behind this was the fireplace, over which hung a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole, the first Prime Minister of Britain. On the mantel stood a large clock, an apparatus showing the date, and a jar containing a small bunch of white heather, which had recently been sent to Mr. Churchill for luck. Otherwise the room contained no ornaments.

Mr. Churchill's place at the table was marked by an interesting array of buzzers, pens, pencils, tags for joining papers, a paper punch for making holes for the tags, and some red labels stating "Action This Day." Standing on a table at the side was a covered typewriter.

To the right were large double doors leading to the private secretaries' office, which in turn led to the personal secretaries' office beyond.

Here let me explain the secretarial position at No. 10 at that time. There were six private secretaries, five men and one woman, who were civil servants, officially appointed. They occupied a position of considerable standing and did not necessarily change with a change of Prime Minister. Four of the men took turns in being actively on duty, usually two at a time. This meant that they acted as a buffer between Mr. Churchill and the rest of the world, seeing to his requirements, receiving information for him, guarding the precious boxes in which his work was kept. Besides, they had a great deal of correspondence to deal with, reports to produce according to the particular interest of each one, and many papers to read through each day in order to keep abreast of all that came in and went out. The fifth male private secretary worked behind scenes and advised the Prime Minister on various matters; and Miss Watson, a great character who had been at No. 10 for about twenty years, dealt with vast quantities of correspondence from the general public.

Mr. Churchill greatly disliked any change of staff. He had therefore, on his return to office in 1939, brought with him the two women who had been his secretaries at Chartwell, his home in Kent, when he was a private individual. These two, known as his personal secretaries, had been flogging themselves to serve him night and day, whenever dictation was required (and this might be at any hour, for any length of time); besides dealing with his personal work such as family affairs, personal letters, constituency business, household accounts, gifts and photographs.

These two personal secretaries felt they could keep going no longer—and a third was to be added. This was myself. This would not, they told me, be a popular decision with Mr. Churchill, but themselves being only mortal it was a necessary one.

It was explained to me that No. 10 was not at present the official residence of the Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill. It is an old building, and when the Treasury (next door) was hit by a bomb, No. 10 was shaken so as to make it unsafe in case of further air raiding. Another building, the Annexe, had therefore been prepared for him; it was about five minutes' walk from No. 10 at Storey's Gate, facing St. James's Park and flanked by Great George Street. Here also were housed the offices of the War Cabinet and the Service Planning Staffs. For Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and the household staff there was a small but comfortably furnished flat where they lived and slept. Within the flat was an office shared by the personal secretaries and Mrs. Churchill's secretary. The location of the flat was not ideal, as it was situated between the main door to the building and the offices of the Prime Minister's official staff, and the traffic along the carpeted passage (which incidentally was flanked by Mr. Churchill's own paintings) was constant. But it was wartime, and in other respects the building was suitable.

For below it there stretched two whole floors of "safety"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 179



THE UNSUSPECTING

It was a deadly joke we played on Mr. Malachi — the more deadly for its innocence.

By KAATJE HURLBUT

It occurs to me that a man who must lie might bitterly envy an honest man's extravagance with the truth. If a man is honest he may exaggerate to his heart's content to please a lady or amuse his friends, and no harm's done. But a man who must lie cannot afford any such luxury: his lie must be economical; it must be down-to-earth. Fancy is for honest men. A liar must be logical.

Now the deadly Mr. Malachi was logical. And the lie he told was as solemn as death. Yet to this day, when I remember it, I cannot suppress a shout of unholy laughter!

I don't believe there had been a murder in Portertown in a hundred years; not in my memory, anyway, and I would know. I am the Sheriff's Office. When people speak of the sheriff, they mean Jim Carney. But when they refer to the Sheriff's Office, they mean me. Oh, I don't do much except coax the old typewriter along and keep track of the keys to the jail, which are usually tangled up in my knitting in the back of the desk drawer. Once Jim threatened to put me to work. He was going to deputize me. But I told him it would not be a becoming occupation for a fat old lady and that I would stick to mystery novels for my encounters with desperate criminals.

"Mystery novels," said Jim, having just returned from wagging his finger at a formidable little boy who had sneaked in the side door of the Jewel Theater, "is about the only place you'll encounter desperate criminals around here."

But that was before Mr. Malachi came to Portertown and called on Elizabeth Starr.

Mr. Malachi might have been just another of the art dealers and appraisers who had been in town lately to view a collection of paintings at the Primrose mansion: old Mr. Primrose had died and his heirs were to put the estate up for auction. When Mr. Malachi arrived on Saturday by the noon train, he registered at the inn, had lunch there, and spent the remainder of the afternoon examining the paintings at Mr. Primrose's.

On Sunday he called on Elizabeth Starr. He was, he explained, on business for a gallery in New York and was in town only until Monday. He said he called because he had known Mrs. Starr's late husband years ago in South Africa and wouldn't allow himself to leave town without paying his respects.

It was one of those golden afternoons in the fall when we sat in Elizabeth Starr's little drawing room, drinking tea and indulging in the intimate nonsense only friends of fifty years may do. Besides Elizabeth and myself, there were Mary Pike, who was one of the Primrose girls, and my cousin, Hannah Thomas.

In anyone else's house it would have been a living room or even a parlor (for we are getting on and we remember parlors), but to us, who adored Elizabeth and cherished the frayed elegance of her dear self and of her life in general, it was a drawing room. It would always be a drawing room, and Elizabeth the elfin little girl who had somehow, with the rest of us, stumbled into the mire of reality and grown old.

I remember now that just before we looked up to see Mr. Malachi standing in the doorway, dark and still, we were laughing. We were laughing and teasing Elizabeth about John Clendaniel. For she had just recounted the latest of his exquisitely absurd escapades, spiked with delicate improprieties and rollicking with nonsense. I suppose that was what we most admired about Elizabeth: her outlandish and enchanting relationship with John Clendaniel. For there was valiance in her merriment.

Elizabeth had had a fortune when Edward Starr married her. Her parents had died, and she was young and believing and deeply in love. But Portertown was a sleepy place, and Edward, who was restless and extravagant, wearied of the unpretentious simplicity on which Elizabeth quietly insisted; and after a year or two he began to roam the earth. He always went off alone, on the pretext of business, and managed in twenty years to squander Elizabeth's fortune. Hopefully at first she waited out his absences, and when he would return always more deeply and mysteriously involved in "business" and always more dissipated and restless, she would welcome him with open arms and open heart. But as the years passed she fell into the habit of loving in loneliness.

The last time she saw Edward he arrived home unannounced and left again almost immediately. He was in a great hurry and declined to say where he was going. Before he left he gave Elizabeth a little gift, the only thing he had ever given her; and his presentation of it was so tenderly sentimental that she had wept with astonished delight.

The gift was a pendant. Really nothing, he said. Oh, very fine paste, to be sure, but of no value except that it symbolized his gratitude for Elizabeth's long devotion to him. The irony of this escaped her and she promised, weeping happily, that she would obey his wish that she wear it always; that she never take it off. He was explicit on this point.

He left then and died soon afterward in Prague, leaving her very little but the sorrow of having loved him and, of course, his gift: the pendant, which was nothing less than the fabulous, the incredible, the magnificent Jens Diamond!

Everyone had heard of it. Sunday supplements which rehashed tales of much-married heiresses and unsolved crimes sooner or later carried the story of the Jens Diamond: twice stolen, twice recovered, only to be stolen again from the last of a long line of personages who had owned it. (Who but a personage could afford to own, legally, a diamond the size of a bird's egg and with the heavenly brilliance of a star?) "WHERE IS THE JENS DIAMOND?" their captions boomed in bold type. But now they can use another caption and add a new chapter of tragedy.

No one will ever know whether it was desperation or cool genius which prompted Edward Starr to hide the Jens Diamond on the unsuspecting bosom of a ruined, neglected wife. For ten years she lived in the bewilderment CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

Mr. Malachi had been standing in the doorway some time before any of us saw him.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER





". . . but most of all I love him when he says, 'And to think we thought we were in love when I married you.'"

WHY I
My Husband

"The one thing in the world I'm absolutely sure of is that I am a stronger and a better man; and the bad things, the accidents and

When we published ten letters on "Why I Love My Wife" and "Why I Love My Husband" in last November's JOURNAL, we received an avalanche of mail from readers who wanted to tell us how much the letters meant to them.

They said: "They stirred my heart." . . . "Please print more, especially the ones by men. I am a high-school student, but I hope to be a good wife someday." . . . "I cried, I laughed, and saw Bill and me in every line." . . . "They make the happiest reading I've found and I keep reading them over. Could you perhaps bring out a collection in book form?" . . . "Thank you for opening my eyes. I had been feeling sorry for myself because I am new in this city and my husband is gone a great deal. After reading those letters I realized just how much I love him and that

Around the World

Gentlemen: My husband has a beard—a black one. I'm not saying that I love him because he wears a beard—but I do love him because he's the kind of man who can wear one if he wants to and get away with it.

My husband has seven children—all of them beautiful, much more beautiful than either their father or mother, but born of much love, and possibly because of that beautiful.

My husband was once the richest boy in town, and then was the poorest. He worked his way through college and law school and helped to support his family. He waited on tables and did every kind of menial job. He never felt sorry for himself.

My husband has a box at the opera. Every Saturday P.M. he takes six children and his wife to the opera and gives them a lovely lunch beforehand. He tells them about going to the opera when *he* was a little boy. He reads the story of the day's opera in the car on the way to the city.

My husband decided on one day's notice to take his wife around the world. They were in San Francisco for a convention. He wanted to go fishing for trout in Alaska. But his wife said, "We have no warm clothes with us, so let us go to Hawaii and fish for marlin." So my husband took her to Hawaii. When they got there, he said, "We are so near to Australia that we will go there to see some people who want to talk to me on business." So they decided to go to Australia.

After my husband decided to go to Australia, he said, "I'll bet you can come back around the other side of the world just as easy as coming back this way." So he checked and, by George, you could. So my husband went around the world in ■ beige silk suit and when they got to New Zealand it was four above zero.

My husband has had cancer, diabetes and two heart attacks. He brought his weight down from 220 to 161 and keeps it there. He is in better health today than ever in his life. During all his illness, he has never complained.

My husband took an insular, limited girl of twenty-three and broadened her experience, made her secure, loved her with blind faith and made her a happy woman who thinks life is more wonderful for her than for anyone else she knows.

When my husband comes into a room, it changes. It is alive. He sends me a letter every day when he travels. My husband never lies. He is generous to me in spirit as well as in fact. He thinks I am the nicest thing that ever happened to him. He tells me so.

Of course there are things I would change. I would have him tidier, and smoother-tempered, and prompter—oh, the hours I wait for him! I would like him to know that women are different from men and can't always see things in the same light. I wish he wouldn't keep opening refrigerator doors and then not taking anything out. I wish he could drive a car. I wish he would come home from England, right now. DEBORAH LANE LAWSON

Old Westbury, Long Island, New York

Green Eyes and Freckles

Gentlemen: I married him years ago in another land in another time because I loved him passionately, with abandon and with all the strength and depth of my immature being. I loved him because he had blond wavy hair, green eyes and a freckled face. When we were together we were incredibly happy. He said he loved me and that he needed me and so we were married. I wanted to make him happy.

He is still five feet nine and although the blond waves are thinning and he has long since outgrown the G.I. uniform hanging in the attic closet, the nearness of him makes me feel alive and the green eyes charm and beguile me as they did when I first became aware of them. I still want to make him happy.

I did not know him then and he is not completely known to me even now. Because unlike myself he is not loquacious, I find him full of surprises. His mind to me is like Pandora's unopened box. Now and again the lid is lifted and out comes something totally unexpected. It might be hope or something not quite so agreeable. No matter, I am not alarmed if what I discover is not to my liking.

He is all man and when womanlike I would make changes in him he indulges me to a point and beyond that he will not relinquish by one iota his individuality or his manhood. I cannot coerce him and I would not respect him if I could. He is a constant challenge.

I shall always be grateful to my husband. No other man has seen fit to accept me as I am or to let me go my own way with complete trust. He has granted me these two great kindnesses.

He is a house painter and he is not clever. He will never set the world on fire and not everybody likes him, but he pleases me. Yes, it's as simple as that, he pleases me and when I am pleased I am happy. You just can't help loving someone who makes you happy. He can make me feel like Aphrodite and he can fill me with despair, but with him all my senses are alive. In the evening when he greets me in overalls covered with paint and a kiss that wafts turpentine, believe me, I am living and that's why I love him.

I would not for my part change my husband by one single jot. However, for his own happiness, I would make one change. He can be tactless; I would have him be a little more discreet so that he may not be misunderstood.

IRENE W. BURMEISTER

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"Will it Make a Difference?"

Dear Editors: I was in the unusual position of knowing, before I was married, that I would never have children. The verdict came as the result of a hereditary disorder discovered during an operation two months before I was eighteen. When my doctor explained the complicated case history, a door closed that every little girl opens when she picks up her first doll. I resigned myself to a lonely life, for surely every man wanted a wife who could give him children. CONTINUED ON PAGE 169

LOVE *My Wife*

he loves me. Knowing that changes everything else:
he good things in life are more satisfying;
he mistakes, suddenly become unimportant."



JACQUES LOWE

"As I watched my wife putting on her face for our Golden Wedding celebration, I got that same joyous feeling I had when I first saw her at nineteen."

really doesn't matter where we live." . . . "My art swelled and my throat hurt ——" . . . "Please ublish *all* the letters."

There is an expression used by members of the ociety of Friends. When something seems to ■ riend to be fitting to his own needs or thoughts or elings, he says, "It speaks to my condition." The ousands of wonderful, happy letters we have re-ived have spoken to our condition, and your re-onse tells us that they also speak to yours.

So here are ten more of the original letters which em to us as funny, heart-warming, wise and tear-arting as the ones first printed. We wish we could ublish all of the hundreds we received, and maybe, om time to time, in the letter columns we will.

BRUCE AND BEATRICE GOULD

Too Young to Marry

Dear Sirs: Many would say that we were too young to marry, and in a way we were. She was eighteen and I was twenty; we had little money, just my savings account of about $128, and I had held a regular job for only about four months. No security, you see. Neither of our families were really "with" us. But we were in love.

Sixteen years later, I am a happy husband, and father of four fine children, two boys for me, two girls for her. It's still hard to tell in a few words *why* we are still in love, but permit me to present just a few reasons:

She's the shepherd who alerts her flock, and guides them to church on Sunday morning . . . the mother who knows that coloring picture books with her children is more important than the dinner dishes being done "right now" . . . the companion that has the time to listen to her husband's troubles, and do the things she can to help, and the wisdom to accept that which neither can control . . . the partner who will, if necessary to the economy of the family, work an eight-hour factory shift, in addition to the burdens of a home and family, without complaint . . . the sweetheart, greeting with open arms and a loving kiss the husband returning after any absence, long or short . . . the "date" ready for her boy to call, waiting, well groomed and clean . . . the lover, who enjoys the sexual passions of a married life, and tells her husband so . . . the "in-law" who accepts her husband's family, treats and loves them as her own . . . the WIFE, in *all* the meanings of the word.

Sure, there have been days when tempers flared out of control, and bitter words were spoken. And angry nights, through which both tossed and turned, both lonely, and each too hurt and proud to tell the other so. Subtract those, if you will, and there are left to us still many happy years.

Oh, yes, there are habits that she has that I might change. Our home could be cleaner, on occasion, than it is. She could be a better hostess if she tried. Her habit of saving *everything* (papers, sacks, string, plastic bags, pencils too short to use, magazines—sometimes I swear she has every issue of the JOURNAL ever issued—bits of cloth, all the old clothes we ever wore out) is, to say the least, disconcerting at times.

But, on the whole, isn't the total more important than the component parts? I *think* so. Divorce courts? Abolish them for all I care, and let me continue toward the future, her hand in mine.

Sincerely, R. E. BRAHAM
Bell Gardens, California

More of What She Was

Dear Editors: I never thought much about *why* I love my wife until recently, and the thinking resulted from a spontaneous reply to a question from a young lady. She knows that my work brings me into constant contact with women of many vagaries, temperaments and energies. After a particularly trying moment, the lady asked me, "How do you leave all this every day and then go home to still another woman?" I answered, "It's easy. My wife is not just another woman. She's my salvation."

At the time I did not know that Mary Baker Eddy had characterized salvation as "Life, Truth, and Love understood and demonstrated above all." That's a big order for any human being full of human frailties and constantly buffeted by them. But it's packed into the neat hundred-pound frame of the woman who is my wife.

Essentially, I suppose, my wife is the same girl I married seven years ago this summer. That's good, because I married her for what she was then, not for what she might become. And she has become even more of what she was, if that is possible. The beauty of maturity has been added, and will continue to add, I know.

In modest and quiet dignity my wife has been my springtime lover, my genial hostess, my immaculate housekeeper, my mental sparring partner, and the affectionate disciplinarian of my children. She is an unvocal critic who holds firmly onto my feet when I fly through the air with grand thoughts and impossible dreams.

Financially, we're probably below average, and yet we seem to stay in the black with greater ease than most people we know. We don't miss the advantages of money. My wife taught school while I finished college, but she was definite about it. "It's school first. After that you're on your own, because when we have a family, we'll have to take the responsibility." She hasn't worked since, because we don't feel obligated to give the children "everything we missed." We give them what they need with love and affection and security. My wife says she didn't marry me for money. "My happiness is just being your wife." She does it well.

Three mothers were standing around whispering when I came out of Sunday school with my four-year-old daughter. One of them came forward. "Where does your wife buy your little girl's clothes?" she asked. "We've admired them so long." My pride was endless when I answered, "But she doesn't *buy* them. She designs and makes them."

She hides her other accomplishments. She studied voice at the Juilliard School of Music, and many of our friends don't know she can sing. She's adequate as an artist, and her current interest is ceramics. The house is full of ash trays. She says she's trying to balance an education in history, but it keeps cropping up in her reading.

Perfect wife? She has her faults. She never leaves anything where I put it. I wouldn't let her out of the house with my wallet unless it was empty. She doesn't always appreciate my sense of humor, and I heard her label my descriptive speech as "earthy" the other night. She doesn't make friends easily, because she can't be what she calls "gushy." She thinks it isn't always honest, and people sometimes misunderstand this attitude. There's a danger in spreading oneself too thin, she says. But when everything CONTINUED ON PAGE 173

I DO



The wedding dress is worn for a dinner dance with a short navy-blue silk-taffeta jacket.



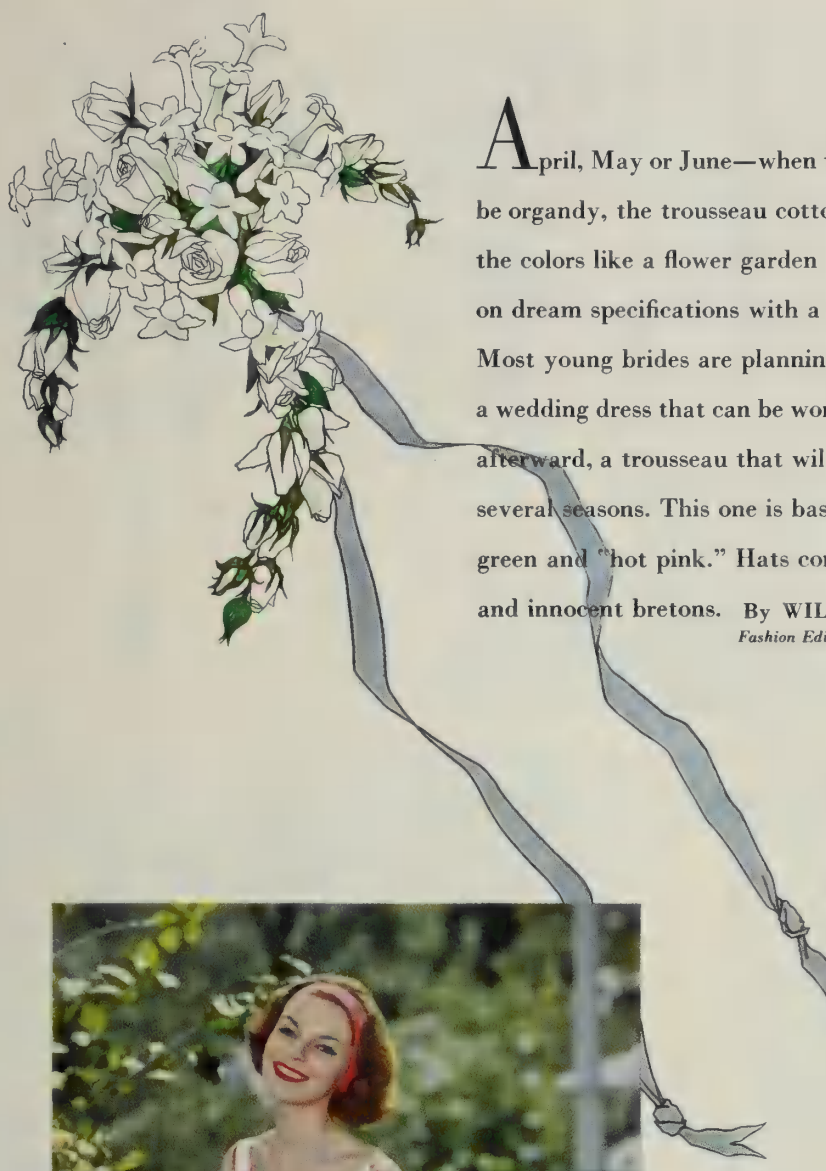
Short dress for a small wedding, printed surah, around $50.00, by Rappi. A bow-veil.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

The bride arrives in a cloud of heavenly blue or white tulle. Her dress is a camisole-top organdy and Swiss embroidery worn with a jacket and embroidered overskirt—the "something blue" appearing again in a taffeta petticoat. Her flowers and crownlike headdress are forget me-nots and lilies of the valley. Wedding dress by Rappi, veil by Sally Victor. Wedding dress, $89.95. Bride's bouquets, around $20.00

LOVE A WEDDING

IN THE SPRING



April, May or June—when the wedding dress can be organdy, the trousseau cottons and silks, the colors like a flower garden . . . the entire affair on dream specifications with a down-to-earth dollar. Most young brides are planning in this way—a wedding dress that can be worn to dance in afterward, a trousseau that will be a wardrobe for several seasons. This one is based on blue and green and "hot pink." Hats consist of ribbons, veils and innocent bretons. By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor



HAL REIFF

Blue-and-green printed Dacron, $19.95, by Jerry Gilden—a going-away jacket dress, perfect to wear all summer with bow veil.



White cotton with pink cabbage roses, $12.95, by Jerry Gilden. Pink velvet headband and green T-strap slippers.



Pink cotton-tweed overblouse dress for all day long, around $25.00, by Stella Sloat. Young and pretty with a straw breton by Miss Ruth, a silk handbag by Belle Nathan.



A gay checked silk dress for spring or summer weekends or any day in town, easy shirtwaist style. $33.90, by Jeanne Campbell.



White wool-and-nylon all-occasion coat, $45.00, by Morris Metzger.



DRAWINGS BY
RICHARD HANLEY

Overblouse and slacks of strawberry-pink linen, $21.90, by Jeanne Campbell.



Packable printed cotton knit, around $14.95, by Jonathan Logan.



HAL REIFF



Bright sapphire-blue silk-shantung dress and jacket, around $30.00, a going-away suit by Jonathan Logan.

I DO
LOVE A WEDDING
IN THE SPRING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Above: This silk-shantung shirtwaist dress is a seasonless fashion she will wear for years; $25.00, by Jonathan Logan. Left: Blue-and-green basket-weave checked cotton casual by Ted Feld, around $35.00. White pumps by Rangoni.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.

APRIL



The fashion of the green print, fresh and cool, in a slim silk dress with a long matching jacket. distinguished costume by Pauline Trigere.



The full three-tiered skirt looks new and young. This dress by Galanos is in mist-gray organza. Jeweled earrings.

JOHN ENGSTEAD

Above: Full-blown garden roses on silk crepe, a slim bodice with a full skirt by Galanos. Can be worn with rose-red or green kidskin slippers. Notice the short, dancing-school kind of white kid gloves. Right: Polka-dot georgette jacket dress for important luncheons, daylight dining. Wear it for midsummer with a big black hat in sheer straw. By James Galanos.



PRINTS

stay on

through the summer

James Galanos designs beautiful full-skirted prints, gives them first place in fashion. This hydrangea silk with the graceful low back is one of the loveliest. Worn with matching silk slippers.



Best-Loved Cottons

Topping our list of best-loved cottons are bright flowered prints, delicate embroideries and unusual stripes. The basic cloth might be a sparkling cotton satin, a crisp sheer, a cotton knit or co-ordinates in different weights printed to match. For inspiration, we are showing you eight ways of using them. As you can see, we like both the slim and the full silhouette . . . your figure and your choice of fabric will determine which is best for you.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor



GOLD BANGLES BY JOSEPH BORLEY

This slim, modified chemise dress is made in a cotton knit and bound with washable cotton braid. Vogue Design No. 9465. Buy matching sweater.



SANDALS BY JEAN BANDLER

Giant roses on voile and cotton satin combine in a sheer shirt and slim print slacks. The blue cotton-satin wrap-around overskirt matches too. These fabrics also come in shades of red and yellow. All, Vogue Design No. 9475.



BELT BY HEN KING

Printed flower stripes make this redingote design over a plain sheath. Vogue Design No. S-4880.

Two shades of green is a happy combination for a chemise dress. Vogue Design No. 9473.





Clovers embroidered on a satin-striped sheer make this enchanting pale pink dress. The borders meet at the midriff and are used again on the sleeves. Vogue Design No. 9476.



This beautiful black-and-white-striped cotton satin is enhanced by black novelty braid following the lines of the gored skirt. It trims sleeves too. Vogue Design No. 9464.

The coolest, sheerest plaid in shades of blue is cut on the bias and boasts a nine-yard-round skirt. It has bell-shaped sleeves and a wide bias fold at the neckline. Add a narrow satin belt and a bunch of violets. Vogue Design No. 9471.



SHOES BY BEN SOMMERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI



One of the favored color combinations of the season is yellow with orange. Over this delightfully simple printed cotton-satin dress we have put a yellow organdy overskirt bound in the dress print. Have a parasol made to match. Vogue Design No. 9472.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 94. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.



FRANCES PELLEGRINI

A wide satin ribbon winds around this "Chanel" hairdo, ties underneath in back. Hair is approximately 3" to 4" in length, curls softly at the sides, with sheer bangs to brush across forehead. Hair design by Michel Kazan.

DRESS BY MATTY TALMACK

Want a Lift?

TRY A



These spring nosegays, sewed to their own gold hairpins, enhance any sleek hairdo, such as this Psyche-knot arrangement. Hair design by Enrico Caruso. Flower pins by Mr. Rex.

One of the most glamorous ways to make yourself feel and look like a new woman is to change your hairdo. A sweep of bangs to reframe your face, new width and waves to update prettily a "same old me" pageboy, flowers or ribbons to soften the effect of a sleek arrangement—these are the touches that can make you feel refreshingly different, and prompt friends and family to exclaim. "You've never looked prettier!" If you love the idea of something new a-head—but can't count on your own judgment 100 per cent—then get the advice of a professional expert or someone else whose taste you admire and trust. From this spring's short, brushed-up "Chanel" arrangements to the modified "bouffants," select a style that will put you in fashion . . . prettily so!

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor



Pretty order for long hair. Top section of hair is combed back and ends are wound into a baby knot, secured with pins, and topped off with a velvet bow. Sides and back fall in soft, loose waves. Hair design by Enrico Caruso.



NEW HAIRDO!

Classic and feminine, this modified "bouffant" is flattering to most any type of face. Front and side sections are set on rollers to achieve height at forehead, wide, loose waves for sides; back is set in large pin curls so that ends will brush up into fullness. Hair design by Michel Kazan.

DRESS BY JOSEF LIARDI



Another version of the short "Chanel" look—this time all hair is set (rollers for front, large pin curls for sides and back) to achieve a feathery, up-brushed effect. Hair is three to four inches in length all over head.



Pompadour pageboy—smooth and sophisticated. To achieve height and fullness, all hair is set on large rollers. Hair is brushed up and away from forehead; sides are turned under and brushed forward to frame face softly. Hair design by Enrico Caruso.

DRESS BY KAREN STARK

Bright red yarn with ribbon bows, bun shaped, to accent a simple, upswept hair arrangement. Perfect for converting a casual hairdo into elegant simplicity. Designed by Mr. Rex.





The "new" house seen across a collector's garden, once the foundations of an old barn.

Dream House for us

On a small scale,
we have everything we wanted—
comfort, convenience, beauty, *and* our grandchildren.

By GRACE L. ROOSEVELT

HAANEL CASSIDY



On a warm spring morning, breakfast on the balcony, overlooking lovely garden. Grandchildren will come spilling across the lawn from "old" house.

There was no question that the house had become too large for us, but we had lived in it for thirty-five years, brought up our four children there—watched the trees and the shrubs we planted mature and the house change to our changing needs—and we loved every bit of it. It was therefore only slowly, and painfully, that we first recognized, then accepted, the fact that, with the children gone, we were rattling around in an old house which was losing its life before our very eyes. For many months this took the form of such complaints from my husband as, "Everything always gets lost in this house," and for me a feeling of desolation when I walked through the empty bedrooms and thought of the time when they were bursting with young life.

In point of fact, our house was not a large one, but an old farmhouse, built about 1770. By the time we bought it several families had lived in it and made a good many alterations and additions. We, of course, added further till it held not only our family but many, many little visitors, together with our older guests and outlying members of the family and later, at the time I am writing about, any of our married children with their babies who cared to come for a few weeks' visit during the summer. As the children settled into their more or less permanent homes, these visits became rarer and it naturally became a problem to get extra help when these visits occurred and not be overstaffed when we were alone. Strange to tell, my children, although accustomed to doing everything in the way of housework in their own homes, felt they had come for a rest when visiting us and remained sublimely unconscious that things could have and had changed at home. The difference between the way we still lived and the way they lived seemed so abysmal that I was constantly being told that it would be impossible for me to understand their problems.

Actually the difference was equally great in our parents' way of life and ours. I am not speaking of such things as clothes, or the differences in moral standards and taste, but in the way they lived. For instance, when we entertain we never have more than three courses, whereas I can remember my father, before even a small dinner party of say eight or ten, taking out the bottles of wine for the many different courses, and ranging them on the sideboard in their proper order. There was sherry for the soup, white wine for the fish, Bordeaux for the entree, Burgundy for the roast, champagne for the sweet and port for the savory.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

Flowers from the garden, old treasures delight the owners,
welcome the visitor in the large living room.

The "glass" room is alive with light and shadow. Cool by day,
warmed by the fireplace at night, it is a perfect place for entertaining.





Subtle colors and beautiful antiques,
gathered over the years, glow in a modern setting.

Spring



To begin the meal: a tureen of steamy goodness, curried-chicken soup.



Sterling serves as the background for a colorful all-on-a-platter entree.

Springtime is shad time. Time for the mildly flavored, tenderly meated big fish. And time, too, for an even greater delicacy, shad roe. Whether you live on the coast where the annual running of shad brings fresh roe to market, or inland where canned roe is available in almost every grocery, plan a superlative luncheon or dinner. Shad roe, in itself, is elegant—and deserves elegance in both accompaniments and table appointments. Though expensive, shad roe rates once-a-year feasting.

Perfect prelude for your party dinner: curried chicken in a new role—soup, color-sparked with firm slivers of tomato and bright dots of minced parsley, a savory *soupçon* to prepare appetites for the *pièce de résistance* to come, shad roe, butter-browned, mellow and moist. Arrange the entree on one big platter, your finest silver or china. The center of attention, roe, topped with frizzled bacon, golden and crunchy. Add a border of bite-sized potato balls reddened with paprika; clusters of green peas, fragrant of fresh mint and orange. Parsley, slim lemon wedges, crisp radish roses complete the picture. For dessert, meringue graduates gracefully from the pie and comes into its own as Meringue Royal topped with swirls of strawberry whipped cream and a sprinkling of luscious berries.

A memorable meal this. The kind that prompts recipe requests. Yet it's easily prepared so you can be at your best for company.

The soup takes time to prepare. But do it ahead, then heat it with the diced chicken meat so it will be steaming and spicy come meal-serving time.

CURRIED-CHICKEN SOUP: The day before the party, cut a 3-pound chicken into portions and brown in ¼ cup melted butter. Add ¼ cup each chopped onion, chopped celery and diced carrots, and 2 sour apples, peeled, cored and sliced. Cook the vegetables and fruit until slightly brown. Stir in 1 tablespoon flour and 1½ teaspoons curry powder. When well blended, slowly add 2 quarts cold water, stirring until well mixed. Add 1 cup diced tomato and the following seasonings: 2 whole cloves, ½ green pepper, chopped fine, 1½ tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon minced parsley and ⅛ teaspoon each pepper and mace. Cover and cook slowly until the chicken is tender. Remove the chicken, cool and then chill it well in the refrigerator. Strain the soup, forcing the vegetables through a sieve. Cool and keep refrigerated. The next day, when the chicken is well chilled, skin it and dice the meat. Store diced meat in the refrigerator until time to heat the soup for serving. Before heating the broth, remove the layer of hard fat on the top. Heat broth to simmering, add the chilled, diced chicken meat and heat for about 10 minutes more. Serve very hot garnished with chopped parsley and thin slivers of the firm part of tomato. Makes 10 to 12 servings (save any leftover for a family luncheon later).

For all its elegance and delicacy, shad roe can be prepared easily, even by the inexperienced. Just remember: easy does it. Handle the fragile roe gently at all times. It's best done like this: lightly dusted with flour, then pan-broiled until brown-golden and served with bacon, a bit of crispness for contrast.

SHAD ROE WITH BACON: If you alert your fish market several days before the party, they'll probably be able to get you fresh roe, 5 pairs for 8 people, since it's so rich. Otherwise, you may have to buy the shad and separate the roe from it (simply bone and freeze the fish for use later on). Melt ½ pound butter in a heavy skillet. Separate the roe from 5 shad—roe come in pairs, so you'll have to break the two apart very gently—or use 5 cans shad roe. If you CONTINUED ON PAGE 175

Shad Feast

Once-a-year feasting with friends around a table fragrant of roses and lilacs: tribute to spring.

STUART-FOWLER



MENU

CURRIED-CHICKEN SOUP

SHAD ROE WITH BACON

POTATO BALLS

PEAS WITH MINT AND ORANGE RIND

ROYAL MERINGUE DESSERT

COFFEE OR TEA

(Planned for 8)

Sauce COLLECTOR'S ITEMS from the Journal Kitchen



STUART

Springtime companions: garden-tender asparagus tips topped with hollandaise, smooth, rich and golden.

There's something about a sauce: mystery, a subtle fragrance that tantalizes, suggests, yet tells you nothing explicit, that leaves you tasting and tasting again, trying to detect the secrets within. Each ingredient should complement the others so that none dominates, so that all mingle beautifully with the companion dish.

To the French, a sauce is the heart of the kitchen. Fish, they say, merely broiled or baked, is fish. But top it with a sauce *rémoulade* and you've created a dish. A dish exciting, a dish elegant. These masters have developed more sauces than there are days in the year—so many, in fact, that someone once commented, "The French have a sauce for it." And if they do, their sauce is generally the best. Collected here are some of the best: the best from M. Jean Vergnes, chef of New York's Colony Restaurant; the best from our own JOURNAL kitchen. Sauces perfect for spring dining—for delicately flavored fresh fish, for succulent and garden-tender vegetables, for desserts as fragrant as the new season itself.

ABBOT MILLS



Sauce secrets: Chef Vergnes shows Jane Engel.

TO GIVE FISH FINESSE

Rémoulade, a cosmopolitan cousin to tartar sauce, a glamorous garniture for fillets, sea-food cocktail and broiled lobster: Mix 1 cup mayonnaise with 1 teaspoon chopped fresh tarragon or ¼ teaspoon of the dried. Add 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon capers, 1 tablespoon minced parsley and 2 small pickles, finely chopped. Makes about 1 cup.

Dill Sauce: Tart of lemon, fragrant of dill, a smooth, custardy sauce, just right for salmon, scallops and other "gifts from the sea." Make a medium cream sauce using 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour and 1½ cups chicken broth. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. It should be about the consistency of a soft custard. Season with ¼ teaspoon salt, a pinch of pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated onion and 1 teaspoon chopped fresh dill or ¼ teaspooon dried dill. Taste and add more of anything it might need. Makes 1½ to 2 cups.

Cucumber–Horse-radish Sauce: A bit of cool crispness adds interest to bland sea food. Peel 2 cucumbers and remove seeds. Chop fine. There should be about 1⅔ cups. Mix with 1 cup mayonnaise, 5 teaspoons prepared horse-radish, 4 teaspoons prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon salt and a dash of red pepper. Blend well. Makes 2⅔ cups.

TO DRESS SPRING VEGETABLES IN WELL-SEASONED FINERY

Béarnaise Colony: From Jean Vergnes, of the Colony Restaurant, comes this best-yet béarnaise, a sauce creamy, fragrant of fresh herbs—a flavor natural for cauliflower, broccoli, asparagus (all grilled meats and sea food too). Cook all together in a saucepan 2 very finely chopped shallots, 1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh tarragon (or ½ teaspoon dry) with ⅓ cup white wine vinegar. Season with ¼ teaspoon cracked black pepper. Cook until almost all the vinegar is cooked away. Beat 5 egg yolks with 2 tablespoons water. Stir in tarragon-shallot mixture and heat over simmering water, beating constantly with a wire whisk or perforated spoon until creamy and thickened (it should be about the consistency of a boiled icing). Cool slightly. Then add slowly ½ pound melted, skimmed butter, beating well all the while. Strain the sauce. Now add 1 tablespoon each very finely chopped parsley and tarragon (or ½ teaspoon dry tarragon) and a few drops lemon juice. Season to taste with white pepper and salt. Makes about 2 cups sauce.

Poppy-seed Sauce: Simple to make, a buttery sauce lightly dotted with poppy seeds to serve over asparagus, broccoli, cauliflower or celery root. Melt 2 tablespoons butter with 1 tablespoon olive oil. Stir in 2 teaspoons poppy seeds and cook slowly for 2 to 3 minutes. Add the juice of 1 lemon, salt and cayenne pepper to taste. If you like, just before serving, add 2 tablespoons small croutons. Makes about ½ cup.

Hollandaise: A classic from the Colony kitchen, mellow, rich, yet relatively foolproof. In the top of a double boiler whip together 5 egg yolks with 2 tablespoons water; heat slowly and continue beating until the sauce is creamy and about the consistency of a boiled icing. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Then, a tablespoon at a time, add ½ pound butter, melted and skimmed, beating well after each addition. Flavor with the juice of 1 lemon and, if you like, a dash of hot red-pepper sauce. Makes about 2 cups.

Beurre Noir: Easiest of all sauces, an exciting vegetable accompaniment which becomes—with a few capers—a sauce superb for sea food. Melt 1 stick butter and brown. Stir in 2 tablespoons white wine vinegar (and 1 teaspoon capers if sauce is to be used with sea food). Makes about ½ cup.

Sauce Soubise: For party potatoes, this quick and easy sauce, an artful compounding of flavors. Chop 2 onions and cook gently in 1½ tablespoons butter until tender. Do not let them brown. Blend in 1 tablespoon flour. Add ¾ cup milk gradually and stir until thickened. Season with salt, pepper and a pinch of marjoram. Makes about ¾ cup.

FOR DESSERTS TO RELISH—AND REMEMBER

Sauce Vanilla: A classic among custards, this sauce is as genuinely vanilla as the bean itself. From the Colony. Simmer 2 cups milk with 1 vanilla bean, split lengthwise, for 5 minutes. Combine 6 tablespoons sugar with 4 egg yolks and ¼ teaspoon salt. Pour a little of the hot milk into the sugar-egg mixture, blend well, and then stir into the hot milk. Heat slowly in the top of a double boiler, stirring constantly, until the mixture will coat a silver spoon (leave the vanilla bean in the sauce—it will continue to add to the flavor). Serve warm over unfrosted cake, a dessert soufflé or ice cream. Makes 2 cups.

Berry Velva: Red as a berry and as flavorfully fresh, a satiny sauce for ice cream and dessert soufflés. Wash and clean 1 pint fresh strawberries. Sprinkle with 1 cup sugar. Put in a saucepan, cover and simmer very slowly for 10 minutes or until berries are tender. Strain through a fine sieve. Add 2 teaspoons lemon juice (more if you like a tarter sauce) and 2 tablespoons strawberry jelly. Heat, stirring constantly, until jelly is melted and blended with the purée. Can also be made with raspberries and raspberry jelly or blackberries and blackberry jelly. Makes about 1½ cups.

Chocolate Sauce: Fudge-rich and thick, truly a sauce for chocolate lovers to dream upon. Put 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, ¼ cup butter, 1½ cups confectioners' sugar, 9 tablespoons or 1 small can evaporated milk and a bit of salt in the top of a double boiler. Cover and heat over boiling water. Stir together well when chocolate has melted. Cook 30 minutes, stirring now and then. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla. Makes about 1 pint.

Sauce cooking is an art. But it needn't be a difficult one. Simply learn the rule of sauces: The duty of a sauce is to enhance, not to overwhelm. Then success will be yours.

Campbell's brings you 3 NEW SOUPS

TRY ALL THREE!

This is the best table news you've had in years! 3 new and different, wonderful and ready Campbell's Soups. Turkey Noodle! Minestrone! Chicken Vegetable! Each made to special Campbell recipes, with all the care and skill that have made Campbell's Soups the most famous of all. Ask your grocer for all 3—treat your family to one of our new Campbell's Soups, today.

Have you had your soup today?

M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good!
Gives you vitamins, proteins—minerals, too!





NEW! Turkey Noodle Soup

Here's a turkey noodle soup that's really great! Whole-turkey soup, with full-flavored, long-simmered broth . . . choicest pieces of tender turkey and enriched golden noodles that melt in your mouth. A *new* Campbell's Soup that's sure to please every member of the family.





NEW! Minestrone Soup

Easy to tell why this Italian-style vegetable soup is good! Look at all the things that make it good! Fine beef stock. Carrots, potatoes and tomatoes. Celery, peas and beans. Turnip greens and mustard greens. Spaghettini, zucchini, a zip of cheese. That's Campbell's Minestrone!





NEW! Chicken Vegetable Soup

Here's a brand-new combination of flavors . . . Campbell's own blend of chicken and broth, ribbon noodles, peas, potatoes, tomatoes and celery—something very extra special to the taste! A soup so nourishing and good—you'll be mighty glad Campbell's makes it!



CANCER 1958

What is the outlook?

While cancer is still one of our nation's greatest health problems, several recent developments are very encouraging.

• For some time the mortality rate from cancer among women has been declining. The total decrease is substantial in degree —no less than 15% in the last ten years alone among several million women ages 25 to 74.

▪ The proportion of cancer patients surviving 5 years or more after diagnosis has measurably increased.

Such facts indicate that still greater gains are possible. In this connection, the American Cancer Society states:

"One half of all cases of cancer could be saved with present knowledge if individuals would seek medical attention early enough, and if the latest and best means of diagnosis and treatment can be made more generally available."

So, pending a major break-through against this disease, *you are the first line of defense against cancer*. And here are the things you should do:

1. Know cancer's seven warning signals. They are listed above. Should one of these signals appear, no time should be lost in seeing your doctor.

2. Have regular health examinations. According to the American Cancer Society, in 99 out of every 100 people examined, no cancer is found. Many cancers occur in parts of the body which a general practitioner can readily examine. Should you notice changes in normal body functions between examinations, have another check-up.

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. **Any sore that does not heal.**
2. **A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.**
3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in ▪ wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

3. Avoid any treatment except your doctor's. Cancer is cured only by skilled physicians using surgery, X-ray, radium and other forms of radiation. In many forms of cancer, the majority of cases can be saved when diagnosed early and properly treated.

Current research on the causes of cancer, its prevention and treatment, gives even greater hope for the future. But it is still important for *you* to be alert to cancer's danger signals and get prompt treatment should one of them occur.

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ICE PALACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

I'd appoint you a Cabinet member. Secretary of Beauty. You'd send bunches of beauty delegates over to Russia, they'd send bunches over here. No more war. The Russians keep sending over those bulletheaded fellows with eyes like mean oysters. Who loves them? Nobody."

Perhaps, casually, an Outsider undergoing the Visitors' Treatment might say, "Where's your home, Miss Storm? You certainly don't look like an Alaskan."

They did not know that Christine Storm had been known to Alaskans since the day of her fantastic birth. She had become a legend.

"I don't know how you think Alaskans should look. But I'm an Alaskan."

"That right! Born right here in Baranof?"

"I was born in a caribou in a blizzard up in the Wood River country."

Baffled, smiling uncertainly, the visitor might catch the word "caribou" and cling to it. "Caribou? Let's see now, there's a town called Caribou, I think it's in North Dakota though. Or was it Canada I saw it?"

"I didn't mean a town called Caribou. I meant a caribou."

"I don't get it."

"A caribou is a huge sort of reindeer and I was born inside of one that my father shot when he and my mother were caught in a blizzard on a hunting trip. I wasn't due for another three months, but they say my mother was one of those dauntless girls—a kind of Alaska version of the Scott Fitzgerald type that was the fashion then. Grandpa Kennedy—her father—had sent her to Vassar. Anyway, what with the blinding blizzard and the stumbling around, and no shelter, and only the dog sled, I started ahead of time. Even if my father had had a chance to build a snow-block shelter, there wasn't time. By some miracle he shot a caribou. He slit the caribou's belly and gutted it and put my mother inside on the furs from the sled; it was blood-warm for a little while, and sheltered, and it kept her from freezing, and me too. And that's where I was born."

"Now let me get this. There was a caribou handy, and he shot it and slit it and gutted it, you said, and then your mother ——"

"My mother died. I don't know why *I* didn't, but I didn't."

"Now look here, Miss Storm, I may be what you Alaskans call a—what's that word?—uh—che——"

"Cheechako. We here in Alaska pronounce it cheechawker; it comes from a word in the Chinook language, it means ——"

"I know what it means. Same as tenderfoot in the West. But I don't buy that story of yours, Miss Storm, cheechawker or no cheechawker."

But then, even the girl's appearance had a tinge of incredibility. Her eyes were black, her hair golden. Baffled by the unusual combination, strangers assumed that the yellow hair was tinted. The eyes were long, narrow, and ever so slightly pinched at the outer corners. The skin was warmly golden; but this, too, was complicated by a faintly pink touch on the rather high cheekbones. Most people considered her quite a beauty, but the cynical said, "Not with that jawline, you could break your knuckles against that, and your heart too. A lot have. Heart, I mean. Ott Decker, and they say that son of Dave Husack in Seattle, and practically every young guy in the territory. But a lot of them think she's too bossy and independent. I'll say this for her: anybody who knows her will say she isn't stuck-up. I guess Bridie Ballantyne saw to that."

Bridie Ballantyne, in her own way, was perhaps as well known as Chris. Though no one knew her exact age, it was roughly estimated at between sixty-five and seventy. She lied about it or ignored it.

In a region of almost fanatic joiners, Bridie Ballantyne was a member in good standing of practically every group banded together in gregarious Baranof. She appeared weekly on the local television program. She knew the town from the spanking-new airport at one end to the primeval tundra at the other; from the latest rookie's frightened bride arriving at Kinkaid Air Force Base to the most desiccated sourdough in his leaky log cabin in the weeds at the edge of town. She belonged to the Baranof City Council and there was talk of her running for Territorial Congresswoman against Shaw Gavin, a hard-core politician of twenty-five years' standing.

Though Bridie's interests were myriad, her chief delight was the job of piloting visitors around town. She invited them for a cup of tea or a mouthful of sherry in her cluttered one-room apartment at the Ice Palace. She loved company, she loved Baranof, she loved life.

The Ice Palace. Its real name was the Kennedy Building, but no one called it that. The Ice Palace. They loved it, they bragged about it. Czar Kennedy had built it as he had built most of the town's show places. On the corner of Gold and Polaris was the Miners' National Bank, Czar Kennedy, President; just across the street the Kennedy Block housed the town's largest motion-picture theater; a drugstore, a hardware store, a supermarket. Solidly situated halfway down the street stood the three-story offices of the Baranof Daily Lode. Czar Kennedy, President and Publisher, the masthead read.

When he had built the Ice Palace the citizens of Baranof thought this a sheer bravura gesture. Fourteen stories high, with the wilderness stretching away thousands of miles in all directions. The Ice Palace was a paying concern from the day it opened, as was every Czar Kennedy enterprise. It was Alaska's first apartment house. There never was a vacancy unless a tenant accommodatingly died, rashly built a new house, or left permanently for Outside.

Circling in by plane, you could spot the Ice Palace before the town itself came into focus. Almost at the water's edge, built of pressed glass-composition blocks, it gave back the icy mountains as good as they sent, glitter for glitter—or almost as good.

As though further to emphasize the incongruity of a sizable skyscraper in that tableau of snow, tundra, sea, glacier and forest, there nestled at the base of the edifice a weather-beaten log cabin.

"I bet that Czar guy didn't build the log shanty, anyway."

"He did, though. More than fifty years ago, and he lived in it in the old Gold Rush days with his pardner Thor Storm. Pardner then, that is."

"More of a landmark now, I suppose. Nobody living in it."

"Nobody but just merely the granddaughter of old Czar Kennedy herself is living in it. Christine Storm. Chris, everybody calls her. She lives there all alone."

"Where's the rest of her family?"

"That's all the family she's got. Just two grandfathers. Unless you count Bridie Ballantyne, and she's no more relation to Chris than she is to everybody else in town. Czar Kennedy, he just about owns Baranof, and a big chunk of Alaska besides. Everything he touches turns to gold. Czar owns the daily paper—the Lode, it's called. Thor runs a weekly with Paul and Addie Barnett—it's called the Northern Light. They're always battling, the two old boys, they've been battling for fifty years."

"Tough on the girl, I should think that would be."

"Sure is. But she had it tough from the day she was born. Thor's son married Czar's daughter, see. They're both dead. The mother died when Chris was born—no use going into that, nobody believes it anyway, only Alaskans. Her father had his scalp torn off by a bear."

"What are you giving me!"

"I don't expect you to believe it."

"Uh-huh. And this Bridie, I suppose she was spewed up by a whale, like Jonah or something. And now she lives in a log cabin too."

"You don't see Bridie living in any log cabin. The Ice Palace is quaint enough for Bridie."

"Is that what folks call it? The Ice Palace?"

"Mostly we do. Its real name is the Kennedy Building."

Nick, the proprietor of the Caribou Café, ad been responsible for the nickname by hich the Kennedy Building was locally known. n the day the building was opened with for- al festivities, Nick mischievously had ar- nged an arresting display in his restaurant indow. Carelessly piled in a sizable heap ere Alaska native stones and metals. There ere glittering quartz and mica, dull green de, chunks of mottled marble, lumps of coal. ingling with these lowly members of the ative geological family were stones streaked ith silver, lumps flecked with gold, chunks ined with copper; a scattering of tungsten, ickel, cobalt, chrome, tin. It all added up to n interesting miniature display of the mineral esources of Alaska.

Topping the haphazard mound was a large ttered sign:

STONES
Contributed by Tenants of the
ICE PALACE
As They Have
NO FURTHER USE FOR THEM

After that it never was called the Kennedy uilding. Newcomers ssumed that Ice Palace as the building's real ame.

For that matter, Ott Decker might have ex- lained that Czar Ken- edy's real name wasn't Czar; but this change ad occurred half a entury ago, and no one emembered it. Signing or his claim, he had written with a Spen- erian flourish "Z. Ken- edy." His Massachu- etts Bible-reading par- nts had named the hild Zebedee, after the ather of the apostles James and John.

In the territory's fre- netic Gold Rush days newcomers were not asked personal ques- tions. It was not consid- ered good manners, or even healthy. But some- one, glancing at the sig- nature, had said, face- tiously, "Z.? What's that stand for? Ze o? You come to the right place."

Kennedy's new-found friend, Thor Storm, had spoken up in his rather precious accent that was more British than American. "I say it stands for Czar—minus the *C*. Czar Alex- ander Second of Russia got seven million dol- lars for this icehouse. Let me introduce the new Czar who's going to own it if his plans come true. Gentlemen, your new ruler! Czar Kennedy the First!"

Someone in the crowd pressing around the official table in the crude land office had summed up the speaker's towering frame, the great shock of blond hair, the farseeing blue eyes of the seaman, together with the signa- ture—Thor Storm—on the claim book's page.

"Where did you come by that la-di-da talk, Swensky?"

The blue of Thor's eyes had darkened to steel gray. "Thor is my name, after another big Swensky. He was a blacksmith, among other things. Perhaps you've heard of him. He lived in a place much like this. Valhalla, it was called."

But they didn't know what he was talking about. No one remembered his prediction which, in a measure, came true. Baranof today boasted that Czar Kennedy was the only mil- lionaire in Alaska. "That is, living in Alaska," they sometimes added cynically. "The big boys in Seattle and San Francisco and Wash- ington, they just live off it."

Chris had a bad time trying to adjust her emotional life to the strange circumstance in which she spent her babyhood, her childhood, her girlhood. Three months with Grandpa Thor Storm, three months with Grandpa Czar Kennedy, and over again until she came of age. Other children had families—mother, father, sister, brother.

"My family is grandfathers," she announced to her teacher on the very first day of her Alaska school life. She was six.

"I know," her teacher had said in a voice that oozed sympathy. "You poor little thing, I know all about it."

"I'm not poor," Chris had declared. "Grandpa Kennedy is the richest man in the world, and Grandpa Storm is the smartest, so I'm not poor."

Later—not too late—Chris understood. Dur- ing her college years at the University of Washington, in Seattle, she had an opportu- nity to compare the world Outside with that of the lonely far-off empire Alaska. Outside emerged a bad second. But then by that time her friends said, not altogether jokingly, that she was neurotic about Alaska. In love with it. "Chris thinks love and life are Alaska," they said.

She could not explain—because she did not realize—that this strange deviation of hers was the outcome of her bizarre childhood. No two men could have regarded love and life more differently than the two who had reared her.

THE BLUE FIRE OF APRIL

By ROSEMARY CLIFFORD TROTT

Who watches blue fire
Burn over hill and glen
Will cool the old fever
That comes to maids and men.

Who plants a blue garden
Will have a place in spring
Where he may calm the senses,
And let the spirit sing.

There was a queen at
Sandringham,
Who gave blue buds away
As I would give all coolness
If my love came back today.

Everyone who could be stirring was out tak- ing advantage of the hour or two of winter's lemon-colored daylight. The Gold Street office workers, the Federal Building employees, the shop clerks skittered across the icy sidewalks for the morning coffee break. Housewives mar- keting at a brisk trot stared resignedly at printed signs in the su- permarket bins that read Steak $2.29 a lb.; Milk, 65 cts. Qt.; Eggs, $1.23 doz.; Cauliflr 81 c.; Bread, 64c. loaf. They looked again at the money in their purses and thought longingly of summer when the milk and home-grown vegetables would be coming in by truck from Matanuska or by short- trip bush plane instead of by the long, costly air freight from Out- side.

School children at their desks stared long- ingly out at the ice-sheathed schoolyard. It would be too dark, too dangerously cold for sliding or skating by the time school was out.

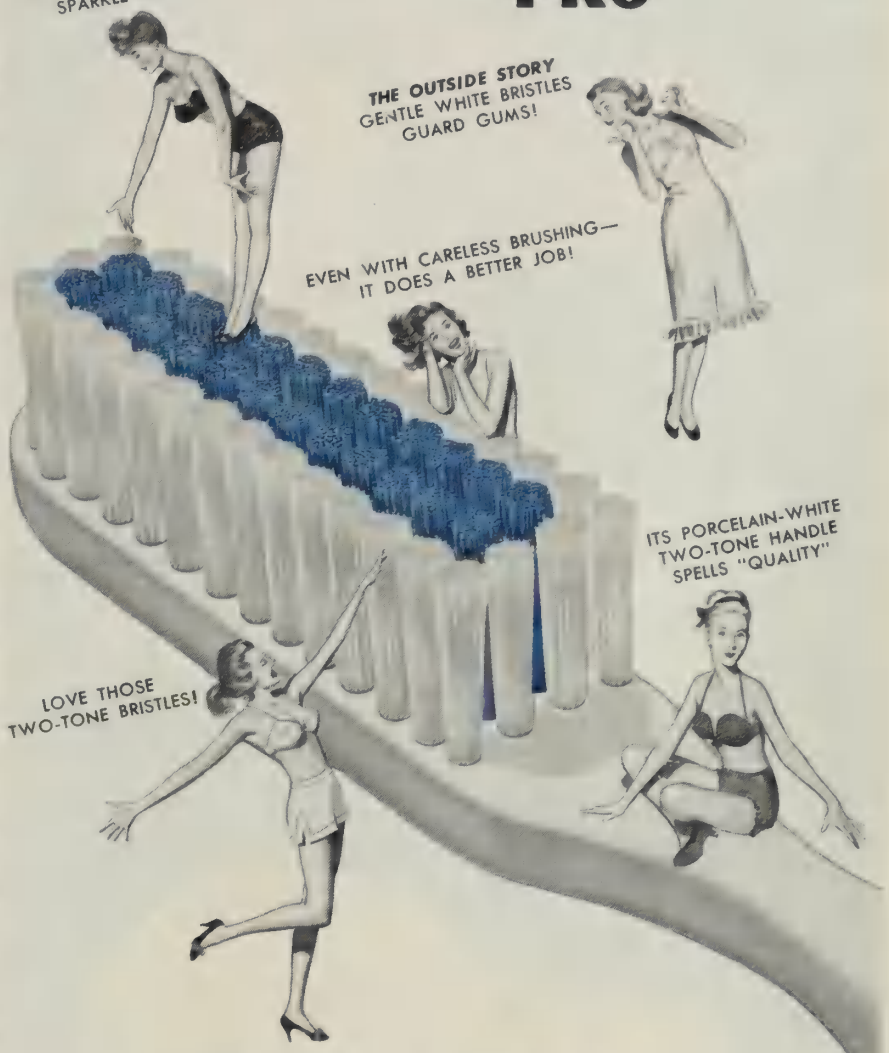
Air pilots counted on those two hours, hurtling in from Seattle with the big four- engine jobs, or from up north in the twin- engine DC-3's or the little single-engine Cess- nas or Pipers. Big or small, they usually tried to make the run before the darkness came down again. Still, pilots from Kinkaid and Morgenstern Air Force bases said they would almost rather fly by Arctic night than by snow- dazzled day. But then they were a race apart; everyone knew they were transformed from pink-cheeked lads to supermen, once they buckled into their gear and crawled into the cockpit. They screeched through the air in jets, day or night, flinging their lives into the constellations like gods, wing-tipped.

Bridie Ballantyne, walking up Gold Street from her apartment at the Ice Palace at eleven this winter morning, was dressed as you might see women garbed on Michigan Boulevard in Chicago, or Madison Avenue, New York, or Sutter in San Francisco. No one knew how she did it, but there she was mincing along, a small garnet velvet hat atop the carefully coiffed steel-gray hair. A good Pribiloff seal coat. White gloves. A handsome black suède bag. Coquettish black suède pumps. Her step, what with the icy streets and her own high spirits, was a sort of prance with a slight swing. Old-timers who loved her said this was a relic of the day when, a girl of eighteen, she had whisked as student nurse through the corri-

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BEAUTY TONE BULBS

dors of the old Seattle hospital. The evil and envious said, nurse my foot, she was a waitress in a lunchroom on Skid Row down by the Seattle docks. Political enemies said that the swing and the prance were left over from the period of her first Baranof days when the town was a crazy new mining camp.

She herself had written her life story, breezily, with perhaps an occasional assist in the grammar department from Chris Storm or from Addie and Paul Barnett, editors and reporters on Thor Storm's weekly.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer had bought it, published it and syndicated it. The digest magazine called Look Alive had used it in its Stranger Than Fiction department.

With the money received from this lone literary effort she had achieved three almost lifelong wishes. She bought for herself a pair of smallish clear blue-white diamond earrings and it was said she wore them even to bed; she took a trip to Honolulu in midwinter and was, on her return, more chauvinistically Alaskan than ever, if possible.

For the third part she donated a neat sum toward the Baranof College Scholarship Fund. "For an Eskimo student," she stipulated. "One of those smart kids can take an engine or a watch or any mechanical thing apart and fix it and put it together again. Natural-born mechanics, I've seen 'em at it. Engine instinct. God knows where they came by the knack of it."

Her costume this frigid morning had been planned for the airport arrival of a group of Distinguished Visitors, to be followed by the Baranof Chamber of Commerce luncheon at Nick's Caribou Café. Everyone she passed greeted her: "Hi, Bridie!" . . . "Miz Ballantyne!" . . . "See you at the luncheon?"

They wore fur parkas, the hoods pulled forward so that their faces were all but obscured, but Baranof spoke to Baranof, no matter how deeply hooded in wolf. They were accustomed to seeing Bridie dressed like a fashion-magazine cover, miraculously unfrosted. Younger and hardier citizens would not have dreamed of venturing out in such garb.

Passing in cars or on foot, her fellow townsmen were concerned a bit as they saw her waiting to be picked up by the others of the reception committee. "You aim to freeze yourself into a totem, standing there?" . . . "Give you a lift, Bridie?"

A young woman stepped briskly along the snow-ridged sidewalk, a three-year-old by the hand, a one-year-old in the gocart. The faces of all three blossomed out from the fur-bordered parka hoods, fresh and glowing and unexpected as tundra flowers.

Bridie peered down at the new-minted face almost hidden in the cart. "The new one? Look at the cut of him, would you, in that parky! The spit of his dad. And how is Augie?"

"It's a girl. And my husband isn't Augie. Lowell. I'm Mrs. Lowell Kramer."

Bridie caught this challenge deftly, she fished a name up from the swarming depths of her memory. "Who else, of course! Who else but little Lorine, as if I didn't mind the day you stepped off that plane—black winter—how long ago was it now?—four—all right, call it five years ago—and you scared he wouldn't be there to meet you from the air base and in another way scared he would, and there he was at the airport waiting in his uniform, and off we went to the church. And a prettier wedding I never did see."

The girl laughed, half amused, half vexed. "Lowell isn't Air Force, he's a construction worker, we were married back home in Dakota and this one"—she pointed to the older child—"was born before I ever got here. I stepped off the plane, my husband had never seen him, he was so excited ——"

"Oh, well, make nothing of it," Bridie said airily, as though it had been the girl who was in error. "You're here and happy, and that's what counts." She looked sharply at the young woman. "Two, and another one coming. Three's a nice number, four is better ——"

A car came to a stop at the curb. Another, just behind it, halted with a screech. Windows were lowered, there were hallooing and beckoning, a girl at the wheel of the first car stuck her head out the window. A black-eyed blonde in a white fur parka, its white wolf hood dramatically framing her face. "Bridie! We called for you at the Ice Palace. Waited and waited. You said you'd be in the lobby at eleven."

"Did I now, Chris!" The feet, in the smart black suède pumps, made nothing of the snowy distance between sidewalk and car. "I had an errand, very particular it was, and I made sure you'd pick me up here at the corner."

Ott Decker emerged from the first car, scurried round to hand Bridie in. The front window of the second car was lowered. Czar Kennedy's silver head was poked out. Peering just behind it was Oscar Bogard, mayor of Baranof.

Czar Kennedy's benevolent face, his gentle voice chided her. "Come in here where you belong, Bridie, with the old sourdoughs. You can have the whole back seat to yourself, like the queen you are."

With one gesture, Bridie's white-gloved hand rejected this courtly offer. "I'm riding with the young fry." She scrambled into the broad front seat beside Chris.

Bridie patted the head of the girl in the white parka, gave a straightening jerk to her own hat that had gone askew as she clambered in. Suddenly she leaned forward to stare at the vehicle's pale orchid hood. "Say, whose car is this, anyway, you're driving, Chris? It sure ain't yours, unless you've bought a new one or Czar's gone wild and given you one, not likely."

"Mine," Ott Decker said plaintively. "My brand-new Thunderbolt. And don't ask me why I let her drive it to the airport. Except she busted her own. And I'm nuts about her."

Chris' voice was soft and low. Some said this was a trick she had learned from old Czar.

"Bridie Ballantyne, you know perfectly well I've never hit anything, and I've been driving since I was fifteen, haven't I?"

"Then what does Ott mean—you busted up your car!"

"Something hit me. Yesterday I was driving down past Mile Forty and a moose charged right out at me from the woods. I never saw anything so silly; I thought for a minute that I'd be out in the snow and the moose would be in the front seat, driving. It was a close thing; he damaged the radiator and broke a headlight. And my spirit, of course. I never thought a moose would hunt me."

Bridie pointed in the direction of the fast-vanishing car ahead of them. "I wish I had those two men here this minute. I got up and told them last week's city-council meeting, I said, more moose around this winter than I've seen in fifty years, they'll be promenading down Gold Street next. Oh, no, they said, and anyway that's the wrong kind of publicity to give out about Alaska. Ott, why'n't you Chamber of Commerce people do something?"

"Do! You'll have to speak to God. It's the record cold. There's nothing in the woods for them to eat so they come out looking for handouts. You can't shoot every moose that shows its head the other side of a tree."

"Who all's coming?" Bridie interrupted briskly. "The General, of course, but he isn't rightly a general any more, is he, now that he's vice president and chairman of the board, no less, of National Fish Pack Company? Seventy-five thousand a year, I hear he's pulling down. He a general now, anyway?"

"A general once is a general always," Ott assured her.

Bridie jerked at her skirts and scuffled her feet impatiently in the way she had when she scented news. "Who else? The General, window dressing for the Seattle crowd. Dave Husack must be coming or Czar Kennedy wouldn't be down meeting the plane. And of course Sid Kleet. Where Dave is, there's Sid just behind. Let's see now. There's Wilbur K. Distelhorst—the nerve of them in Washington! Sending just an assistant instead of the top boy. There's a fine sample of the Department of the Interior for you!"

"Wilbur K. Distelhorst," Chris interrupted dreamily. "I love to say it. It's like something out of Dickens. Or Sinclair Lewis."

"Look, Chris, let me drive, will you?" Ott Decker said. "We're a little late. Can't even see Czar's car. I think I hear the plane."

For the first time Chris tensed a little at the wheel. She risked a quick searching glance at Ott Decker's face. A boyish flush suffused it as she eyed him.

n a big girl now, Ott. You're nervous as egroom. Are you importing some choice l from Outside? Object matrimony?"

ldie yelped, "Ott!"

o. And you know why, so don't needle Chris."

ldie began to breathe heavily with the in- and exhaust of a steampipe about to . "Ott Decker, if you don't tell us this min- hat you're being so sneaky about ——"

ll right." He threw his arms wide in a ges- of revelation. "Czar kept it under wraps. g Husack's coming. Bayard. And that e's going to marry—or supposed to. And supposed to stay six months in Alaska. eir apparent getting acquainted with his le subjects, I suppose."

ere was silence in the car. Even Bridie momentarily speechless. Then she drew ong whistling bronchial breath of one who out to blast. Ott Decker raised a restrain- and.

Vait a minute. I haven't finished. Nobody vs this, Chris. Nobody but your Grandpa , and Paul and Addie Barnett. And, of se, Czar's whole crowd, and they don't v Thor knows."

ris began to laugh, not very merrily. ll, we'll have a field day with that." She ped, stiffened at the wheel. "But we went ess yesterday. Did they know it then?"

They didn't know until last night. It must been too late, they distribute this noon."

Ott Decker! If ve known about all along ——"

tell you I haven't. ldn't I tell you, is? That isn't all. ng Husack's only ing a month or so , to get the feel of ska in the winter. t's what they said. feel. Then Outside June or July, and k here and we're posed to do the real led tour, Barrow Juneau, with you peroning, Bridie. You window-dressing, is. Unless he marries in the meantime. But isn't the idea. Just wait, you two."

ridie jerked her hat forward, a characteris- gesture of utter irritation. "Wait for what? at *is* the idea?"

I'm the idea, I suppose," Chris said quietly.

Partly. But this is real old melodrama. y're grooming young Bay for the big-time e. They aim to have him appointed gover- of Alaska. Youth, see, in the saddle."

n, as Bridie again opened her mouth, ow wait a minute. You haven't heard the f. A couple of years in all, he resigns on e excuse, then he's back in Seattle and they him for Congress. Then senator. Then, by time he's maybe forty or forty-five, he's idate for the first President of the United tes to come out of the Great Neglected rthwest Empire." He leaned forward and red hard at the silent girl at the wheel. "You nk she'll run the White House O.K., Chris? those lovely state dinners?"

Bridie found voice again. "Fine time to be ling us, Ott Decker. And for Chris ——"

"I tell you I didn't get wind of it until half hour ago when I was calling the Ice Palace. ound out Dave Husack wasn't staying at ar's house. They've reserved the four rooms y call the Governor's Suite on the top or."

"Four," Chris said quietly. "That's a bed- m for old Dave, one for Bay, and a sitting m. And a bedroom for her."

knew it!" Bridie crowed. "I had a hunch is morning early something was on the fire. ust thought I'd go up and check the Ice Pal- e VIP suite. I knew Sid Kleet alone didn't te it, even with that Distelhorst along, and usack generally always stays at Czar's place. e minute I laid eyes on it I smelled some- ing funny. Sitting room, three bedrooms, essing room in the big one, two baths, flow- s in vases. Who gives Dave Husack flowers? d as soon give flowers to a Kadiak bear. The idal suite if I ever saw it. But who's the ide? I said."

They were in sight of the airport now, a gay toy in a sparkling white setting, dotted with other tiny silver-bright toys.

Chris' gaze was straight ahead as she guided the car toward the parking space. "Does Grandpa Kennedy know about the Ice Palace?"

"He made the arrangements."

"You knew."

"Look, Chris," Ott said miserably, "I'm Chamber of Commerce secretary. My job is to go along with the people who run this town. I think the territory's being had, but if I'm going to buck the big boys, why, I can resign. Czar didn't want this news around for a lot of reasons and one is that Thor's weekly went to press last night and Czar counted on a beat for this afternoon's Lode. He's got it."

"Thanks, chum."

Desperately: "Look, Chris, marry me and we'll get out of here. I can get the C. C. secretary job in Topeka any day I want it."

"Indelicate!" Bridie shouted. "Asking a girl to marry you in front of a third party."

Ott hugged her as he handed her out of the car. "I'd marry you, too, if I was young enough, Bridie. But I just couldn't go your pace."

He rushed around to the other side of the car, but Chris was already making for the building. Over her shoulder she said, "I wouldn't be too sure if I were Grandpa Czar. Paul and Addie have a mukluk grapevine." A roar rent the blue. "There they are." A loud-speaker blared. The mountains hurled the sound back into the crystal air. "Pan American Number Six-two-nine arriving from Seattle, Gate Two. . . . Arctic Clipper Number Three-seven-five for Nome, Kotzebue, Oogruk—"

Ott opened the heavy door that led to the crowded waiting room. He looked at the girl and she at him; her hand touched his arm and rested there a moment. "Thanks, Ott dear."

"I could be mistaken."

"No. Grandpa's never forgiven me for not marrying Bay. This is his way of punishing me. Or something."

"How scheming can an old man get? Thor going to be here?"

"You know he doesn't go in for reception committees."

Inside the waiting room were warmth, movement, a shimmer of excitement. Baranof was a crossroads between Russia and the United States, between Japan and the United States, between the North Pole and the United States. The main concourse today—and every day and night, VIP's or no VIP's—was bursting with men and women and children and infants in arms waiting to hurl themselves into the clouds. Slim lads in Air Force uniforms. In the lunchroom ham and eggs and waffles and steaks and coffee appeared and disappeared like props in a conjurer's trick. The loudspeaker trumpeted again.

Passengers for Point Barrow. . . . Number Six-eight-nine arriving Gate Three. . . . Fairbanks, Anchorage, Seattle leaving —— Passengers Cordova . . . Sitka . . . Ketchikan . . . Juneau. . . . Passengers for the North Pole.

Even in that crowded room it was easy to distinguish the arresting figure of Czar Kennedy. He stood tall and erect in a world of six-foot men. But it was the head that gave him distinction. Above the benevolent face your eye was caught by the spectacularly beautiful hair, wavy, abundant, vigorous. Its natural mixture of white and steel gray imparted a silver-blue tone.

The three late-comers made their way through the crowd toward the beacon of that distinguished head. Ott darted out to the runway gate where the big brass stood stoically in Arctic full-dress splendor: the very best leather, the very best fur, the goldenest gilt in the uniformed world.

Czar Kennedy and Oscar Bogard stood near the exit as Chris and Bridie came toward them. Ott, rushing in now, reported the plane's imminent landing.

"Well, Bridie," Czar Kennedy said, "you would have done better to ride along with Oscar and me after all. We had time for a cup of coffee."

"I never touch the stuff. Tea is my tipple. You know what! I'd like to come down here and spend the whole day sometime. Just visit around and watch the people and the planes in and out, it's better than a movie."

"Oh, now, Bridie," Ott jeered. "You trying to make out you're just a little girl from the farm? You fly all the time; you're whizzing in and out of Baranof like a bluebottle."

"Back east, when I was a little tyke," Czar mused, aloud, "we used to go down to the depot to see Number Eleven come in, the big-city train with Pullmans. It's the same thing, planes or trains, today or yesterday."

Oscar Bogard cut short this little reminiscence. "Here's the Barnetts," he announced.

Chris Storm's hands were outstretched toward the approaching couple. "Paul!" she called. "Addie!" The intelligent civilized faces beamed affection upon her as they made their way toward the group.

Oscar Bogard greeted this couple with an unconvincing joviality. "What're you folks doing down here! Meeting friends?"

No one in the history of man has made so triumphantly as Jesus that appeal to the human heart which liberates life from the dominations and deceits of environment, and bestows upon it the increasing consciousness of the immortality of spiritual values.

"GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"
Seven Ages
Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons

"Literary Twosome." For an 8" by 10" full-color print of this original photo by Walter Chandoha, send 25¢ in coin and one Puss 'n Boots label to Cat Pictures, Dept. J-48, Box 6586, Chicago 77, Illinois. Offer good only in U.S.A.



"Health improved, pep doubled on a regular diet of Puss 'n Boots"

Natural whole-fish diet best for both cats and kittens

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See for yourself the benefits of feeding Puss 'n Boots regularly. Start your pet on this nutritious *whole-fish* diet soon.

CHECK YOUR CAT *against these characteristics of healthy cats fed regularly on Puss 'n Boots:*

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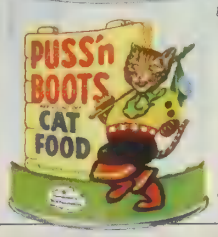
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Addie Barnett of the crisp red hair and the lively retort met this in character. "On the contrary."

Paul Barnett, tall, stooped, spectacled, might have passed for a postgraduate summer college student if it were not for the slight graying at the temples. Slow of speech, almost drawling, his utterances often took on a misleading mildness. "You haven't forgotten that Addie and I get out a weekly paper, have you, Oscar?"

"Not likely. I get more mention in one issue of your weekly than in a whole month of Czar's daily. Not better—but more."

"It's nice to know you read us, Oscar. How did you like Thor's editorial this week?"

Oscar's little eyes narrowed. "You keep on with stuff like that against Czar, you'll lose what little advertising you got."

In each weekly issue of the Northern Light there appeared a Thor Storm editorial and a column of astonishingly unstilted, often witty and always courageous comment called—somewhat lamely—Deep Freeze. Served... from this receptacle were odds and ends p... cal, casual, personal, pungent. Their o... was attributed to no one in particular, b... was known that Paul and Addie Barnett, ... Storm and even Chris Storm contribu... Sometimes ... Thor Storm local editorial f... its way into the editorial pages of such big ... dailies as the New York Times, the San F... cisco Call, the St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Ott Decker was herding them to the run... gates. The little group stood in the brief ... winter light, their faces turned toward ... moving shining thing in the sky, brighter t... the Arctic sun itself.

Addie Barnett leaned close to Chris. "H... you heard about Bay Husack and the gi... I tried to get you on the telephone."

"Yes."

"Do you mind if I let Czar know that ... and I know? Before they land? It's mean, ... I can't resist it."

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERN... ON PAGES 80 AND 81.

Vogue Design No. 9465.	One-piece dress; 10–16 (31–36). 75c.
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"Go ahead."

A little apart stood Kinkaid Air Base big brass. It unbent just a little in the direction of Alaska's First Citizen. "Mr. Kennedy," they said. "How are you, sir?"

Czar's hand went to his head in a semimilitary salute. "General," he said, with a kind of sweet solemnity. "Colonel . . . Major ——"

Now the sky monster roared toward them, it touched on tiptoe. The aluminum steps were rushed up to its shining side.

The plane door opened. Two hostesses stood in the doorway, one blond, one brunet, coolly pretty, very smart in their blue tailored uniforms and their slim high-heeled pumps.

The General was the first to emerge. Just behind him loomed Dave Husack, vast, opulent. For a moment he blotted out his shadow, but it followed him as always, for where Dave Husack stood or walked, there was Sid Kleet in his footsteps. Slight, pale, impassive, Sid Kleet was a general too. But industry, not war, was his science.

Down the steps, their heels clattering on the bright metal; pausing a moment for the photographers. Now the doorway framed the businesslike figure of Wilbur K. Distelhorst. He glanced at the welcoming committee, at the impressive brass, at the photographers, at the fish-bowl faces swimming behind the big plate-glass windows of the airport waiting room. He then shook hands with the two pretty airplane hostesses and began a leisurely descent of the stairs. The effect was that of a one-man parade. You just heard his first reply to the question put to him by the Daily Lode reporter, "I'm here for just one reason. To learn. To learn all about your wonderful ——" when two handsome young people appeared in the doorway: a man and a woman.

"Look at that! She's got on a mink coat!" Bridie Ballantyne exclaimed.

"Why not?" Chris retorted. "Wouldn't you wear one if you had it?"

"Not if I was her, I wouldn't. I'd dress plain as a post."

"It just means she's tough-fibered and honest, in her own terms," Chris said. "Out for blood and doesn't hide the switchblade."

"I guess they're really wearing those hats this winter," Bridie concluded mournfully, "if she is. It sure makes mine look dated."

Chris had not seen him in two years. She had not seen Dina Drake or Dave Husack or Sid Kleet in all that time. *The future Mrs. Bayard Husack, after all,* Chris mused. Then, cattily for her, *She's certainly earned it.*

The Air Force closed in on the General; the committee enveloped Dave Husack, Sid Kleet, Wilbur K. Distelhorst. Young Husack and the mink-coated girl stood momentarily outside the cluster.

A shade too heartily Bayard Husack said, "Hello, Chris! It's great to see you, you're looking lovely as always, here's Dina dying to see you. And Dina you've met Mrs. Ballantyne, haven't you, at least you've heard me talk ——"

Yes, and you're talking a little too much this minute, Chris thought. The two young women looked at each other, their hands met. The conventional smile arranged itself on their faces, they looked at each other, the tall black-haired girl whose eyes were an unexpected blue, the blond girl with the startling black eyes.

"It's wonderful to see you again. What an enchanting coat," Dina Drake said. "And the hood. If Paris could see it they'd announce the new Alaska look."

"It's a parka," rather lamely. "We pronounce it parky. Don't ask me why."

"All that white fur! It's so dramatic. Like a costume in a musical."

A poker term came to Chris' mind. *You've tipped your hand early again, as usual. Well, if that's the way you want to play.*

"Everybody wearing mink in Seattle I suppose, Miss Drake," Bridie observed blandly.

"This?" Miss Drake glanced down at herself absently. "I got this last winter in New York." She removed her hat, collapsed it in some magic way, and thrust it into her coat pocket. She then drew over her head a soft, mammoth mink hood which had lain draped below the neckline of the sumptuous garment. The modeling of the face and the look in the eye were, perhaps, too modern and too motivated for that soft fur frame. Ott Decker, emotionally vulnerable but no fool, bustling up to herd the group indoors, peered politely at the fur-framed face. *A dish,* he decided, *and lots of style, but she looks like the wolf in Red Ridinghood.*

"Miss Drake," Bay was explaining, "is dad's second secretary. I mean Miss Gurkin wouldn't come, she's a bit vintage anyway for a jaunt like this, and of course mother couldn't possibly, so ——"

Whew! Chris thought. *Elaborate.* Aloud she said politely, "And how *is* your mother, Bay?"

But Mayor Bogard was shooing everyone into the waiting room. "Any you folks like a cup of coffee? The luncheon's twelve-thirty but you prolly got up before breakfast ha-ha!"

Dave Husack held up a protesting palm. "They fed us every minute on that plane from the time we left Seattle." In the vast golden-brown cashmere topcoat he looked like a miraculously trained Alaska Kadiak brown bear balancing on its hind legs.

Now his small, somewhat bloodshot eyes encountered the amused gaze of Christine Storm. He put one great fur-gloved paw on Chris' shoulder, with the other he patted her cheek. "Chris!" he bellowed. "How's Alaska's Joan of Arc?"

Very low, without moving his lips, Czar Kennedy said to Mayor Bogard, "Get going."

Obediently Bogard called, "Now then, folks! Let's get organized. Let's see, now. Mr. Husack, if you'll come this way ——"

But now Ott Decker, the expert organizer, took over. He had collected the baggage stubs, he had handily placed the luggage, he waved a hand toward the waiting cars.

"In, everybody! I'll break trail if you'll follow. The parade is just starting. Plenty of room; the General's gone with the base group, he'll join us later at luncheon. Mr. Husack—Dave, that is—you're with Czar, of course, and you, too, Mr. Distelhorst, and Sid Kleet, naturally. Bridie, I know Paul and Addie'll be happy to take you in. Bayard Husack and Miss—uh—in my car, I hope, if that's all right with you ——"

Czar Kennedy made no move to order these arrangements, he wasted no energy on such details. But a disturbing mistake seemed to have been made. The Barnetts' shabby car already was to be seen scooting down the airport road. Bridie Ballantyne, seated between Dave Husack and Sid Kleet, was queening it in the back of Czar's car; and in some mysterious way Wilbur K. Distelhorst was snugly ensconced between Dina Drake and young Husack in Ott Decker's orchid equipage which was on the point of leaving.

"Get out!" Czar said to the bewildered Bogard beside him. "Tell Distelhorst he belongs in this car."

But when Bogard had hurriedly clambered out and had conveyed this message, standing at the Decker car window and apparently encountering good-natured but stiff resistance, he turned his head to look piteously back at Czar.

"Says he's doing fine." He floundered back to the Kennedy car.

The two airplane hostesses emerged from the waiting-room door and hailed a yellow taxi at the curb. Now a third figure, smart in the blue uniform of a pilot, came through the doorway.

"Ross!" Chris called to him. "Ross! Want a lift?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

Woman's sphere is the home, and the home, too, is the sphere of man. The home embraces everything we strive for in this world. To get and maintain a decent home is the object of all our best endeavors.

HELEN KELLER
Out of the Dark
Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

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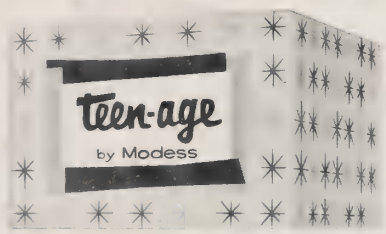
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

The man held up a hand in greeting; he smiled. The olive skin, the white teeth in contrast, the light of recognition in his eyes gave him a look of almost startling brilliance. He hesitated a moment, then he walked swiftly to the car.

Ott Decker, at the wheel, asked, "Where you in from, Ross?"

"Nome-Kotzebue-Oogruk run."

"Pile in."

Chris slid nearer Ott Decker so that there was space for a third passenger in the wide front seat. "In! In! We've got precious freight here, and they're not used to our climate." As he entered, and the car moved off, she made the introductions expertly, over her shoulder. "Miss Drake, you've met Ross. In Seattle—remember? . . . Mr. Distelhorst—Ross Guildenstern, as in Hamlet. Mr. Distelhorst of the Washington Department of the Interior. . . . Bayard Husack of the Seattle Husacks, no less, you know him too. . . . Ross Guildenstern is one of the pet pilots on Arctic Circle Airlines, Mr. Distelhorst."

The bronze young man with the Nordic name removed his blue cap and turned his head toward the three in the rear seat. His vigorous hair was like another cap, black, thick, stiff. "You had us strolling around in the air there for a while, waiting for you to come in. Who was the big brass?"

"General, that's who," boomed Distelhorst. "General Cass Baldwin." He cleared his throat, he peered right, he peered left, hunching low in the seat. "This is going to be mighty interesting. Now then. I'm here to get the feel of this country. I'd like to get a line on you young folks, it's you youngsters that will have to carry on when the torch is handed to you."

As though they were alone in the car Bay Husack said, "You haven't changed a bit, Chris."

Her sparkling face looked over her shoulder toward him a moment. "Not even for the worse?"

"Well"—grudgingly—"perhaps just a little."

The two laughed together then, spontaneously, as at some old private joke. An almost indiscernible stir of resentment seemed momentarily to move Dina Drake and Ott Decker.

Wilbur Distelhorst was not a man to waste time in silence. He released a barrage of interrogation. Population . . . industry . . . legislature . . . local government . . . Baranof College enrollment . . . Fish gold timber oil food clothing daylight temperatures.

"—— one thing, I understood it would be dark all day, this time of year, why it's real bright, just how much daylight do you ——"

Ott Decker, at the wheel, tossed the answers over his shoulder:

"We have plenty of daylight. Of course December and January are kind of dark, but the sun doesn't set until about—well, it's about noon now—it'll set about two o'clock."

Chris Storm turned to look straight at Distelhorst. "Another interesting thing about Alaska is the people."

"People?"

"I think," Chris persisted, "you'll find the Alaska people interesting too."

"Fine! Fine! I'm here to learn. Here to learn about this great empire of the North." He leaned forward and with one gloved forefinger prodded Ross Guildenstern in the back. "Now you, young man, in the pilot's uniform. What nationality are you—if you don't mind my asking? I've got a pretty good guess, but you tell me."

As Guildenstern turned his head Dina Drake thought, *He's absolutely thrilling when he smiles. Photogenic. Pictures.*

"I don't mind," Ross said. "I'm an American. North American."

Distelhorst shook his head a little, but tolerantly. "Well, now, you might say the North American Indian is an American, but at the same time, why ——"

"You sure might," Ott Decker agreed, forgetting for an instant his Chamber of Commerce secretarial role. A ripple of laughter—a giggle, in fact—escaped Chris.

Ross explained pleasantly, "My mother was part Eskimo. My father was Danish. That explains the name. Guildenstern."

"You don't say!" Distelhorst took out a notebook and, somewhat handicapped by his fur-lined gloves, scribbled industriously. "Well, now, how long you been here?"

"I've been here all my life. Except during the war, of course."

"No, no. You Eskimos, I mean. How long you been here in Alaska? Way before the Russians, that's for sure. I've been reading up on Alaska, the Russian occupation and so forth. That was back in—let's see now ——"

"Eighteen sixty-seven," Bay Husack said.

"That's right—'67," the questioner agreed. "How long did you say you Eskimos been here? Way before '67, that's for sure."

His head turned slightly toward his interrogator, a gleam shot from Ross' eyes. Silent Eskimo laughter. But the profile view seemed serious; his tone was soft, courteous. "We were here before the Russians, yes. The Russians first took possession in 1729, I think. We Eskimos were here in 1000 B.C.—or earlier."

"Yeh? That's interesting —— Heh, wait a minute! What d'you mean—B.C.!"

"Before Christ," Ross replied politely.

"Who you kidding? You giving me the old tenderfoot routine? What's that you call 'em—cheechakos or something?"

"No, sir. We were North Americans before it was known as North America. Perhaps we crossed over when the Diomedes weren't islands at all, but a peninsula. Nobody knows. Of course there are artifacts and traces and so on. We've been here—well, anyway twenty-five hundred years. That we know of, I mean."

Wilbur K. Distelhorst looked sharply at the smart uniform, the lively intelligent face, the Seattle haircut, the Air Force ring on the gloveless brown hand stretched along the back of the seat behind Chris.

"Well, say, gosh!" He began to scribble again in the notebook. "This is going to make quite a report. You ever live up there, young man? I mean up there in the blubber country—you might say, the North Pole region?"

The fingers along the seat back beat a little tattoo for just a moment. The white fur hood and the dark head turned, faced each other, turned away; the hand lay quietly along the back of the seat. "Uh—not the North Pole exactly. Of course the North Pole has become a kind of junket lately. But it's a bit rugged for everyday living—even for Eskimos. I used to live up in the northern section of Alaska. Oogruk, the village is called. It's on the Bering Sea. Some of my folks still live there—cousins, and my grandmother and a brother and his wife and children. Blubber country? That's a new name for it, sir. Very amusing."

They were in the town now, briefly bright and sparkling. The brand-new orchid-colored car crunched crisply over the feathery snow. Others flashed past it—red green blue pink gray cream. The new four-story Federal Building came into view, solid stone and cement, many-windowed.

"Look! Look!" Dina came to life. Arour the Polaris Street corner dashed a team twelve Huskies pulling a dog sled guided by fur-clad man who alternately ran behind t sled or lightly flipped one of its runners.

Even Bay Husack was moved to utteranc The anachronistic outfit ran alongside the ca the faces of the occupants stared out at t bronze-skinned smiling man.

"Chris, you think of everything," B Husack said. "But how did you get him to tin in on that split second?"

"What nonsense!" Chris retorted briskl "He won the dog-sled races yesterday. It w the last day of the Winter Festival. You shou have come in time for it. He's just showi off."

Ott Decker had slowed down. The dog sl was coming alongside now. Ross Guildenste lowered the car window. "Hi!" he called to t man on the sled runner. "I hear you won o yesterday."

"Hi!" the broad bronze face, half hidden the fur hood, now flashed with the brillian of the warm friendly smile. "Sure did."

"How much?"

"Seventy miles. Four hours, thirteen mi utes, five seconds. Rough going."

"Stout fella!" Ross shouted; and closed t window. "My cousin," he explained over h shoulder to the three in the back seat. "Har Noyakpuk. He lives up in Wiseman. Ott, dr me off at the corner of Bonanza, will yo Thanks for the lift. Thanks a lot, Chris." turned to face the visitors, his manner, tone correct. "Good-by. I hope you will enj your visit in Alaska." He opened the do stepped out, raised a hand in farewell, was

They turned the final corner. The Ice Pal came into view.

"Say!" Distelhorst exclaimed inadequate

"Look!" Dina's voice, the elegance gained, had a note of incredulity. "A l cabin. It's a prop, of course."

Quietly Chris said, "No, there are a lot log cabins in Baranof."

Ott Decker took over in his Chamber Commerce capacity. "That's the Kenne Building. We call it the Ice Palace. It's apartment house—kind of like an apartme hotel, really."

"Say!" Distelhorst exclaimed again. "W had the nerve to build it? Heh, wait a minu don't tell me. Was it ——"

"That's right. Czar Kennedy."

"Look! There are curtains and everythi in the log cabin," Dina said. "I know abo apartment hotels, but nobody lives in the l cabin, do they?"

"Well—yes," Ott Decker said. "It's be lived in by one person and another for t past fifty years or more."

"Who in the world is crazy enough or p enough to have to live in it now?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100



"It's an ancient custom from before television known as eating at the table."

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Uptown

BALTIMORE — APRIL 1st
New

CLEVELAND — APRIL 2nd
Loew's Ohio

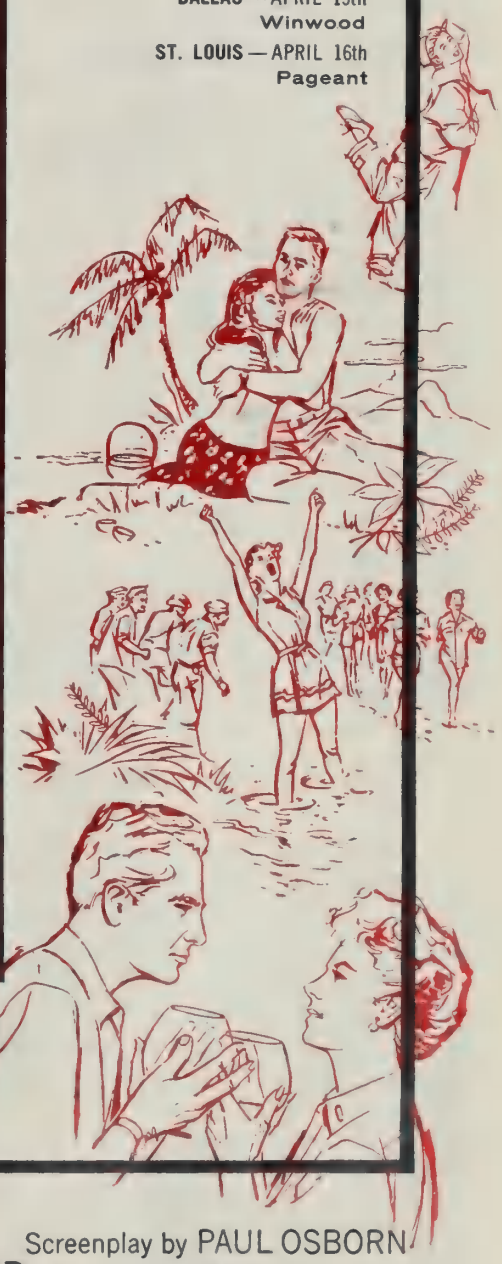
PITTSBURGH — APRIL 7th
Nixon

BOSTON — APRIL 8th
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DETROIT — APRIL 9th
United Artists

DALLAS — APRIL 15th
Winwood

ST. LOUIS — APRIL 16th
Pageant



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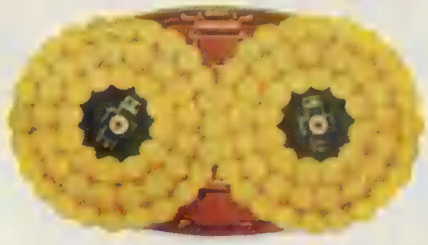
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

"I am," Chris said. "At least, I do."

Every branch of the big spruce in front of the cabin was etched in light snow dry as cotton trimming on a Christmas tree. The walk was neatly shoveled. In the yard a cream-colored Malemute with a black muzzle like a mask set up a keening as they drove past.

"Alone?" Dina asked, a shade too roguishly.

"Nobody's alone much in Baranof. We're company crazy. Breakfast, lunch, dinner. Come in tomorrow morning and I'll give you sourdough pancakes and bacon and coffee and Alaska raspberry jam and rose-hip jelly. And orange juice. And lovely coffee."

"No cream," Ott Decker added as they stopped at the Ice Palace entrance.

Chris laughed ruefully. "No cream. But lovely canned milk."

The yellow taxi containing the two airplane hostesses drew up just ahead of Ott's car. The girls in their twin blue topcoats and their pert caps and smart pumps stepped out into the snow, they paid the taxi driver and scurried into the Ice Palace.

The taxi crunched away from the curb. "Here we are!" Ott announced somewhat unnecessarily. "You're putting up here, Mr. Husack—you and the lady and your father, of course. Mr. Distelhorst, sir, you're at the Pole Star Hotel. The luncheon's here in the banquet room in about half an hour, ladies. Now let's see, I think these are yo rs and these are yours and these are yours and these ——"

Now the second car drew up behind them, Bridie Ballantyne's face peered from the window. Hurriedly Ott continued, "I'll help with some of these bags, we don't have bellboys in Alaska except maybe Anchorage and Juneau. Chris"—he looked uncertainly at her—"want to come along and see if these folks are comfortable?"

She assumed her best Outside manner. "So sorry. I'll have to leave you."

Bayard put a hand on her arm. "But we're going to see you at the luncheon, aren't we? And how about that breakfast invitation you dangled?"

"Breakfast!" Dina interrupted sharply. "I'm not the breakfast type."

"Not even for sourdough pancakes?" Chris urged sweetly.

Distelhorst interrupted this discourse. He had noticed that, although the second car was being relieved of its luggage, only Bridie Ballantyne and Oscar Bogard had descended from it. "They putting up here, you say? Kleet and Husack?"

"That's right," Decker said. "Hey, wait a minute, Oscar. I'll give you a hand with those."

Dina Drake, in the Ice Palace doorway, turned. She took a step or two toward the car. "Mr. Husack, I'll be waiting, of course, in case you have some last-minute notes." Then, primly, "Mrs. Ballantyne will go up with us. Please don't be late." It was not so much a plea as a command. Czar Kennedy gazed at the girl through the car window. A long speculative look. The car moved off.

Bridie Ballantyne hitched her hat forward and took over. "Well, now, here we are and up we'll go and you'll get yourselves comfortable. I know what it is, those hours on the plane."

Ott deposited his load in front of the closed elevator door, pressed a button. "You coming along, Bridie, or you want to be dropped off at your floor?"

"Coming along, of course," Bridie chirped.

The great metal door slid open. A spate of fur-clad figures spewed out, babies, children, men, women in parkas, almost uniform except for size. Obligingly the unattended elevator waited while the new load was crammed into its capacious maw. Then, slowly, the great door slid shut. Ott Decker pressed a button, the thing began to ascend majestically.

The three emerged. "Here we are!" Ott announced fatuously; began to wrestle with the luggage. Bridie swept the narrow passageway with a welcoming gesture that seemed almost to banish the dim lights, the grim painted walls, the utility cement floor, and by some magic of her own deck it with satin damask and porphyry and glittering crystal chandeliers.

"This way," she announced. "You've got the Governor's Suite, no less." Her agile step made nothing of the corridor's turns.

The door of the suite stood open. A big square room with a room opening off it on either side. Modern bleached furniture, chintz, red roses in a vase, a bowl of fruit wrapped in cellophane and tied at the top with a twist of scarlet.

"Why, it's quite nice!" Dina Drake said. "I mean ——"

Bay Husack caught it deftly. "This is wonderful! Roughing it in Alaska. Dina, look at those roses!"

Somewhat abruptly—for her—Bridie carried on with her role as professional welcomer. "Quite nice or wonderful, either way it's the best we got, and anybody doesn't fancy what's inside, why, they sure can't complain about what's outside, with old McKinley staring you in the face."

Dina began ostentatiously to open luggage. She did not glance at Bridie, she flung back the luggage tops. "I wonder if you'll excuse me, Mrs. Ballantyne. I'll have to change before lunch."

Bridie made a clucking sound of dismay as she scudded toward the door. "Ott, come on. The poor child hasn't even had a chance to powder her nose." At the door she turned and peered back at the slim arrogant girl; then at the little heap of luxuries so carelessly thrown on the couch—the soft supple handbag, the soft supple gloves, the soft supple caramel mink coat.

"All the girls will be there today," Bridie said. "The office crowd and the wives and the clubs and so on. If you want to give the Baranof girls a treat, wear what you're wearing. If they had a suit like that they'd never take it off, only to sleep. Here in Alaska we keep track of what they're wearing Outside, but we don't always get to wear it. That mink coat of yours—dear, it's like looking in the jewelry-store windows in Seattle. Well, good-by now."

Bay Husack did an unexpected thing. Unexpected even by himself. He came over to Bridie in the doorway and he put an arm around her and kissed her on both cheeks. He smiled down at her.

"Pardon my display of passion, madam, but I think you're gorgeous. I've heard you were, and you are."

Bridie blushed, then, like a girl. "My, that was nice." She straightened her hat. "Who from?"

"From Chris, of course," Bay Husack told her, "thousands of years ago, when she was in Seattle."

"Folks, we're all due at the luncheon at twelve-thirty and it's twelve-fifteen this minute," Ott Decker announced crisply. "I'll move along and break trail for you, but don't be late now, will you? Please."

"Not for the world," Dina said brightly.

The woman bending over the open luggage and the man who came back into the room were silent until the thud of Ott's heavy boots and the chatter of Bridie's heels had ceased to sound on the corridor floor. He came to the window and stood there looking out over the white town and the icy waters and the improbable peaks. Already, at midday, it was almost twilight, the long winter night was descending.

She came over and stood beside him. "Creepy." And shivered.

"Seattle just a few hours ago. And now we're in another world."

"Oh," she said. "Oh, the wonder of it!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

FROM THE CHINESE

When wings are grown, birds and children fly away.

One generation plants the trees—another gets the shade.

Do not pray for gold. Pray for good children, happy grandchildren.

What makes simple dishes simply delicious?

...the Liquid Spice

that makes food flavors come alive!



RENCH TOAST. Add 2 tbsp. BRER RABBIT to egg and milk ixture. Beat. Dip in white-bread slices. Fry. Here's flavor at doesn't whisper—it shouts. Good! Good! Try it . . . reakfast, lunch, dinner or TV snack time.



SPANISH RICE. Open 1 large-size can of Spanish Rice and add 1 tsp. BRER RABBIT. That's the flavor touch. Serve piping-hot with grated cheese or crumbled crisp bacon on top. BRER RABBIT makes the tasty difference.



FRANKS 'N' BEANS. Fill casserole with 2 large cans baked beans. Add 2 tbsp. BRER RABBIT, 3 tbsp. minced onions, a pinch chili powder. Place whole or cut-up franks on top of beans and bake. Provides four delicious servings.



AMB PIE. In a casserole, combine 2 cups cooked diced eat with 1 can cream soup. Add minced parsley and onions, tbsp. BRER RABBIT. Top with bread crumbs—dot with utter. Bake until sauce bubbles and crumbs brown.



CHOP SUEY. Open 1 can prepared Chop Suey. Add 2 tbsp. BRER RABBIT and soy sauce to taste. Serve on hot rice. BRER RABBIT brings out the tasty flavor touch that makes this Chop Suey "restaurant good." Be ready with "seconds."



CURRIED APPLES. Cut 2 large apples into ½" slices. Blend 2 tbsp. BRER RABBIT, 1 tsp. curry powder, 3 tbsp. butter, ⅛ tsp. salt. Spread this mixture on the apples. Broil 8-10 min. without turning. Tart-sweet! Alive with flavor!



ARDI GRAS BROWNIES. Add 3 tbsp. BRER RABBIT and ¼ tsp. cinnamon to your brownie-mix batter. Follow baking irections on the package. One taste and you'll agree— RER RABBIT does something wonderful to chocolate.



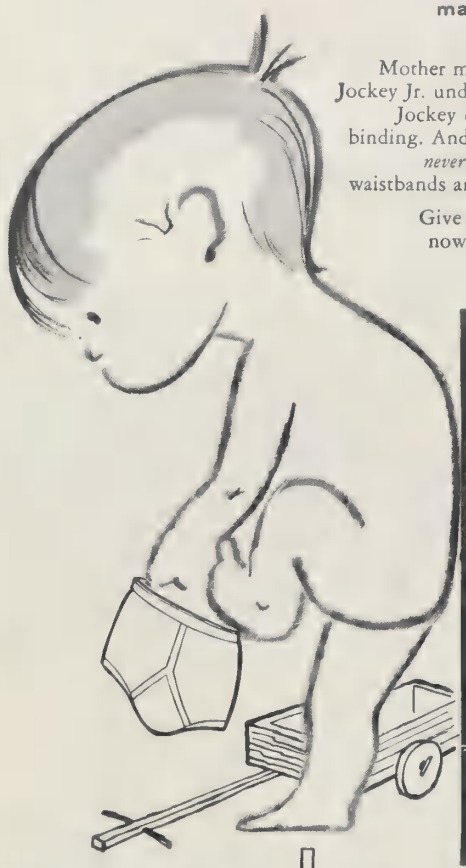
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

He waved toward the overwhelming spectacle outside the window. "Come on now, Dina, you can't be sneery about that!"

"Do you think she'll change her mind, after two years? I hope not, because I'm going to marry you."

"Do you want to know the truth?"

"Not as a rule. This once, maybe."

"She's in love with something else."

"Something?"

"She's in love with Alaska." He placed his arm about her shoulders, carelessly, his eyes still on the mammoth splendor outside.

"Well, I'm not, if that's any comfort to you. So if they're grooming you to be the first President of the United States to come from the great Northwest twenty years from now, don't count on settling down in Alaska with me." She turned in the circle of the arm about her shoulder and kissed him.

"Thanks," he said. "I'll do the same for you sometime."

In Czar Kennedy's house on the water front there was comfort and even luxury, gauged by Alaska standards. There was not one single object of beauty or interest. Though he owned entire ledges of jade, there was not even a chunk of the gray-green stuff as a desk paperweight. No native masks or brilliant bits of handiwork adorned the walls or shelves. No intricately carved Eskimo ivories, no paintings by Lawrence, none of the Eskimo Ahgupuk's slyly simple ink lines.

It was not that he disliked these evidences of a crude but vital civilization. He simply was not interested in them.

Sometimes, when a friend or a visiting VIP expressed an interest in a piece of ivory or stone or intricately patterned fur, he would stare at it impassively.

"It's real interesting," he said. "All that stuff. But not around the house. That junk's for museums."

Czar's marriage was carefully planned, as was every move he made. He had married the plain daughter of Einar Wendt, the Tacoma lumberman. She was older than Czar, gaunt and prim. Even her father's substantial wealth had not tempted the high-spirited lads of Tacoma, Seattle, San Francisco. She was an easy conquest for the romantic-looking, soft-talking, ambitious Kennedy. Einar Wendt himself had been early impressed with this up-and-coming young Alaskan.

"You two young people won't be living in Alaska for long," Einar Wendt had said, smiling tolerantly. "Baranof's pioneer stuff, but you're too smart to waste your time there, Zeb." He never called his son-in-law Czar, as did everyone else. "You really belong in a city like Tacoma here, I'd like to work you into the business. Twenty years from now I may want to start to kind of take it easy. If you and Myrt have been living here for, say, ten years before that, why, that's where you step in."

Czar Kennedy appeared to be considering this, modestly, amiably. He was thinking, *Why, you old fool, twenty years from now, if you're alive, you'll be working for me, I'll own your business and you too.*

Czar Kennedy and his bride set up housekeeping on a grand scale for the Alaska of that day. A four-room frame house, one of the few carpenter-built houses in the town. With the years the original four-room house had burgeoned into eight rooms, the bridal furniture had been twice replaced as Czar's interests widened and his income kept pace. Now the overstuffed chairs and couches were self-descriptive, the thick brown carpets silenc the footfall, the brick-red draperies and t mammoth lamps were a background for t household's unique treasure, a Steinway gra piano, for years the only grand piano Baranof.

Myrtle Kennedy adored her handsome a successful husband and hated Alaska to t day she died. She blamed this savage count for the tragedies in her life, as well she migh Certainly her daughter, the one child of h marriage, met her sordid end because of Her mental and emotional equipment was n strong enough to meet this horror.

It had been Thor who had gone up to fetc his grief-stricken son and the newborn infan The baby was brought to the Kennedy hous It was agreed that this was the natural have for her. Certainly Thor Storm's womanle cabin was not the place. And Christophe Storm, the young widower, was numb wit guilt and sorrow. He absented himself fro Baranof for days at a time. "Off hunting," th town said. "Or says. Off alone. Even Tho don't know where."

The grapevine of gossip and conjectur spread and became a canopy that enshroude the Kennedy house "They say Myrtl doesn't even look at th baby. Now, they've g Bridie in. Well, she use to be a nurse in Seattl didn't she? They sa Bridie keeps the baby room boiling hot an feeds her from a med cine dropper. That the second one in th family Bridie raised u She was the one looke after Christopher Storn when Thor brought hin down from up north a baby, wrapped up i wolfskins. Nobody eve got the real story o that. They say Tho married a girl up there her mother was Eskim and her father was a Polish fur trader."

But Baranof accepted all this as it had, fo years, accustomed itself to the fantastic contrasts of life in Alaska. On the surface there was the life of any conventional American small town. Church on Sunday, card parties, ice cream and layer cake; school, business, club meetings. Underneath all this, and surrounding it, loomed a menace greater than pioneers had ever endured in the history of this dramatic America. Here Nature was the killer, like a living murderous enemy surrounding a stockade—Nature, and Distance, and Loneliness and Cold.

It was in the spring following his wife's death that Christopher Storm had gone with his friend, Len Fraser, on the bear-hunting trip. They were after brown Alaska bear, those monolithic creatures said to be the largest carniverous animal on earth.

The two men, experienced hunters both, had momentarily separated. They had left their boat and gone inland. Christopher Storm must have come unexpectedly upon the monster. Perhaps, startled by the sound of humans in that wilderness, it was instinctively protecting its cubs. Alone and caught off guard, young Storm had scarcely time to raise his gun and fire. He aimed between the eyes. The monster came on, its speed was incredible. He fired again. The animal came on.

"Len!" the man called as he fled now. "Len! Len!" Christopher felt the creature upon him. With the first movement, with a gesture that was almost playful, the mammoth paw lifted the man's scalp and tore it off as a skin might be peeled from an orange. When Len, hearing the shots and the cries, crashed through the brush Christopher Storm was still conscious and even fairly articulate. Fraser picked him up and even managed to reach a nearby cabin just before he died. In a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

THE SILENT WOMEN

By MARY KENNEDY

Women who have made a stern choice,
given up hope,
lived without love for the privilege of giving,
of being near the object of their love,
yet bound to silence . . .
these women have relinquished beauty,
but have taken on a glory, an ennobling
not apparent to them.
They have turned themselves into pillars
to hold up the roof of the world.

Rain tomorrow?



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A nourishing hot cereal containing protective vitamins and minerals

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

kind of muted scream, while he still was conscious, he begged, "Shoot me! Len, for God's sake! Shoot me!"

It was after this second horror that melancholia settled like a numbing drug over Czar Kennedy's wife. She had no interest in the infant Christine, in her husband, in her household. Czar took her to Tacoma. There they ministered to her with such unavailing means as science and the medical arts commanded. There, briefly, she continued to live, and there she died.

So there was Czar Kennedy in his roomy overstuffed house on the water front, and there, incredibly, was the infant Christine, watched over by the indomitable, the omniscient Bridie Ballantyne.

Now, almost a quarter of a century later, Czar lived alone in the house except for the dour servant, Gus, who cooked, cleaned, drove the car when needed. There were times when Czar did not use his house for a week, two weeks. He had an office and a small bedroom on the top floor of the Lode Building. Baranof said he took refuge there when the cold and fishy eye of Gus became too depressing.

It was to Czar's house that the three men fled—Dave Husack, Sid Kleet and Czar himself, though the Chamber of Commerce luncheon hour gave them barely fifteen minutes of grace. They were like small boys crawling under the porch or into the woodshed to hatch their plots. The big, crowded, empty living room awaited them.

"What'll it be?" Czar asked. "Bourbon, Dave? Sid?"

Husack and Kleet drank, tossing the amber stuff down their throats with one quick backward jerk of the head, the gulp of water, the exhaled breath.

"We've barely got fifteen minutes," Czar said. "Gus, you come in here at twelve-thirty sharp and remind us." He had poured himself a bourbon, carried it to his chair. He did not drink it. "Just who's this girl, anyway?" he said. "I know who she is. But who is she?"

Dave Husack shifted his big frame in the deep chair. "Now, Czar, I told you all that, she's a smart girl, you wouldn't think a girl looks like she does could be so smart. Her mother and Louise were school friends in Kansas City. She's crazy about Bay too. That's what gave me the idea. All right, she's my assistant secretary, but no hanky-panky."

"Mink coat."

"Louise's—or was. You know Etta Gurkin's getting too old for these jaunts, and crotchety; of course Etta's a crackajack secretary when it comes to business details and so on, but the going's too rugged on trips for a woman her age."

"I didn't ask you for a sketch of Etta Gurkin; I've known that old battle-ax for twenty-five years. Who is this girl, Dave?"

"Oh. Well." Dave Husack slumped in his chair. "She's no tramp. Her folks are fine people. Anyway, she had two years of college and then she came east to New York, she did some modeling, and she had a couple of little jobs in the movies—what they call an extra, I guess—and then she went back to modeling—fashion modeling, that is. She got to be one of the biggest models in the Paxton Agency, she could go back there tomorrow, she's as nice and sweet a girl as you'd ——"

"Married at one time, wasn't she?"

"She was. You wouldn't want a kid who ——"

"Older than she looks, isn't she?"

"Well, personally, looking at her ——"

A gently tolerant laugh from Czar. "M-m. Looking at her with my eyes, impersonally, the way you'd look at any strictly business proposition, what would you say? Twenty-seven? Twenty-eight, outside figure?"

Dave shrugged. "Thereabouts. She don't look over twenty-two."

"Eyes," Czar said. "Eyes." His right foot began to waggle now as it dangled, the right knee crossed over the left. "You fit her up with that coat and so on, Dave? That's a real nice coat."

"Say, she's the girl supposed to be marrying Bay, what do you think I'd fix her up with! We're paying her good for this, Bay don't know that. You know why she's here and she knows why, and it looks like everybody'll know why pretty soon if we don't look out. Well, Bay's consented to go through with this little hocus-pocus, set him up for governor of Alaska and so on, so Chris will maybe change her mind about him, marry him. He's still stuck on her—if he's stuck on anybody. Dina's made a play for him for two-three years now."

"Why, you're real touchy, Dave, a person would think you were the one supposed to be in love with the girl." His hand went to his head, he ruffled the silver plumes of his hair. "Truth is, I don't know as I really go along with this little plan."

"What's that!" Husack yelled. "Last month in Seattle ——"

"I know, I know. But I'm not sure that I can see my granddaughter mixed up in a plant like this. She's difficult at times, but this little sight-seeing tour, with that girl supposed to drive Chris crazy with jealousy! Why, say, Chris is too smart for that. That's like a movie plot in the old days before the talkies came in. Christine is headstrong and impractical sometimes, but she isn't dumb."

"Why, you double-crossing fool!" Dave Husack pulled his huge bulk out of the deep-cushioned chair. "I get this all set, I haul Bay up here, we know we can get this whole thing set so we'll have the whole territory sewed up, from Juneau to Barrow, and from Bristol Bay to Demarcation Point. All of it. Fish and fur and oil and metals and timber."

"Got it now," Czar said sweetly.

"We'll have it cinched for the next God knows how long," Dave told him. "Twenty-five years. Fifty."

"I sometimes wonder why we do it," Czar mused. "You've got more money than you know what to do with now."

"Czar, who do you think you're talking to! Don't try to make with that dreamy stuff. Not with me. This is Dave Husack. Remember?"



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e was breathing hard, and thumping his

oys, boys!" said Sid Kleet.
e had quietly taken a sheaf of papers out
s brief case.
harm, gentlemen. Charm, charm, re-
ber. You are supposed to work it that

ake it up with Czar, he's the charm de-
nent," Dave said sulkily.
ust please remember," Kleet continued,
a patient teacher, "that this is the biggest
yet. You've got the Northwest sewed up,
can sew up the whole country. Only
ve got to start now and keep going. Bay
important and your granddaughter isn't
rtant. It's us. There'll be plenty of young
ws presidential timber four—eight—
ve years from now. The young guys are
g in for politics nowadays. What you want
mebody young for front man and us older
to pull the strings. Young, they can take
unishment. The old ones crack up. You
a kid like Bay, start him out governor of
ka, then Washington State congressman,
the Senate, he's well known by that
——"

By that time I'll be a nice ninety-eight, if
alive," Czar said.
'll be alive!" bellowed Husack. "I don't
w about you two mealymouths, but I'll be
."
The way you look," Czar observed mildly,
say you're likely to fall down with a
ke this minute, Dave, if you don't watch

Yes, and I'll bet you would like ——"

It is singular how impatient men are with overpraise of others, how patient with overpraise of themselves, and yet the one does them no injury while the other may be their ruin.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

he putty-faced Gus stood in the doorway.
is half past twelve o'clock," he said. He be-
to gather up the glasses as though the
m were empty.
Etta Gurkin," said Czar musingly as they
ked toward the car. "I never believed in
ping a secretary around that long. They
w too much. Get them married off—or
ry them. Maybe you can't fire Etta. Maybe
's got too much on you—or something.
l this girl too."

wo long tables and a connecting shorter
formed the U-shaped luncheon board
sic in the world of Chambers of Com-
ce. Nick's new Caribou Café banquet
m just accommodated the guests, on this
aordinarily crowded occasion. There in
doorway, a one-woman reception commit-
stood Bridie Ballantyne. Some atavistic
petitive urge had compelled her to change
hat. Dina Drake, probably. The garnet
et was now periwinkle blue.
Well, now, it's grand to see you, you didn't
w up the last luncheon, I guess it takes a
eral and a couple of millionaires from
tside to haul you away from the furniture
iness. . . . Howdy, General, glad you made
you're at the head table of course, all the
sts of honor. . . . Dave, you and Czar look
the you-know-what just swallowed the
ary, look out the feathers don't stick in
r throat. . . . Sid, you're up at the speakers'
le there next to Dave, of course, little help-
hands. . . . Oh, Miss Drake dear, don't
e off your mink till you're seated, the girls
uld miss a treat."
n the stir and hubbub there was a curious
ntheartedness. Alaska loved a gathering—
gathering. The big room seemed to shim-
r and shift with a sort of electric vibrance.
ly the big boys sitting at the speakers' table
d the tired joyless faces of the terribly suc-
sful.
There was the General, resigned to the
owledge that National Fish now was his
b present and future, no matter how glit-
ing and martial his past. There sat David Husack, his color too high for basic health, and looking the more sanguinary in contrast to the imposing silvery head and the El Greco pallor of Czar Kennedy beside him. At his left Sid Kleet. Wilbur Distelhorst, disgruntled and peevish, with a sheaf of penciled notes. Oscar Bogard, overfriendly, moved from one to another of the seated guests of honor.

Only Bayard Husack and Dina Drake had the look of vitality that comes of youth and beauty and curiosity. Just before entering the room she had said, "I don't care what arrangements they've made, I want you to sit next to me."

"You going to be difficult?"

"Yes."

"Why did you come to Alaska at all, if you feel that way?"

"For the ride. And because I'm mad for you. And I want to be First Lady fifteen years from now."

"You'd be ideal in the White House—you and Mrs. Abe Lincoln."

A centerpiece of fresh flowers ornamented the guest table. They had been flown in from Outside. Like the human freight, they had emerged intact though slightly yellow around the edges.

A small pasteboard box stood just in front of Dina Drake's plate. Oscar Bogard tapped the little box with a playful forefinger. "Something pretty for you, little lady."

She looked at the box remotely.

"Open it," Bay said, very low. "You're supposed to wear them."

She lifted out the two exotic flowers on their pale green stem, pale golden orchids with a mink-brown lip.

"Orchids in Alaska in midwinter!" Bay said. "Well, what do you know!"

Dina scarcely lowered her voice. "I never wear flowers. I hate orchids."

Sid Kleet leaned forward. Very quietly he said, "I'd pin them on if I were you—unless you hate the young man next to you too."

"COFFEE-BREAK" OFFER!

Easy instructions in this coupon! ***MAIL IT TODAY!***

PREAM, Box #3, Clinton, Iowa

Please send me 25¢ in cash for which I enclose: one label from New Economy Size Pream (*or* two labels from Regular Size Pream)

PLUS

one label from any instant coffee *or* one inch of metal winding strip from any coffee can *or* the front half of any coffee bag.

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Limit 1 per family. Offer good in U.S., Alaska, Hawaii, and Canada. Expires May 31, 1958.

IMPORTANT! If your store *doesn't* yet have New Economy Size Pream, *use 2 labels from Regular Size Pream.*



SAVE 25¢ on your favorite coffee

...and discover New, Large Economy Size PREAM

delicious coffee "creamer"!



EXTRA ECONOMICAL!
New Economy Size Pream "creams" up to *70* cups of coffee . . . costs so much less than other coffee "creamers."

EXTRA CONVENIENT!
Pream stays fresh *without refrigeration.* Always handy for coffee . . . and *cooking*, too!

EXTRA CREAMY!
Pream® is made entirely from pure country cream and other milk products. Naturally—it's delicious! So . . . if you like your coffee "*with*," you'll love it with Pream.

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Famous Star of Television, and daughter Deborah

St. Joseph Aspirin For Children acts so quickly, yet gently, to ease headache and feverishness of childhood ills. It's *approved by more doctors* for fever and pain than any other medication for children.

Accurate dosage assured without cutting or breaking tablets—no messy liquids to measure. Children like its pure orange flavor. No wonder it's *America's mother-and-child favorite!*



World's Largest Selling Aspirin For Children

...and for my family's adult aspirin needs, I always buy regular St. Joseph Aspirin



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MAKES THE WORLD FAMOUS

"Boodle-Buggy"

CARRIAGE! BASSINET! TRAVEL BED!

IN 1958 FASHION FABRICS IN LOVELY PASTELS, PLAIDS AND DARK TONES

At Leading Stores

WELSH CO., ST. LOUIS 4, MO.

She picked them up, pinned them to her suit lapel with a single vicious jab.

The two arms of the U-shaped table missed nothing. The women seemed almost audibly to drink in Dina Drake's coat, gloves, bag, suit. They themselves were smart in wool or jersey dresses and suits, their coiffures followed the general line and style of Dina's hair, though a less expert hand had molded them.

Chris Storm, Bridie Ballantyne and Ott Decker always avoided being trapped at the speakers' table. From choice they sat below the salt. Ott Decker was seated between the two women. Chris' white fur parka was draped over the back of her chair. Her hatless head was like a golden torch lighting this end of the long table, as Czar's magnificent crown flared white at the other end of the room.

"Biggest luncheon crowd we've ever had," Ott said.

"Best show, too," Bridie said. "Look at their faces. Kind of sizing things up."

Ott looked at Chris. "The crowd's puzzled about Bay Husack. They can't figure out what he's doing here. And that girl."

Bridie leaned toward Decker. "You going to eat your roll, Chris? I'm starved, up since six and only tea and a slice of whole wheat. Look, Chris, you going to actually go through with this?"

The lovely serious face sparkled now with mischief and gaiety. "I can hardly wait to see the mink coat floundering around in a ten-foot snowbank in Oogruk."

"You mean you think they'll go up there, this time of year?"

"Bay's supposed to see Alaska, isn't he? Isn't that the plot of the piece?"

Bridie turned her head toward the speakers' table, as though to confirm her opinion of the handsome sulky young man and the arrogant girl seated there, side by side.

"Good-looking and rich and no sissy—I don't know how you turned him down in the first place."

"Yes, you do."

"I bet there isn't a girl in the whole Northwest wouldn't grab him. If I was your own ma I wouldn't know what to advise you, looking at him now."

"Haven't I had too much advice all my life?"

"I guess you have, at that. Czar pulling you one way, Thor the other. Look what it's come to now."

There was the clink of metal on glass as Mayor Bogard rose and tapped for order. The young, alert faces turned toward him like a battery of lights. He spoke in the platitudes of the commanded and ungifted.

"Ladies and gentlemen. Members of the Baranof Chamber of Commerce. Honored guests. We have with us. It is my great pleasure. One who. Known to all of you. Magnificent record. War. And now ——"

The General rose, and they remembered him in the days of his command. "Friends . . . this vast empire called Alaska . . . nature has indeed been lavish . . . we of the world of business and economics and others at the helm of the nation's political ship of state . . . the welfare of this magnificent territory at heart ——"

General Cass Baldwin, vice president and chairman of the board of National Fish Pack Company, sat down to respectful applause.

"Dave next, I bet," Bridie said. "Czar won't talk, he's too smart."

In the dining-room doorway a little knot of people had gathered. They were quiet, polite, orderly. They stood there out of curiosity, interest or because, late in making application, there had not been space for them at the luncheon table. Craning, Chris Storm could just glimpse Addie Barnett near the doorway, and behind her the ugly, beautiful, civilized face of Paul Barnett.

Then, to her surprise, Chris caught sight of the merry face of Ross Guildenstern. Her gaze met his, her eyebrows went up in questioning. He grinned mischievously. "Why, there's Ross!" Bridie exclaimed.

"What's he doing here?" Decker snapped. "At a Chamber of Commerce lunch!"

"Why not? He flies a commercial plane, doesn't he?" Chris retorted.

"Well, folks, I guess I don't have to spend any valuable time introducing our next speaker. I'd rather save the time for him. You all know what Dave Husack stands for ——"

Grinning, he looked fondly at Dave and waited for the applause. Oddly, it came late. In that split second of unexpected silence a woman's voice spoke crisply from the crowd in the doorway.

"It isn't a patch on what Alaska's standing for."

There was a ripple of shocked but irrepressible laughter. It was plain that the remark had not been meant for the public ear.

"That was Addie Barnett," Chris whispered. "She'll feel awful."

Dave Husack stood up, an imposing figure, his high color even rosier than usual. His voice was smooth, his manner folksy, his tone blandishing.

"Alaskans! Fellow Americans! Pioneers! I want to thank the little lady who made that timely little remark. If I could have chosen it as an introduction I would have—yes, you good and wonderful people have stood for a lot of things from a wise government and a well-intentioned group of national men of business. And you have grown impatient and fretful at times. And why? For the same reason that a strong healthy willful child is impatient at the restraints laid upon it by devoted and wise parents. If properly guided, however, by a benevolent and wise father ——"

"But, papa!" shouted a resonant voice from the crowd in the doorway. "I'm over fifty years old, I know the facts of life, I want to live before you kill me with the greed you call paternalism."

"Oops! Here we go!" said Ott Decker.

"It's Grandpa Storm, of course," Chris said. "I hoped he wouldn't, this time." But her face was brilliant with a smile of anticipation.

Dave Husack faltered, stopped. He turned a look of outraged dignity upon Oscar Bogard. "Mr. Chairman!"

There was a stir in the doorway. A towering figure came forward. Every head in the room swung toward him.

"Excuse me, will you, if I interrupt for just a minute? I haven't been asked to speak here today, and I'm not going to make a speech. I just want to distribute a few copies of this week's Northern Light."

"Now, Thor!" Oscar Bogard remonstrated. "This is an outrage! You can't start all that again."

Under his arm Thor Storm carried a sheaf of newspapers, neatly folded. In a region of tall men his height was notable. The frame was big-boned, unburdened by fat. The hood of his parka was pushed back, its border of wolf formed a nimbus above the gold-and-silver hair, the pink cheeks, the startlingly blue eyes. Moving swiftly, he placed a neat bundle of newspapers at the end of each long table.

"Just pass these along, will you, one to a person? They're folded to the editorial page."

His manner was genial, his tone conversational, his enunciation curiously cultivated and charming. "It won't be news to yo Dave; or you, Sid; and certainly not to yo Czar, old pardner, as they used to say in tho Rex Beach books. But it will be news to th rest of you Chamber of Commerce people ar all Alaska. You won't find it in this afte noon's Baranof Daily Lode." Suddenly h stretched forward his great right arm, his for finger pointing, he looked strangely like prophet of old as he stood there. "Baya Husack!" he thundered.

But this time it was Czar Kennedy who i terrupted, his voice leisurely, almost purrin "Just a minute, Thor. I can have you arreste you know, for causing a disturbance in a pu lic place."

Thor Storm turned a beaming face towa Kennedy. "Will you do that, Czar?" His to now was earnest to the point of entreaty. "I consider it a favor. Paul and Addie here wou send it out A.P. and every newspaper in th United States would run it. Canada too. D that, will you please, Czar?"

Oscar Bogard's clashing of metal again glass as he attempted to restore order sounde like the efforts of a Swiss bell ringer. "Gentl men! Gentlemen!" He thwacked the tab with the flat of his hand. "This is not Alas of the nineties! This is Alaska today." H turned his gaze away from the offender. "Ge eral, my apologies. Commissioner, please b lieve that this is not the way Alaskans beha We may be a little crude and even rough ways, but our manners ——"

"Slaves!" roared Thor Storm. "Worn Second-class citizens of the greatest demo racy in the world! Voteless taxpaying m and women of Alaska, and your fathers a mothers before you for sixty years. Manne Manners! Wholesale plundering by them f another fifty years, or freedom for you! Re it! Read it! Read it!"

There was a rustling like the sound of a su den wind rushing through the leaves of a fo est as the members of the Baranof Chamber Commerce opened the pages of the Week Northern Light and began to read.

Chris Storm plucked her white parka fro the back of her chair and came over to th patriarchal giant facing the room. She link her arm through his. She looked up at him.

"Let's go now. You were wonderful, b you know the doctor said you weren't to g excited. Let's go now."

Dina Drake had been concentrating on th application of a fresh coating of lipstick, h gaze intent on her own reflection in the ti mirror. Now she glanced up. "What's the ma ter? Is he crazy or something?"

"Like a fox," Bay Husack said.

(To be Continued)



"When my wife says 'Now!' she means it!"



Win a lovelier figure!

Prizes include all-expense trip to Paris for two and Paris originals, and 151 Complete Courses in famous

slenderella* salons

Mustn't miss this!—Get in mail before May 31—

ENTER Libby's EASY

SLIM-DOWN SWEEPSTAKES

GRAND PRIZE—Win a complete course at Slenderella, the fabulous new slenderizing system . . .

PLUS 2 weeks' trip to Paris for two (expenses paid)—with $1000.00 spending money added . . .

PLUS 2 original ensembles made in Paris.
(or the Slenderella course plus *$5000.00* in cash. See rules)

150 MORE PRIZES: Complete Slenderella course in the salon nearest your home plus $25.00 in cash. (See rules)



JUST FINISH IN 25 WORDS OR LESS THIS STATEMENT:

"*I would like to win a Slenderella course because*_____"

HURRY! ENTER TODAY! MAY 31 IS FINAL CLOSING DATE. Enter Libby's Slim-Down Sweepstakes and win a complete course from Slenderella—the world-famous slenderizing system.

And starting now, drink Libby's non-fattening Tomato Juice—the Slim-Down Cocktail—3 times a day. Never thin or watery, Libby's is the satisfying juice that quenches between-meal hunger. It's the twice-rich tomato juice: rich in flavor . . . rich in vitamins. And all for just 25 calories to the 4-ounce glass!



*Service mark, Slenderella Systems, Inc.

READ THESE EASY RULES:

1. The contest is open to all women 18 years of age or over living in continental limits of the United States, except employees of Libby, McNeill & Libby, Slenderella International and their advertising agents.

2. Write your entry on a plain piece of paper or on the official Libby Slim-Down Sweepstakes entry blank obtainable at grocery stores. *Attach a label from any size can of Libby's Tomato Juice to each entry* and mail to Libby Contest P.O. Box 1200, Chicago 77, Illinois.

3. Send as many entries as you like. *All entries must be postmarked before midnight May 31, 1958.*

4. THE GRAND PRIZE WINNER will start her Slenderella course in the beautiful new Slenderella Salon in Paris under the direction of Princess Irene Mdivani. The winner will finish her program at the Slenderella Salon in the U.S.A. nearest her home.

5. 150 OTHER WINNERS will each receive a complete Slenderella course in the salon nearest her home plus $25.00 in cash to use toward transportation costs.

6. "Complete Slenderella Course" is defined as: the number of visits to Slenderella required to bring the winner's figure to the proportions required by her proper dress size as determined by the Slenderella figure analysis.

7. Prizes will be awarded to contestants whose entries are considered by the judges most original, unique and apt. There will be duplicate prizes in case of ties. The contest will be judged by R. L. Polk & Company. All entries become the property of Libby, McNeill & Libby.



STUART

Your chef-d'oeuvre of the evening meal, a veal-and-ham casserole—a fragrant potpourri of enticing flavors set out on the buffet with your very best china and silver.

GOOD-TIME BUFFET for 8

$1.00 per person

By MARGARETTA STEVENSON

Here is party food to lighten a hostess' heart! You can serve dinner to eight people for under $10 and do it with a meal so delicious and so special that you'll greet your guests with contagious gaiety! At the center of our miracle-working menu is a memorable main dish—tender layers of veal and ham baked in an herby mushroom-and-tomato sauce, with flavor and aroma worthy of a famous chef. Crisp, cold green-bean-and-onion salad, drenched in tangy French dressing, makes a perfect companion to the veal; dessert is a fluffy, delectable Bing-cherry frost. A meal your guests will remember!

A fresh-as-spring appetizer:

CUCUMBER-RADISH CANAPÉS. Use unsliced bread; cut thin slices and trim into 24 rounds. Spread rounds with ¼ cup mayonnaise to which 1 small clove garlic, crushed, has been added, and which has been seasoned with a generous pinch of dill. Top each canapé with a thin slice of peeled cucumber. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and garnish with a bit of mayonnaise and a slice of radish. Fold the canapés and secure with a toothpick.

The surprise element in this delicious party dish is the sauce. The elusive flavor of meat stock, tomato paste and herbs lifts this entree out of the ordinary and into the hostess-with-a-flair class.

VEAL-AND-HAM STACK. Dip 1½ pounds veal, cut for scallopine, in bread crumbs, then in a mixture of egg and milk and then in bread crumbs again. For the egg-and-milk mixture use 1 slightly beaten egg and ½ cup milk. Fry the breaded veal in a little margarine until crisp and golden. Brown 1½ pounds thinly sliced, cooked ham in a little margarine also. For the sauce, sauté ¾ pound sliced fresh mushrooms until golden, in 3 tablespoons margarine. Add two 8-ounce cans tomato sauce, ¾ cup chicken stock, ½ cup slivered, toasted almonds, and stir well. Season with 1 teaspoon each orégano and seasoned salt, ¼ teaspoon each mace, thyme and rosemary. Simmer for 10–15 minutes to blend flavors. Arrange in a casserole a layer of ham, veal and a little sauce. Repeat. Cover and bake in a slow oven, 300°F., for 1 hour.

GREEN-BEAN-AND-ONION SALAD. Cook 2 packages of the new, frozen, whole green beans according to package directions. Be careful not to let them get overdone. Drain and allow to cool and chill. Or you can chill and drain 2 cans whole, blue lake green beans. Wash, drain and break up salad greens. Curly chicory with lettuce tastes fresh and springlike. Put leaves in a plastic bag, close with an elastic band and store in the refrigerator to get crisp and chilled. About 1 hour before serving, marinate the beans in 1 cup sharp French dressing. Add 1 peeled and thinly sliced red onion. Drain well and arrange on salad greens. Garnish with radish roses.

A delectable dessert, you will agree, and one you can serve any time of the year, since it uses canned fruit.

BING-CHERRY FROST. Let 1½ pints vanilla ice cream get a little soft. Whip 1½ pints heavy cream. Add the softened ice cream and continue whipping until the mixture stands in soft peaks. Flavor to taste with 2–3 teaspoons rum extract. Divide evenly into two freezing trays and freeze until set. Meanwhile, drain 1 No. 2 can Bing cherries. Chill the fruit. To the juice, add 1½ tablespoons cornstarch mixed with 1½ tablespoons sugar. Heat and stir until thickened. Chill. Heap spoonfuls of frozen cream in a serving bowl. Spoon the fruit and sauce over all and garnish with mint sprigs if you like.

For the **DATE BARS** I use a wonderful date-bar mix. It is really good and so very easy to do. Whenever I've served them, guests have asked for the recipe.

MENU

CUCUMBER-RADISH CANAPÉS

VEAL-AND-HAM STACK
RICE

GREEN-BEAN-AND-ONION SALAD

BING-CHERRY FROST
DATE BARS

COFFEE



For a deliciously light dressing, blend ¼ c. tomato juice with 1 cup Kraft Mayonnaise. Grand on tossed grapefruit and avocado salad

Easy way to give salads your personal touch

Just blend KRAFT MAYONNAISE with tomato juice, chicken broth, fruit nectar ...or whatever your fancy suggests. Presto...a brand new dressing!

Velvet texture Kraft Mayonnaise is the smoothest, easiest-mixing mayonnaise you ever tried. Creamier, fluffier, it's specially made to blend with other ingredients . . . never curdles or separates.

Kraft's is true mayonnaise, made with lots of eggs and extra egg yolks, too. **But it takes more than eggs to make mayonnaise mix like Kraft's.** Only Kraft's own blend of oils and special beating process can give such velvet texture.

Get a jar today and have fun creating dressings of your own. Easy does it, with *velvet texture* Kraft's!



No other mayonnaise mixes like velvet texture Kraft's!

He said: Terribly sorry, old dear. It's early but I must toddle.

He meant: Gad! The air in here is like a ruddy fog. I've had it!



She Must Have Used An Ordinary "Cover-Up" Deodorizer!

This couldn't have happened with air-wick

Did you know that *America's* leading home deodorizer is the world's leader, too? The popularity of Air-Wick has spread all over the world—to Spain, Italy, England... sixty-two countries in all!

People of all nationalities depend on Air-Wick because it has been proven 3 times as effective... faster... more pleasant to use.

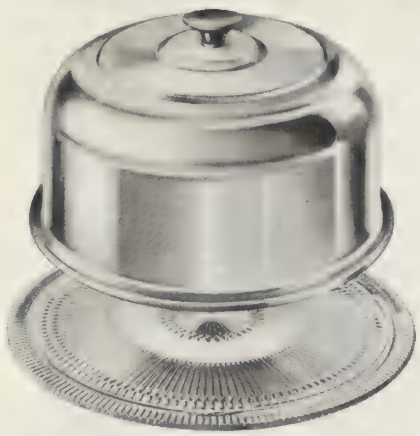


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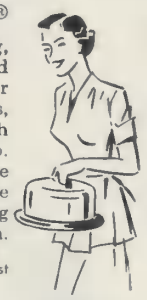
IN EVEREDY CHROME CAKE COVERS





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Gleaming cover keeps big, family-size cakes fresh and tasty for days. Wonderful for use in the home, or at picnics, barbeques, outings, church suppers. Easy to carry, too. Cover locks to chrome base plate with just a twist of the handle. Base useful as serving tray. 13¼" dia. In Gift Carton. No. 9920 **$5.25** in East





KAKE-SAVER®

Sparkling, king size chrome cover fits snugly into groove of beautiful decorated glass plate to protect the moist tastiness of your cakes. Glass base plate is footed, making the Kake-Saver easy to pick up and carry. 12½" dia. In Gift Carton. No. 9910 **$4.50** in East

KAKE-SAVER Jr.® Standard size swirl chrome cover holds cakes, pies, etc. 11½" diameter decorated glass plate. In Gift Carton. No. 9905 **$3.75** in East

Ask for these beautiful, easy-to-clean Everedy chrome cake covers at your favorite housewares counter. Kake-Savers are also available at slightly higher prices in real Copper finish. If your store is out of stock, write us at once. Ask for free booklet showing over 50 popular-priced Everedy Housewares.

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PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

"The rest is in the hands of God," he said, and went to wash.

He hadn't asked her why the stove was unlit. It wasn't the sort of thing he asked. He was superbly indifferent to the daily trivia which so occupied his wife.

Jerry wandered into the alcove where Richard usually worked. He picked up an object. "What's this? Looks like a miniature blowtorch."

She explained that Richard used it to melt the wax on the canvas.

"A rough medium," said Richard, coming back. His dark brown eyes touched hers, and he kissed her hello on the cheek. Then he picked up his glass of wine. "But you can work miracles with it. If you heat the wax on the canvas, the colors run into one another. When it's hardened, you can fool around with a palette knife and take off what you don't want. But it's hard to control."

"Just a tiny bit," said Carol.

He grinned. "O.K. So sometimes it gets out of hand. But give me another year, and I'll be doing wax miniatures on the head of a pin."

Another year, she thought. Artists moved in a leisurely world where time was measured in progress, not in months and years. Certainly not in dollars and cents. In two years Richard had sold three oils for the staggering total of $150. But was he discouraged? Were his spirits downcast? No, sir. At this very moment, he was beaming from ear to ear.

She left the alcove. She would lie down on the couch-bed for a few minutes. The coals in the stove, those stubborn, uninflammable lumps, had finally caught fire, and she could feel the beginning of warmth in the room.

"The Egyptians worked miracles with it," Richard was saying. "There're encaustics from the second century with the colors as pure as the day they were painted."

Jerry looked enthusiastic. His plain, longish face always took on animation when Richard was around.

He respected Richard because he knew Richard was a better painter than he was. Richard was the acknowledged leader of their group. When he spoke, everyone listened. All the ineffectuals, the almost talented, got their strength from Richard. He was the rock in their lives too. They spoke to him, and while they did believed what they were saying. It was not what Richard had, but what he lacked. He lacked self-doubt and fear. She had lived with him for over three years, and she knew the horror world of ugliness which she had glimpsed today would never exist for him.

"Reckon I'll see you at Kennedy's tomorrow," said Jerry, pulling on his coat. "Remember, it's *after* dinner."

"When else?" said Richard. "Thanks for the tray, Jerry."

"Nothing to it." He shook Carol's hand. "*À bientôt.*"

She and Richard were alone. He was still in the alcove. When he came out, she would tell him. Calmly and rationally.

"Did you see your letter?" he asked, bending over his drawing board.

She took her mother's letter from the mantel and opened it. She knew what was inside: news of progress. Her family was almost indecent when it came to moving forward. They cared about the most vulgar things, like owning their own homes, raising and educating their children. It had taken only two years of poverty in Paris to make her the biggest materialist of them all. What was the moral? It couldn't really be just a simple thing divided down the center by fear, with Richard on one side and her on the other. She folded the letter up. Richard, still at the drawing board, was figuring with pencil and paper. She remembered the months in the States, before they'd come here, when the last thing she'd see at night would be Richard, his back to her, at his board, his short, wiry hair shining blue-black beneath the solitary fluorescent light. The only sound would be the tap of his brush from time to time as he rinsed it in the glass.

In those days, he'd taken every free-lance job he could get, to save enough money to come to Paris. He received a very small sum every month from his late mother's estate, and he had estimated that if he could earn the passage to Paris plus about two thousand dollars they would be on their way. They hadn't quite saved two thousand, and the trip over had been in winter on a ship that took twelve days, but it had been a marvelous adventure.

And now? The adventure had long since faded. They were still living on what they had when they came. There had been none of the extra cash they had somehow, unconsciously, expected. There was no way to earn one thin franc. She was an excellent stenographer, had been for four years in the States, but this interested not one soul in Paris. But then, why couldn't she give English lessons, and why hadn't she thought of it before? It was then she discovered she must get in line behind a few thousand other Americans in Paris with the same idea.

"Did you know Louis is getting married?" said Richard.

She didn't answer. Somehow tonight she must tell him she was leaving.

"Louis is buying my suit," said Richard.

No need to ask which suit. There was one decent suit left, a navy-blue serge, worn twice a year, generally when friends of friends or relatives came to France and looked them up. For two days she and Richard did all the best night clubs on the right bank, all the worst ones in Montmartre, and guzzled champagne. Then, the high life over, the suit went back into moth balls.

"I won't let you sell it," she said.

"Then we don't buy coal this month."

"No, I won't let you sell it," she repeated. Indignation surged through her like strength. For the moment, she had forgotten her decision to leave him. All she knew was that she would not become like her neighbors in poverty, beaten and hopeless. She began to walk up and down, restless with anger. "You can't sell your last good suit. You haven't a thing left. You've sold everything. It's not fair."

"How about you—the best-dressed woman on the left bank?" said Richard.

"I don't count, because I complain about it. I always complain, but you don't. You don't even seem to care, but I know you do. Your camera meant so much to you, and yet you sold it without a word. How can you give in so easily? Why don't you fight?"

He didn't reply, and she knew she was defeated. Richard had nothing to complain about. His last good suit didn't matter to him. Poverty didn't matter to him. He would pass ugliness on the street and not see it. He was fat and contented, sitting back picking his teeth, because he was making progress with his painting.

She was alone. The long gray days were for her only. Richard was complete in himself. He could use financial success and recognition, but he didn't need them. Success was an extra frill, and so was marriage.

For three years she and Richard had lived in harmony. She had considered her marriage a successful one because there had been so little quarreling and so much understanding. Now she saw with a frightful clarity that there had been no real marriage at all. She alone had been involved in it. Richard had never felt strongly enough to be anything but the perfect husband. He had never stooped to the common emotions the way she had. For three years he had lived apart. It was not the hardship that had finished their marriage; it was the fact that she had had to face it alone.

Now, *this* was right. Now she could begin to hate him. Now she could leave him and know there was nothing to regret.

She said, "If I left you, you wouldn't have to sell your suit or another thing. You could manage alone on that money you get every month from your mother's estate."

"Don't talk nonsense," he said mildly, his back still toward her.

"But you could manage, couldn't you?" she asked. "And I want to leave."

Now he turned in his chair. "Are you serious?"

"Yes, with or without you, I'm going back to the States." Her voice quavered, but she kept on. "You could get a good job in commercial art again, and we'd have some kind of a future."

"Future? At a desk job?" He half shook his head. "If we leave Paris, we have no future. I know it's rugged here for you. Don't think I don't know, but give me a chance." He sighed tiredly. "Rose-covered cottages take time to build."

"I don't want a rose-covered anything," she said. "All I want is to be hopeful again. I've tried to be, but I'm always alone and always afraid. It's different with you. You have some kind of shield that protects you against poverty and hopelessness."

She went to the cupboard and took out the necessary supplies for supper. "Will you go back with me?" she asked.

She didn't look at him. She waited for him to answer, but he was silent, unmoving.

Finally he said, "I can't."

She went to the door of the kitchen. "After supper I'll phone Betty Endicott," she said. "I'll stay with her till mother cables me the boat money."

He said nothing.

She went into the kitchen. So the great moment was over. The marriage blessed with harmony and understanding was over.

In the kitchen there were two hot plates and a basin with cold running water. She put on a large pot of water to boil, for spaghetti, and began to peel mushrooms.

How quiet it had been at the end. No bickering or quarreling. If she had wanted to be hysterical, the finish would have been hysterical. But she had conducted it in a ladylike fashion, and Richard, of course, had not been involved.

Dear Mother: Richard is a worthless, sĕlf-centered egotist. He's worshiped so long at the shrine of his own talent that nothing, not even the sound of our marriage breaking into pieces, can break the spell. He's sorry I'm miserable, but not sorry enough to keep me from taking the next boat.

She bent her head against her arm. It was hopeless. She could not hate Richard. The decision was hard enough without hatred too.

She was weeping when he came in.

He lowered the flame under the saucepan. "Don't you think you'd better put the spaghetti in?"

He didn't wait for her answer. He broke the spaghetti in two and slid it into the pan.

He turned to her. "Why are you crying? I should think you'd be glad to get out."

She wiped her eyes. "I am." She started to peel the mushrooms again.

"Just mushrooms and spaghetti?" he asked.

"And cheese and onions."

"What about the sausage?"

"It's for tomorrow."

"You're a funny one," he said. "There won't be a tomorrow. You're leaving me."

"All right. Then get the sausage." She began to slice the mushrooms into a frying pan.

When he came back, he said, "You know, when I was walking with Jerry today, we passed a pastry shop. I saw some meringue *glacés* in the window, and I thought I'd get you some. Then I thought you'd probably skin me alive for spending the money. Well, I thought it over, and I spent the money. The reason I don't have the meringue *glacés* now is that Jerry was with me. I had to offer him some, because, after all, he'd gotten the tray for me. And first thing you know, the greedy little so-and-so had eaten every last one up. He was starved."

She started to laugh. Richard watched her for a moment, and then he was laughing too.

He said, "I knew how mad you'd be to think I'd spent money on pastry for Jerry, so I didn't even bring the paper bag home. So I have no proof."

"What does it matter?" she said. She had stopped smiling.

He said, "It matters a lot. More than all the sold and unsold paintings in the world. It matters more than Jerry or the cold or my last good suit. It's the love between two people. I thought over what you said in the other room. You were right, honey. I do have a shield that protects me against poverty and hopelessness. And if you go, you'll be taking it with you. *You're* my shield."

He went to her and took her hand lightly. "I've really fallen down on the job, I guess," he said. "You've kept me going so long, but I haven't done a thing for you. I've felt so sure about your always being here that I never think about it. I never think of you as a separate person. That's the truth, honey. You're part of me. So if you go to the States, I'll have to go too. Ad layouts won't kill me. I've done them before. I'll do them again."

He put his arms about her, and they stood there for a moment, with only the sound of the water bubbling behind them.

She wanted to believe him, she needed to. She knew the words he had just spoken had been hard for him. He had spoken them to please her and comfort her. But did he mean them?

At last she stirred and said unhappily, "Why pretend? You know you'd be miserable if you went back."

"I'd be worse here alone. Supposing I could stick it and kept on here working. Supposing I finally had my one-man show with the critics in my back pocket. Supposing I really hit it. How would it be? Like nothing." He smoothed the soft hair back from her forehead. "I never thought it through before, but it would be like nothing. I'm not working for flattery or even money. I'm working for you. Someday I want to buy a car and drive to Spain, Italy and Austria. And I want you next to me, sitting in the front seat eating meringue *glacés*. That's all I want."

Up to a certain point it is good for us to know that there are people in the world who will give us love and unquestioned loyalty to the limit of their ability. I doubt, however, it is good for us to feel assured of this without the accompanying obligation of having to justify this devotion by our behavior. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

She still didn't know. She said, "I wish I could believe you."

He smiled. "Don't believe me. Just wait and see. I'm going back with you. Whatever happens, I don't want you to be afraid or alone any more. We'll stay together, and we'll come out all right."

He released her. "I want to be a painter. You want to be a happy wife. Those ambitions aren't so impossible, are they? I can think of much more impossible things . . . like sitting on nails or getting elected President. So we'll go to America. I'll still paint, and you'll be a happy wife."

"We don't have to decide right now," she told him. "After dinner we'll decide just what to do."

Some people, in snug little homes, might think she was foolish. They might argue that no woman could love a man through poverty and wretchedness, but they would be wrong. Even when she had tried to hate him, she had loved him. And now he had come back to her, and she didn't feel shut off from him any more. He was her strength, and when she felt apart from him, the world was ugly and frightening. So how could she ever cross an ocean and leave him?

Her fear and weariness were vanishing like mist before day. All because he thought he needed her. His need gave her hope. Her hope was coming back to her.

He said, "All right, we'll decide after dinner." He went over to sniff at the mushrooms and onions.

She stirred the spaghetti, and when she turned around she saw him in the other room, clearing the table.

Dear Mother: Well, I flubbed the big farewell scene. I forgot most of my lines, and I never did get to the place where I could slam the door. But it doesn't matter. Richard has come back to me. He needs me only a little, but I need him always.

She went to the door and said, "We'll keep the sausage for tomorrow. O.K.?"

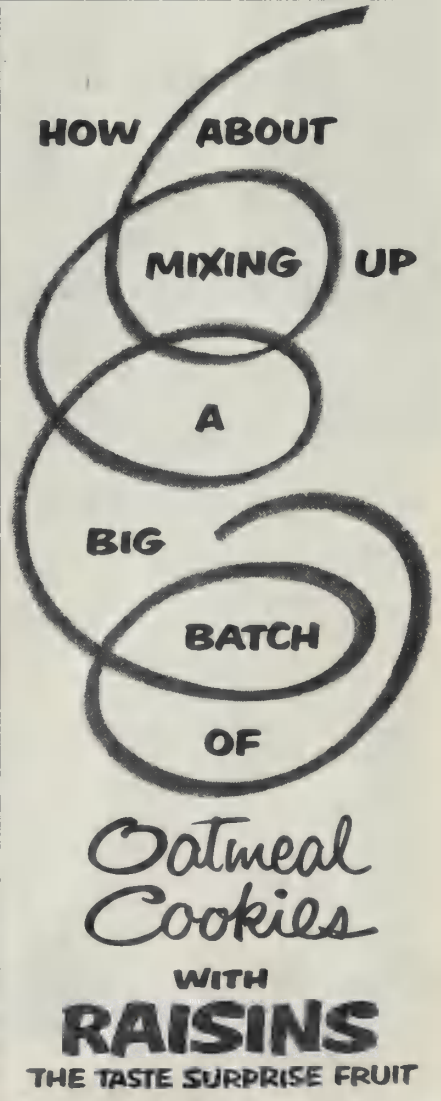
He raised his head. "O.K." END













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DREAM HOUSE FOR US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

Brandy was served the gentlemen after the ladies had left the table. I know that my mother often spoke of the equally great change in the way she was brought up compared with her mother, and she has told me that my grandmother, born and brought up on the island of Fayal in the Azores, as the daughter of the American consul, never had put on her own stockings, or indeed any other garment, without the help of her maid—in fact, it took two little Portuguese maids to get each lady of the family ready for a reception of VIP's or a formal dinner party.

We talked of selling and moving to a smaller house, but I could not bear the thought of moving away from my second daughter's little family who were occupying what had formerly been our gardener's cottage. This situation, however, was brought to a head when she proceeded to have two more babies in one year and it became perfectly apparent that she would have to move even if we didn't. To me, the obvious solution was for us to move into the cottage and let them have the big house, but when I suggested this to my husband, he flatly refused even to consider the idea. No place for his books, or his guns, or his fishing things—in fact, no place for any of the things he wanted around him for the last stretch. I gave this up and suggested building an apartment over the garage—with no guest rooms, just a sitting room, a bedroom for me and a beautiful den for him with just everything he had ever wanted. This he sniffed at the way a dog sometimes does at a bone, pretending he is not going to eat it, not picking it up right away, but never leaving it quite alone. I realized I was up against a matter that would take expert salesmanship and bided my time. To my surprise, the children were even harder to sell: they thought the house would be too much for them, they could never keep it up; I would mind if they changed it all around to suit their needs, put baby swings and pens on my pretty lawn and little fences here and there; and before they finally graciously agreed to give it a try, I do not believe there was a house for sale or rent in all Long Island that they had not investigated.

About this time when everything was in a state of flux and uncertainty, my husband and I went to the flower show and there we saw a glass room, with a blue plastic roof, through which streamed the bright lights from overhead, giving an effect of sunlight, and glass louvers, controlled by little handles which, when turned, opened and closed the horizontal panes of glass. In front of these windows were boxes full of flowering plants, while on glass shelves pretty pieces of colored glass reflected other lights. "This is what we want in our new home," Archie exclaimed, and from then on I knew I was safe. That night we made the decision to build over the garage.

The garage consisted of a rather cheaply built, wooden-shingled building which held four cars. Over this were one bedroom, bath and one very large sort of rumpus room. Here were nailed various trophies collected through the years and which ranged from a huge skin of a boa constrictor to a letter of marque and reprisal signed by George III which had been sent to my father-in-law when he was President. There was also a model of a Zamboango outrigger canoe, the original of which had been given to Archie by Captain Sallston, who, in a burst of enthusiasm, had persuaded him to sail it down to Long Island. Captain Sallston explained that he knew all about them in the South Seas. About nine o'clock I was notified that they had been fished out of the East River, very wet and subdued but safe.

We chose our architect with the utmost care, as we realized what a tough job it was and that it would take a very clever and ingenious one indeed to overcome the natural disadvantages of the site we had chosen—down in a hollow, no view, surrounded with old stumps, brambles and dead trees, situated directly on the road where, during the last ten years, small developments had brought over fifty new houses. We decided to ask Freddy King, who was not only a top architect, but also happened to be an old friend, keeping our fingers crossed that it would not mean the end of our beautiful friendship. Actually, this almost did happen when Archie came home one night and told me that, with what seemed to me the utmost perfidy, Freddy, the first time he saw him alone, had advised him as a friend under no circumstances to build over the garage. To put things in a nutshell, to build over the garage would be, according to Archie, like "pouring water down a sewer." I must admit that I was considerably taken aback by this and for almost twenty-four hours gave up the idea. Then I decided that it must be the garage or nothing for the following reasons: first, this was within easy walking distance of even my youngest grandchild; and second, it would be near my beloved garden in which I had put so much of myself for so many years. With a shrug and an attitude which plainly said, "On your own head be it, but don't ever say I didn't warn you," Freddy agreed to draw up the plans. From the first we adored them and found he had put in everything we wanted, only infinitely better.

The plans were as follows: A rather short flight of stairs leads up beside the garage doors into a small hall which opens to the left into a large living room, thirty by eighteen feet.

MARGINAL NOTE ON A MILK BILL

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Oh, I could buy mink in the latest fashion,
And other such luxuries,
If I could but learn to control my passion
For foolish necessities!

The ceiling is vaulted, which gives the effect of as high a ceiling as possible, given the limitations of the rafters, and so on. The street is blocked out by closing off the windows on this side. On the right is a large fireplace, copied from the one in the old house with the original hand-carved rope edging and, in place of a mantel, the original seahorses and dolphin which we had had carved for us years before. The dolphin was an enlarged copy of the insigne from the gig of the President's summer yacht, The Dolphin. Our original idea had been to panel the room to match the mantel in pickled pine, but when we found what this would cost, we thought of the water running down the sewer and compromised on a textured plywood which resembles little sticks of bamboo and could be pickled to match the pine panels of the fireplace.

A picture window was put directly opposite the fireplace, looking out onto my garden and opening onto a small balcony. The balcony is large enough to hold at least four around a small table. Beside the fireplace French doors open into the glass room, which really is a dream. It has a Bermuda fireplace—that is, with the opening about two feet from the floor—flower boxes on two sides and sofas on the third. Frosted glass hides the street. The blue plastic overhead is very effective, and even on the darkest day gives a feeling of blue skies and sunlight. We look right into the woods, which we are slowly clearing of stumps and ugly vines and trees. We plan to leave the ferns and wild flowers which already grow there and add such things as bloodroot and arbutus.

My bedroom is a perfectly charming room with windows on two sides, a bathroom and closets on the third, while my beautiful old Adam bed fills the fourth. Facing the bed is a Dutch door which opens onto a terrace with a small retaining wall in front toward the woods. Back of the terrace I have done a good deal of planting, largely rock plants and so-called ground cover, with bulbs, ferns and lady's-slippers on the edge of the wood.

Finding that plants were terribly expensive on Long Island, I conceived the brilliant idea of motoring to a nursery in New England where plants cost about one third less. Not wanting to take the long trip alone, I invited a friend to go with me and this involved spending the night on the way. We stopped for a very expensive lunch and this, together with the gas and other incidentals I bought along the way, made the hundred plants I bought and brought triumphantly home cost only a little bit more than if they had been bought on Long Island. However, this gave my husband and the various friends he told it to so much pleasure that I was glad, in the end, that I had made such an exhausting expedition.

After we had accepted the plans, weeks of horror followed when drawings on thick blue paper and others on thin white paper and awful estimates passed across our vision as though on an assembly line. Each time we cut out some of our original expensive ideas we managed to think up some absolutely necessary thing which cost even more than we had cut out. I was surprised to find that Archie cared a great deal about built-in closets in his room, while he in his turn was simply amazed to find how much I cared about pink fixtures in my bathroom. Although constantly threatening that I would end—as indeed I still may—in a home for the indigent, I stuck out for the things that would make a real difference to our peace and comfort in our old age and pointed out the saving it would be to live by ourselves. We could get on for some years with little or no help. The laborsaving devices, consisting of our modern kitchen, an opening into the glass room where logs can be passed through from the truck, places to store wood behind the brick fronts of our Bermuda fireplaces, tiles in the front hall, linoleum on the kitchen and bathroom floors, all paint and wallpaper treated not to show stains left by little fingers, an electric one-man saw for clearing the woods and, above all, NO GUEST ROOMS—all would reduce the expense of extra labor.

I shall not even attempt to describe the actual move. After one has lived in one place for thirty-five years, a good deal accumulates, and I must confess that there were corners in the attics—and there are three—and even, to my shame, drawers in cupboards and tables that had remained undisturbed for years; and—oh, dear!—the books! Talk about "agonizing reappraisals," they were nothing to the awful decisions we faced daily—sorting, eliminating and choosing. Often we changed overnight and felt we just could not part with this or that. Finally endless trips with things like china, lamps and books, which for such a short distance seemed foolish to crate, were over and the movers arrived for the furniture and such. I may say in passing that this was just as much of a production and cost as much as if we had moved to New York. At long last the time came when we ourselves moved and, exhausted, threw ourselves onto our old beds in their new locations.

I shall never forget the first morning I awoke and looked out my door toward the old woodshed, half hidden by vines and on up the hill. It was a pretty morning and the sun was shining through the leaves in little patches and I realized that I had been hearing the cooing of the mourning dove and the sharp cry of the jay for quite a while before I was thoroughly awake. I had closed my eyes once again and was thanking God for my lovely new home when I heard a little noise and there, peering in my back door, were my three small granddaughters, still in their nightgowns, looking like angels and trying, oh so hard, not to wake me. My cup was full. Dreams don't often come true, but mine had.

END

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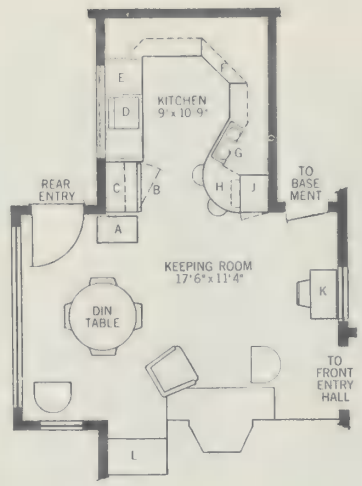
Bob Bagg is as much at home in the kitchen as Louise—salads, his specialty.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON *Homemaking Editor*

For this month's kitchen we take you inside a sweet and snug New England home with a hilly view, seven miles from Westfield, Massachusetts. Just a year ago Bob and Louise Bagg bought a piece of the old Lyman farm—wooded to attract the birds they love, and looking out across open fields and meadows to Mount Pomeroy in the west. There was even a little brook rambling across the place which Bob has enlarged to make a pool for the birds. Now the three-bedroom house is finished and painted a soft spruce green to blend with the tall trees and the native laurel, blueberry and juniper, carefully spared when the bulldozer carved out the roadway and the basement.

The kitchen is very special because it was so thought out from the beginning. A year ago, Louise wrote of her plans: "Oh, happy prospect! In the thirtieth year of our marriage and the fiftieth year of our lives—and coinciding with our tall son's release from the Army and entrance into graduate school—we have purchased an acre of land and plan to start building in March.

"This kitchen has to be right—right for our way of life. We have a lovely home



Plan shows sociable arrangement of kitchen and keeping room. Louise had written: "I do need a spot to tot up the grocery bill or jot down a recipe given over the phone." Desk along one wall supplies the need. There is china and linen storage at right of fireplace.

A—cabinet on wheels **B**—refrigerator **C**—tray rack **D**—sink **E**—dishwasher **F**—oven **G**—cooking top **H**—breakfast counter **J**—cleaning supplies **K**—desk **L**—pass-through and storage.



Here's the cruising cabinet, now wheeled up next to the stack-on refrigerator and freezer units that needed no work of building in. Sink and dishwasher are farther at right, followed by storage cabinets of sky-blue tint. A delicate herb-patterned wallpaper is used on the kitchen wall and on one wall (not pictured) of the sitting room.

STUART



"Butternut is one of the most beautiful—and neglected—of New England woods," Bob told us. Luckily, they found a well-seasoned stock. Its warm tones now panel the sitting-room part of the kitchen, where the fireplace is framed with bird and flower tiles, and the hearth is native stone. Captains' chairs, an easy chair, a cherry table, a peaceful view greet visitors. Louise's wheeled cabinet rolls in from the kitchen with the food, back again at dishwashing time. For portable cooking—"one of our pet hobbies"—the electric and automatic Dutch oven is a joy.





"I like to look at mountains while I scramble eggs." Louise's hope was met in an angled cooking corner, free form, that doesn't cut off her view. The cooking top placed this way even allows for a small semicircled breakfast counter, a tall cleaning cupboard beside it. Now as she works she faces the fireplace, and can talk with Bob and any visitors on hand. Butternut is echoed in the kitchen by the wall cabinets.

A can opener mounted on brackets slides outward when needed, slides back under cabinet afterward—Louise finds it a great convenience.

Cleaning cupboard fits next to snack counter. Long-handled tools are at convenient height over drawer. Sliding trays above hold small items.

now, but it is too large and without adequate storage space. We feel a great longing to simplify our lives."

After spending some time in Westfield, it was clear the Baggs wanted to simplify to make time for their many hobbies. Both Bob and Louise have challenging jobs. In addition, Bob makes wood sculptures, carves stone and paints in water color. Louise is an active member of conservation groups and garden clubs. The two together share a love of wildlife and birds in particular.

Cooking is another twosome hobby. "Bob is an inspired cook—he never likes to clean up afterward," Louise told us. At any rate, when he is around no one else can make the salads.

The outstanding feature of the house is a family sitting room (or "keeping room," as old New Englanders would have it). The kitchen is on one side and the dining area with fireplace and a wide-view window on the other. The flavor of the room is New England traditional—and rightly so. Eight generations ago Bob's ancestors settled nearby on the banks of the Connecticut River. Louise's grandmother was a real "white birch"—local name for a family which has lived in the vicinity as long as anyone can remember.

But the kitchen is modern, with the kind of convenience that makes work easier and simpler. For instance, the refrigerator-freezer combination is actually two separate appliances stacked with fresh-food section at the top. As much as CONTINUED ON PAGE 174



Cutting board is set right into a counter top, secured with a metal ring. In the cabinet below, a swing-out shelf brings utensils forward.





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COCKTAIL TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

the only human souls that came in sight were a couple of shopgirls and a boy in a cloth cap. He was confident that before long something worthy of his Brazil nut would emerge from the Demosthenes Club, which stands across the street from the Drones. He had often lunched there with his wife's half brother, Sir Raymond Bastable, the eminent barrister. In almost no place in London does the tall silk headgear flourish so luxuriantly.

"Sap my vitals," he said, enlivening the tedium of waiting with pleasant small talk, "it's extraordinary how vividly this brings back to me those dear old tiger-shooting days in Bengal. The same tense expectancy, the same breathless feeling that at any moment something hot may steal out from the undergrowth, lashing its top hat. Ha!"

The door of the Demosthenes had swung open, and there had come down the steps a tall, stout, florid man of middle age who wore his high silk hat like the plumed helmet of Henry of Navarre. He stood looking about him for a taxicab.

Pongo repeated his stricken-duck impersonation. "For heaven's sake, Uncle Fred! You can't pot that bird's hat!"

"Can't?" Lord Ickenham's eyebrows rose.

"But it's old Bastable."

Lord Ickenham had not failed to observe this, but the discovery did nothing to weaken his resolution. Though fond of Sir Raymond Bastable, he found much to disapprove of in him. He considered the eminent barrister pompous, arrogant and far too pleased with himself. To have his top hat knocked off with a Brazil nut would, in Lord Ickenham's opinion, make him a better, deeper, more lovable man. "Yes, there he spouts," he said.

"He's Aunt Jane's brother."

"'Half brother' is the more correct term. Still, as the wise old saying goes, half a brother is better than no bread."

"Aunt Jane will skin you alive, if she finds out."

"She won't find out. But I must not waste time chatting with you, my dear Pongo. I see a taxicab approaching, and if I do not give quick service, my quarry will be gone with the wind."

Narrowing his gaze, Lord Ickenham released the guided missile, little knowing, as it sped straight and true to its mark, that he was about to enrich English literature and provide another job of work for a number of deserving printers.

Yet such was indeed the case. Sir Raymond Bastable's novel Cocktail Time was directly inspired by the accurate catapultmanship of Pongo Twistleton's Uncle Fred.

Having finished his coffee and accepted the congratulations of friends with a modesty that became him well, the fifth Earl ("Old Sureshot") of Ickenham, accompanied by his nephew Pongo, left the club and hailed a taxi, directing the charioteer to convey them to Lord's Cricket Ground. As the cab rolled off, Pongo drew a deep breath and sat staring before him with unseeing eyes.

"You seem pensive, my boy," said Lord Ickenham. "Something on your mind, or what passes for it?"

Pongo spoke in a low, toneless voice. "I was thinking of a problem that came up at the Drones the other night."

"Oh, yes?"

"It was this. If you have a crazy uncle, are you better off if he lives in London or if he's down in the country and just blows into town for occasional visits?"

"And what decision was arrived at?"

"Well, some said one thing and some another. You see the point. If he lives in London, there he is, if you see what I mean. But his loopiness is sort of spread out thin. Whereas, cooped up in the country with no way of working it off, he . . . what is it? Begins with a *g*."

"'Generates' is, I imagine, the word you are groping for. Cooped up in the country, you feel, he generates a store of loopiness which expends itself with terrific violence on his rare visits to the center of things."

"That's right. Well, that's the problem we were discussing. Pretty moot, don't you think?"

"Very moot, indeed. I am not surprised that the Drones Club debating society were unable to be unanimous. But for you, of course, the question must have been a purely academic one." Lord Ickenham paused. "Good heavens," he said, for a bizarre thought had struck him. "Can it be that you are thinking of what occurred in the smoking room just now?"

"Yes, it jolly well can."

"It struck you as odd that I should have knocked off Raymond Bastable's topper with a Brazil nut?"

"It struck me as loopy."

"My dear boy, that was not loopiness, it was altruism. One has to do the decent thing and spread sweetness and light as far as in one lies, and I knew that he *needed* a Brazil nut in the topper.

"You know, Pongo, the whole trouble in this world is the way fellows deteriorate as they grow older. Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all their finer qualities away, with the result that the frightfully-good chap of twenty-five is changed little by little into the stinker of fifty. Yes, yes, I know what you are going to say. 'Absurd! Look at you, Uncle Fred. Every day in every way you have got better and better.' Quite true, but I am a rare exception. 'Look,' I say in my turn, 'at Raymond Bastable.' Thirty years ago, when he came down from Oxford, where he had been a popular member of the university Rugby-football team, Beefy, as we used to call him, was a fourteen-stone ray of sunshine. And what is he now? The passing of the years has turned him into what a mutual friend of ours—Elsie Bean, who once held office as housemaid under Sir Aylmer Bostock at Ashenden Manor—would call an overbearing dishpot. What he needs, of course, is a wife."

"Ah," said Pongo, who had recently acquired one, "now you're talking. If he had someone like Sally ——"

"Or like my own dear Jane. It was the worst thing that could have happened to Beefy when Barbara Crowe handed him his hat."

"Barbara Crowe? Isn't she a movie star or something?"

"Certainly not. She's a partner in Edgar Saxby and Sons, the literary agents. Ever heard of them?"

"No."

"Well, I don't suppose they've ever heard of you, which evens things up. I've known Barbara for years. She's the widow of an old friend of mine, Jimmy Crowe, who was killed in the war. I introduced her to Beefy, and was delighted when she told me that they were planning to put up the banns. And then I heard that it was all off. Terrible pity. She's lovely, she's got a wonderful sense of humor, and her golf handicap is well in single figures. Just the wife for Beefy. She would have made him human again. But it was not to be. . . . What did you say?"

"I said 'Bad show.'"

"And you could scarcely have put it more neatly. It's a tragedy. Still, there's always a bright side. If things are not all that one could wish on the Bastable front, they're fine in the Johnny Pearce sector. I see a bright and prosperous future for him."

"Who is this girl he's marrying?"

"I told you at lunch. Belinda Farringdon, commonly known as Bunny."

"No, I mean who *is* she? What does she do?"

"She's a commercial artist."

"Any money?"

I have never seen a badly dressed woman who was agreeable and good-humored.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

"I imagine not. Still, what's money? You n't take it with you."

"No, but you can do a lot with it here."

"True. And one of the things you can do th yours," said Lord Ickenham, as they ew up at Lord's, "is pay the cab."

They entered the ground, and Pongo, corally invited to remain at his uncle's side, ivered a little and said he would prefer to pushing along.

For some little while after parting from his phew, Lord Ickenham proceeded to saunter ther and thither, meeting old acquaintances id exchanging amiable civilities. Many of ese old acquaintances had been contemoraries of his at school, and the fact that ost of them looked as if they would never e a hundred and four again was a reminder the passage of time that depressed him, as r as he was capable of being depressed. It as a relief when he observed approaching m someone who, though stout and florid id wearing a top hat with a dent in it, was least many years from being senile. He eeted him warmly.

"Beefy, my dear fellow!"

"Ah, Frederick."

Sir Raymond Bastable spoke absently. He as sufficiently present in spirit to be able to y "Ah, Frederick," but his mind was not n his half brother-in-law. He was thinking f the modern young man. At the moment hen Lord Ickenham accosted him, there had ist risen before his mental eye a picture of ie interior of the Old Bailey, with himself in wig and silk gown cross-examining with itiless severity the representative of that ubspecies who had knocked his hat off.

When the hat he loved had suddenly parted om its moorings and gone gamboling over ie pavement like a lamb in springtime, Sir aymond Bastable's initial impression that it ad been struck by a flying saucer had not sted long. A clapping of hands and the ound of cheering from across the street drew is attention to the smoking-room window of ie Drones Club and he perceived that it framed a sea of happy faces, each split by a six-inch grin. A moment later he had seen lying at his feet a handsome Brazil nut, and all things were made clear to him. What had occurred, it was evident, had been one more exhibition of the brainless hooliganism of the modern young man.

With a powerful effort, Sir Raymond removed himself from the Old Bailey. "So you're here, are you, Frederick?" he said.

"In person," Lord Ickenham assured him. "Wonderful, running into you like this. How's everything at home? Phoebe all right?"

"She is quite well."

"And you?"

"I also am quite well."

"Splendid. You'll be even better when you're settled at Dovetail Hammer. Jane tells me you've taken Johnny Pearce's Hammer Lodge place there."

"Yes. I shall be moving in shortly. Your godson, isn't he?"

"That's right. You'll find Johnny a pleasant neighbor. He's a capital young fellow."

"Young?"

"Quite young."

"Then tell him to keep away from me," said Sir Raymond tensely. "If any young man attempts to come near me, I'll set the dog on him."

Lord Ickenham regarded him with concern. "Why this bilious attitude toward the younger generation? Doesn't youth with all its glorious traditions appeal to you?"

"It does not."

"Why not?"

"Because some young thug knocked off my hat this afternoon."

"You shock and astound me. With his umbrella?"

"With a Brazil nut."

"These are deep waters. Who was this fiend in human shape?"

"All I know is that he belongs to the Drones Club, which to my lasting regret is situated immediately opposite the Demosthenes. I was standing outside the Demosthenes, waiting for a cab, when something suddenly struck my hat a violent blow, lifting it from my head. I looked down, and saw a Brazil nut. It had obviously been thrown from the room on the ground floor of the Drones Club, for when I looked up the window was full of grinning faces." Sir Raymond started. A thought had occurred to him. "Frederick!"

"Hullo?"

"Frederick, I invited you to lunch with me at the Demosthenes today. You declined because you had a previous engagement at the Drones Club."

"Yes."

"Did you take your after-luncheon coffee in the smoking room?"

"I did."

"Then you must have seen everything that occurred and can identify the individual responsible for the outrage."

It was plain that Lord Ickenham was impressed by this remorseless reasoning. He stood musing for a space in silence, a frown of concentration on his brow.

"Difficult always to reconstruct a scene," he said at length, "but as I think back, I do dimly recall a sort of stir and movement at the window and a group of young fellows clustered about someone who had . . . yes, by Jove, he had a catapult in his hand."

"A catapult! Yes, yes, go on."

"He appeared to be aiming with it at some object across the street. Do you know, Beefy, I am strongly inclined to think that this object may have been your hat."

"Who was he?"

"He didn't give me his card."

"But you can describe his appearance."

"Let me try. I remember a singularly handsome, clean-cut face, but—no, the vision fades. Too bad."

"I'd give a hundred pounds to identify the fellow."

"With a view to instituting reprisals?"

"Exactly."

"Well, it's for you to decide, of course, but it's rather difficult to see what you can do. You can't write to the Times."

"Why not?"

"My dear fellow! It would be fatal. Jane was telling me the other day that you were going to stand for Parliament. Think of the effect of a letter to the Times. You know what the British voter is like. Let him learn that you have won the Derby or saved a golden-haired child from a burning building, and yours is the name he puts a cross against on his ballot paper; but tell him that somebody has knocked your topper off with a Brazil nut and his confidence in you is shaken. I don't defend this attitude, I merely say it exists."

It was Sir Raymond's turn to muse, and, having done so, he was forced to admit that there was truth in this. "Well," he said, "I do not intend to let the matter rest. I shall most certainly do something about it."

"But what? You might . . . no, that wouldn't do. Or . . . no, that wouldn't do, either. I confess I see no daylight. What a pity it is that you're not an author. Then you would be on velvet."

"I don't understand you. Why?"

"You could have got these views of yours on the younger generation off your chest in a novel. Something on the lines of Evelyn Waugh's Vile Bodies—witty, bitter, satirical and calculated to make the younger generation see itself as in a mirror and wish that Brazil nuts had never been invented. But in your case, of course, that is out of the question. You couldn't write a novel if you tried for a hundred years. Well, good-by, my dear fellow. Sorry I could not have been of more help."

He tripped away, and Sir Raymond was conscious of a mounting sense of indignation. He strongly resented that remark about his not being able to write a novel if he tried for a hundred years. Who was Ickenham to say whether he could write a novel or not?

Anything in the nature of a challenge had always been a spur to Sir Raymond Bastable. All through the rest of the day and far into the night he brooded smolderingly on Lord

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

kenham's tactless words, and rose from his d next morning with his mind made up.

Write a novel? Of course he could write a ovel, and he would.

But though his theme was ready to hand nd his rage continued unabated, there were oments in the weeks that followed when nly the iron Bastable will kept him from ving in and abandoning the project. How- er, came a day when Sir Raymond was able point at a mass of typescript on his desk, e top sheet of which was inscribed:

COCKTAIL TIME

BY

ANTHONY BLUNT

His whole soul had gone into Cocktail ime—a biting title with its sardonic implica- on that that was all the younger generation ved for—and he knew it was good. It was n infernal shame, he felt, that circumstances ompelled him to hide his identity under a seudonym.

As, of course, they did. A man who is oping for the Conservative nomination at ottleton East has to be cautious. You cannot xpect to get far on the road to Downing treet if you come up with something like orever Amber.

And he was forced to admit, as he skimmed hrough its pages, that in both tone and sub- ance Cocktail Time had much in common ith Miss Winsor's masterpiece. Sex had rept into it in rather large quantities, for, hile exposing the modern young man, he ad not spared the modern oung woman. Cocktail ime was unquestionably utspoken in one or two pots—particularly Chap. 3. A Raymond Bastable evealed as the man behind Chap. 13, and the some- hat less outspoken Chaps. 0, 16, 20, 22 and 24, could ever hope to receive the omination for the impend- ng parliamentary election at Bottleton East.

Nothing is so dangerous as being too modern. One is apt to grow old-fashioned quite suddenly.

OSCAR WILDE

Into the early vicissitudes of Sir Raymond's rain child it is not necessary to go in any reat detail, for it had much the same experi- nces as any other first novel. He sent it to ope and Potter, and it came back. He sent t to Simms and Shotter, and it came back; o Melville and Monks, and it came back. Why it should eventually have found jour- ey's end in the offices of Alfred Tomkins, td., one cannot say, but it did, and they ublished it, with a jacket featuring a young an with a monocle in his right eye doing the ock 'n' roll with a young woman in her tep-ins.

After that, as is customary on these occa- ions, nothing much happened. The Peebles ourier called it not unpromising, the Basing- toke Journal thought it not uninteresting, nd the Times Literary Supplement told its eaders that it was published by Alfred Tom- ins, Ltd., and contained 243 pp. Apart from hat, it received no critical attention.

But Fame was merely crouching for the spring. At two minutes past five one Tuesday fternoon the venerable Bishop of Stortford, ntering the room where his daughter Kathleen at, found her engrossed in a novel entitled Cocktail Time. Peeping over her shoulder, he was able to read a paragraph or two. She had got to the middle of Chap. 13. At 5:05 sharp he was wrenching the volume from her grasp, at 5:06 tottering from the room, at 5:10 in his study scrutinizing Chap. 13 to see if he had really seen what he thought he had seen.

He had.

At 12:15 on the following Sunday he was in the pulpit delivering a sermon on the text "He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled" (Ecclesiasticus 13:1). The burden of his address was a denunciation of the novel Cocktail Time, which he described as obscene, immoral, shocking, impure, corrupt, shameless, graceless and depraved.

It was not to be expected that such an event would pass unnoticed. The popular press did it proud, and there was joy that morning in the offices of Alfred Tomkins, Ltd. Full statistics are not to hand, but it is estimated by competent judges that a good bishop, denouncing from the pulpit with the right note in his voice, can add between ten and fifteen thousand to the sales.

Mr. Prestwick, the senior partner, read the Express, the Mail and the Mirror, and within five minutes of his arrival at the office was on the telephone to Ebenezer Flapton and Sons, printers, urging Ebenezer and the boys to drop everything and start rushing out a large new edition. Cocktail Time, which Alfred Tomkins, Ltd., had been looking on as just another of the stones the builder had refused, was plainly about to become the head stone of the corner.

But there was no corresponding joy in the heart of Sir Raymond Bastable as he paced the lawn of Hammer Lodge. In writing Cocktail Time, he had had a malevolent hope that he would be starting something, but he had never expected to start anything of these dimensions, and the thought that chilled him to the very spinal marrow was this: Would that pseudonym of his be an adequate safeguard?

If there is one thing the popular press of today is, it is nosy. It tracks down, it ferrets out. Anthony Blunt becomes front-page news, and it is not long before it is asking who is this Anthony Blunt? It wants photographs of him smoking a pipe or being kind to the dog and interviews with him telling the world what his favorite breakfast cereal is and what he thinks of the modern girl. It institutes inquiries and discovers that nobody has ever seen the gifted Blunt. At this very moment, Sir Raymond felt, a dozen reporters must be sniffing on his trail, and the contemplation of the appalling mess in which he had landed himself made him writhe like an Ouled Nail stomach dancer.

He was still busily writhing when the voice of Peasemarch, his butler, spoke softly at his side. Peasemarch always spoke softly when addressing Sir Raymond Bastable.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Raymond."

The author of Cocktail Time came slowly out of the uneasy dream in which he had been sustaining the role of the stag heated in the chase. "Eh?"

"It is madam, sir. I think you should come."

"Come? What do you mean?"

"To madam's room, sir. I am afraid she is not well. I was passing her door a moment ago, and I heard her sobbing," said Peasemarch.

A wave of exasperation and self-pity flooded Sir Raymond's tortured soul. Phoebe, he was thinking, *would* start sobbing at a time like this. For an instant he was inclined to counter with a firm refusal to go within a mile of madam's room. Then kindlier feelings prevailed, or possibly it was just curiosity. He accompanied Peasemarch and found his sister sitting up in bed, dabbing at her eyes with something that looked as if it might have been at one time a pocket handkerchief.

Except that her ears did not stick up and that she went about on two legs instead of four, Phoebe Wisdom was extraordinarily like a white rabbit, a resemblance heightened at the moment by the white dressing jacket she was wearing and the fact that weeping had made her nose and eyes pink. As Sir Raymond closed the door behind him, she uttered a loud, gurgling sob.

"What on earth's the matter?" he demanded.

Another sob shook the stricken woman. "Cossie!" said his sister.

"Oh, Cosmo? What about him?"

"He says he's going to shoot himself."

Sir Raymond was in favor of this. Cosmo Wisdom, the fruit of the unfortunate marriage Phoebe had made twenty-seven years ago, was a young man he disliked even more than he disliked most young men. Algernon Wisdom, Cosmo's father, during the greater part of his futile career had been what he euphemistically described as "between jobs," and

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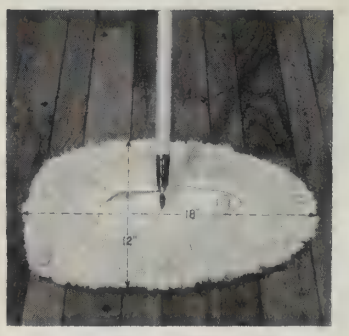
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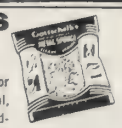
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Cosmo took after him. "We must do something about poor Cossie," were words frequently on his mother's lips, and Sir Raymond would say in the unpleasant voice which he used when addressing hostile witnesses that he had no desire to be unduly inquisitive, but would she mind telling him what precisely she meant by the pronoun "we"?

The most recent attempt on his part to do something about poor Cossie had been to secure him a post in the export-and-import firm of Boots and Brewer of St. Mary Axe.

"What has he been doing?" he asked. "Why have Boots and Brewer dismissed him? They have, I take it?"

"He doesn't say so. He just says he wants two hundred pounds."

"Don't give him a penny."

"He doesn't want a penny; he wants two hundred pounds."

"Let him want."

"But he'll shoot himself."

"Not a hope," said Sir Raymond, with a wistful little sigh as the bright picture the words had conjured up faded. "For heaven's sake, stop worrying. All that letter means is that he thinks he may get a tenner out of you."

"He says two hundred pounds."

"They always say two hundred pounds. Well, I can't stand here talking. I shall miss my train. Take an aspirin."

"What, dear?"

"Take an aspirin. Take two aspirins. Take three," said Sir Raymond vehemently, and whirled off like a tornado to the car which was waiting to convey him to the station.

Of the several appointments he had in London that day the first was lunch with Lord Ickenham at the Demosthenes Club. His guest was late, and to while away the time he went to the center table and picked up a paper. One glance at its front page, and he had dropped it as if it had bitten him, and was tottering to the nearest chair. It was not often that he indulged in alcoholic stimulant before lunch, but he felt compelled now to order a double dry martini.

He had just finished it when Lord Ickenham was shown in, all apologies. "My dear old Beefy, sorry I'm so late. I started walking in plenty of time, but I met Barbara in Bond Street."

"Who?"

"Barbara Crowe."

"Oh?"

"She asked after you. Affectionately, I thought."

"Oh?"

Lord Ickenham regarded him disapprovingly. "It's no good saying 'Oh?' in that tone of voice, Beefy, as if you didn't care. You know perfectly well that one word of encouragement from her, and you would be at her side, rolling over on your back with all your paws in the air."

"Well, really, Frederick!"

"I'm fond of you, Beefy, stuffed shirt though you have become after a promising youth and young manhood. I want to see you happy."

"Very good of you. Cocktail?"

"If you'll join me."

"I have had one."

"Have another."

"I think I will. Phoebe upset me this morning. Her son Cosmo appears to have been getting into trouble again. You know him?"

"Just sufficiently to duck down a side street when I see him coming."

"He is trying to borrow two hundred pounds."

"You don't say? Will he get it?"

"Not from me."

"Is Phoebe distressed?"

"Very."

"And I suppose you yelled at her. That's your great defect, Beefy. You bark and boom and bellow at people. Not at me, for my austere dignity restrains you, but at the world in general. Used you to bellow at Barbara?"

"Shall we change——"

"I'll bet you did, and it was that that made her break off the engagement. But, from the way she was speaking of you, I got the impression that your stock was still high with her. Why don't you look her up and take her out to lunch? And just to show her you're not such a fool as you look, tell her that you are the author of the best-selling novel, Cocktail Time. That'll impress her."

It is rarely that the smoking room of a club in the West End of London suddenly springs into spasmodic life, with its walls, windows, chairs, tables, its members and its waiters pirouetting as if Arthur Murray had taught them dancing in a hurry, but that was what the smoking room of the Demosthenes seemed to Sir Raymond Bastable to be doing now. It swayed and shimmied about him like something rehearsed for weeks by a choreographer.

"What—what do you mean?" he gulped.

Lord Ickenham, usually so genial, betrayed a little impatience. "Now come, Beefy. You aren't going to say you didn't? My dear fellow, to anyone who knows you as I do, it sticks out a mile. At least three scenes in the thing are almost literal transcriptions of stories you've told me yourself. You've used the Brazil-nut episode. And apart from the internal evidence, we have the statement of Jane."

"Jane?"

"She came to London one day on a shopping binge and thought it would be the half-sisterly thing to do to look you up, so she called at your house. You were out, but Peasemarch let her in and parked her in the study. After nosing about awhile, she started, as women will, to tidy your desk, and shoved away at the back of one of the drawers was a brown paper parcel from the publishing house of Simms and Shotter, dispatched by them to Anthony Blunt. She mentioned this to me on her return. So you may as well come clean, Beefy. You are this Blunt of whom we hear so much, are you not?"

No woman does her housework with real joy unless she is in love—and a woman may go on being quietly in love for fifty years almost without knowing it. D. H. LAWRENCE

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I don't see what you're groaning about."

"But, Frederick, suppose it comes out?"

"What does it matter if it comes out?"

"Good heavens, it would mean the end of any hope I have of a political career."

"Well, why do you want a political career? Have you ever been in the House of Commons and taken a good square look at the inmates? I wouldn't mix with them for any money you could offer me."

"Those are not my views. I have set my heart on getting that nomination for Bottleton East, Frederick. And there isn't a chance that they will give it to me if it's in all the papers that I wrote a book like Cocktail Time."

"Why should it be in all the papers?"

"These reporters. They find things out."

"Oh? Yes, I see."

Lord Ickenham was silent for some moments. From the frown of concentration on his forehead he appeared to be exercising that ingenious brain of his. "You must find some needy young fellow who for a consideration will consent to take the rap."

Sir Raymond sat up with a convulsive jerk, spilling his glass. For the first time since breakfast that morning he seemed to see dimly, like the lights of a public house shining through a London fog, a ray of hope.

"Don't you know any needy young fellows, Beefy? Why, of course you do. Your nephew, Cosmo. You say he wants two hundred pounds. Give it him, and tell him he can stick to all the royalties on the book, and the thing's in the bag."

Sir Raymond breathed deeply. "Frederick," he said, "you have solved everything. It's a wonderful idea. I don't know how to thank you —— Yes?"

A waiter had materialized at his side, one of the waiters who a short while before had been dancing the shimmy with the walls, the tables and the chairs.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Who is he?" Sir Raymond asked.

"A Mr. Cosmo Wisdom, sir."

"Beefy," said Lord Ickenham, raising his glass congratulatorially, "it's all over but the shouting. The hour has produced the man."

It was in uplifted mood and with buoyant step that Sir Raymond a few moments later entered the small smoking room, where visitors at the Demosthenes were deposited. He found his nephew huddled in a chair, nervously sucking the knob of his umbrella, and once again experienced the quick twinge of resentment which always came to him when they met. A social blot who was always having to have something done about him had, in his opinion, no right to be so beautifully dressed. Sir Raymond also objected to his beady eyes and his little black mustache.

"Good morning," he said.

"Oh—er—hullo," said Cosmo, standing on one leg.

"You wished to see me?"

"Er—yes," said Cosmo, standing on the other leg. "Er—uncle, I don't want to bother you, but I wonder if you could . . . if you could manage . . . if you could see your way to letting me have ——"

"What?" Sir Raymond adopted the second of the two manners that got him so disliked by witnesses in court, the heavily sarcastic. "Can it be that your visit has something to do with the letter I found your mother bedewing with her tears this morning? I gather that you need two hundred pounds."

Actually, Cosmo needed two hundred and fifty, but he could not bring himself to name the sum. And anyway, though his bookmaker, to whom he owed two hundred, must be paid immediately, his friend Gordon Carlisle, to whom he was in debt for the remainder, would surely be willing to wait for his money.

"Er—yes. You see ——"

Sir Raymond was now enjoying himself. "With the deepest respect," he said, "you are in error. I do not see. Boots and Brewer pay you a good salary, do they not?"

"I wouldn't call it good. I keep running short. If I don't get two hundred quid today, I don't know what I shall do. I'm half inclined to end it all."

"So your mother was telling me. An excellent idea, in my opinion, but she does not see eye to eye with me on that point. Two hundred pounds is a lot of money, but it is just possible that I might be able to manage it. What do you want it for?"

"I owe it to a bookie, and he—er—he's making himself rather unpleasant."

"I can readily imagine it. Bookies are apt to get cross on occasion. Well, I think I can help you out."

"Oh, uncle!"

"On certain conditions. Let us speak for a while of current literature. Have you read any good books lately, Cosmo? This novel Cocktail Time, for instance?"

"The thing there was all that in the Express about this morning? No, I haven't read it yet, but I'm going to. It sounds hot stuff. Nobody seems to know who wrote it."

"I wrote it."

This was so obviously a whimsical jest that Cosmo felt it only civil to smile. He did so, and was asked by his uncle not to grin like a half-witted ape.

"I wrote it, I repeat. I assume that you can understand words of one syllable. I wrote Cocktail Time. Is your weak mind able to grasp that?"

"Oh, rather. Oh, quite. But ——"

"But what?"

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"And so shall I, if it ever comes out."

"Is it as bad as all that?"

"It is not bad at all. It is not, however, the sort of book which a man in my position is expected to write. If those reporters find out that I did write it, my political career will be ruined."

"It's a bit near the knuckle, you mean?"

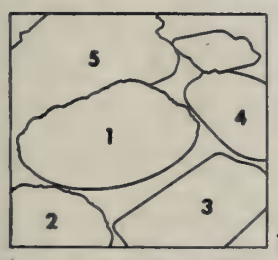
"Exactly."

Cosmo nodded intelligently. The thing was beginning to make sense to him. "I see."

"I suppose you would. Now, the thought that immediately flashes into your mind, of course, is that you are in a position on parting from me to hurry off and sell this information

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

Five Easter ways to



Brighten the plate with Ocean Spray

1. Deep-Glazed Ham. Have canned ham sliced *before* baking and fruit-glaze flavor seeps 'way in! While ham heats, glaze with ½ cup brown sugar and 1 can juicy Ocean Spray Whole Cranberry Sauce mixed together.

2. Quick Easter Ham. Pour 1 can of Ocean Spray Whole Cranberry Sauce between 2 thick slices of pre-cooked ham and over the top. Bake 30-40 minutes. Tangy Cranberry Sauce complements today's mild ham – tenderizes, too!

3. Funny-Bunny Salad. Happy surprise for children! Cut roll of velvety Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce in half lengthwise. Use 1 piece, curved side up, for the face. Cut other piece in half lengthwise, and arrange, curved sides down, to make ears. Add carrot eyes and nose and jaunty celery-strip whiskers. Tip ears with cream cheese.

4. Ham Roly-Polies. Wrap boiled ham around strips of Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce, brush with melted butter, and heat briefly under broiler. (Ocean Spray won't melt!)

5. Roast Turkey, Buffet Style. Slice cold roasted turkey right to the bone, but do not remove. Put out on buffet with *both* kinds of Ocean Spray, so guests can choose.



Cheery! Cranberry Juice Cocktail

Wake up with spirited Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail at breakfast. (No mixing, no shaking – just pour!) Peps you up at *any* hour of the day. At all supermarkets.



JELLIED OR WHOLE BERRY

Now in Canada, too.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

to the gutter press for what it will fetch. But it would be a shortsighted policy. You can do better for yourself than that. Announce that you are the author of Cocktail Time——"

"Eh?"

"I want you to give it out that it was you who wrote the book."

"But I never wrote anything in my life."

"Yes, you did. You wrote Cocktail Time. I think I can make it clear even to an intelligence like yours that our interests in this matter are identical. I regain my peace of mind, and you get your two hundred pounds."

"You'll really give it me?"

"I will. My contract calls for ten per cent of the published price, and after all this fuss in the papers I should imagine that the thing might sell—well, say ten thousand copies. I suppose it would work out at between six and seven hundred pounds."

Cosmo blinked as if something had struck him between the eyes. "And I get it?"

"You get it. Everything can be quite simply arranged. I would suggest a letter to each of the papers which have commented on the affair, hotly contesting the bishop's views, and revealing yourself as Anthony Blunt. If you will come to the writing room, I will draft something that will meet the case."

The announcement two days later that Cosmo Wisdom was the author of the novel Cocktail Time, now at the high tide of its notoriety, had, as might have been expected, a number of repercussions. It was, to name one of them, the work of an instant for J. P. Boots, of Boots and Brewer, on arriving at his office to summon the young man and inform him that his services, such as they were, would no longer be required.

Alfred Tomkins, Ltd., wrote him an affectionate letter telling him to come up and see them sometime, and an equally affectionate letter came from Edgar Saxby and Sons, recommending Cosmo to place his affairs in the capable hands of the Saxby organization (offices in London, New York and Hollywood), and this Cosmo, stirred by the Saxbys' almost lyrical eloquence on the subject of American, French, German, Italian, Swedish stage, film and television rights, decided to do.

Two little girls, Marlene Rackstraw, aged ten, and Lana Cootes (twelve), wrote asking for his autograph, saying that he had long been their favorite author and they had read all his books. He was invited to speak at the East Dulwich Debating Society. An anonymous donor sent him a tract. And Ivor Llewellyn, president of the Superba-Llewellyn Motion Picture Company, about to return to California after a visit to London, told his secretary to go out and buy a copy of the book for him to read on the plane.

Finally, Mrs. Gordon Carlisle, breakfasting in the sitting room of the flat which she shared with her husband, opened her morning paper, started and, lifting her attractive head, shouted, "Hey, Oily!"

"Yes, sweetie?"

"Cummere," said Mrs. Carlisle, and there entered from the bedroom a tall, slender, almost excessively gentlemanly man in a flowered dressing gown, who might have been the son of some noble house or a Latin-American professional dancer.

Actually, he was neither. He was a confidence-trick artist whose virtuosity won him considerable respect in the dubious circles in which he moved. American by birth and residence, he had brought his wife to Europe on a pleasure trip.

Gertrude ("Sweetie") Carlisle was a strapping young woman with bold hazel eyes and a determined chin. These eyes were now flashing. It was plain that what she had read had stirred her.

"Listen, Oily. Didn't you tell me you won fifty pounds from a guy named Cosmo Wisdom the other night?"

Mr. Carlisle nodded. "Yes, but he didn't pay me. Turned out to be one of these forty-dollar-a-week City clerks. They fool you by dressing like dukes."

"He was holding out on you. Read this."

"Read what?"

"This stuff in the paper about him having written this book they're all talking about. He's got oodles of money. It's a best seller."

Mr. Carlisle took the paper, scanned it and said, "Well, I'll be darned!"

"Where does he live?"

"Down Chelsea way. One of those side streets off the King's Road."

"Then have a bite of breakfast and go see him."

"I will."

It was getting on for lunchtime when he returned and there was nothing in his face to indicate whether his mission had had a happy ending or the reverse. The better to succeed in his chosen career, Oily Carlisle had trained his features to a uniform impassivity which often caused his wife annoyance.

"Well?" she said.

"Rustle me up an old-fashioned, will you, sweetie?" said Oily. "My tongue's hanging out."

Mrs. Carlisle rustled him up an old-fashioned, and having done so said "Well?" again. "Did you see him?"

"Yes, I saw him, and I said I'd been expecting to hear from him before this, because wasn't there a little matter of a hundred and fifty dollars or so he owed me?" Oily lit a cigarette and put his feet on the table. "He couldn't raise it, he said. 'Oh, no?' I said. 'How about this book of yours? The money must be pouring in like a tidal wave.'"

"What did he say to that?"

"Said it wasn't any such thing. These publishers pay up twice a year, and it would be months before he could touch. I said, 'Too bad. Sweetie will be vexed,' I said; 'she generally hits people over the head with a bottle.' And I told him about you and me and the vase."

"Oh, honey, we've forgotten all that."

"I haven't. Forgiven, yes. Forgotten, no. I can remember, just the same as if it had been yesterday, how it feels to get hit on the back of the head with a vase containing gladioli,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

the well-fed ✻ Bridegroom



STUART

Beef stroganoff: a hearty dish to keep a new husband happy.



MARK SHAW

✻

The Well-Fed Bridegroom is a cookbook written by Margaret Williams and published by Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York.

By MARGARET WILLIAMS

Aside from love, good food is the cornerstone of a happy household, and I feel that in the beginning of a marriage, with so many adjustments to make, there is very little time—and certainly not the experience—to plan and integrate meals.

Right at the start I must say something about economy: Buy the best you can within your budget; it is better to buy top-grade hamburger than a poor steak. Money spent on good food is well spent, not only in terms of satisfying the inner man, but also why waste time on the preparation of mediocre ingredients?

Effort, however, is an essential part of any dish; without it I firmly believe that good cooking cannot be achieved.

Love and care are ingredients as important as salt and pepper. After all, feeding the master of the house is one of your major jobs.

So take your time. Plan and prepare a good, round meal. Set it on the table, warm and colorful. Then sit down to enjoy it—with your husband.

You might try something like this:

Beef Stroganoff
Parsley Potato Balls
Tossed Salad
Marinated Bananas with Strawberries
Coffee

Try to get your butcher to cut the meat for this dish. It may be difficult for you to make him understand you want the little strips really thin, about ½″ wide and 3″ long, but try your best. Be sure he cuts the meat across the grain, otherwise it'll be tough. You want good lean beef for this, sirloin preferred.

FOR THIS MEAL YOU'LL NEED: 1 pound lean beef sirloin, 1 small can mushrooms or ¼ pound fresh, canned beef bouillon or bouillon cubes, 1 onion, 1 cup commercial sour cream, 3 medium potatoes, 1 head lettuce, 2 tomatoes, 2 bananas, 1 package frozen strawberries.

YOU SHOULD HAVE ON HAND: butter or margarine, flour, tomato paste, dry mustard, brown sugar, French dressing.

TO PREPARE THE MEAL:

1. Sprinkle the meat with a mixture of 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper and let it stand for about 2 hours.

2. Heat 2½ tablespoons butter in a pan and sauté the beef, covered, for about 12 minutes over high heat, stirring occasionally.

Slice ¼ pound fresh mushrooms (or 1 small can) and add to the beef; at the same time pour in ⅓ cup canned bouillon or stock made with bouillon cube. (See directions on container of cubes for use.) Cook this mixture about 10 minutes, until beef is tender.

Drain off almost all the liquid before you transfer the meat to a double boiler. Have the water in the under part simmering.

In another pan, heat 1½ tablespoons butter and cook 2 teaspoons minced onion in it until it just begins to change color.

Stir in 2 teaspoons flour, ⅔ cup sour cream, and 2 teaspoons tomato paste.

Blend this combination together and pour over the meat and mushrooms in the double boiler. Cook for 5 minutes more.

3. About 30 minutes before serving, wash 3 medium-sized potatoes and peel. With a ball scoop, make potato balls. Put potatoes on to cook in salted, boiling water. Cover the pan.

4. In a small skillet, warm 1 tablespoon butter. Add 2 tablespoons finely minced parsley. Roll cooked potatoes in parsley butter. Keep warm until ready to serve.

5. Wash 2 tomatoes well, core and cut into ½″ cubes. Prepare a small head of lettuce, tearing the leaves into medium-sized pieces. Lightly toss together the tomatoes and lettuce. Dress salad with French dressing.

6. Peel 2 bananas and quarter lengthwise. Squeeze over the bananas the juice of ½ orange to keep them from turning dark. About 1 hour before you are ready to use, set out 1 package frozen strawberries to thaw.

The bananas are for dessert. So serve the meal. Then, when you're ready for dessert, put the coffee on, and top the bananas with the partially thawed frozen strawberries.

I have deliberately avoided some of the more complicated techniques of the kitchen. I think you have enough to attend to without losing your disposition over a fallen soufflé or trying to plan an elaborate four-course dinner full of last-minute details.

Keeping calm and cool is not the least accomplishment of a cook—or a bride!

WIN YEAR'S SUPPLY OF GROCERIES

for naming your favorite

Fruit-Blended Oatmeal



WONDERFUL NEW TASTE! *Just add canned fruit to oatmeal during cooking*

Try pineapple, applesauce, or peaches for an exciting new taste in oatmeal. To enter contest, give a name to the Fruit-Blended Oatmeal you like best. Win free groceries!

FRUIT-BLENDED OATMEAL: Follow oatmeal recipe on package for 4 to 6 servings. During cooking, stir in 1 cup canned crushed pineapple, applesauce or sliced peaches. Serve with milk or cream.

EASY CONTEST RULES: Use entry blank shown, or one from your dealer or a postcard.

Entries will be judged on basis of originality, suitability and aptness. Decisions of judges final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. All entries must be your original work.

All entries become property of The Quaker Oats Company and may be used by it in any manner. None can be returned. Winners' entries, names and pictures may be used in advertising and promotions by The Quaker Oats Company. Prize winners will be notified by mail promptly upon completion of judging. Complete list of winners on file at The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, Illinois. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations. All persons in U.S., its territories and possessions may enter except employees of The Quaker Oats Company, its Advertising Agencies, the contest judges, and their families.

1160 chances to win in Quaker Oats' "FREE GROCERIES" CONTEST

10 GRAND PRIZES . . . . YEAR'S FREE GROCERIES (UP TO $1,500 WORTH)
Next 50 Winners. . . . . Month's Free Groceries (Up to $125 Worth)
Next 100 Winners . . . . . Week's Free Groceries (Up to $30 Worth)
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Just jot down a name—as simple as "Hawaiian Oatmeal Surprise" "Applesauce Delight"—"Peach Blossom Oatmeal."



Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are exactly the same

"FREE GROCERIES CONTEST" Box 5525, Chicago 77, Illinois

Name for my favorite Fruit-Blended Oatmeal is:

My name is ____
(Please print)

Address ____

City ____ *Zone* ____ *State* ____

All entries must be postmarked on or before Midnight, May 31 and received by June 14, 1958.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

and I described the symptoms to him. He turned greenish."

"And then?"

"Then he came clean and spilled the whole works. Said that he didn't write that book at all."

"And you believed him?"

"Sure I believed him, after I'd heard the rest of it. He said his uncle wrote it. His uncle's a guy called Sir Raymond Bastable. Big lawyer, going in for politics, and knew that if it came out that he had written this Cocktail Time thing, he'd be ruined."

"Why?"

"Seems in England you can't mix writing that sort of book with standing for Parliament. So he got our Mr. Wisdom to say he'd done it. Well, I said to myself, 'Here's where I touch the big money.'"

"I don't get it."

Oily smiled an indulgent smile. "Look, sweetie. Use your bean. You're this Bastable character. You write a book, and it's too hot to handle, so you get your nephew to take the rap, and the papers run a big story about it's him that wrote it. Well, what do you do when you get a letter from the nephew saying he's been thinking it over and his conscience won't let him go on with the rap, so he's going to tell the world it wasn't him who did it, it was you? Here's what you do—you pay up. And you get charged as much as the traffic will bear."

Mrs. Carlisle's eyes widened. "Will he write the letter?"

"He's done it. I've got it right here in my pocket. I said I'd mail it for him. Very enthusiastic he was. He said his uncle's got all the money in the world—you know what they pay these big lawyers—and there isn't a chance that he won't cough up prac'lly anything."

"Protection money."

"That's right, protection money. So I dictated the letter and brought it away with me. And I loaned him twenty more pounds. He said he wanted to celebrate. . . . Now what?" asked Oily, noting that a cloud had passed over the face of the moon of his delight.

"I was only feeling what a pity it is you'll have to split with him. You will, I guess?"

"That's what he guesses, too, but, ask me, he's guessing wrong. I'm taking the letter to Bastable after lunch—at a place called Dovetail Hammer—and I shall want the money right down on the counter. Of course it's just possible I may decide to give Wisdom his half, but I doubt it, sweetie, I doubt it very much."

The 3:26, Oily decided, was the train to take to Dovetail Hammer. It would give them time for lunch at the Ritz, and Gertie, all enthusiasm, begged him to lead her to it.

It was at about the moment when they were sipping their coffee that Lord Ickenham, who had been taking the midday meal with his nephew Pongo at the Drones, looked out the window at the Demosthenes across the way and heaved a sigh.

"Boo!" said Pongo.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Just trying to startle you. Said to be good for hiccups."

"It would take a lot more than that to scare an intrepid man like me. Anyway, that was not a hiccup, it was a sigh."

"Why were you sighing?"

"Because I felt a pang, occasioned by looking across the street at the Demosthenes Club. It brought my semi-brother-in-law, Beefy Bastable, to my mind. You have probably forgotten the incident, but about a year ago, seated in this window, I shot his topper off with a Brazil nut."

"Gosh!"

"Ah, I see you remember. Well, I had hoped that the experience would have proved a turning point in his life, making him a gentler, kinder Beefy, more patient with and tolerant of his sister Phoebe. I was too sanguine."

"Isn't he patient with and tolerant of his sister Phoebe?"

"Far from it. According to Peasemarch, his butler, with whom I correspond, his manner toward her is still modeled on that of Captain Bligh of the Bounty. Of course he could make out a case for himself, I suppose. Phoebe, poor lost soul, has a way of putting her head on one side like a canary and saying 'What, dear?' when spoken to which must be very annoying to a man accustomed to having one and all hang upon his lightest word. It is when she has done this some six or seven times that, according to Peasemarch, Beefy shoots up to the ceiling in a sheet of flame and starts setting about her regardless of her age and sex. Peasemarch says it wrings his heart to listen with his ear to the keyhole. You don't know Bert Peasemarch, do you?"

"No."

"Splendid chap. About as much brain as you could put comfortably into an aspirin bottle, but what are brains if the heart be of gold? I first met him when he was a steward on the White Star-Cunard. Later, he came into some property and settled down in a village near Ickenham. Then, if you remember, war broke out and I joined the Home Guard, and whom should I find standing shoulder to shoulder with me but Bert Peasemarch. We saw it through together. I grew to love Bert like a brother, and he grew to love me like a brother. I got him his job with Beefy."

"I thought you said he came into property."

"Quite a bit of it, I understand."

"Then why did he want to buttle?"

"Ennui, my dear boy, the ennui that always attacks all these fellows who retire in their prime. My Coggs coached him, and when Coggs said the time was ripe, I unloaded him on Beefy."

"How did he get on with him?"

"I think he found him something of a trial. But that was before Beefy moved to the country. You knew he had taken Johnny's Hammer Lodge, didn't you?"

"Yes; nice bit of luck for Johnny."

"And, let us hope, for Beefy also. Who knows that living in the country will not improve him out of all knowledge? The quiet rural life does have a wonderful effect on people. Take me. There are times, I admit, when being cooped up in Ickenham makes me feel like a caged skylark, though not of course looking like one, but there is no question that it has been the making of me. I attribute to it the fact that I have become the steady, sensible, perhaps rather stodgy man I am today."

"Well, I can't see it."

"See what?"

"All this about old Bastable becoming a different man. According to you, he still bites pieces out of his sister."

"Give him time. I think Beefy will improve. If Barbara Crowe hadn't returned him to store, he would already have become a reformed character."

"I doubt it."

"I don't. I am convinced that, married to her, he would today be the lovable Beefy of thirty years ago. When you get to my age, my dear Pongo, you will realize that what's wrong with the world is that there are far too many sundered hearts in it. That's why I'm worried about Johnny."

"Doesn't he like being married?"

"He isn't married. That's the whole trouble. He's been engaged to Bunny Farringdon for more than a year, but not a move on his part to set those wedding bells ringing out in the little village church. She speaks to him of buying two of everything for her trousseau and begs him to let her have the green light, but all she gets is a 'some other time.'"

"Tell me more about this. Isn't she getting fed up?"

"Distinctly so. I was having lunch with her yesterday, and the impression I received was that she was becoming as mad as a wet hen. Any day now I expect to see in the Times an announcement that the wedding arranged between Jonathan Twistleton Pearce, of Hammer Hall, Dovetail Hammer, Berks, and Belinda Farringdon, of Plunkett Mews, Onslow Square, South Kensington, will not take place."

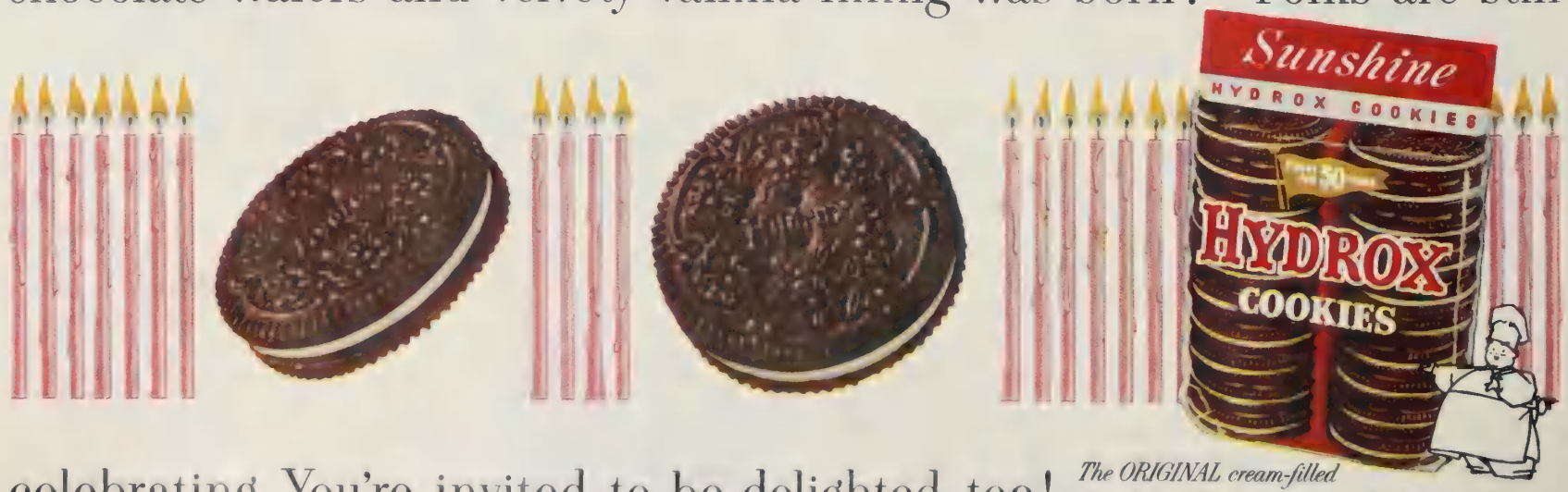
"What do you think's at the bottom of it? Money? Johnny's pretty hard up, of course."

"Not too well fixed, I agree. The cross he has to bear is that Hammer Hall is one of

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chocolate wafers and velvety vanilla filling was born! Folks are still



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The ORIGINAL cream-filled chocolate cookie. for fifty years the finest made!

those betwixt-and-between stately homes of England, so large that it costs a lot to keep up but not large enough to lure the populace into packing sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs and coming to inspect it at half a crown a head. Still, what with running it as a guest-house and writing those suspense novels of his, he should be in a position to get married. Especially now that he is getting quite a satisfactory rent from Beefy for the lodge. I don't think money is the trouble."

Pongo drew thoughtfully at his cigarette. "I don't often get together with Johnny these days," he said. "It just struck me that the reason he's jibbing at jumping off the dock might be that he's met someone else down at Dovetail Hammer."

"Do you know Dovetail Hammer?"

"Never been there."

"I thought you hadn't. It isn't a place where you meet someone else. There's the vicar's daughter, who is engaged to the curate, and the doctor's daughter, betrothed to a chap who's planting coffee in Kenya, and that, except for Phoebe and Johnny's old nurse, Nannie Bruce, exhausts the female population. It's not possible for his heart to have strayed."

"Well, something must have happened. You'd better talk to him."

"I intend to, like a Dutch godfather. And now, Pongo, stand out of my way, or I'll roll over you like a juggernaut. If I miss that train, there isn't another till five-forty."

Unless your destination is within comfortable walking distance, the thing to do on alighting from the train at Dovetail Hammer is to nip out quick and make sure of getting

Time deals gently with those who take it gently. ANATOLE FRANCE

the station cab. (There is only one—Arthur Popworth, propr.)

Lord Ickenham, who had been there before and knew the ropes, did this. He had just bespoken Mr. Popworth's services and was about to enter the vehicle when there emerged from the station a gentlemanly figure crying, "Hey, taxi!" Oily Carlisle had lingered on the platform, seeking information as to where Sir Raymond Bastable was to be found.

Lord Ickenham, always the soul of consideration, did not particularly like Oily's looks, but he was humane. "If you are going my way, sir," he said, "I shall be delighted to give you a lift."

"Awfully kind of you, sir," said Oily in the Oxford accent which he had been at some pains to cultivate for professional purposes. "I want a place called Hammer Hall."

"My own objective," Lord Ickenham told him. "Are you staying there?"

"No, just run down to see a man on business. Hammer Lodge, the porter said the name of his house was, and it's somewhere near the hall."

"Just before you get there. I'll drop you."

"Frightfully kind of you."

"Not at all, not at all. It all comes under the head of spreading sweetness and light."

A feeling of irritation began to grip Oily. He found his companion's manner frivolous. In his vest pocket there nestled a ring made of what looked like gold, in which was set a large red stone that looked like a ruby. It seemed the moment to produce it.

Oily Carlisle had not always been a man at the top of his profession, selling stock in nonexistent copper mines. He had started at the bottom of the ladder as the genial young fellow who had found a ruby ring in the street and was anxious to sell it, and a touch of sentiment led him to carry on his person always this symbol of his beginnings.

Fingering it now, he said, "Take a look at this."

Lord Ickenham did so, and felt a pleasurable glow stealing over him. His, in the years before he had succeeded to the title and was an impecunious younger son, had been a varied and interesting career. To meet once again an optimist who—unless he was sadly wronging this sleek and shiny fellow traveler—hoped to sell him a ruby ring he had found in the street carried him back to those good old days.

"My word!" he said admiringly. "That looks valuable. How much did you give for that?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Oily. "It's rather an odd story. You're not a lawyer, by any chance, are you, sir?"

Lord Ickenham said he was not.

"Why I asked was, I was walking along Piccadilly this morning, and saw this lying on the sidewalk, and I thought you might be able to tell me if findings are keepings in a case like that."

"Speaking as a layman, I should say most certainly."

"You really think so?"

"I do indeed. You want to sell it, I suppose?"

"If it's not against the law. I wouldn't want to do anything that wasn't right."

"Of course not," Lord Ickenham said. "Naturally. About how much were you thinking of charging?"

Oily, too, had now begun to feel a pleasurable glow. "That's where I can't seem to make up my mind," he said. "If it's genuine, I suppose it's worth a hundred pounds or so, but how's one to tell?"

"Oh, I'm sure it's genuine. Look at that ruby. Very red. I think you would be perfectly justified in asking fifty pounds for this ring."

"You do?"

"Fully that."

"Would you buy it for fifty pounds?"

"Like a shot."

"Then ——"

"But," proceeded Lord Ickenham, "for the fact that as a purchaser of ruby rings from chance-met strangers I am unfortunately situated. Some time ago my wife decided to take



Cherries, bananas, pecans, syrup — Riced lime Jell-O® gelatin dessert — Peppermint-chip whipped cream — Pineapple-mint

Light as a bubble...and bubbling over with dessert ideas!

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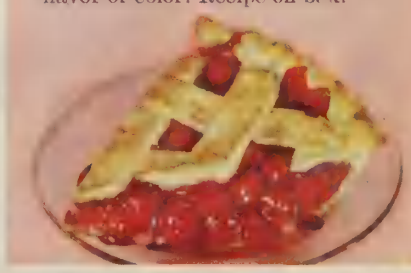
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over the family finances and administer them herself, leaving me just that little bit of spending money which a man requires for tobacco, golf balls and so on. So I have to watch the pennies. My limit is a shilling. If you would care to settle for that, you have found a customer. Or, as this warm friendship has sprung up between us, shall we say eighteen pence?"

Oily was too much the gentleman to use bad language, but the look he gave his companion was not at all the sort of look he ought to have directed at anyone with whom he had formed a warm friendship.

"You make me sick," he said, speaking the words with no trace of an Oxford accent.

It was in jovial mood that some moments later, having dropped the stowaway outside Hammer Lodge, Lord Ickenham stepped from the station cab at the door of Hammer Hall.

The ordinary visitor to the ancestral home of the Pearces stands on the top step and presses the bell and, when nothing happens, presses it again, but these formalities are not for godfathers. Lord Ickenham walked right in, noting as he passed through the spacious entrance hall how clean, though shabby, everything was. Nannie Bruce's work, he presumed.

Like so many country mansions, Hammer Hall showed unmistakable signs of having seen better days. There were gaps on the walls where tapestries had hung, hiatuses along the floor where chests and tables were missing.

Lord Ickenham sighed and made his way to the room down the passage where Johnny Pearce, when not interrupted by Nannie Bruce, wrote those suspense novels which helped, though not very much, to keep Hammer Hall's head above water.

It was apparent that she had interrupted him now, for the first thing Lord Ickenham heard as he opened the door was her voice, speaking coldly and sternly: "I've no patience, Master Jonathan. . . . Oh, good evening, your lordship."

Nannie Bruce, a tall, gangling light heavyweight with a suggestion in her appearance of a private in the Grenadiers dressed up to play the title role in Charley's Aunt, was one of those doggedly faithful retainers who adhere to almost all old families.

"You are in your old room, your lordship," she said. "I'll be going and seeing to it. So I'll be glad if you would kindly speak to her, Master Jonathan."

"She does her best, Nannie."

"And a poor best it is!" said Miss Bruce.

The door closed behind her, and Johnny Pearce, a personable young man with a pleasant but worried face, sat jabbing moodily with his pen at the sheet of paper on which he had been writing. Lord Ickenham eyed him with concern.

"What was all that?" he asked.

"The same old thing. Another row with the cook."

"She has them frequently?"

"All the time. Cooks never stay here more than about five minutes. They can't stand Nannie."

"She is a bit testing, I suppose, though a useful person to have around. However, it is not of Nannie and cooks that I wish to speak," said Lord Ickenham. "I saw Bunny yesterday."

"Oh, did you?"

"Gave her lunch. Smoked salmon, *poulet en casserole* and a fruit salad. She toyed with them in the order named. In fact, the word 'toyed' overstates it. She pushed her plate away untasted."

"Isn't she well?"

"Physically yes, but spiritually considerably below par. Why don't you marry the girl, Johnny?"

"I can't!"

"Of course you can. Better men than you have got married. Myself for one. Nor have I ever regretted it."

"You don't understand. I'm in a jam."

Johnny Pearce quivered as he spoke, and passed a feverish pen over his brow. The sternness of Lord Ickenham's demeanor softened a little.

"Tell me the whole story," he said. "Why can't you get married? You haven't got some incurable disease, have you?"

"That's just it. I have."

"Good heavens! What?"

"Nannie Bruce."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Have you ever had a faithful old nurse who stuck to you like a limpet?"

"Never. My personal attendants generally left at the end of the first month, glad to see the last of me. But what have faithful old nurses got to do with it? I don't follow you."

"It's perfectly simple. Nannie Bruce has been here for twenty-five years—nearer twenty-seven—and she runs the place. Do you suppose that, if I get married, she's going to step meekly down and hand over to my wife? Not a hope."

"Nonsense."

"It isn't nonsense. You saw her in action just now. A perfectly good cook melting away like snow on a mountainside, and why? Because Nannie will insist on butting in all the time and criticizing. And it would be the same with Bunny. Is she going to enjoy being interfered with and ordered around, treated

I SHALL COME TO YOU

By BARBARA SHOOK

I shall come to you, my love,
When April is a mist
Free and morning-kissed.
When loving is as strong
And here as children's song.

I shall come on sandals
Slim as blades of grass,
Delicate as glass,
Light as your breath upon my brow,
When always becomes now.

as a sort of half-witted underling? And her sniff. You know the way she sniffs."

"Bunny?"

"Nannie."

"Oh, Nannie. Yes, she does sniff."

"And that hissing noise she makes, like a wet thumb drawn across the top of a hot stove. It would drive a young bride potty. I know, you're going to say why don't I get rid of her?"

"Exactly," said Lord Ickenham, who was.

"How can I? I can't throw her out on her ear."

"But couldn't you pension her off? Surely she would not want a fortune. A couple of quid or so a week ——"

"I know exactly what she wants. Three hundred pounds. Cash down."

"It seems unusual. I should have thought a weekly dole ——"

A sort of frozen calm descended on Johnny Pearce, the calm of despair. "I did offer her a weekly dole."

"And she refused?"

"No, she accepted. That was when I felt justified in proposing to Bunny. I ought to have told you, by the way, that she's engaged to the policeman."

"Bunny?"

"Nannie."

"Oh, Nannie. What policeman would that be?"

"The one in the village. There's only one. His name's McMurdo. McMurdo won a football pool last winter. Three hundred pounds."

"And why was that a disaster?" asked Lord Ickenham. "I could do with winning a football pool myself. Wasn't Nannie pleased?"

"No, she wasn't. Her pride was touched, and she said she wasn't going to marry any man who had three hundred quid salted away unless she had the same amount herself. She said her Aunt Emily had no money and married a man with a goodish bit of it and he treated her like an orphan child. None of that for her, Nannie said."

"But, dash it, my dear Johnny, the two cases are entirely different. Nannie, with a weekly income, wouldn't be in her position at all. Didn't you point that out?"

"Of course I did, a hundred times, but do you think it's possible to make Nannie see reason, once her mind's made up? Either she had three hundred pounds, or all bets were off. And that's how matters stand today," said Johnny.

"And you have no means of raising that three hundred? How about the furniture?"

"I've come to the end of the things I'm allowed to sell. All the rest are heirlooms, except the fake walnut cabinet, of course, Great-Uncle Rupert's gift to Hammer Hall."

"That eyesore!"

"I can sell that without getting slapped into gaol. I'm putting it up for auction soon. It might fetch a tenner."

"From somebody astigmatic."

"And even a tenner's worth having these days. But, as you are about to point out, that would still leave me two hundred and ninety short. Have you ever robbed a bank, Uncle Fred?"

"Not that I can recall. Why?"

"I was just thinking that that might be the simplest way out. But, with my luck, if I bust the Bank of England, I'd find they hadn't got three hundred quid in the safe. Now, if you don't mind buzzing off and leaving me, I'll be getting back to Inspector Jervis."

"Yes, it's time that I was moving. The big chief said I was on no account to fail to pay my respects to Beefy Bastable. I shall be back in an hour or so and shall then be wholly at your disposal."

With a wave of the hand, Lord Ickenham tilted his hat slightly to one side and set off across the park to Hammer Lodge.

There was a thoughtful frown on Lord Ickenham's brow and a pensive look in his eye as he skirted the lake, on the other side of which Hammer Lodge lay.

He was concerned about Johnny. He was not on intimate terms with Nannie Bruce, but he was sufficiently acquainted with her personality to recognize the impossibility, once her mind was made up, of persuading her to change it. If Nannie Bruce wanted three hundred pounds cash down, she would get three hundred pounds cash down, or no wedding bells for Officer McMurdo. And as Johnny did not possess three hundred pounds, the situation had all the earmarks of an impasse. It is not too much to say that, though his hat was on the side of his head and his walk as jaunty as ever, Lord Ickenham, as he rang the front doorbell of Hammer Lodge and was admitted by his friend Albert Peasemarch, was mourning in spirit.

Butlers come in three sizes—the large, the small and the medium. Albert Peasemarch was one of the smalls. Short and somewhat overweight for his height, he had a round, moonlike face, in which were set, like currants in a suet dumpling, two brown eyes. A captious critic would have commented on the entire absence from these eyes of anything like a gleam of human intelligence; but to anyone noncaptious this would have been amply compensated for by their kindliness and honesty. His face, usually disciplined to a professional impassivity, melted into a smile of welcome as he recognized the visitor.

"Oh, good evening, m'lord."

"Hullo, Bert. You're looking very roguish. Is the old folk at home?"

"Sir Raymond is in his study, m'lord, but a gentleman is with him at the moment—a Mr. Carlisle."

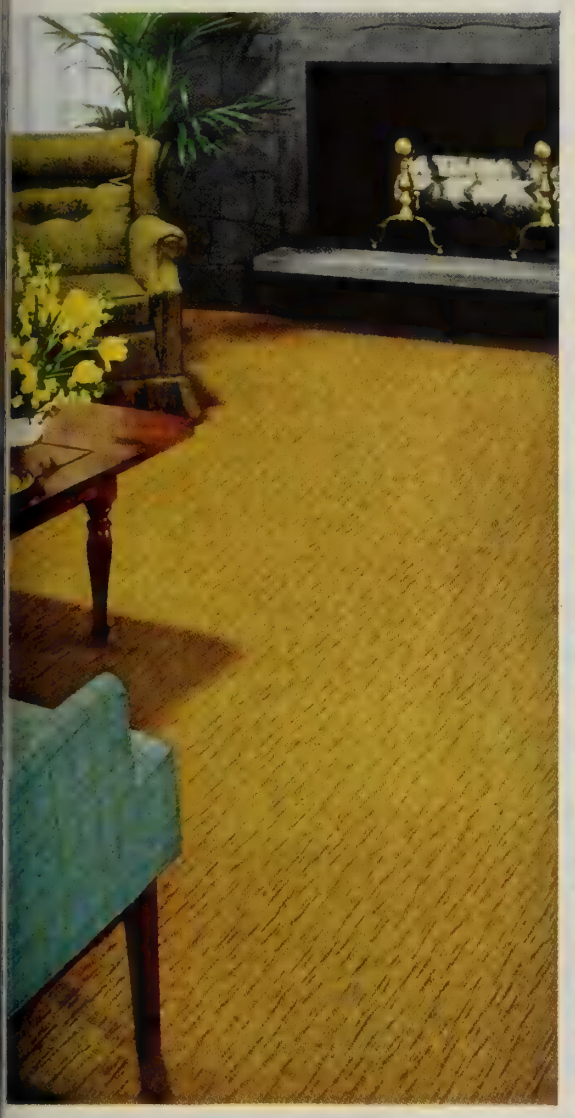
"I know the chap you mean. He's probably trying to sell him a ruby ring. Well, if the big shot is tied up in conference, we've time for a spot of port in your pantry, and very agreeable it will be after a hot and dirty journey. You haven't run short of port?"

"Oh, no, m'lord. If you will step this way, m'lord."

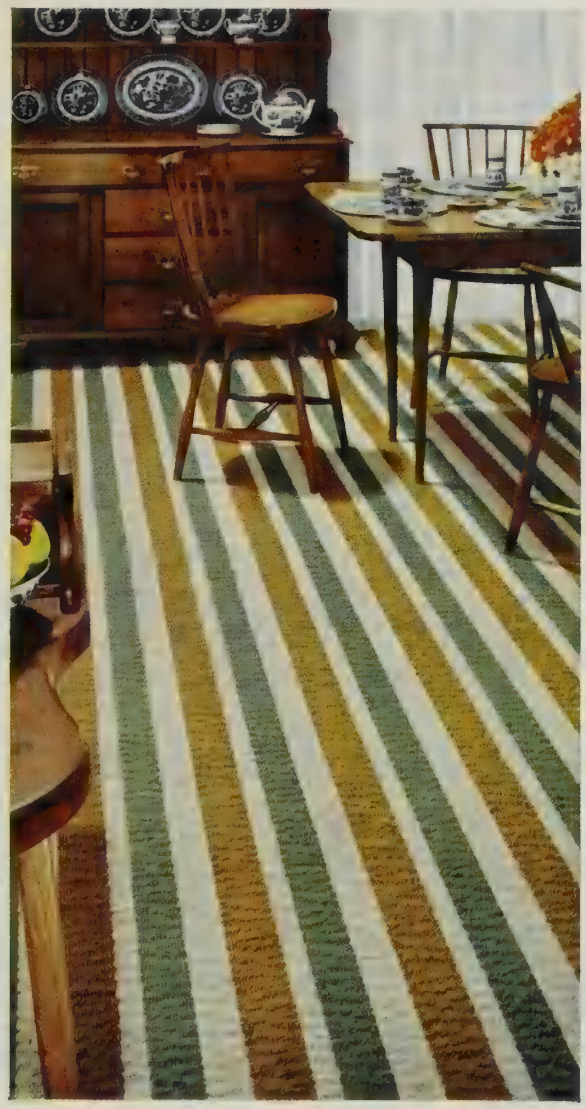
"This," said Lord Ickenham some moments later, "is the real stuff." He lowered his glass. "Listen, Bert. This 'm'lord' stuff. I've been

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

meaning to speak to you about it. I'm a lord, yes, no argument about that, but you don't have to keep rubbing it in all the time. We know what lords are. Anachronistic parasites on the body of the state is the kindest thing you can say of them. Well, a sensitive man doesn't like to be reminded every half second that he is one of the untouchables, liable at any moment to be strung up on a lamppost or to have his blood flowing in streams down Park Lane. Couldn't you substitute something matier and less wounding to my feelings?"

"I could hardly call your lordship 'Ickenham.'"

"I was thinking of 'Freddie.'"

"Oh, no, m'lord."

"Then how about 'old man'?"

"Certainly not, m'lord. If your lordship would not object to 'Mr. I.'?"

"The ideal solution. Well, Bert, how are things in the home now? Not much improvement, I gather from your letters. Our mutual friend still a little terse with the flesh and blood, eh?"

"It is not for me to criticize Sir Raymond."

"Don't come the heavy butler over me, Bert. You may speak freely."

"Then I must say that I consider that he treats madam very badly indeed."

"Bellows at her?"

"Almost daily, Mr. I. More so now than ever. Madam is distressed because Mr. Cosmo has written this book there is so much talk about. She disapproves of its moral tone. This makes her cry a good deal."

"And he ticks her off?"

"Most violently. I sometimes feel I can't bear it any longer."

"Why don't you hand in your portfolio?"

"And leave her? I couldn't."

Lord Ickenham looked at him keenly. "Hullo!" he said. "What's this?"

Albert Peasemarch remained for a moment in the process of what is commonly known as struggling for utterance. Finding speech at length, he said in a low, hoarse voice, "I lov her, Mr. I."

It always took a great deal to surprise Lor Ickenham. Whereas another man, hearing th cry from the heart, might have leaped in h chair and upset his glass of port, he merel directed at the speaker a look full of sym pathy and understanding. His personal feelin that loving Phoebe Wisdom was a thing b yond the scope of the most determined Rome he concealed.

"My poor old Bert," he said, "tell me a When did you feel this coming on?"

A dreamy look came into Albert Peas march's eye. "It was our rheumatism that fir brought us together," he said.

Lord Ickenham cocked an inquiring eye brow. "I'm not sure I quite got that. Rheu matism, did you say?"

"Madam suffers from it in the left shoulde and I have it in the right leg, and we fell int the habit of discussing it. Every mornin madam would say, 'And how is your rheu matism, Peasemarch?' and I would tell he and I would say, 'How is *your* rheumatism madam?' and she would tell *me*. And so went on."

"I see. Naturally if you tell a woman da after day about the funny burning feeling your right leg, and she tells you about th curious shooting sensation in her left shou der, it forms a bond."

"And then last winter ——"

"Yes?"

A reverent note crept into Albert Peas march's voice. "Last winter I had influenz Madam nursed me throughout my illness."

No one is exempt from talking nonsense; the misfortune is to do it solemnly. MONTAIGNE

"Smoothed your pillow? Brought you coo ing drinks?"

"And read Agatha Christie to me. As something came right over me, Mr. I., and knew that it was love."

Lord Ickenham was silent for some m ments, sipping his port. His heart went out Albert Peasemarch. Dashed unpleasant must be, he was feeling, for a butler to fall love with the chatelaine of the establishmen Having to say "Yes, madam," "Very goo madam," "The carriage waits, madam" an all that sort of thing, when every fiber of h being was urging him to tell her that she w the tree on which the fruit of his life hung an that for her sake he would pluck the sta from the sky.

"Taken any steps about it?" he asked.

"Oh, no, m'lord—I mean Mr. I. It would be proper."

"This is no time to mess about, bei proper," said Lord Ickenham bluffly. "Ca get anywhere if you don't take steps."

"What do you advise, Mr. I.?"

"That's more the tone. I don't suppo there's a man alive better equipped to adv you than I am. I'm a specialist at this sort thing. In your case, the relationship betwe you and the adored object being somewh unusual, one will have to go rather careful The Ickenham method, for instance, mig seem a little abrupt."

"The Ickenham method, Mr. I.?"

"I call it that. Just giving you the bi outlines, you stride up to the subject, gr her by the wrist, clasp her to your bosom an shower burning kisses on her upturned fa You don't have to say much—just 'My mat or something of that sort—and, of course, grabbing by the wrist, don't behave as if y were handling a delicate piece of china. G firmly and waggle her about a bit. It seldo fails, but in your case, as I say, it might better to edge into the thing more gradual I think that as a starter you should bring h flowers every day, wet with the morning de And when I say 'bring,' I don't mean ha them over as if you were delivering a par from the stores. Put them secretly in her roo No message. An anonymous gift from a m

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★ ★ ★

REFERENCE: "Competition and Trading Stamps in Retailing." Dr. Eugene R. Beem, School of Business Administration, University of California.

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ous worshiper. Wait!" said Lord Ickenham. hought had come like a full-blown rose, hing his brow. "Isn't there a language of vers? I'm sure I've read about it some- ere. I mean, you send a girl nasturtiums or elias or whatever it may be, and it signifies ere is one who adores you respectfully n afar,' or 'Watch out, here comes Albert!' something. You've heard of that?"

Oh, yes, indeed. There are books on the ject."

Get one, and make of it a constant com- ion." Lord Ickenham mused for a mo- nt. "Is there anything else? Ah, yes. The . Has she a dog?"

A cocker spaniel, Mr. I., called Benjy."

Conciliate that dog, Bert. There is no r way to a woman's heart than to get in d with her dog."

He broke off. Through the window of the try he had seen a gentlemanly figure pass by. The boss' conference has concluded," he l, rising. "I'd better go and pass the time day. You won't forget, Bert? An atmos- re of the utmost cordiality where the dog jy is concerned, and the daily gift of vers."

Yes, Mr. I."

It's bound to work," said Lord Ickenham, t went along the passage to the study re, he presumed, Sir Raymond Bastable uld still be—gloating, possibly, over the y ring he had purchased.

He was right about Sir Raymond's being in study, but wrong about the ruby ring. His f brother-in-law was sitting huddled in a ir with his head between his hands, and outward appearance mirrored perfectly emotions within. At about three-fifteen on November afternoon at Oxford, when the versity Rugby-football team was playing rdiff, a Welshman with a head constructed parently of ivory had once butted Sir Ray- nd Bastable in the solar plexus, giving him illusion that the world had suddenly come an end and Judgment Day set in with usual severity. It had happened thirty years , but the episode had never faded from his memory, and until this evening he had always looked on it as the high spot of his life.

Some five minutes previously, when Oily Carlisle, producing Cosmo Wisdom's letter, had revealed its contents and gone off to give him, as he explained, time to think it over, it had been eclipsed.

Lord Ickenham came into the room, concern in every hair of his raised eyebrows. "Beefy!" he cried. "My dear old bird, what on earth's the matter? You look like a devastated area."

It took Sir Raymond some little time to tell him what the matter was, for he had much to say on the subject of the blackhearted villainy of his nephew Cosmo and also a number of pungent remarks to make about Oily Carlisle. As he concluded the recital of their skulduggery, his audience, which he had held spellbound, clicked its tongue.

"We should have foreseen this," he said. "We should have told ourselves that it was madness to place our confidence in anyone like young Cosmo, a twister compared with whom corkscrews are straight and spiral staircases the shortest line between two points."

Sir Raymond's reply was somewhat muffled, for he was having trouble with his vocal cords, but Lord Ickenham understood him to say that it was all his, Lord Ickenham's, fault.

"You suggested him."

"Surely not? Yes, by Jove, you're right. I was sitting here, you were sitting there, lapping up martinis like a vacuum cleaner, and I said —— Yes, it all comes back to me. I'm sorry."

"What's the use of that?"

"Remorse is always useful, Beefy. It stimulates the brain. It has set mine working like a buzz saw. You say this fellow is coming back?"

"Of course he's coming back."

"Through those French windows, no doubt. He would hardly ring the front doorbell and have himself announced again. All right, Beefy, receive him courteously and keep him engaged in conversation till I am with you again."

"Where are you going?"

"Never mind. When the fields are white with daisies, I'll return," said Lord Ickenham, and withdrew through the door a minute or so before Oily Carlisle came in through the French windows.

It could scarcely be said that Sir Raymond received Mr. Carlisle courteously, unless it is courteous to glare at someone and call him a slimy blackmailer. What talk ensued was done by Oily, who was in excellent spirits. Cosmo's letter, nestling in his inside coat pocket, made a little crackling sound as he patted it, and it was music to his ears.

He had just outlined the tariff and was suggesting that if Sir Raymond would bring out his checkbook and take pen in hand, the whole thing could be cleaned up promptly and neatly, when the door opened, and Albert Peasemarch appeared.

"Inspector Jervis," he announced and, with an uneasy feeling in his interior, as if he had recently swallowed a heaping tablespoonful of butterflies, Oily recognized in the tall, slim figure that entered his fellow traveler from the station. And noting that his eyes, so genial in the cab, were now hard and his lips, once smiling, tight and set, he quailed visibly.

If Lord Ickenham's eyes were hard and his lips set, it was because that was how he saw the role he had undertaken.

"Sir Raymond Bastable?" he said. "Good evening, Sir Raymond, I am from the Yard."

And looked every inch of it, he was feeling complacently. He was a man who in his time had played many parts, and he took a pride in playing them right. It was his modest boast that there was nothing in existence, except possibly a circus dwarf, owing to his height, or Gina Lollabrigida, owing to her individual shape, he could not at any moment and without rehearsal depict with complete success.

Oily continued to quail. He had never been fond of inspectors. He did not like the way this one was looking at him, and when he spoke he liked what he said even less.

"Turn out your pockets," said Lord Ickenham curtly.

"Eh?"

"And don't say 'Eh?' I have been watching this man closely," said Lord Ickenham, turning to Sir Raymond, whose eyes were bulging like a snail's, "since I saw him on the station platform in London. His furtive behavior excited my suspicions. 'Picking pockets right and left, that chap,' I said to myself. And when I shared a cab with him to Hammer Hall and discovered on alighting that I was short a cigarette case, a tiepin, a packet of throat pastilles and a fountain pen, I knew that my suspicions had been well founded. Come on, my man, what are we waiting for?"

Oily was still gasping. "Are you saying I picked pockets? You're crazy. I wouldn't know how."

"Nonsense. It's perfectly simple. You just dip. It's no use pleading inability. Has the fellow been left alone in here?" he asked Sir Raymond, who blinked and said he had not.

"Ah? Then he will have had no opportunity of trousering any of your little knickknacks. But let us see what he has got."

"Yes," said Sir Raymond, at last abreast. He was always rather a slow thinker when not engaged in his profession. "Turn out your pockets, my man."

Oily wavered. If he had been calmer, it might have struck him that this was a most peculiar inspector. But he was greatly agitated. And perhaps, he was thinking, all English inspectors were like this. His acquaintance with Scotland Yard was a purely literary one, the fruit of his reading of the whodunits to which he was greatly addicted.

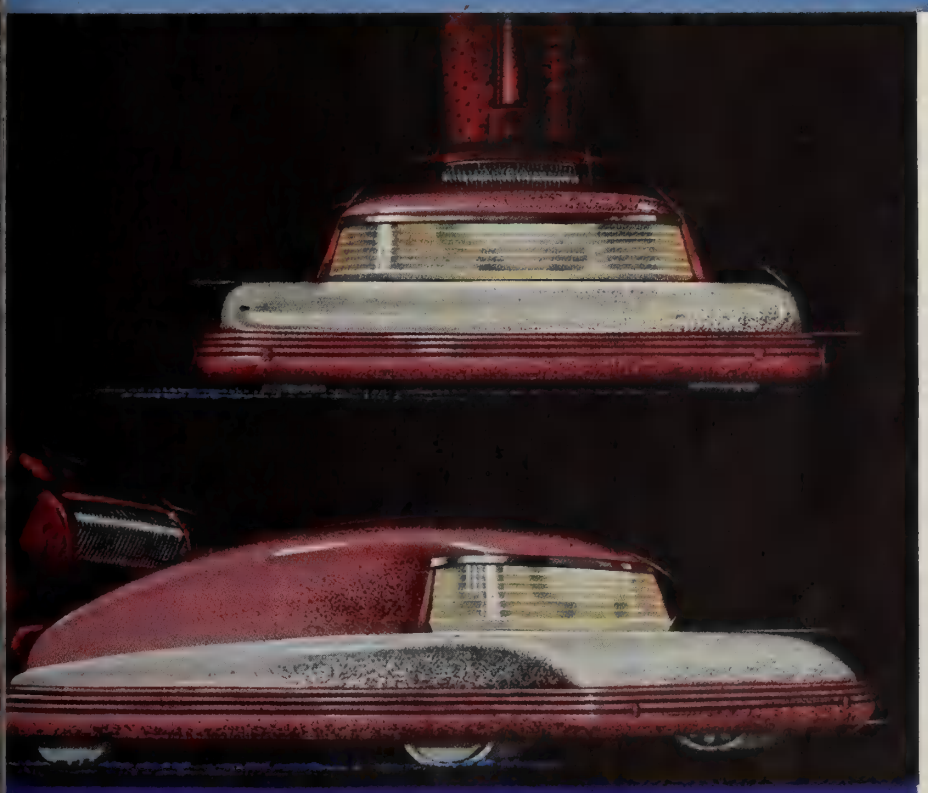
It was possibly the fact that Sir Raymond was between him and the window that decided him. Slowly, with a sigh, he emptied his pockets.

Lord Ickenham appeared surprised at the meagerness of their contents.

"He seems to have cached the swag somewhere, no doubt in a secret spot marked with a cross," he said. "But hullo! What's this? A letter addressed to you, Sir Raymond."

"You don't say."

The cleaner with the AUTOMATIC SHIFT



World's best rug cleaner ...plus super suction for every other cleaning job

The free-wheeling new Hoover Convertible launches a new era of high-speed cleaning. As a rug cleaner, it gets out all the dirt in true Hoover style. Then, one click of the converter and it automatically shifts into high for all other cleaning. So get behind the handle of the new Hoover Convertible —the cleaner with the Automatic Shift! As little as $1.50 a week buys this lifetime cleaner.

HOOVER FINE APPLIANCES
around the house, around the world



POWER GEAR for carpets

It beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans . . . gets the deep-down dirt no other cleaner can.

SHIFT...

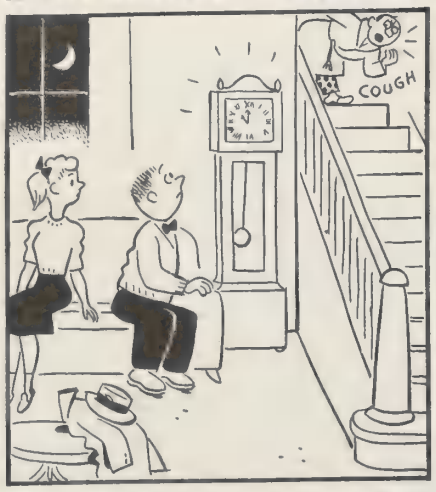
Click in the converter and the motor automatically shifts into high.

HIGH GEAR for everything else

The extra burst of power gives you 50% more suction.

NEW HOOVER® CONVERTIBLE









drugs, rugs, lumber, glass . . .
doors, floors, nurseries, brass?
whatever you need—
Find It Fast In The Yellow Pages
Advertisers displaying this emblem make your shopping easy

"Written, I should deduce from a superficial glance, by a man with a small black mustache."

"Well, well!"

"Just what I was going to say myself. Will you press a charge against this man for swiping it?"

"I think not."

"You don't want to see him in a dungeon with dripping walls, getting gnawed to the bone by rats? You string along with the Bard of Avon about the quality of mercy not being strained? Very well. It's up to you, of course. All right, Mr. Carlisle, you may go."

It was at this moment when everything appeared, as Oily would have put it, to have been cleaned up neatly that the door opened again and Mrs. Phoebe Wisdom pottered in, looking so like a white rabbit that the first impulse of any lover of animals would have been to offer her a lettuce.

"Raymond, dear," she said, "have you seen my pig?"

For the past half hour Sir Raymond Bastable had been under a considerable strain, and though relief at the success of his half brother-in-law's intervention had lessened this, he was still feeling its effects. Swaying a little on his base, he said in a low whisper, "Your pig?"

"The little gold pig from my charm bracelet. It has dropped off, and I can't find it anywhere. . . . Well, Frederick, how nice to see you. Peasemarch told me you were here. When did you arrive?"

"I came on the three-twenty-six train. I'm staying with my godson, Johnny Pearce, at the hall. You don't look too well, Phoebe. What's the trouble? Not enough yeast?"

"It's this book of Cossie's, Frederick. I can't imagine how he came to write such a book. A bishop denouncing it!"

"Bishops will be bishops."

Oily had been listening to these exchanges with growing bewilderment. From the first he had thought this inspector an odd inspector, but only now was it borne in on him how very odd he was.

"Say, who *is* this guy?" he demanded.

"Hasn't my brother introduced you?" said Phoebe. "He is my half sister's husband, Lord Ickenham. *You* haven't seen my pig, have you, Frederick?"

"Phoebe," thundered Sir Raymond, "get out!"

"What, dear?"

"Get out!"

"But I was going to look for my pig."

"Never mind your pig. Get *out*!" bellowed Sir Raymond.

Phoebe withdrew, sobbing softly, and Oily confronted Lord Ickenham. His face was stern, but there was a song in his heart. "So!" he said.

"So, what?" said Lord Ickenham.

"I'm afraid you're in a lot of trouble. Impersonating an officer is a serious offense."

"But, my dear fellow, when did I ever impersonate an officer? Wouldn't dream of doing such a thing."

"The butler announced you as Inspector Jervis."

"What the butler said is not evidence. Am I to be blamed because a butler tries to be funny? That was just a little private joke we have together."

"You said you were from the Yard."

"I referred to the yard outside the kitchen door. I was smoking a cigarette there."

"You made me turn out my pockets."

"*Made* you? I *asked* you to, and you very civilly did."

"Give me that letter."

"But it is addressed to Sir Raymond Bastable. It belongs to him."

"Yes," boomed Sir Raymond, intervening in the debate, "it belongs to me; and when you talk of serious offenses, let me remind you that interfering with the mails is one of them. Give me that letter, Frederick."

Lord Ickenham, who had been edging to the door, paused with his fingers on the handle. "No, Beefy," he said. "Not yet. You must earn this letter."

"What!"

"I can speak freely before Mr. Carlisle, for I could see from the way he winced that your manner toward your sister Phoebe just now distressed him. I, too, have long been wounded by your manner toward your sister. Correct this attitude. Turn on that brotherly charm. Coo to her like a cushat dove. If I learn from Albert Peasemarch that there has been a marked improvement, you shall have this letter. Meanwhile, I am going to keep it and hold it over you like the sword of—who was the chap?—no, it's gone. Forget my own name next," said Lord Ickenham, annoyed, and went out, shutting the door behind him.

A moment later it opened again, and his head appeared. "Damocles," he said. "Sword of Damocles."

The door closed.

On a sunny morning precisely two weeks after Lord Ickenham had adjusted the Sword of Damocles over the head of Sir Raymond Bastable, the door of Brixton prison in the suburbs of London was opened by a uniformed gentleman with a large key, and a young man in a navy-blue suit emerged. Cosmo Wisdom, his debt to society paid, was in circulation once more. He was thinner and paler than when last seen, and the first act of the authorities had been to remove his mustache.

The law of Great Britain is a smoothly functioning automatic machine, providing prison sentences to suit all tastes. You put your crime in the slot, and out comes the appropriate penalty: seven years, as it might be, for embezzling trust funds; six months for carving up a business competitor with a razor; and for being drunk and disorderly and while in that condition assaulting the police, four-

I never yet met a healthy person who worried very much about his health, or a really good person who worried much about his soul.

JOHN BURDON S. HALDANE

teen days without the option of a fine. Cosmo had drawn the last of these.

When Oily Carlisle in a moment of unwonted generosity had lent Cosmo twenty pounds, the latter, it may be remembered, had expressed his intention of celebrating. He had done so only too heartily. There was a sound of revelry by night and, one thing leading to another, in what seemed almost no time at all he was kicking Police Constable Styles of the C Division, whose manner when Cosmo was trying to steal his helmet had offended the former. Whistles blew, colleagues of the injured officer rallied to the spot, and presently stern-faced men were leading Cosmo off to the local hoosegow.

The first act of your ex-convict after graduating from the Alma Mater is to buy a packet of cigarettes, his second to purchase a morning paper, his third to get the substantial lunch of which he has been dreaming ever since he clocked in. Cosmo had decided to give his custom to Simpson's in the Strand. As he hastened thither, with the picture rising before him of those white-coated carvers wheeling around their massive joints, his mouth watered and a fanatic gleam came into his eyes, as if he had been a python which has just heard the dinner bell.

The paper he bought was the Daily Gazette, and he glanced at it in the intervals of shoveling nourishing food into himself like a stevedore loading a grain ship. Cocktail Time, he noted, had been dislodged from the front page, but it came into its own on Page 4 with the announcement that the book was about to appear in the Daily Gazette as a serial. "The sensational novel by Anthony Blunt," said the announcement, adding that this was the pseudonym of Cosmo Wisdom, a prominent young man about town who was the nephew of the well-known Queen's Counsel, Sir Raymond Bastable.

The roast beef, roly-poly pudding and Stilton cheese had done much to bring Cosmo into a cheerful frame of mind, and this manifesto completed the good work. For obviously, if in the eyes of the Daily Gazette he was still the author of Cocktail Time, it co only mean that his Uncle Raymond, read that letter, had prudently decided to pay price of secrecy and silence. No doubt, Cos felt, there was a communication to that ef waiting at his rooms in Budge Street.

So far, so good. But after he had b gloating happily for some little time over picture of Uncle Raymond at his desk, writ golden figures in his checkbook, the sunsh was suddenly blotted from his life. It occur to him to speculate on the possible activi of his friend Gordon Carlisle during his forced absence. Suppose his friend had ta that letter in person to Uncle Raymond, cash down for it and was already on his back to America, his pockets full of U Raymond's gold. It was fortunate for Cos that he had already consumed his roly-p pudding, for, had he not, it would have tur to ashes in his mouth.

But in envisaging Gordon Carlisle lean on the rail of an ocean liner, Cosmo allowed imagination to mislead him. Oily at this moment in the process of rising f a table on the opposite side of Chez Simp where he had been lunching with his v Gertie.

Cosmo's inexplicable disappearance tried Gordon Carlisle sorely. Scarcely minutes after leaving Hammer Lodge, astute brain had grasped what must be to stabilize the situation, but the scheme c not be put into operation without the as ance of Cosmo. Every day for the past weeks Oily had called at Budge Street, ho for news, and every day he had been away by a landlady who made no secret o fact that she was sick of the sight of him

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, when he heard a voice utter his name turning, found himself gazing into the fa the man he had sought so long, his h leaped up as if he had beheld a rainbo the sky.

"Carlisle!" cried Cosmo exuberantly. down, my dear old chap, sit down!"

His dear old chap sat down, but he di in a reserved and distant manner. The which he fixed on Cosmo was the eye man who intends to demand an explana

"Mrs. Carlisle," he said curtly, indica his companion. "This is the Wisdom sweetie."

"It is, is it?" said Gertie. She, too, see to bring a chill into the summer day. "W have you been all this time?"

It was an embarrassing question. "(er—away," said Cosmo evasively. "As a ter of fact, I've been in prison."

"What!"

"Yes. I went on a toot and kicked a po man, and they gave me fourteen days wit the option. I got out this morning."

A magical change came over the Carl They looked at him now with the sympat eyes of a Mr. and Mrs. who understoo

"So that was it!" said Oily. "I cou think what had become of you, but it were in the cooler —— Things have mite gummed up, Wisdom. You know called Ickenham?"

"Lord Ickenham? Yes. He married uncle's half sister. What about him?"

Oily did not believe in breaking t gently. "He's got that letter."

Cosmo made an odd, gurgling sound water going down a waste pipe. "My l But I don't understand."

"You will."

Gordon Carlisle's narrative of the ha ings at Hammer Lodge was a lengthy and long before it had finished Cosmo' had drooped to its fullest extent.

"But what do we do?" he said hoarse

"Oh, now that I've contacted you, e thing's fairly simple. You just write uncle another letter, saying you've been t ing it over some more and still feel the way about letting everybody know that him and not you that wrote the book you're going to spill the beans in the couple of days or so. Won't that make play ball? Of course it will."

The hearty lunch had dulled Cosmo' a good deal, but they remained bright er

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133



JUST ARRIVED! THE ALL NEW 1958 BEAUTYREST...

with more buoyant firmness than ever before!

ew comfort! New firmness! 12% greater ring support! And this newest, most rest- l of mattresses *actually costs least to own!*

MPORTANT NEWS for all who treasure their rest, their comfort, their budget:

w power-packed springs, coiled under ten- n, have added 12% buoyant *firmness* to the new 1958 Beautyrest*. Greater comfort—and oven to last longer, too!

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Your choice of firmness! The new firmer Beautyrest now meets all normal requirements. There's the Extra-Firm Beautyrest for those who need added support. Each only $79.50. Be sure to get a matching box-spring to bring out the best in your Beautyrest.

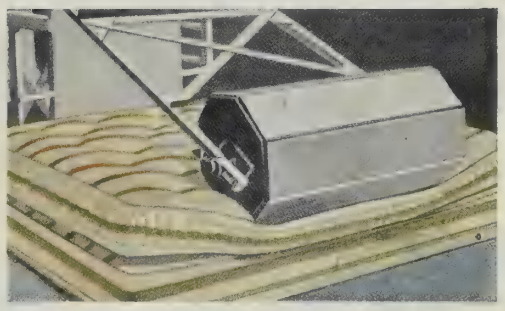
es slightly higher in Canada.



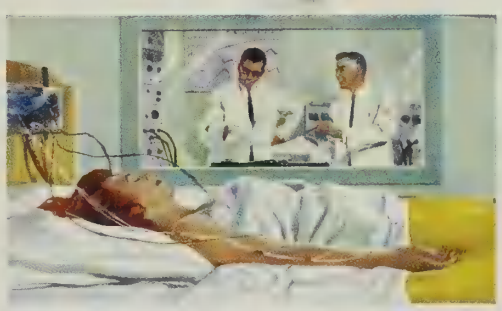
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Single-bed comfort in a double bed! Beautyrest alone has separate springs. The heaviest husband cannot disturb his partner's rest.



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60,000,000 recordings showed sounder sleep on Beautyrest. This 11-year research used methods developed by the Sleep Research Foundation.

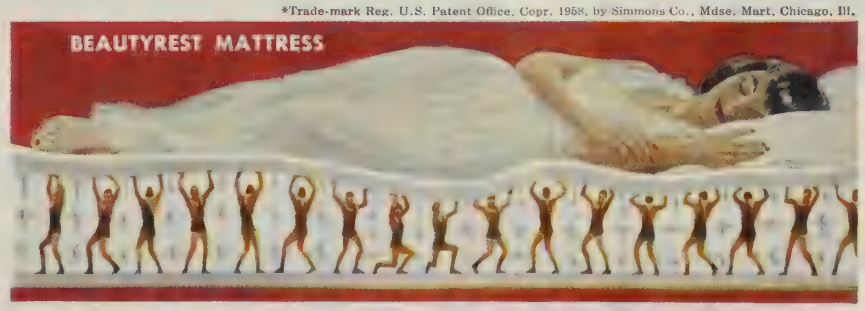
Wake up wonderful

BEAUTYREST by SIMMONS

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Ordinary mattress made with about 200-300 springs. Wired together, they sag together. They're not free to push up and correctly support the shape of your body. "Sag support" is bad for your back, comfort, and rest.



Beautyrest mattress made with over 800 separate springs. Each is free to push up and firmly support the weight and shape of your whole body. New Beautyrest springs have been power-packed to give 12% more firmness.



The fine art of Staying Lovely

SHE'S quite a composition—this modern woman. For she's learned the art of keepin slim and trim. Her tastes run to lighter, less-filling food and drink—and her figure shows it, delightfully.

Pepsi-Cola is part of her plan, of course. For today's Pepsi, reduced in calories, is never heavy, never too sweet. It's the modern, the *light* refreshment. Have a Pepsi.

Pepsi-Cola

the Light refreshment

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

o enable him to grasp the beauty of the cheme.

"Why, of course! I'll go home and write it ow."

"No, hurry. I see you've got the Gazette here. You've read about the serial?"

"Yes. I suppose Saxby sold it to them. I had letter from a literary agent called Saxby, sking if he could handle the book, and I told im he could."

"Well, the first thing is go see him and get he money."

"And the second," said Gertie, "is slip Oily is seventy smackers. You owed him fifty and e loaned you another twenty. Making sev-nty in all."

"That's right. It all comes back to me."

"And now," said Gertie, speaking with a ertain metallic note in her voice, "it's coming ack to Oily. He'll call around at your place n an hour or so and collect it."

Old Mr. Howard Saxby was seated at his desk in the Edgar Saxby literary agency when Cosmo arrived there. He was knitting a sock. He knitted a good deal, he would tell you if you asked him, to keep himself from smoking, adding that he also smoked a good deal to keep himself from knitting. He was a long, thin old gentleman in his middle seventies with a faraway, unseeing look in his eye, not unlike that which a dead halibut on a fishmonger's slab gives the pedestrian as he passes. Cosmo had the momentary illusion as he encountered that blank, vague gaze that he was something diaphanous that had been hurriedly put together with ectoplasm.

"Mr. Wisdom," said the girl who had led him into the presence.

"Ah," said Howard Saxby, and there was a pause of perhaps three minutes, during which his needles clicked busily. "Wisdom, did she say?"

"Yes. I wrote Cocktail Time."

"You couldn't have done better," said Mr. Saxby cordially. "How's your wife, Mr. Wisdom?"

Cosmo said he had no wife.

"Surely ——"

"I'm a bachelor."

"Then Wordsworth was wrong. He said you were married to immortal verse. Excuse me a moment," murmured Mr. Saxby, applying himself to the sock again. "I'm just turning the heel. Do you knit?"

"No."

"Sleep does. It knits up the raveled sleeve of care."

In the Demosthenes Club, where he lunched every day, there was considerable speculation as to whether old Saxby was as pronounced an old lunatic as he appeared to be, or merely for some whimsical purpose of his own playing a part. The truth probably came midway between these two views. It disconcerts a publisher, talking terms with an agent, when the agent stares fixedly at him for some moments and then asks him if he plays the harp. He becomes nervous, says fifteen per cent when he meant to say ten, and forgets to mention subsidiary rights altogether.

On Cosmo the Saxby manner acted as an irritant. He coughed sharply and Mr. Saxby's head came up with a startled jerk. "Goodness, you made me jump!" he said. "Who are you?"

"My name, as I have already told you, is Wisdom."

"How did you get in?" asked Mr. Saxby with a show of interest.

"I was shown in."

"I see. Tennyson was right: Knowledge comes, but Wisdom lingers. Take a chair."

"I have."

"Take another," said Mr. Saxby hospitably. "Is there," he asked, struck by a sudden thought, "something I can do for you?"

"I came about that serial."

Mr. Saxby frowned. A subject had been brought up on which he held strong views. "When I was a young man," he said severely, "there were no cereals. We ate good wholesome porridge for breakfast and throve on it."

"The serial in the paper."

"Putting the beastly stuff in paper makes no difference," said Mr. Saxby, and returned to his sock.

Cosmo swallowed once or twice. "I came," he said, speaking slowly and carefully, "about that serial story of mine in the Daily Gazette."

Mr. Saxby gave a little cry of triumph. "I've turned the heel! I beg your pardon? What did you say?"

"I came . . . about that serial story of mine . . . in the Daily Gazette."

"You want my opinion of it? I would give it gladly, were it not for the fact that I never read serial stories in newspapers. Years ago I promised my mother I wouldn't, and to that promise I have faithfully adhered. Foolishly sentimental, you will say, but there it is. One has these rules to live by. And now," said Mr. Saxby, putting his sock away in a drawer and rising, "I fear I must leave you. I have found your conversation very interesting, most interesting, but at this hour I always take a brisk constitutional. It settles my lunch. Good-by, my dear fellow, so glad to have met you. Look in again, and next time bring your wife."

For some moments after the old gentleman had shuffled out, the dizzy feeling which came upon so many people after a tête-à-tête with Howard Saxby had Cosmo strongly in its grip, and he sat motionless. Then torpor gave place to indignation. He rose, and pressed the bell on Mr. Saxby's desk so forcefully that the girl who answered the summons did so in something of the manner of an athlete completing a four-minute mile, thinking that at last old Mr. Saxby must have had the seizure the office force had been anticipating for years.

"I want to see somebody," said Cosmo.

Wilting beneath his eye, which was blazing like a searchlight, the underling panted a little, and said, "Yes, sir. Who?"

"Anyone, anyone, anyone!"

"Yes, sir," said the underling, and withdrew. She went to the second door down the passage, and knocked.

"Come in," called a musical voice, a voice like a good brand of Burgundy made audible. "Why, hullo, Marlene, you look agitated. What's the matter?"

"There's a gentleman in old Mr. Saxby's room who says he wants to see someone."

"Can't he see old Mr. Saxby?"

"He isn't there, Mrs. Crowe."

"Left the poor gentleman flat, has he? All right, I'll go and soothe him."

She spoke confidently, and her confidence was justified, for at the very first sight of her Cosmo's righteous indignation sensibly diminished.

It is probable that almost anyone would have looked good to Cosmo after old Mr. Saxby, but in sealing Barbara Crowe with the stamp of his approval he was perfectly justified. Lord Ickenham, speaking of this woman to Pongo, had used the adjective "lovely." Though not quite that, she was undeniably attractive. Brown eyes, brown hair, just the right sort of nose and a wide, humorous mouth that smiled readily and was smiling now.

"Good afternoon," she said. "Is there something I can do for you? They tell me you have been in conference with old Mr. Saxby. Very rash of you. What made you ask for him?"

"He wrote to me. He said he wanted to handle my novel, Cocktail Time."

"Cocktail Time? Good heavens! Are you Cosmo Wisdom?"

"Yes."

"I know your uncle. My name is Mrs. Crowe."

Not moving much in his Uncle Raymond's circle, Cosmo had never seen Barbara Crowe, but he knew all about her from his mother, and looking at her now he was amazed that anyone, having succeeded in becoming engaged to her, could have let her get away.

"How is he?" asked Barbara.

"Uncle Raymond? Well, I don't see very much of him, but somebody who met him two weeks ago said he seemed worried."

"Worried?"

"A bit on the jumpy side."

A cloud passed over Barbara's cheerful face. As Lord Ickenham had indicated, she had by no means thrust Sir Raymond Bastable from her thoughts. "He *will* overwork. He isn't ill?"

"Oh, no. Just . . . nervous," said Cosmo.

There was a momentary silence. Then Barbara reminded herself that she was a conscientious literary agent. "But you didn't come here to talk about your uncle, did you? You came to discuss business of some sort. I don't suppose you got far with old Mr. Saxby? He likes to come here still and potter about, though supposed to have retired at about the time when Gutenberg invented the printing press. Our only authors who ever see him are those who mistakenly ask for Howard Saxby. I suppose you did?"

"Yes. That was the name on the letter I got."

"It should have been signed H.S., Ju
Young Mr. Howard Saxby is old Mr. H
Saxby's son. He runs things here,
much assistance as I am able to
He's away today, so I am your on
What did you come about?"

"That serial in the Daily Gaz

"Oh, yes. A check for that w
more than a week ago. Didn't

"I've—er—been away."

"Oh, I see. Well, it's waiti
rooms. And we're hoping t
news for you at any m
end."

It had never occurred t
was a movie end. "You th
sell to the pictures?"

CONTINUED ON



"Are you sure he's just coming over to study with her tonight and not moving in?"

You're Lovelier ...
Color your Hair
SO EASILY—IN MINUTES



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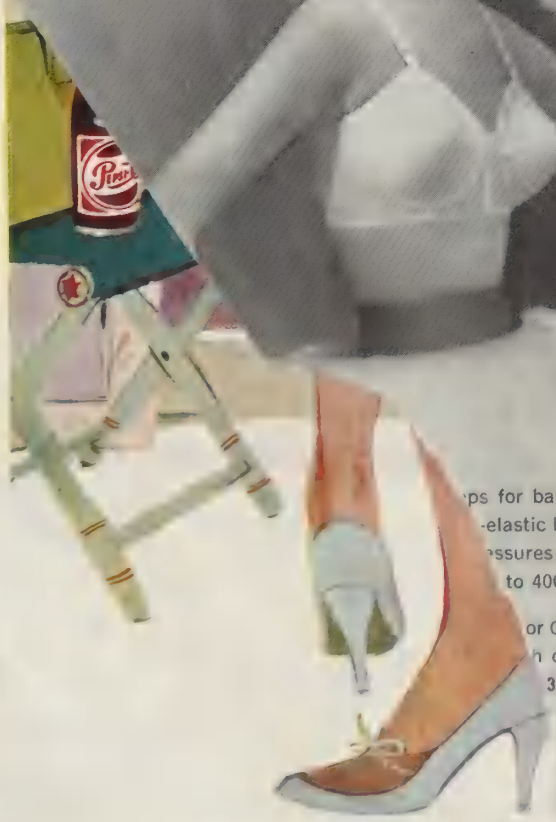
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

"Our man in Hollywood seems sure it will. He's been sending cables almost daily. The last one, which arrived yesterday, said —— Yes?"

The girl Marlene had entered, bearing a russet envelope. Barbara Crowe opened the envelope and uttered an exclamation. "Well, of all the coincidences!"

"Eh?"

"That you should have been here when this came. It's from our man in Hollywood, and —— Hold on to your chair. He says he has a firm offer for the picture rights of Cocktail Time. Would it interest you to hear what it is?"

It would, Cosmo intimated, interest him exceedingly.

"A hundred and five thousand dollars," said Barbara.

It was a stunned and dizzy Cosmo Wisdom who some quarter of an hour later tottered from the premises of the Edgar Saxby literary agency, hailed a cab and tottered into it. He was feeling rather like a private eye in a novel of suspense who has recently been hit over the head with a blunt instrument.

At the moment when Barbara opened the cable from Hollywood, he had been tilting his chair back, and the convulsive spasm which had resulted when she talked figures had caused him to take a nasty toss, but he had speedily forgotten physical discomfort in the rapture of listening to her subsequent remarks.

For this offer from the Superba-Llewellyn studio was, it appeared, not an end but a beginning. The man in Hollywood would not rest on his laurels with a complacent "That's that." There would now come the bumping-up process—the mentioning to a rival studio that S-L were offering a hundred and five thousand dollars, the extracting from the rival studio of a bid of a hundred and fifty thousand, the trotting back to Superba-Llewellyn with this information and ——

"Well, you get the idea," said Barbara, and went on to speak of one of the agency's clients whose latest work the man in Hollywood had just bumped up to three hundred and fifty thousand. True, Cosmo was feeling as he drove to Budge Street, he could not count on Cocktail Time's bringing in quite as much as that, but even two hundred thousand would be well worth having.

But in every ointment there is a fly. Elated though he was, Cosmo could not but remember that he had written a letter specifically disclaiming the authorship of Cocktail Time, and that this letter was in the possession of Lord Ickenham. Somehow, he must get the fatal paper and burn it.

It was not difficult to sketch out a tentative plan to this end. From Oily, he had learned that Lord Ickenham was staying at Hammer Hall, where paying guests were taken in. His first move must be to become one of these paying guests. A vital document like that letter would presumably be hidden somewhere in the old buster's room, for where else in a country house could anyone hide anything? Once on the spot, he would sooner or later find an opportunity of searching that room.

It was with his spirits high again that he entered No. 11 Budge Street. In the hall he encountered his landlady, Mrs. Keating.

"Why, hello!" she said, plainly surprised. "Where you been all this time?"

"Away," said Cosmo, wondering how often he was going to have to answer this question. "Staying with friends."

"There's a lot of letters in there for you, and there's been a fellow asking for you every day these last two weeks. Carmichael or some such name."

"Carlisle. I've seen him."

"Seemed to think I've nothing to do but answer the bell. You be wanting dinner tonight?"

"No, I'm going away again. I just looked in to pack."

"Where you going this time?"

"Dovetail Hammer, in Berkshire. Forward my letters to Hammer Hall."

"More work," said Mrs. Keating, and went off to the kitchen to attend to whatever it was on the stove that was making the house smell as if a meal were being prepared for a pack of hounds.

Quite a considerable mail awaited Cosmo in his sitting room. The table was piled with letters. Most of them had been forwarded from Alfred Tomkins, Ltd., and he read them with enjoyment—an author is always glad to hear from the fans—but the one that pleased him most was the one from the Edgar Saxby literary agency containing that check. It was one of those fat, substantial checks, and he enclosed it in an envelope addressed to his bank. After which, he went to his bedroom and began packing. He had filled a large suitcase and was standing on the front steps with it, waiting for a taxi, when Oily arrived.

The indications of impending departure which met his eye surprised Oily. "Where are you going?" he asked.

It was a change from being asked where he had been, but Cosmo made his customary answer. "Away. Thought I'd have a couple of days at Bournemouth."

"Why Bournemouth?"

"Why not Bournemouth?" said Cosmo rather cleverly, and Oily appeared to see the justice of this.

"Well, I'm glad I caught you," he said. "What have you done with the letter?"

Cosmo, rehearsing this scene in the privacy of his bedroom, had decided to be nonchalant. "Oh, the letter? I was going to tell you about that. I've changed my mind. I'm not going to write it."

"What!"

"No. I think I'll let things stay the way they are. By the way, I owe you some money, don't I? I wrote a check. I've got it somewhere. Yes, here you are. Taxi!" cried Cosmo, waving.

Oily was still standing stunned among the ruins of his hopes and dreams. "But ——"

"It's no good saying 'But,'" said Cosmo briskly. "If you really want to know, I like being the author of Cocktail Time. I enjoy getting all these letters from admirers of my work. Good-by, Carlisle, it's been nice knowing you. I must be off."

Oily stared blankly after him. Even a high-up confidence artist has to expect disappointments from time to time, but he never learns to enjoy them. In the manner of Gordon Carlisle as, half an hour later, he entered the presence of his wife, Gertie, there still lingered a suggestion of Napoleon returning from Moscow.

Gertie, having listened to the tale he had to tell, expressed the opinion that Cosmo was a low-down double-crossing little rat, which was of course quite true.

"There's something going on," she said. "When he left us, he was going to see his agent, wasn't he? Well, it's as clear what's happened as if he'd drawn a diagram. The agent told him there's been a movie offer."

"Gosh!"

"Sure. And a big one, must have been."

"I never thought of that. You're dead right."

"And he isn't going to Bournemouth. He's going to this Dovetail-what-is-it place to try to snitch that letter off Ickenham because if he can get his hooks on it and destroy it, there's nothing in the world to prove he didn't write the book. So what we do is to go to Dovetail-and-what-have-you and snitch it before he does."

"I get you. If we swing it, we'll be sitting pretty."

"There we'll be, in the middle, with Wisdom bidding for it and Bastable bidding for it, and the sky the limit. And it oughtn't to be so hard to find out where Ickenham is keeping the thing. We'll go through his room with a fine-tooth comb, and if it isn't there, we'll

Always behave like a duck—keep calm and unruffled on the surface but paddle like the devil underneath.

LORD BRABAZON

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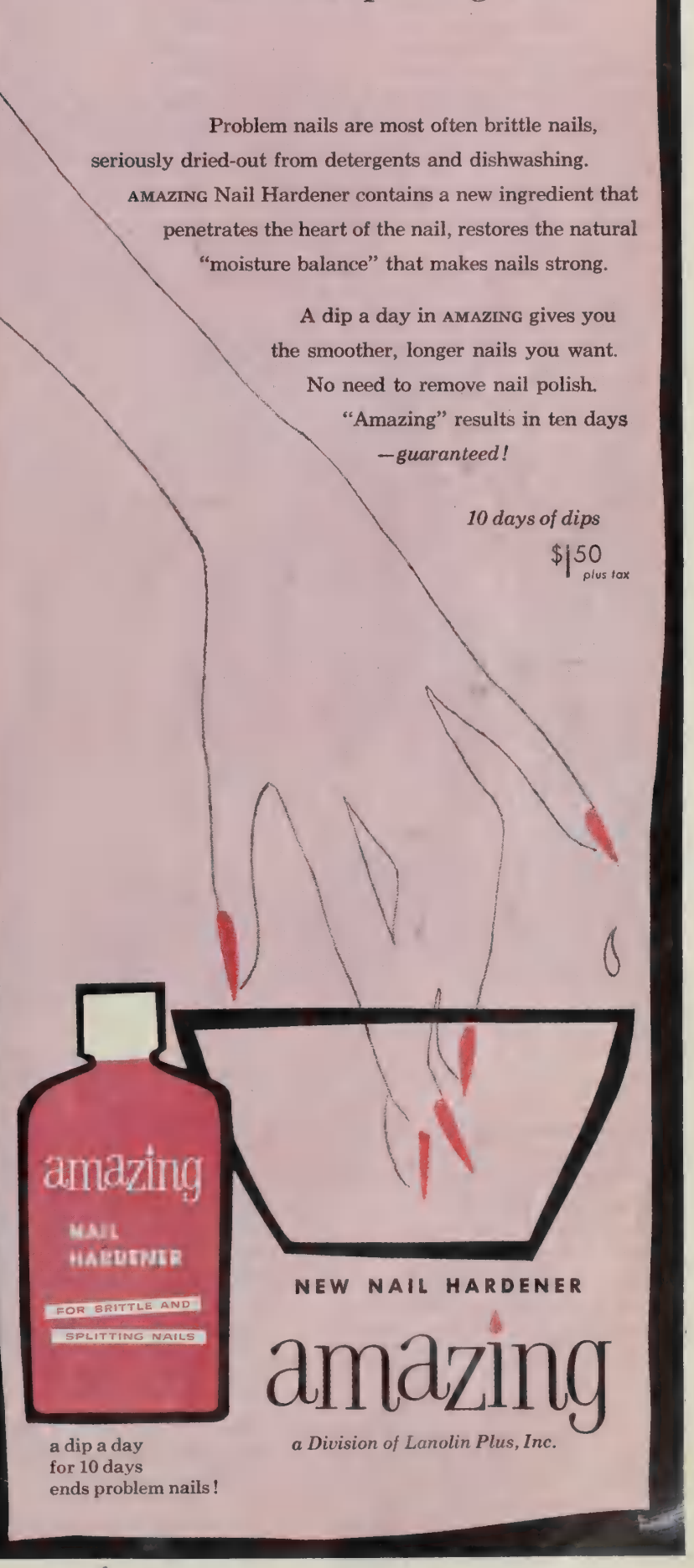
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know he's got it on him. Then all there is to it is beaning him with a blackjack and hunting in his pockets, see what I mean?"

Oily saw what she meant. He drew an emotional breath, and even the most shortsighted could have seen the love light in his eyes. "What a comfort you are to me, sweetie!" he said.

"I try to be," said Gertie virtuously.

It was two days after the vultures had decided to muster at Hammer Hall that a little procession emerged from the front door of Hammer Lodge. It was headed by Mrs. Phoebe Wisdom, who was followed by the local veterinary surgeon, who was followed by Albert Peasemarch. The veterinary surgeon got into his car, spoke a few parting words of encouragement and drove off. He had been in attendance on Mrs. Wisdom's cocker spaniel Benjy, who had "picked up something." Both Phoebe and Albert, having passed the night at the sickbed, were looking in need of rest, but their morale was high, and they gazed at each other tenderly.

"I don't know how to thank you, Peasemarch," said Phoebe.

"It was nothing, madam."

"Mr. Spurrell said that if it had not been for you making the poor angel swallow that mustard and water, the worst would have happened."

"I am glad to have given satisfaction, madam," Peasemarch said, remembering a good line taught him by Lord Ickenham's Coggs at the time when he was being coached for the high office he held. Thinking of Lord Ickenham, he felt how right the clear-seeing peer had been in urging him to spare no effort that would lead to a *rapprochement* between this cocker spaniel and himself. Unless he was greatly mistaken, there was a new light in Phoebe's eyes. He found his thoughts turning in the direction of what his mentor had called the Ickenham method. Had the moment come for putting this into operation?

He had the drill, he fancied, pretty clear in his mind. How did it go? Ah, yes. Stride up, grab by wrist, waggle about a bit, say "My mate!", clasp to bosom and shower burning kisses on upturned face. All quite simple, and yet he hesitated. And, as always happens when a man hesitates, the moment passed. She had begun to speak of warm milk with a little drop of brandy in it. Mr. Spurrell, the veterinary surgeon, had recommended this.

"Will you heat some in a saucepan, Peasemarch?"

Albert Peasemarch sighed. "Very good, madam," he said.

"And then you ought to lie down and have a good rest."

"I was about to suggest the same thing to you, madam."

"Yes, I am feeling tired. But I want to speak to Lord Ickenham first."

"I see his lordship is fishing on the lake, madam. Could I take a message?"

"No, thank you very much, Peasemarch. It's something I must say to him personally."

"Very good, madam," said Albert Peasemarch, and went off to heat saucepans with the heavy heart of a man conscious of having missed the bus.

What knitting was to old Mr. Saxby, fishing was to Lord Ickenham. He had not yet caught anything, nor was he expecting to catch anything, but sitting in a punt, watching a bobbing float, with the white clouds drifting across the blue sky above him and a gentle breeze playing about his temples, helped him to think, and recent happenings at Hammer Hall had given him much to think about. The recent muster of the vultures had not escaped his notice and, even had it done so, the fact that his room had been twice ransacked in the past two days would have drawn it to his attention.

Except for the nuisance of having to tidy up after these vultures, their arrival had pleased rather than perturbed Lord Ickenham. He was a man who liked to have plenty happening around him and he found the incursion of Cosmo Wisdom, closely followed by that of Gordon Carlisle and wife, a pleasant break in what was at the moment a dull visit. They livened things up. What puzzled him was the problem of what had brought them to Hammer Hall and why, being there, they had ransacked his room. They were apparently searching for that letter of young Cosmo's, but he could imagine no reason for them to consider it of any value. Like Oily, he had seen immediately that Cosmo could write another, which would have precisely the same effect as the first.

Another thing that perplexed him was that they seemed to be on such distant terms with one another. There was no mistaking the coolness that existed between Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle on the one side and Cosmo Wisdom on the other. Very curious.

Lord Ickenham was roused from these meditations by hearing his name called, and perceived Phoebe standing on the shore. Reluctantly, he drew in his line and rowed to land.

"My dear Phoebe," he exclaimed, "you appear to be coming apart at the seams, somewhat, if you don't mind me being personal. What's happened?"

"I was up all night with Benjy, Frederick. The poor darling was terribly ill. He picked up something."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Is he all right now?"

"Yes, thanks to Peasemarch. But I came to talk about something else, Frederick. It's about Raymond."

"Oh, Beefy?" said Lord Ickenham. "Don't tell me he has picked up something?"

"I think he is going off his head."

"Oh, come!"

"Well, there is insanity in the family, you know. George Winstanley ended his days in an asylum."

"I'm not so well up on George as I ought to be. Who was he?"

"He was in the Foreign Office. He married my mother's second cousin, Alice."

"I see. Well, I doubt if the pottiness of a second cousin by marriage is hereditary," said Lord Ickenham consolingly. "I don't think you need have any anxiety about Beefy. What gives you the idea that he has not his full collection of marbles?"

Phoebe brushed away the tears that came so readily to her eyes. "Well, you know how—what shall I say?—how *impatient* dear Raymond has always been with me. Well, quite suddenly about two weeks ago he changed completely. He became so sweet and kind and gentle that it took my breath away."

"All to the good, I should have thought."

"I thought so, too, at first. But as the days went by I began to get uneasy. Frederick"—her voice sank to a whisper—"he sends me flowers!"

"Flowers?"

"Every morning. I find them in my room."

"Very civil. I see no objection to flowers in moderation."

"But it's so unnatural."

"There is nothing odd about this change in Beefy's attitude, my dear girl. I can give you the explanation in a word: Peasemarch."

"Peasemarch?"

"He is behaving like this to conciliate Albert Peasemarch. An observant man, he noticed Albert Peasemarch's silent disapproval of the way he used to carry on, and realized that unless he mended his ways, he would be a butler short, and nobody wants to lose a butler in these days."

Phoebe's eyes were round. "You mean Peasemarch would have given notice?"

"Exactly."

"But why?"

"Unable to stand the strain of watching you being put through the wringer each morning. No man likes to see a fourteen-stone Q. C. hammering the stuffing out of the woman he loves."

"*Loves?*"

"Surely you must be aware that Albert Peasemarch worships the very ground you tread on?"

"But—but this is extraordinary."

"I see nothing remarkable in it. When you don't sit up all night with sick cocker spaniels, you're a very attractive woman, my dear Phoebe."

"But Peasemarch is a *butler*."

"Ah, I see what you mean. You are thinking that you have never had a butler in love with you before. One gets new experiences. But Albert Peasemarch is only a synthetic butler. He is a man of property who took to buttling simply in order to be near you. Do you remember," said Lord Ickenham, giving rein to his always rather vivid imagination, "a day about two years ago when Beefy was standing you and me lunch at the Savoy Grill, and I nodded to a man at the next table?"

"No."

Lord Ickenham was not surprised. "That man," he said, "was Albert Peasemarch. He came to me later—he is an old friend of mine—and asked who you were. It wasn't long before he was pouring out his soul to me. It was love, my dear Phoebe, love at first sight. How, he asked, could he get to know you? I offered to introduce him to Beefy, but he seemed to think that that wouldn't work. We needed some mechanism whereby Albert Peasemarch could be constantly in your society, giving you the tender look and occasionally heaving the soft sigh, and to a man of my intelligence the solution was obvious. Who, I asked myself, is the Johnny who is always on the spot? The butler, I answered myself. Albert Peasemarch, I said, still addressing myself, must become Beefy's butler. A few simple lessons from Coggs and there he was, all ready to move in."

Phoebe was still fluttering. She said she had never heard of such a thing, and Lord Ickenham agreed that the setup was unusual.

"But romantic, don't you think?" he added. "The sort of policy great lovers through the ages would have pursued, if they had happened to think of it. Hullo," he said, breaking off. "I'm afraid I must be leaving you, Phoebe."

He had seen the station cab drive up to the front door and discharge Johnny Pearce.

"My godson has returned," he explained. "He went up to London to give his fiancée lunch, and I am anxious to learn how everything came out."

Beside Johnny Pearce, as he stood on the gravel drive, there was lying a battered suitcase. It signified, Lord Ickenham presumed, the advent of another paying guest, and he was delighted. What with himself, this new arrival and the three vultures already in residence, Johnny in his capacity of jovial innkeeper was doing well. Though, now that he was in a position to study him closely, he had doubts as to whether "jovial" was the right adjective. The young man looked like an innkeeper with a good deal on his mind, and when he spoke his voice was toneless.

"Oh, hullo, Uncle Fred. I've just got back."

"So I see. And you appear to have picked up some luggage. Whose suitcase is that?"

"It belongs to a bloke I shared the cab with. I dropped him at the lodge. He wanted to see Bastable. Saxby he said his name was."

"Saxby? Was he a fellow in the early forties with a jutting chin or a flattened-out septuagenarian who looked as if he had at one time been run over by a steam roller? The latter? Then it must be Saxby Senior, the father of the jutting chinner. I've met him at the Demosthenes Club. How did you get on with him?"

"Oh, all right. Odd sort of chap. Why did he ask me if I played the trombone?"

"That was old Saxby, all right. Every time I meet him, he asks me if I have seen Flannery lately. Who Flannery is I have never been able to ascertain. When I reply that I have not, he says, 'Ah? And how *was* he?' The day old Saxby makes anything remotely resembling sense, they will set the church bells ringing and proclaim a national holiday. I wonder why he was going to see Beefy. Is he staying with you?"

"Yes. He may be staying some time. He's a bird watcher, he tells me."

"Indeed? I never saw that side of him. Our encounters have always taken place at the Demosthenes, where the birds are few and far between. I believe the committee is very strict about admitting them. Do you watch birds, Johnny?"

"No."

"Nor I. But, pigeonholing old Saxby for the moment, what happened when you met Bunny? How was she? Gay? Cheery? Sparkling?"

"Oh, yes, but it wasn't me she was gay and sparkling with."

Lord Ickenham frowned. "Don't be cryptic, my boy. Start at the beginning. You gave her lunch?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

Cold war, warming up on the home front: Husband, glancing up from letter he has just opened: "Too bad about what happened to George, isn't it?"

The head of our family suggests that the area under the piano, which he considers waste space, be chicken-wired to make a pen for members of the youngest generation, when here on visitors' visas.

A mother won a son over to the idea of going to bed before his older brother by presenting the following argument: "Suppose there was a baby here, and when the baby was old enough to talk it refused to go to bed before *you*. Would you think the baby was fair?"

The only difference between a man and a woman driving an automobile is that whatever each does well or poorly the woman does five miles per hour slower.

A small boy said, "I know what I want to be when I grow up—God!"

"Impossible!" replied his father. "There can be only one of us."

To see ourselves as others see us is minor compared with seeing others as they see themselves.

Mother about her twelve-year-old daughter: "She thinks she's 'going steady' because, quite by accident, a certain boy sat beside her during a basketball game and next day, in the hall, greeted her with 'Hi there! What d'ya know?'"

Before woman is completely free another amendment to the Constitution is necessary: "The right to cut, color, curl and wear hair according to individual preference shall not be denied any person because of sex."

Three-way mirror: one that triples the chances of a woman's beginning a diet.

Members of an employment agency went into shock recently; a young girl applied for a housekeeping job with only one stipulation: "I would like to work for a family that owns lots of books; you'd be surprised what you can learn just dusting books."

In the same way that a child should mature to the point of getting as much pleasure from giving as receiving, a person who learns to think for himself eventually prefers giving an idea to having one given.

Beautiful Hair is Healthy Hair

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This clear golden liquid shampoo has a unique two-way action: it gives your hair a lovely, soft new luster—and with regular use assures you of freedom from dandruff. Clinically tested Breck Banish, containing 22T4, leaves its influence on the scalp even after you rinse. It protects the scalp between shampoos—prevents the formation of new dandruff. Ideal for all the family, Breck Banish is non-drying, pleasantly scented, leaves no harsh or irritating effects. Use it regularly at home or at your beauty shop. Your hair will shine with new beauty. Beautiful hair is healthy hair.

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Unretouched photo of the hands of Mrs. Michyl Veach of St. Louis, Mo. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

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**Notice to doctors and dermatologists—for summary of test, write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

"Yes, and she brought along a blighter called Norbury-Smith."

Lord Ickenham was shocked and astounded. "To a lovers' tryst? To what should have been a sacred reunion of two fond hearts after long parting? You amaze me. Did she offer any explanation?"

"She said he had told her he was at school with me, and she was sure I would like to meet him again."

"Smiling brightly as she spoke?"

"Yes, she was smiling quite a lot. Norbury-Smith!" said Johnny bitterly. "A fellow I thought I'd seen the last of ten years ago. He's a stockbroker now, richer than blazes, and looks like a movie star."

"Good heavens! Did their relations seem to you cordial?"

"She was all over him. They were prattling away like a couple of honeymooners."

Lord Ickenham drew a sharp breath. "I don't like this, Johnny."

"I didn't like it myself."

"It's the oh-well-if-you-don't-want-me-there-are-plenty-who-do formula, which too often means that the female of the species has decided that she is about ready to call it a day. Do you know what I think, Johnny?"

"What?"

"You'd better marry that girl quick."

"And bring her here with Nannie Bruce floating about the place like poison gas? I wouldn't play such a low trick on her." Johnny paused, and eyed his companion sourly. "What," he asked, "are you grinning about?"

Lord Ickenham patted his arm in a godfatherly manner. "If," he said, "you allude to the gentle smile which you see on my face—I will tell you why I smile. I have big hopes that the dark menace of Nannie Bruce will shortly be removed."

Johnny found himself unable to share this optimistic outlook. "How can it be removed? I can't raise three hundred pounds."

"You may not have to. You see that bicycle propped up near the back door?" said Lord Ickenham, pointing. "Police Constable McMurdo's Arab steed. He's in the kitchen now, getting down to brass tacks with her."

"It won't do any good."

"I disagree with you. I have been seeing quite a bit of Officer McMurdo, and he has confided in me as in a sympathetic elder brother. I was shocked to learn on what mistaken lines he had been trying to overcome Nannie Bruce's sales resistance. He had been arguing with her, Johnny, pleading with her. As if words, however honeyed, could melt the obstinacy of a woman whose mother, I am convinced, must have been frightened by a deaf adder. Action, Cyril, I told him—his name is Cyril—is what you need, and I urged him to cut the cackle and try the Ickenham method."

"What's that?"

"It's a little thing I knocked together in my bachelor days. I won't go into the details now, but it has a good many points in common with all-in wrestling and osteopathy. I generally recommend it to diffident wooers, and it always works like magic. At this very moment Nannie Bruce is probably looking up into Officer McMurdo's eyes and meekly murmuring 'Yes, Cyril, dear'; 'Just as you say, Cyril, dear.' You might go and listen at the kitchen door and see how things are coming along."

"I might, yes, but what I'm going to do is have a swim in the lake. I'm sweating at every pore."

"Keep it clean, my boy. No need to stress the purely physical. Well, if you run into McMurdo, tell him I am anxious to receive his report and can be found in the hammock on the back lawn. Is that the evening paper you have there? Anything of interest in it?"

"Only that movie thing."

"To what movie thing do you allude?"

"About this chap Wisdom's book."

"Cocktail Time?"

"Yes. Apparently all the studios in Hollywood are bidding frantically for the picture rights. According to the chap who does the movie stuff in that paper, the least Wisdom will get is a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Oh, well, some people have all the luck," said Johnny, and went off to take his swim.

The hammock to which Lord Ickenham had alluded was suspended between two trees some distance from the house, and it was in pensive mood that a few minutes later he lowered himself into it. His godson's words had opened up a new line of thought and the mystery of why there was this sudden muster of vultures at Hammer Hall had been solved.

Obviously, with a hundred and fifty thousand dollars coming to the author of Cocktail Time, Cosmo Wisdom was not going to look favorably on the idea of writing a second letter to his Uncle Raymond, disclaiming the authorship of the book. Equally obviously he would strain every nerve to secure and destroy the letter he had already written. And the Carlisle duo would naturally strain every nerve to secure it first and start Sir Raymond and nephew bidding against each other. No wonder there was that coolness he had noticed between the vulture of the first part and the vultures of the second.

It was a mistake on Lord Ickenham's part to close his eyes in order to brood more tensely on the problems this new development had raised, for if you close your eyes in a hammock on a warm summer evening, you are apt to doze off. A pleasant drowsiness stole over him and his breathing took on a gentle whistling note.

It was the abrupt intrusion of a finger between his third and fourth ribs and the sound of a voice that said "Hey!" that some little while later awakened him. Opening his eyes, he found that Gordon Carlisle was standing on one side of the hammock, his wife Gertie on the other, and he could not fail to notice that in the latter's shapely hand was one of those small but serviceable rubber instruments known as coshes.

She was swinging it negligently, as some dandy of the Regency period might have swung his clouded cane.

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

Springtime Moods

Barbara J.'s wardrobe planning and memos to herself are behind her. She has all her spring basics, and right now rests happily (and deservedly so) on her laurels. But—there's one more investment, and this one perhaps the most fun of all to shop for: a dress for spring and summer evenings.

Her only problem now, a very difficult choice to make . . . see if you agree. She finds springtime has a variety of moods, each one more enticing than the last. She contemplates each one in her pursuit of a pretty fashion. Her choice? Fanciful and gay, with the price within the realm of anyone's dream. Her newest addition, just $11.95. *By BET HART*

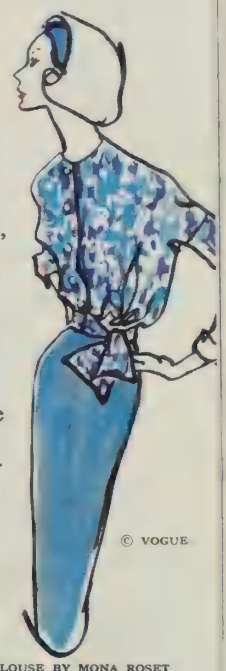


A DEMURE and exceedingly pretty springtime look. Yards and yards of black-and-white-plaid silk organza for the skirt . . . a fitted covered-up bodice. This is practically a year-round fashion, Barbara thinks. She could wear it under her red coat, or with almost any one of her jackets or sweaters. Either her black pumps or red sandals would go nicely too. The price, $24.95.



SEPARATES BY MANDEL

A slim sheath, young and SOPHISTICATED, would be the perfect answer for a springtime evening—especially if it had its own flowered overblouse. The sheath, to make from Vogue's "Very Easy to Make" Design No. 9429*. The blouse, in blue-and-turquoise printed flowers on rayon and silk, to buy for $7.95. Barbara thinks the sheath would be pretty in a turquoise satin shantung, but it would lend itself to other fabrics, other colors. (The blouse also comes in shades of reds or yellows.) Barbara keeps this in mind for a possible future addition.



© VOGUE

OVERBLOUSE BY MONA ROSET

**For back view, sizes and price, see page 190.*

Perhaps the most ROMANTIC of all: dotted swiss strewn with long-stemmed roses at the hemline and scattered across the bodice. This in two pieces, both for a total of under $19.00. Her red sandals and cherry cardigan would both be pretty accents for this.

DIANE AND ALLAN ARBUS





Barbara's final choice, FESTIVE and GAY. Bright red flowers on cotton with the look of silk. A tiny bodice with a wide neckline dipping low in back. The skirt is slightly belled. Pretty now and for warm summer evenings ahead. Barbara can wear her red strip sandals from last year. She plans to shorten her cherry Orlon cardigan (purchased in January) to waist length—a very pretty costume, and she can still wear the sweater with her other separates. The dress and Barbara's total monthly expenditure, $11.95.

Although there was nothing in the unruffled calm of his manner to show it, Lord Ickenham, as he sat up and prepared to make the party go, was not at his brightest and happiest. However, recognizing that this was one of the times that try men's souls, he did his best to ease the strain.

"Well, well, well," he said heartily, "so there you are! I must have dropped off for a moment. One is reminded of the experience of the late Abou ben Adhem, who, as you may recall, woke from a deep dream of peace, to find an angel at his bedside, writing in a book of gold. Must have given him a nasty start, I have always thought."

The interest of Oily and his bride in Abou ben Adhem appeared to be slight. "Gimme," said Oily. His manner was curt.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You heard. Remember making me turn out my pockets? Let's inspect what you've got in your pockets, Inspector Jervis."

"Why, of course, my dear fellow, of course," said Lord Ickenham, and produced a handkerchief, a cigarette case, a lighter, the notebook in which he jotted down great thoughts when they occurred to him, and a small button which had come off his shirt. Oily regarded the collection with a jaundiced eye, and looked at his wife reproachfully.



"He hasn't got it on him."

Gertie, with her woman's intuition, was not so easily baffled. "Do you think he'd carry it around in his pocket? it's sewn into his coat."

This being actually the case, Lord Ickenham was conscious of a passing regret that Gordon Carlisle had not selected a less intelligent mate. But he continued to do his best.

"What is it you are looking for?" he asked genially. "Perhaps I can help you."

"You know what I'm looking for," said Oily. "That letter."

"Letter? Letter?" Lord Ickenham's face cleared. "Oh, the *letter?* My dear fellow, you don't suppose I would keep an important document like that on me? It is, of course, lodged at my banker's."

"Oh, yeah?" said Oily.

"Oh, yeah?" said his wife, and it was abundantly evident that neither had that simple faith which we are assured is so much better than Norman blood.

It had become borne in on Lord Ickenham more and more that the situation in which his negligence had placed him was one of considerable embarrassment. Had he been able to rise to his feet, a knowledge of jujitsu, acquired in his younger days and, though a little rusty, still efficient, might have served him in good stead, but his chances of being allowed to exhibit this skill were, he realized, slight. Even under the most favorable conditions a hammock is a difficult thing to get out of with any rapidity.

"I'll tell you ——" he began.

Oily, his manner even curter than before, expressed a wish to be handed Lord Ickenham's coat.

"I'll tell you where you of the criminal classes, if you do not mind me so describing you, make your mistake, and a serious mistake it is too. You weave your plots and schemes, you spend good money on coshes, you tiptoe with them to people's bedsides, but there is something you omit. You don't allow for the United States Marines."

Home—the place where the great are small and the small are great.

Oily was not put off. "Gimme that coat."

"Never mind my coat for the moment," said Lord Ickenham. "I want to tell you about the United States Marines. I don't know if you are familiar with the procedure where these fine fellows are concerned. To put it in a word, they arrive. The reason I bring this up," said Lord Ickenham, hurrying his remarks to a conclusion, for he could see that his audience was becoming restive, "is that, if you glance behind you, you will notice that the United States Marines are arriving now."

And with a friendly finger he drew their attention to Police Constable McMurdo, who, dressed in the authority of helmet and blue uniform, was plodding across the lawn toward them.

"I believe the correct thing to do at a moment like this is to say 'Cheese it, the cops!' and having said it to withdraw with all speed. What a fine, big fellow he is, is he not? . . . Ah, Cyril, were you looking for me?"

"Yes, m'lord. Mr. Pearce said I should find you here. But if your lordship is occupied ——"

"No, it's quite all right," said Lord Ickenham, sliding from the hammock. "We had finished our little talk. I am sure Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle will excuse me. Au revoir, Mr. Carlisle. Mrs. Carlisle, I kiss your hand. At least, I don't, but you know what I mean. I am wholly at your disposal, Cyril."

Police Constable McMurdo was a large man with an agreeable, if somewhat stolid and unintellectual, face, heavily mustached toward the center. He had a depressed and dejected look, and Lord Ickenham needed no verbal report to tell him what must have happened at the late get-together in the kitchen.

"You bring bad news, I fear," he said sympathetically. "The Ickenham method didn't work?"

"No, it didn't."

Lord Ickenham nodded understandingly. "It doesn't sometimes. One has to budget for the occasional failure. From the evidence submitted to my notice, I take it that she busted you one."

"Aa-a-r!" said Officer McMurdo, with feeling. "She said if I ever acted that way again, she'd never speak to me as long as she lived."

"I wouldn't worry too much about that. Women try to kid us that they don't like ardor, but they do. I'll bet at this very moment she is pacing the kitchen floor, whispering 'What a man!' and wishing you would play a return engagement. You wouldn't consider having another pop? Striking while the iron is hot, as it were?"

"I wouldn't, no."

"Then we must think of some other way of achieving the happy ending. I will devote my best thought to your problems."

And also, added Lord Ickenham to himself, to the problem of how to find a safe place to put the letter. A duller man than he would have been able to divine from the attitude of the Carlisle family that things were hotting up.

Old Mr. Saxby, looking like something stationed in a cornfield to discourage crows, stood on the lawn of Hammer Lodge, raking the countryside with his binoculars. At the moment when he re-enters this chronicle they were focused on the island in the middle of the lake.

The explanation of his presence in Dovetail Hammer, which Lord Ickenham had found mystifying, is a simple one. He was there at a woman's behest. He had been properly ticked off by Barbara Crowe for his uncouth behavior to Cosmo Wisdom and sternly ordered to proceed without delay to Hammer Hall and apologize to him.

"No, a letter will *not* do," said Barbara severely. "Especially as you would be sure to forget to post it. You must go to him in person and grovel. Kiss the hem of his garment. Cosmo Wisdom has to be conciliated. He's a very important person."

"He's a squirt."

"A squirt maybe, but he wrote Cocktail Time, on its ten per cent of the proceeds of which the dear old agency expects to be able to afford an extra week at the seaside this year. So none of your larks."

Mr. Saxby always did what Barbara Crowe told him to, even when it involved getting his hair cut, and he had set out obediently for Dovetail Hammer, consoling himself with the thought that a few days in the country, with plenty of birds to watch, would not be unpleasant. Nice, too, being next door to Bastable. He always enjoyed hobnobbing with Bastable.

Sir Raymond, who did not derive the same uplift from their hobnobbings, received him with a marked sinking sensation. Learning that his old clubmate was not proposing to make Hammer Lodge his headquarters but would be staying at the hall, he brightened considerably, took him out on to the lawn to see the view and, finding that he had left his pipe behind, went back to fetch it. He now returned and found the old gentleman, as has been stated, scrutinizing the island on the lake through his binoculars.

"Watching birds?" he asked, with the heartiness of a man assured that he is not going to have to put Howard Saxby, Sr., up for an indefinite stay.

"Not so much birds," said Mr. Saxby, "as that chap Scriventhorpe."

"Chap who?"

"Scriventhorpe. Flannery's friend. I've met him with you at the club. I think you told me he was your son or brother or something."

Sir Raymond collected his wits, which, as so often happened when he was conversing with Howard Saxby, Sr., had been momentarily scattered.

"Do you by any chance mean Ickenham?"

"Didn't I say Ickenham?"

"You said Scriventhorpe."

"Well, I meant Ickenham. Nice fellow. I don't wonder Flannery's fond of him. He's on that island over there."

"Oh?" said Sir Raymond without enthusiasm.

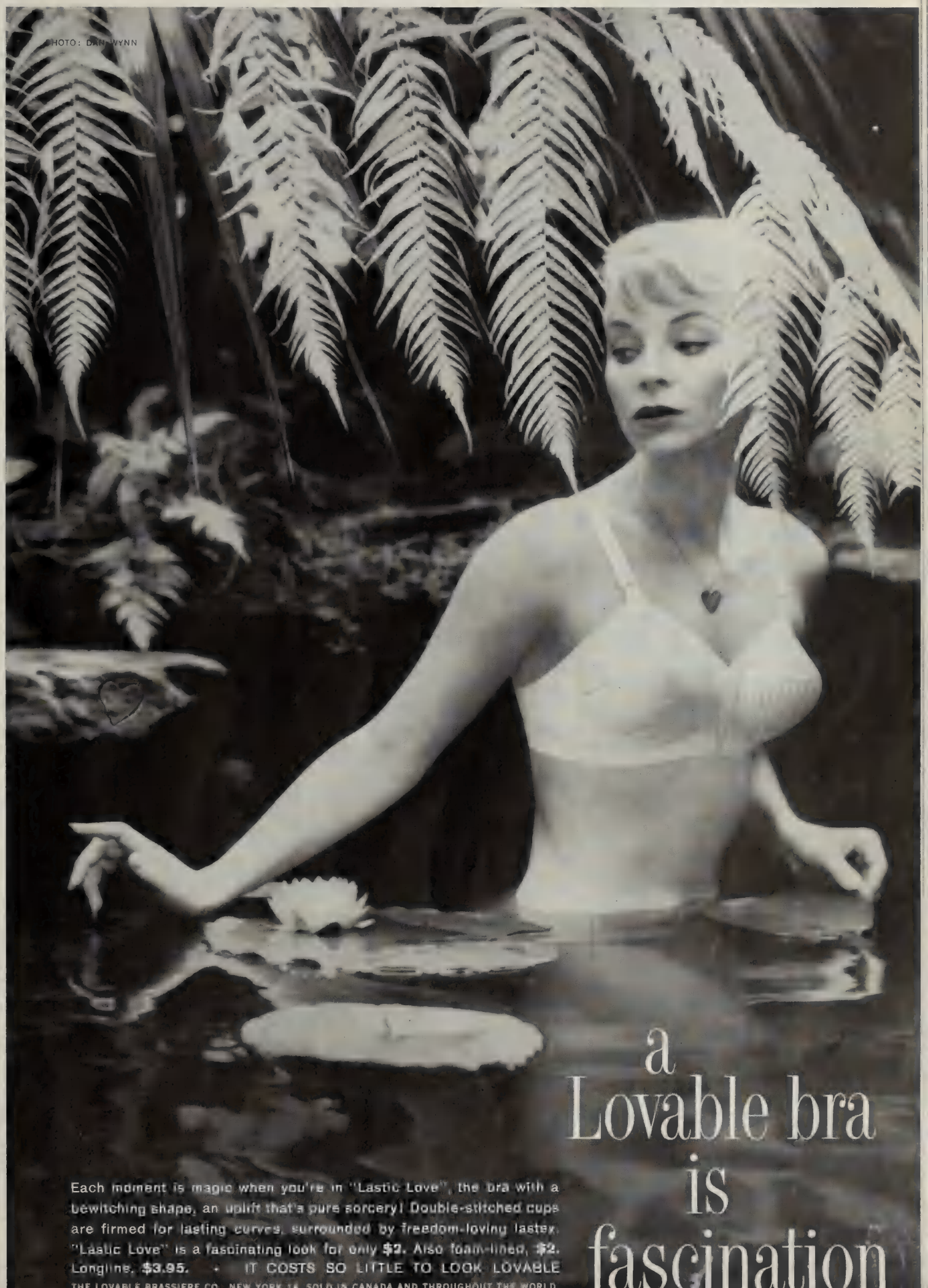
"He's tacking to and fro," proceeded Mr. Saxby. "Now he's crouching down. Seems to

looking for something. No, I see
at he's doing. He's not looking for
ething, he's hiding something.
s got a paper of some kind in his
d, and he seems to be burying it."
What!"
Odd. He jumped up just then and
ried off. Must have gone back to
boat. Yes, here he comes. You can
him rowing away."
ir Raymond had never expected
t any observation of this clubmate
nis would thrill him to the core,
that was what this one had done.
felt as if he had been reclining in
electric chair and some practical
er had turned on the juice.
he problem of what his relative by
rriage had done with the fatal let-
was one which for two weeks and
re had never been out of Sir Ray-
nd Bastable's thoughts. The obvi-
solution, that Lord Ickenham had
den it in his bedroom, he rejected.
h determined bedroom searchers
Cosmo Wisdom and Mr. and
s. Gordon Carlisle on the prem-
, such a policy would be madness.
would have thought of some really
enious place of concealment—a
low tree, perhaps, or a crevice in
ne wall. That he would bury the
ument on an island, like a pirate
the Spanish Main, had never oc-
red to Sir Raymond.
Quivering, he grabbed at his com-
nion's arm, and Mr. Saxby quiv-
d, too, for the grip of those fevered
gers had affected him like the bite
a horse. He also said "Ouch!"
Sir Raymond had no time to waste
ening to people saying "Ouch!"
had seen Lord Ickenham bring his
at to shore, step out of it and disap-
ar in the direction of the house, and
was feeling, as did Brutus, that there
a tide in the affairs of men, which,
en at the flood, leads on to fortune.
"Quick!" he cried.
"When you say 'Quick' ——" be-
n Mr. Saxby, but got no further,
he was being hurried to where the
at lay at a pace that made speech
ficult for a man who was getting on
years. He could not remember hav-
whizzed along like this, touching
ground only here and there, since
afternoon sixty-three years ago
en, a boy of twelve, he had com-
ted at a village sports meeting in
choirboys' hundred-yard race.

was only natural, therefore, that
Sir Raymond bent to the oars, put-
g his back into it like a galley slave
the old school, silence should have
evailed in the boat. Mr. Saxby was
ing to recover his breath, and Sir
ymond was thinking.
The problem that confronted him
s what to do with the body—viz.,
r. Saxby's. He had brought the old
ntleman along because, having wit-
ssed Lord Ickenham's activities, he
uld be able to indicate the spot
ere the treasure lay, but now he
s asking himself if this had not
en a mistake. There are men—the
lt of the earth—who, if they see you
arching islands, preserve a tactful
ence and do not ask for explana-
ns, but Mr. Saxby, he was con-
nced, was not one of these. He be-
nged rather to the more numerous
ss who want to know what it is all
out, and Sir Raymond had no de-
e for a co-worker of this descrip-
n. By the time they reached their
stination he had arrived at the con-
usion that the less Mr. Saxby saw
what was going on, the better.
"You stay in the boat," he said,
d Mr. Saxby thought it a good
ea. He was still in the process of
ying to recover his breath.
"Woof!" he said, meaning that he
lly concurred, and Sir Raymond set
t into the interior alone.

Alone, that is to say, except for the swan which was at the moment taking it easy in the undergrowth beside the bijou residence where its mate was nesting. It was unexpectedly meeting this swan that had caused Lord Ickenham to revise his intention of burying the letter on the island and take to his boat with all possible speed. The Ickenhams were brave, but they knew when and when not to be among those present.

For some minutes after his companion's departure Mr. Saxby, whose breathing apparatus had now returned to normal, gave himself up to thought. But though nothing could be fraught with greater interest than a detailed list of the things he thought about, it is better perhaps to omit such a list and pass on to the moment when he felt restored enough to take up his binoculars again. It was as he scanned the mainland through these that he observed Cosmo Wisdom outside the front door of the hall, and the sight reminded him that he was a man with a mission. Long ere this, he felt guiltily, he should have been seeking the young squirt out and kissing the hem of his garment, in accordance with Barbara Crowe's directions. What there was to kiss hems of garments about, he was thinking as, having completely forgotten Sir Raymond Bastable's existence, he started to row ashore, was more than he could tell you. But Barbara Crowe seemed to think there was, and women had to be humored. As he rowed, he was throwing together in his mind a few graceful expressions of apology which he thought would meet the case.





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These, a few minutes later, he delivered with an Old World charm. Their reception was what a dramatic critic would have called adequate. Cosmo did not take him to his bosom, but, the wound to his dignity apparently more or less healed, he offered him a cigarette, and they smoked in reasonable amity while Mr. Saxby, always informative on his favorite subject, spoke at considerable length of birds he had watched. It was midway through a description of the peculiar behavior of a sand martin he had once known in Norfolk that he broke off suddenly and said:

"Bless my soul!"

"Now what?" said Cosmo rather sharply.

"Exactly," said Mr. Saxby. "What? There was something Barbara Crowe told me to tell you, and I've forgotten what it was. Now what could it have been? You don't happen to know, do you?"

At the name "Barbara Crowe" Cosmo had given a start. "Was it about the movie end?" he said eagerly.

"The what?"

"Has there been another offer for the film rights of my book?"

Mr. Saxby shook his head. "No, it was nothing like that. Have you written a book?"

"I wrote Cocktail Time."

"Never heard of it," said Mr. Saxby cordially. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go in and telephone her. She is sure to remember what it was. She has a memory like a steel trap."

When he returned, he had a slip of paper in his hand, and was beaming. "You were perfectly right," he said. "It *was* connected with what you call the movie end. I wrote it down. She said —— Do you know Mrs. Crowe?"

"I've met her."

"Charming woman, though she bullies me unmercifully. You don't know what the trouble was between her and your uncle, do you?"

"No."

"They were engaged."

"Yes."

"She broke it off. Well, who can blame her? I wouldn't want to marry young Bastable myself."

Cosmo spurned the gravel with an impatient foot. "What did she *say?*"

"Ah, that we shall never know. What *do* women say on these occasions? 'Take back your ring and letters,' do you think, or something of that sort?"

"About the movie end."

"Oh, the movie end? Yes, as I told you, I have her very words here." He peered at the paper. "She said 'Have you apologized?' and I said yes, I had apologized, and she said 'Did he take you to his bosom?' and I said, 'No, the young squirt did not take me to his bosom, but he gave me a cigarette,' and she said, 'Well, tell him that Medulla-Oblongata-Glutz have offered a hundred and fifty thousand, and our man in Hollywood has gone back to Superba-Llewellyn to bump them up.' Does that convey anything to you?"

Cosmo inhaled deeply. "Yes," he said. "It does."

And suddenly Mr. Saxby, for all his fishy eye and flattened-out-by-a-steam-roller appearance, looked almost beautiful to him.

Sir Raymond Bastable, meanwhile, questing hither and thither like a Thurber bloodhound, had begun to regret that he had not availed himself of his shipmate's co-operation. Having no means of knowing whereabouts on this infernal island Mr. Saxby had seen Lord Ickenham tacking to and fro and crouching down, he was in the position of one who hunts for pirate gold without the assistance of the yellowing map which says "E. by N. 20," "16 paces S." and all that sort of thing. Anyone who has ever hunted for pirate gold will tell you what a handicap this is. The yellowing map is of the essence.

The island was rather densely wooded—or perhaps "undergrowthed" would be a better term—and was rich in spiky shrubs which caught at his ankles and insects which appeared to look on the back of his neck as the ideal rallying ground. He had become very hot and thirsty, and there was a hissing sound in his ears which he did not like. It suggested to him that his blood pressure was getting out of control.

It was as he straightened himself after his thirty-second attempt to find out one of those spots, so common in fiction, where you can see, if you look closely, that the earth here has been recently disturbed, that he found he had wronged his blood pressure. This hissing sound had proceeded not from it but from a swan which had emerged from a bush behind him and was regarding him with unmistakable menace.

It was always important at times like this to understand the other fellow's point of view, and the swan could certainly have made out a case for itself. With the little woman nesting in the vicinity and wanting to be alone with her eggs, it is not to be wondered at that it found intruders unwelcome. Already it had had to take a strong line with Lord Ickenham, and now, just as it was thinking that the evil had been stamped out, along came another human pest.

Sir Raymond, like Lord Ickenham, was not a pusillanimous man. But the stoutest-hearted may well quail before an angry swan. It is possible that Sir Raymond, as he started to withdraw, thought that he was doing so at a dignified walk, but actually he was running like a choirboy intent on winning the hundred-yard dash. His one idea was to return as speedily as possible to the boat in which Mr. Saxby awaited him.

Reaching the water front with something of the emotions of Xenophon's ten thousand when they won through to the sea, he was disconcerted to find that Mr. Saxby was not awaiting him. Nor was there any boat. And the hissing sound was coming nearer all the time.

It was a time for quick thinking, and Sir Raymond thought quickly. A split second later he was in the water, swimming strongly for the shore.

At the hour of 8:45 that night Lord Ickenham might have been observed—and was observed by Rupert Morrison, the landlord, licensed to sell ales, wines and spirits, who was polishing glasses behind the counter—sitting in the saloon bar of the village inn, the Beetle and Wedge, with a tankard of home-brew, watching television.

The statement that Lord Ickenham was watching television is perhaps calculated to mislead. His eyes, it is true, were directed at the screen, but what was going on there made no impression on his mind. His thoughts were elsewhere. He was reviewing the current crisis in his affairs.

Although it was his boast that the Ickenhams were not easily baffled, he could not conceal it from himself that the dislocation of his plans by the recent swan had left him in no slight quandary. With a bird as quick on the draw as that doing sentry-go there, bur ing the letter on the island was obviously n within the sphere of practical politics, ar with two Carlisles and a Cosmo Wisdo prowling around any alternative place for i bestowal would have to be a very safe one. is proof of the knottiness of the problem th in a moment of weakness he actually co sidered doing what he had tried to persua the skeptical Carlisles that he had done ar depositing the document with his bank.

A good deal shocked that he should eve for an instant have contemplated a policy s tame and unworthy of an Ickenham, h turned his attention to the television scree

They were doing one of those spy picture a repeat performance, and he was intereste to observe that the hero was in precisely th same dilemma as himself. Circumstances ha placed this hero—D'Arcy Scriven, of th Foreign Office—in possession of papers whicl if they fell into the hands of an unfriendl power, would make a third world war in evitable, and he was at the moment absolutel dashed if he could think how to hide ther from the international spies who were surgin around him. It was with a sympathetic ey that Lord Ickenham watched D'Arcy runnin about in circles and behaving generally lik a cat on hot bricks. He knew just how th poor chap felt.

Then suddenly he started, and sat up with jerk. "Egad!" he said.

"M'lord?" said Rupert Morrison.

"Nothing, my dear fellow," said Lor Ickenham. "Just egad."

As the saloon bar was open for saying ega in at that hour, Mr. Morrison made no furth comment. He jerked a thumb at the scree

"See what he's done?" he said, alluding t D'Arcy Scriven. "He wants to keep thos papers safe, so he's give 'em to his butler t take care of."

Lord Ickenham said yes, he had noticed.

"I call that clever. Never occurs to 'em tha the butler could have 'em," proceeded Mr Morrison, who had seen the drama the previ ous week, "so they keep after the fellow sam as before. They trap him in a ruined mill an chase him through the sewers, and all the tim he hasn't got the papers, the butler's got 'em Made me laugh, that did."

"I'm not surprised. Have you a telephon here? I wonder if I might use it for a moment," said Lord Ickenham.

Some minutes later, a fruity voice caresse his ear. Albert Peasemarch's mentor, Coggs had advised making the telephone-answerin voice as fruity as possible in the tradition o the great butlers of the past.

"Sir Raymond Bastable's residence. Si Raymond's butler speaking."

"*Not* the Albert Peasemarch there has bee so much talk about?"

"Oh, good evening, Mr. I. Do you wish t speak to Sir Raymond?"

"No, Bert, I wish to speak to you. I'm a the pub. Can you come here without delay?"

"Certainly, Mr. I."

"Fly like a youthful hart or roe over th hills where spices grow," said Lord Ickenham and presently the Beetle and Wedge's pic turesque saloon bar was made additionally glamorous by the presence of Albert Pease march and his bowler hat.

"Bert," said Lord Ickenham, when Ruper Morrison had supplied the ales he was license to sell and had withdrawn once more into th background, "I hated to have to disturb you after-dinner sleep, but I need you in my busi ness. Let me start the conversational bal rolling by asking you a question. Do you take an active interest in world politics?"

Albert Peasemarch considered this. "Not very active, Mr. I. What with cleaning the silver and brushing the dog ——"

"I know, I know. Your time is very full. Let me put it another way. You realize that there are such things as world politics and that a certain section of the community has the job of looking after them?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. I. Diplomats, they call them."

"Diplomats is right. Well, as I was about to say, the thing to bear in mind is that these diplomats can't get anywhere without papers. No, no," said Lord Ickenham, as his old

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

NEXT MONTH

● Jonathan was a small boy, alone in an alien land, and very, very frightened. He could not understand why the Chinese Communists had taken his parents away, but he knew, somehow, that his father and mother were dead and could never come back to him. All he had now was the ball-point pen his mother had given him—that, and the ruby. Then kind Mr. Angus appeared and asked him to come to live with him in New York and be his son. So Jonathan sailed halfway around the world toward love and security—only to find himself facing a new kind of terror.

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POND'S

Angel Touch

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

friend mentioned that he always read the Daily Mirror at breakfast, "I don't mean that sort of paper, I mean documents. And you know what I mean when I say documents?"

"Secret documents?"

"Exactly. You follow me like a bloodhound. A diplomat must have secret documents, and he gives these secret documents to trusted underlings to take care of, warning them on no account to let any international spies get their hooks on them."

This seemed reasonable to Albert Peasemarch. "You mean if they got them, they would start ——"

"Precisely. Throwing their weight about like nobody's business and making a third world war inevitable."

"Coo!"

"Remember those chilly nights in the Home Guard? You wouldn't want to go through all that again, would you?"

"I certainly wouldn't."

"Nor I. Not even for the sake of hearing you sing Drake's Drum round the campfire. Another beer, Bert?"

"Thank you, Mr. I. Though I really shouldn't. I have to watch my figure."

"If the document now in my possession falls into the hands of the gang that are after it, you won't have any figure to watch. It'll be distributed in little pieces over the countryside."

To this Albert Peasemarch was prevented from replying by the arrival of Mr. Morrison, bringing up supplies. When the cupbearer had retired and he was able to speak, he did so in the awed voice of a man who is wondering if he can believe his ears.

"What was that, Mr. I.? Did you say *you* had a document in your possession?"

"You bet I have, Bert. I'm not sure if I ever mentioned to you, when we were comrades of the Home Guard, that I was in the Secret Service. Did I?"

"Not that I can recall, Mr. I."

"Probably slipped my mind. Well, I am, and not long ago the head man sent for me. 'Number X-3476,' he said—the boys call me Number X-3476—'you see this document. Top secret, if ever there was one. Guard it day and night,' he said."

Albert Peasemarch drank beer like a man in a trance. He was finding new horizons opening before him.

"These spies, Mr. I. Are there many of them?"

"More than you could shake a stick at. Professor Moriarty, Doctor Fu Manchu and The Ace of Spades, to name but three. And every one of them the sort of chap who would drop cobras down your chimney or lace your beer with little-known Asiatic poisons as soon as look at you. And the worst of it is that they have got onto that this document is in my possession, and it is only a question of time before they start chivvying me through the sewers."

"You won't like that."

"Exactly the feeling I had. And so, Bert," said Lord Ickenham, "I have decided that the only thing to do is to pass the document on to you and let you take care of it."

Albert Peasemarch was aware of a curious gulping sound. It was only after listening to this odd sound for a moment or two that he realized that it was he who was making it.

"You see the devilish cleverness of the idea, Bert. The blighters will be nonplused. When they chivvy me through the sewers, they'll just be chasing rainbows."

"But, Mr. I.!"

A look compounded of astonishment and incredulity came into Lord Ickenham's face. "Bert! Don't tell me you are faltering? No, no," said Lord Ickenham, his face clearing, "I know you better than that. We old Home Guarders don't draw back when we are asked to serve the country we love, do we? This is for England's sake, Bert."

Albert Peasemarch, having gulped again, said, "But I don't want to be chased through the sewers, Mr. I."

"You won't be. I'll attend to the sewer sequence. How on earth are they to know that you have got the thing?"

"You don't think they'll find out?"

"Not a chance."

That a struggle was going on in Albert Peasemarch's soul was plainly to be seen by anyone watching his moonlike face. Lord Ickenham waited anxiously for the referee's decision. It came after a long pause, in four words, spoken in a low, husky voice, similar in its intonation to a voice from the tomb.

"Very well, Mr. I."

"You'll do it? Splendid. I knew you wouldn't fail me. Well, it's no good me giving you the thing now, for the very walls have eyes, so I'll tell you how we'll work it. Where's your bedroom?"

"It's off my pantry."

"On the ground floor. Couldn't be better. I'll be outside your window at midnight on the dot. I will imitate the cry of the white owl—the white owl, remember, not the brown—and the moment you hear me hooting, you slip out and the document changes hands. It will be in a plain Manila envelope, carefully sealed. Guard it with your life, Bert."

Albert Peasemarch's manner betrayed a momentary uneasiness. "How do you mean, my life?"

"Just an expression. Well, that cleans it up, I think. And now I ought to be leaving you. We must not be seen together. Hark!" said Lord Ickenham. "Did you hear a low whistle? No? Then all is well. I thought for a moment those fellows might be lurking outside."

Albert Peasemarch's uneasiness increased. "You mean they're *here*, Mr. I.?"

"In dozens, my dear fellow, in positive droves. Still, it all adds to the spice of the thing, does it not?" said Lord Ickenham, and went out, leaving Albert Peasemarch staring with haggard eyes at the bottom of his empty tankard.

Pongo Twistleton, had he been present, would have understood this emotion. He, too, had often experienced that stunned feeling, as if the solid earth beneath his feet had disintegrated, which was so apt to come to those who associated with the fifth Earl of Ickenham. And Pongo, in Albert Peasemarch's place, would have pursued precisely the same policy which now suggested itself to the latter.

"Another of the same, please, Mr. M.," he said, and Rupert Morrison once more became the human St. Bernard dog.

The results were instantaneous—indeed, "magical" would scarcely be too strong a word. Until now, the chronicler has merely hinted at the dynamic properties of the Beetle and Wedge home-brew. The time has come to pay it the marked tribute it deserves. It ran like fire through Albert Peasemarch's veins and made a new man of him—an Albert Peasemarch filled to the brim with the spirit of adventure.

He had had his tankard refilled for the fourth time and was telling himself militantly that any spies who attempted to get fresh with him would do so at their own risk, when the door of the saloon bar opened and Johnny Pearce and Cosmo Wisdom came in.

It was obvious at a glance that neither was in festive mood. Johnny was thinking hard thoughts about his old schoolfellow, Norbury-Smith, and Cosmo was brooding on the letter, asking himself how it could be detached from Lord Ickenham's keeping. It was with distrait listlessness that they put in their order for home-brew.

Rupert Morrison delivered the elixir, and looked regretfully at the television set. D'Arcy Scriven had gone off the air ten minutes ago.

"You've missed the picture, Mr. Pearce," he said.

"What picture?"

"The spy picture that was on the TV just now. It's where this Foreign Office gentleman has these important papers," began Mr. Morrison, falling easily into his stride, "and these spies are after them, so he gives them to his butler ——"

"I saw it last week," said Johnny. "It was lousy. Absolute drivel." So much of his work had been turned down for television that he had become a stern critic of that medium.

"I agree with you, sir," said Mr. Morrison. Actually he had thoroughly enjoyed the picture, but an innkeeper has to suppress his private feelings and remember that the customer is always right. "Silly, I thought it. As if any gentleman would give an important paper to a butler to take care of. It just couldn't happen."

"Oh, couldn't it?" said Albert Peasemarch, rising—a little unsteadily—and regarding the speaker with a glazed but compelling eye.

It is only a man of exceptional self-restraint who is able to keep himself from putting people right when they begin talking ignorantly on subjects on which he happens to be well informed. Albert Peasemarch was not such a man. Knowing that these three were not international spies—in whose presence he would naturally have been more reticent—he had no compunction in intervening in the debate and speaking freely.

"Oh, couldn't it?" he said. "Shows what a fat lot you know about it, Mr. M. It may interest you to learn that a most important paper or document has been entrusted to me this very night by a gentleman who shall be nameless, with instructions to guard it with my life. And I'm a butler, aren't I? You should think before you speak, Mr. M. I will now," said Albert Peasemarch, "sing Drake's Drum."

And, having done so, he slapped his bowler hat on his head and took his departure, walking with care, as if along a chalk line.

The sun was high in the sky next day when Cosmo, approaching by a circuitous route, arrived at the back door of Hammer Lodge and walked in without ringing the bell. He was all eagerness for a word with Albert Peasemarch.

Where Johnny Pearce and Rupert Morrison, listening to Albert Peasemarch, had classified his observations as those of a butler who has had one over the eight, Cosmo had read between the lines of that speech of his. He had divined its inner significance. The nameless gentleman was Lord Ickenham and the paper or document the fatal letter.

He found Albert Peasemarch in his pantry having his elevenses, two hard-boiled eggs and a bottle of beer. Butlers always like to keep their strength up with a little something in the middle of the morning, and at the moment of Cosmo's entry Albert Peasemarch was finding his in need of all the keeping up it could get. The one defect of the Beetle and Wedge's home-brew is that its stimulus, so powerful over a given period, does not last. Albert Peasemarch, who on the previous night had gone out of the saloon bar like a lion, had come into his pantry this morning like a lamb, and a none too courageous lamb at that. His reaction to the sudden noise of Cosmo's "Good morning," spoken in his immediate rear, was to choke on a hard-boiled egg with a wordless cry and soar from his seat in the direction of the ceiling.

His relief on finding that it was not Professor Moriarty or The Ace of Spades who had spoken was extreme. "Oh, it's you, Mr. C.," he gasped.

"Just thought I'd look in for a chat," said Cosmo. "Do go on with your egg. Don't mind me."

It was the beer rather than the egg that appealed to Albert Peasemarch at the moment. He quaffed deeply, and Cosmo proceeded.

"You certainly pulled old Morrison's leg last night with that yarn of yours about the secret document," he said, chuckling. "He believed every word of it. Never suspected for a moment that you were just kidding him."

There was a pause, and during that pause, though it had lasted but an instant, Albert Peasemarch decided to tell all. He was in the overwrought state of mind that makes a man yearn for a confidant with whom he can share the burden that has been placed upon him, and if you cannot confide in the son of the woman you love, in whom can you confide?

"But I wasn't, Mr. C."

"Eh?"

"I wasn't kidding him."

Cosmo stared incredulously at Albert Peasemarch. "You don't mean it's true?"

"Every word of it."

"Well, I'm blowed!"

"It was like this, Mr. C. His lordship sent for me ——" When Albert Peasemarch had concluded his narrative, Cosmo went through the motion of twirling his lost mustache.

"I see," he said slowly. "So that's how it is. He's left you holding the baby. It looks to me as if you were in a bit of a spot."

Albert Peasemarch assented. That, he said, was how it looked to him too.

"I don't suppose these international spies stick at much."

"No, sir."

"If they get onto it that you've got that document, the mildest thing they'll do is shove lighted matches between your toes." Cosmo mused for a space. "Look here," he said, struck with a happy thought. "Why don't you give it to *me*?"

Albert Peasemarch stared. "You, sir?"

"It's the only way," said Cosmo. "Put yourself in the place of these spies. They'll soon find out old Ickenham hasn't got this document, and then they'll start asking themselves what he's done with it. They know you and he are friends."

"Old comrades. Home Guard."

"Exactly. It'll be obvious to them that he must have given the thing to you."

Albert Peasemarch spoke with an increase of animation, for the scheme was beginning to appeal to him. "I see what you mean, Mr. C. They'd never suspect that you had it."

"Of course they wouldn't. I hardly know old Ickenham. Is it likely he'd give important documents to a fellow who's practically a stranger? Where is the thing?"

"In my bedroom, sir."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146



"The man who used to march twenty-five miles in pouring rain and sleep in muddy foxholes now has only to get his feet wet."

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though you
put them
into the
billfold

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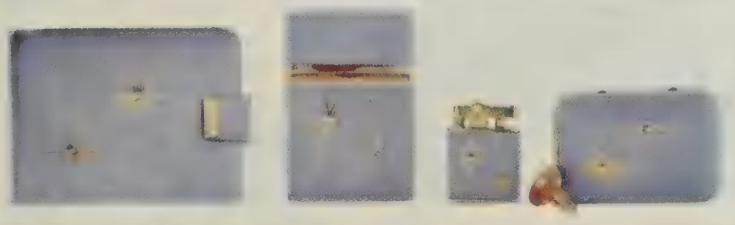


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

"The first place spies would look. Go and get it."

Albert Peasemarch went and got it. But though Cosmo extended a hand invitingly, he did not immediately place the envelope in it. "There's just one thing, Mr. C. I must have his lordship's permission."

"What!"

"Can't make a move like this without consulting his lordship. But it won't take a jiffy to step over to the hall and get his O.K. Five minutes at the outside."

It sometimes happens at the Beetle and Wedge that a customer, demanding home-brew and licking his lips at the prospect of getting it, is informed by the voice of doom, speaking in the person of Rupert Morrison, that he has already had enough and cannot be served. On such occasions the customer has the feeling that the great globe itself has faded, leaving not a rack behind, and that all is darkness, disillusionment and despair. Such a feeling came to Cosmo Wisdom now.

Was there, he asked himself desperately, no way out, no means of persuading this man to skip the red tape?

There was. Beside the remains of the two hard-boiled eggs there stood a pepper pot. To snatch this up and project its contents into Albert Peasemarch's face was with Cosmo the work of a moment. Then, leaving the suffering man to his sneezing, he shot out into the great open spaces, in his pocket the only proof that existed that he was not the author of Cocktail Time.

But in assuming that in the great open spaces he would be alone, he was mistaken. Scarcely had he reached them when a voice that might have been that of an ancient sheep spoke at his elbow. "Well met by moonlight, proud Wisdom," it bleated, and spinning on his axis, he perceived old Mr. Saxby.

"Oh, hullo," he said. "Nice morning, isn't it? The sun and all that. Well, good-by."

"Let us not utter that sad word," said Mr. Saxby. "Are you on your way to the hall? I will walk with you.

Had Cosmo been an ornithologist, he would have found the old gentleman's conversation absorbing. But, like so many of us, he could take meadow pipits or leave them alone, and it was with something of the feeling he had had when released from Brixton prison that at long last he saw the human porous plaster potter off on some business of his own.

It was in the hall of Johnny Pearce's ancestral home that this happened, and at the moment of Mr. Saxby's departure he was standing beside one of the comfortable, if shabby, armchairs which were dotted about in it. Into this he now sank. The nervous strain to which he had been subjected had left him dazed. So much so that it was several minutes before he realized that he ought not to be just sitting here; he should be acting. The letter was still in his pocket, undestroyed. He took it out and removed its Manila wrapping. First and foremost on the agenda was the putting of it to the flames.

There was a table beside the chair, on it an ash tray and matches. He reached for these and was in the very act of striking one, when he became aware of a wave of some exotic scent that seemed to proceed from behind him. Turning, he perceived Mrs. Gordon Carlisle, and with considerable emotion noted that she was holding, and in the act of raising, one of those small but serviceable rubber instruments known as coshes. At her side, on his face the contented look of one who feels that his efforts are in excellent hands, stood her husband.

It was almost immediately after this that the roof fell in, and Cosmo knew no more.

"Nice work, sweetie," said Mr. Carlisle, viewing the remains with satisfaction. "He isn't dead, is he?"

"Oh, I shouldn't think so."

"Just as well. Gimme the letter. And," added Oily urgently, "gimme that blackjack. Someone's coming."

"Slip 'em in your pocket."

"And have them frisk me and find them there? Talk sense."

Gertie's eyes flickered about the hall. "Look. Dump 'em in that thing over there," she told him.

She alluded to the imitation walnut cabinet, the legacy of Johnny Pearce's Great-Uncle Rupert, which had always so jarred on Lord Ickenham. Oily darted across the hall, opened and slammed one of the drawers, dusted his hands and returned just as Johnny appeared.

Johnny was on his way to get a breath of fresh air after a chat with Nannie Bruce about the new cook. He was in somber mood, having had his fill of Nannie Bruce and paying guests, and the sight of one of these apparently asleep in a chair would have left him uninterested, had not Cosmo at this moment slumped to the floor.

"What's all this?" he said—an observation which should more properly have been left to Police Constable McMurdo, who was down the passage, talking to Nannie.

Gertie was swift to supply the desired information. "My husband and I were passing through on our way to our room when he suddenly keeled over," she informed Johnny. "With a groan."

"More a gurgle, sweetie."

Johnny frowned darkly. Life these days, he was thinking, was just one thing after another. He raised his voice in a passionate bellow. "Nannie!"

Nannie Bruce appeared, followed by Officer McMurdo.

"Nannie, phone for Doctor Welsh. Tell him to come over right away. Mr. Wisdom's had a fit or something. And for heaven's sake, get a move on!"

Officer McMurdo looked at him with a wistful admiration. That was telling her, he felt. That was the way to talk to the other sex. Nannie Bruce, who did not hold this view, bridled.

"There is no necessity to shout at me, Master Jonathan. And I disagree with you when you say that Mr. Wisdom has had a fit. Look

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at the way he's lying, with his legs straight out. My Uncle Charlie suffered from fits, and he used to curl up in a ball." She went to where Cosmo lay, and ran an expert finger over his head. "This man," she said, "has been struck with a blunt instrument!"

"What?"

"There's a lump behind his ear as big as a walnut. It's a matter for the police, such," said Nannie Bruce, eying Officer McMurdo coldly, "as they are. Still, when you say telephone for Doctor Welsh, that's sense. I'll do it at once."

She departed with the dignity of a woman who does not intend to be ordered about but is willing to oblige, and long before she had disappeared Police Constable McMurdo's notebook was out and his pencil licked and poised.

"Ho!" he said. "The great thing here is to ascertain who's responsible for this."

Oily intervened in his suavest manner. "Officer, my wife has told you that as we were passing through the hall, we saw Mr. Wisdom ——"

"Keel over," said Gertie.

"Exactly, with a gurgle."

"Or groan."

"Not to me she didn't mention it."

"Ah, no, it was to Mr. Pearce before you came in. We both received the impression that he had had a fit."

"Then why isn't he curled up in a ball? And how do you account for the lump behind his ear?"

"That surely is very simply explained. He struck his head against the side of the chair as he was keeling over. It is far more probable ——"

There is something of woman in everything that pleases. DUPATY

What was far more probable he did not get around to mentioning, for at this moment Cosmo Wisdom stirred, groaned and sat up. He looked about him with what the poet has called a wild surmise, and said:

"Where am I?"

"Hammer Hall, Dovetail Hammer, Berks, sir," Officer McMurdo informed him. "If you'll just lie quiet the doctor will be here in a moment. You've had some kind of fit or seizure, sir. This gentleman, Mr. ——"

"Carlisle."

"This gentleman, Mr. Carlisle, was passing through the hall, accompanied by Mrs. Carlisle ——"

The mention of that name brought memory flooding back to Cosmo. He rose, clutched the chair with one hand, and with the forefinger of the other pointed accusingly.

"She hit me!"

"Sir?"

"That Carlisle woman. She hit me with a cosh. And," said Cosmo, feverishly through his pockets, "she and that blasted husband of hers have stolen a valuable paper from me. Grab them! Don't let them get away."

Oily's eyebrows rose. "Well, really, officer! One makes allowances for a sick man, but—well, really!"

Johnny Pearce's attention had been wandering. Aware now of raised voices, he came out of his reverie. "What's the argument?" he inquired.

Constable McMurdo brought him abreast. This gentleman here, he said, had made a statement charging that lady there with having biffed him on the napper with a cosh. It did not, he added, seem plausible to *him*.

Johnny looked at Gertie dubiously. It was Oily who saw the way of proving his loved one's innocence. "This is all very absurd," he said, "but the thing can be settled quite simply. If my wife struck Mr. Wisdom with a . . . what was the word you used, officer?"

"Cosh, sir."

"Thank you. I think you must mean what in my native country we call a blackjack. Well, if my wife struck Mr. Wisdom with an implement of this description, it is presumably either in her possession or mine. All that remains is for you to search me, officer. . . . You see," he said when the arm of the Law had apologetically done so, "not a thing! So we return to our original conclusion that Mr. Wisdom had a fit."

Police Constable McMurdo scratched his head. "Why wasn't he curled up in a ball?"

"Ah, there you take me into deep waters. No doubt this gentleman will be able to tell you," said Oily, as Nannie Bruce returned, ushering in Doctor Welsh with his black bag.

The hall emptied soon after Doctor Welsh's arrival. The doctor supported Oily's theory that Cosmo must have struck his head on the side of the chair, exercised his healing arts and, assisted by Johnny, helped the injured man to his room. Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle, confident that the walnut cabinet held their secret well, went up to theirs. When Lord Ickenham came in from the stroll he had been taking in the park, only Officer McMurdo was present. Lord Ickenham greeted him with his customary geniality.

"Ah, Cyril, old friend. A very hearty good morning to you, my merry constable. Or," he went on, peering more closely, "are you so dashed merry? You seem to have a stern official air. Has a crime wave broken out in these parts?"

Officer McMurdo was only too glad to confide in one for whose I.Q. he had a solid respect. "That's just what I'd like to ascertain, m'lord. Strange things have been happening at Hammer Hall. I still can't see why he wasn't curled up in a ball."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Mr. Wisdom, m'lord. When you have a fit, you curl up in a ball."

"Oh, do you? Nice to know the etiquette. But what makes you think that he had had a fit?"

"That's what the doctor said. He was lying on the floor with his legs straight out."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 149



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Dorothy Gray

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 147

'Was he, indeed? Quaint fellows, these doc-
s. Never know what they'll be up to next."
'You misunderstand me, m'lord. It wasn't
ctor Welsh that was lying on the floor, it
s Mr. Wisdom. And Mr. Carlisle made a
tement that—I've got it all in my note-
ok—that he and Mrs. Carlisle was passing
ough the hall and observed Mr. Wisdom
l out of his chair and knock his head on the
e of it, causing a lump behind the ear as big
a walnut. Some sort of a fit, they thought.
t on regaining consciousness, Mr. Wisdom
ued a statement, accusing Mrs. Carlisle of
iking him on the napper with a cosh."
'What!"
'Yes, m'lord. Makes it sort of hard to sift
evidence and arrive at conclusions, don't
"
He broke off, and his face, which had been
e that of a bloodhound on the trail, as-
ned the expression of a lovelorn sheep.
nnie Bruce had entered. She gave him a
ughty look, and addressed Lord Ickenham.
"Your lordship is wanted on the tele-
one, m'lord. Sir Raymond Bastable from
lodge. It's the third time this morning he's
ng up, asking for your lordship."
As Lord Ickenham went down the passage
Johnny's study, where the telephone was,
was conscious of a throbbing about the
nples and a dazed feeling usually induced
ly by the conversation of old Mr. Saxby.
ficer McMurdo's story had left him bewil-
red. He took up the receiver, and jumped
veral inches when a voice suggestive of a
n at feeding time roared in his eardrum.
"Frederick! Where have you been all this
ile?"
"Just out, Beefy," said Lord Ickenham
ildly. "Roaming hither and thither and en-
ying the lovely sunshine. I hear you've been
ing to get me. What's your trouble?"
As far as could be gathered from aural evi-
nce, Sir Raymond appeared to be choking.
'll tell you what my trouble is! Do you
ow what I saw in the paper this morning?"
"I think I can guess. It was in yesterday's
ening paper."
"About Cocktail Time? About these people
fering a hundred and fifty thousand for the
cture rights?"
"Yes. It's a lot of money."
"A lot of money! I should say it was a lot
money. And all going into that blasted
osmo's pocket unless you do the decent
ing, Frederick. For heaven's sake, give me
at letter." Sir Raymond's voice had taken
a pleading note. "You can't hold out on
e. You must have heard from Phoebe that
y behavior these last two weeks has been . . .
hat's the word?"
"Angelic?"
"Yes, angelic. Ask Peasemarch if I've once
much as raised my voice to her. Ask any-
ody."

No need to institute inquiries, Beefy. It is
l over Dovetail Hammer that your attitude
here Phoebe is concerned has been that of
ne brushing flies off a sleeping Venus. But
ill this happy state of things last?"
"Of course it will."
"I have your word for that as a man of
onor?"
"Certainly."
"How about your political career?"
"Blast my political career! I don't want a
olitical career. I want a hundred and fifty
housand dollars."
"All right, Beefy. The money's yours. Go
nd fetch Albert Peasemarch and put him on
ne phone."
"Do *what?*"
"So that I can tell him to hand that letter
ver to you. I had to put it in his charge. Ring
p again when you've got him. I don't want to
it here holding the instrument."
Lord Ickenham hung up and went back to
he hall, hoping for further conversation with
Officer McMurdo. But the constable had van-
shed. The only occupant of the hall was old
Mr. Saxby, who was sitting in the chair re-
ently vacated by Cosmo. He regarded Lord
ckenham with the eye of a benevolent cod-
ish.
"Ah, Scriventhorpe," he said. "Nice to run
nto you. Have you seen Flannery lately?"
"I'm afraid I haven't."
"Indeed? And how was he looking? Well, I hope? Is this your first visit to Hammer Hall?"
"No, I often come here. Johnny Pearce is my godson."
"I used to be somebody's godson once, but many years ago. He has a nice place."
"Very."
"And some nice things. But I don't like that imitation-walnut cabinet."
"It's an eyesore, of course. Johnny's getting rid of it."
"Very sensible of him," Saxby said. "You remember what Flannery always says about fake antiques."
Before Lord Ickenham was able to learn what that mystic man's views were on the subject, Nannie Bruce appeared.
"Sir Raymond Bastable on the telephone, m'lord."
"Oh, yes. Excuse me."
It is doubtful if even Miss Bruce's Uncle Charlie, at the peak of one of his celebrated fits, could have exhibited a greater agitation than did Sir Raymond Bastable on this second installment of his telephone conversation with his half brother-in-law. His visit to Albert Peasemarch's pantry, where that unfortunate stretcher case was still sneezing, had left him heavy-laden, stricken and crushed. It is not easy for a man who is sneezing to tell a story well, but Albert Peasemarch had told his well enough to enable Sir Raymond to grasp its import, and it had affected him like a bomb explosion. This, he said to Lord Ickenham, after he had informed him in a flood of molten words what he thought of his nephew Cosmo, was the end.
"The end," he repeated, choking on the words. "The young fellow must have burned the thing by now."
It was probably injudicious of Lord Ickenham to tell him at this moment not to worry, judging from the sounds proceeding from the Bastable end of the wire. But there were solid reasons for his doing so. In a flash he had divined the thought behind Mrs. Carlisle's apparently inexplicable behavior in busting Cosmo Wisdom one with her cosh.
"Listen," he said, and started to place the facts before his relative by marriage. When he had finished, there was a pause occupied by Sir Raymond in making a sort of gargling noise.
"You mean," he said, becoming articulate, "that that bounder Carlisle has the letter?"
"Exactly. So now everything's fine."
There was another pause. Sir Raymond appeared to be praying for strength. "Fine?" he said, in a strange low, husky voice. "Did you say fine?"
"I did. He will be coming to see you about it shortly, I imagine, so what I want you to do, Beefy, is to step out into the garden and gather some frogs. About half a dozen. To put down the back of his neck," explained Lord Ickenham. "I shall be vastly surprised if after the third, or possibly fourth, frog has started to do the rock 'n' roll on it, he is not all eagerness to transfer the letter to you. Years ago, when I was a child, a boy named Percy Wilberforce threatened that unless I gave him my all-day sucker he would put frogs down my back. He got it F.O.B. in about three seconds. Even then I was about as intrepid as they come, but I could not face the ordeal. Off you go, Beefy, and start gathering. Put them in a paper bag," said Lord Ickenham, and returned to the hall.
He found Mr. Saxby pottering about in the vicinity of the walnut cabinet.
"Ah, Scriventhorpe. I've been having a look at this thing, and I found something odd in one of the drawers. You don't happen to know what this is?"
Lord Ickenham looked at the object he was holding up, and started. "It's a cosh."
"Cosh, did you say?"
"That's right."
"The word is new to me. Most interesting. By the way, I also found this letter addressed to Bastable."
Lord Ickenham drew a deep breath. "May I look at it?" he said, his voice shaking a little. "Thank you. Yes, you're quite right. It is addressed to Bastable. Perhaps I had better take charge of it. I shall be seeing him soon and can give it to him."
"A letter of Flannery's once turned up inside the Christmas turkey."
"Indeed? Strange things happen in this disturbed postwar era, do they not? Excuse me," said Lord Ickenham. "I have to telephone."
It was Phoebe who answered his ring. "Oh, hullo, Phoebe," he said. "Is Raymond there?"
"He went out into the garden, Frederick. Shall I fetch him?"
"No, don't bother. Just give him a message. Tell him to stop gathering frogs."
"There must be something wrong with this wire," Phoebe told him. "You sound as if you were telling me to tell Raymond to stop gathering frogs."
"I am."
"Is he gathering frogs?"
"He told me he was going to."
"But *why* is he gathering frogs?"
"Ah, who can say? These eccentric barristers, you know. Probably just felt a sudden urge. Good-by, Phoebe. Where are you at the moment?"
"I'm in Raymond's study."
"Well, don't forget that Albert Peasemarch worships the very carpet you are standing on," said Lord Ickenham.
He was humming a gay snatch of melody as he replaced the receiver, for there was no room for doubt in his mind that all things were working together for good. Something attempted, something done; he had earned a mild cigar, and he was smoking it on the drive and thinking how pleasant it was to be away from Mr. Saxby when he found that he was not. The old gentleman came pottering along, having apparently popped up through a trap.
"Oh, Scriventhorpe."
"Hullo, Saxby. I was just saying to myself how nice it would be if you were with me."
"I have been looking for you, Scriventhorpe. I thought it would interest you to hear —— A water ouzel!"
"Worth hearing, are they, these water ouzels?"
"There is a water ouzel over there. I must go and look at it in a moment. What I started to say was that I thought it would interest you to hear that that beastly walnut cabinet has gone. A couple of men came and took it away after you left. I understand it is to be put up for auction."
Lord Ickenham started. "Put up for auction, eh?"
"So they told me. But I doubt if anyone in his senses would give more than a pound or two for it," said Mr. Saxby, and toddled away, binoculars in hand, to look at his water ouzel.
As a rule, men whom old Mr. Saxby relieved of his company were conscious of a wave of relief, but Lord Ickenham hardly noticed that he had gone. His whole attention was riveted on a picture which had risen before his mind's eye, the picture of Beefy and Gordon Carlisle bidding against each other for the imitation-walnut cabinet, the proceeds of the winning bid to go to Jonathan Twistleton Pearce, that impoverished young man who had to have three hundred pounds in order to get rid of Nannie so he could marry his Belinda. He was confident that considerably more than three hundred of the best and brightest would accrue to Jonathan Twistleton Pearce's bank account.
Though there are, of course, drawbacks to everything. In order to achieve this desirable end it would be necessary for him to depart a little from the truth and inform Beefy that the letter was in the cabinet, but an altruist whose mission it is to spread sweetness and light is entitled to allow himself a certain license.

The auction sale was to be held in the village hall, and after lunch on the big day Lord Ickenham, in order to avoid old Mr. Saxby, had taken his cigar to his godson's study. Johnny, his objective a heart-to-heart talk with Belinda Farringdon, had gone up to London.
It was cool and peaceful in the study, but on the fifth earl's face, as he sat there, a frown might have been observed. He was thinking of Beefy Bastable, that luckless toy of fate who—for one of his wealth and determination could not fail to outbid Oily Carlisle at their coming contest—would shortly be parting with several hundred pounds for an imitation-walnut cabinet worth perhaps fifty shillings.
Lord Ickenham could see clearly enough that it was necessary to sacrifice Beefy for the good of the cause, but that did not mean that he had to be happy about it. To distract himself from his sad thoughts, he picked up the copy of that morning's Daily Gazette which Johnny had left lying on the floor. His attention was arrested by one of those large headlines in which this periodical specialized.

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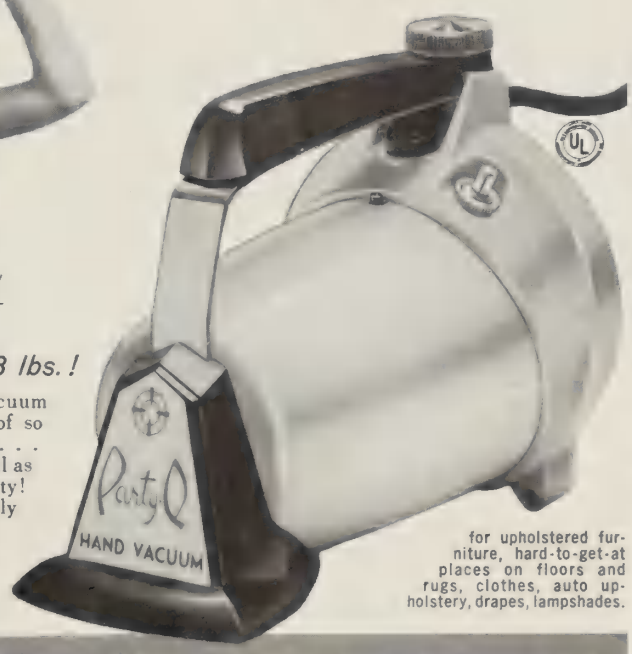
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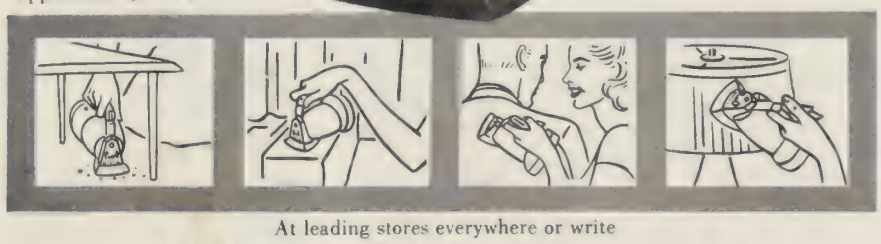




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it said, and beneath this:

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BY COSMO WISDOM

Begin It Today

"Cor lumme, stone the crows!" whispered Lord Ickenham, borrowing from Albert Peasemarch's noncopyright material. The scales had fallen from his eyes.

Until this moment it had never occurred to him to regard Cosmo Wisdom in the light of a potential bidder for the cabinet. He had supposed him to be, if not penniless, certainly several-hundred-poundsless. It was obvious that he must now revise this view. He knew little of the prices prevailing in the marts of literature, but it was to be presumed that for a serial as frank, forthright and fearless as Cocktail Time a paper like the Gazette would have loosened up on a pretty impressive scale. Cosmo, in other words, was plainly in the chips.

What, then, could be a happier thought than to substitute the opulent young man for Beefy?

Scarcely had he reached this most satisfactory solution of his problem when, glancing out the French window, he saw the young man in person. He was pacing the terrace with bent head and leaden feet, like a Volga boatman. And if anyone might excusably have impersonated a Volga boatman, it was Cosmo Wisdom at this juncture. Behind his left ear there was a large lump, extremely painful if he made any sudden movement. But far worse than physical distress was the mental anguish caused by the thought that the letter which meant everything to him was now in the custody of Oily Carlisle. It is scarcely to be wondered at that when he heard a voice call his name and, raising his head, saw Lord Ickenham beaming at him from the study window, his manner was not cordial. It was, indeed, rather like that of a timber wolf with its foot in a trap.

"Come in here for a moment, will you, Cosmo?" Lord Ickenham said. "I want to speak to you."

"What about?"

"Nothing that can be shouted from the housetops or yelled on terraces. I won't keep you long," said Lord Ickenham. "It's about that letter."

Cosmo's scowl darkened. "Well, you're wasting your time. I haven't got it."

"I am aware of that. Mr. Carlisle has it."

"Curse him!"

"Certainly, if you wish. I don't like the fellow myself. We must baffle that man, Cosmo, before he can start throwing his weight about. He must be foiled and frustrated."

"A fat lot of good saying that," said Cosmo. "How can I foil and frustrate him?"

"Listen attentively, and I will tell you."

The effect of Lord Ickenham's brief résumé of the position of affairs on Cosmo was to cause him to start convulsively. "You mean the letter's in that cabinet?"

"Carlisle certainly put it there."

"And it's up for auction?"

"Precisely."

"I'll go and bid for it!"

"Exactly what I was about to suggest. You will, of course, have to be prepared to bid high. Carlisle is not going to let the thing go without a struggle. How is your voice?"

"Eh?"

"Say 'mi-mi.' . . . Excellent," said Lord Ickenham. "Like a silver bell. The auctioneer will hear your every word. So off you go. Bid till your eyes bubble, my boy, and may heaven speed your efforts."

And now, he was saying to himself as Cosmo hurried away, to find some simple ruse which would remove Beefy from the center of things. The village hall must not see Beefy this summer afternoon.

It was seldom that Lord Ickenham sought for inspiration in vain. Why, of course, he was thinking a few moments later. Y-e-s, that would do it. How simple these things always were, if you just sat back and closed your eyes and let the little gray cells take over. It needed but a quick telephone call to Albert Peasemarch, instructing him to lock Beefy up in the wine cellar, and the situation would be stabilized.

He was about to reach for the instrument, glowing as men do when their brains are working well, when it rang its bell. He took up the receiver.

"Hullo?" he said.

It was Phoebe who replied. As nearly always, she appeared agitated. "Oh, Frederick!" she said, panting like a white rabbit heated in the chase.

"Hullo, Phoebe, my dear," said Lord Ickenham. "What's the matter? You seem upset."

There was a brief pause while she seemed to contemplate the adjective, weighing it as Roget might have done if someone had suggested admitting it into his thesaurus.

"Well, not upset exactly. But I don't know if I am standing on my head or my heels."

"Sift the evidence. At which end of you is the ceiling?"

"Oh, don't be silly, Frederick. You know what I mean. Oh, dear, I do hope Cossie will approve of this step I'm taking. I mean, it isn't as if I were a young girl. I'm nearly fifty, Frederick. He may think it odd."

"That you are joining the chorus at the Hippodrome?"

"Whatever are you talking about?"

"Isn't that what you are trying to tell me?"

"Of course it isn't. I'm going to marry again."

The receiver jumped in Lord Ickenham's hand. "Bert?" he exclaimed. "Has Bert at last cast off his iron restraint and spoken? Are you going to be Lady Peasemarch?"

"Mrs. Peasemarch."

"For a while, no doubt, yes. But a man of Bert's abilities is bound to get knighted sooner or later. My dear Phoebe, this is news to warm the cockles of the heart. What does Raymond think of the proposed union?"

"We haven't told him yet. Albert thought it would be better if he finished his month first."

"Very sensible. It will save Beefy a lot of embarrassment. It's always difficult for a man to be really at his ease with his butler, if he knows the latter is engaged to be married to his sister. Tell me how it all happened."

"Well, I had gone to Albert's pantry to talk to him about poor little Benjy, who is ever so much better, you will be glad to hear. And we got talking, and something Albert said made me think of Raymond. I don't mean I've ever *not* thought of Raymond, but this something Albert said reminded me of what you had said the other day, about him not having got all his marbles."

"I said he *had* got all his marbles."

"Oh, did you? I thought you said he hadn't, and it worried me terribly. And I couldn't help it. I broke down and sobbed. And the next thing I knew, Albert was striding up to me and seizing me by the wrist and pulling me about till I felt quite giddy. And then he said 'My mate!' and clasped me to him and ——"

"—— showered burning kisses on your upturned face?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

A RED HERRING

The herring was long a staple in the diet of many peoples. Fish that were salted and sun-dried turned dark, while those that were smoke-cured took on a reddish cast.

Landsmen developed a novel use for it. Young hounds had to be trained before they could be effective in hunting; by dragging a pungent fish across country, it was easy to lay a scent for trial runs. So when an animal was diverted from the trail of a fox by some false clue, he was said to follow a red herring. So the name of the smoked fish came to stand for any misleading information or device to throw one off the track.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

"Yes. He told me later that something seemed to snap in him."

"I believe that often happens. Well, I couldn't be more pleased, Phoebe. You have done wisely in linking your lot with Bert's. Instinct told you you were on a good thing, and you very sensibly pushed it along. The ideal husband. Where is Bert, by the way? In his pantry?"

"I think so. He was giving Benjy beef extract."

"Will you bring him to the phone? I would have speech with him."

"You want to congratulate him?"

"That, of course. But there is also a little business matter I would like to discuss with him. Just one of those things that crop up from time to time. . . . Oh, Bert," said Lord Ickenham some moments later, "I've been hearing the great news. Felicitations by the jugful, my old comrade, and a million wishes for your future happiness. I suppose you're walking on air and strewing roses from your bowler hat?"

"I do feel extremely grateful for my good fortune, Mr. I."

"I bet you do. There's nothing like getting married. It's the only life, as Brigham Young and King Solomon would tell you, if they were still with us. I wonder if plighting your troth has affected you as plighting mine many years ago affected me. I wanted to go about doing acts of kindness to everybody I met."

"Oh yes, Mr. I., I feel just like that."

"Splendid! Because there's a little routine job I would like you to do for me. Will your future wife be on the premises during the next hour or so?"

"I shouldn't think so, Mr. I. She was going off to this sale in the village hall, and wasn't expecting to get back too soon."

"Excellent. Then there will be no one to hear his cries."

"Cries, Mr. I.?"

"The big chief's. I want you to lock him up in the wine cellar, Bert, and I imagine he'll shout a good deal. You know how people do, when you lock them in wine cellars."

"Do *what* to Sir Raymond, did you say?"

"Lock him in the wine cellar. I wouldn't call him Sir Raymond, though, now that you are linked to him in such sentimental bonds. It's time you were thinking of him as Ray or Beefy. Well, that's all, Bert. Carry on."

"But, Mr. I.!"

Lord Ickenham frowned. Wasted, of course, on a Peasemarch who could not see him.

"You have a rather annoying habit, Bert, when I ask you to do some perfectly simple thing, of saying, 'But, Mr. I.,'" he said a little stiffly. "It's just a mannerism, I know, but I wish you wouldn't. What's on your mind?"

"Well, the question it occurred to me to ask was ——"

"Yes?"

"Why do you want me to lock Sir Raymond in the wine cellar?"

Lord Ickenham clicked his tongue. "Never mind why. You know as well as I do that the Secret Service can't give reasons for every move it makes. If I were to tell you why, and it got about through some incautious word of yours, a third world war would be inevitable. And I seem to remember you saying that you were opposed to the idea of a third world war."

"Oh, I am, Mr. I. I wouldn't like it at all. But ——"

"That word again!"

"But what I was going to say was, how do I go about it?"

"My dear fellow, there are a hundred ways of luring a man into a wine cellar. Tell him you would like his opinion on the last lot of claret. Ask him to come and inspect the ginger ale, because you're afraid the moths have been at it. That part of the thing presents no difficulty. And the locking in will be perfectly simple. You just shimmer off while his back is turned and twiddle the key. A child of four could do it. Snap into it, Bert, and give me a ring when you're through."

It was some ten minutes later that the telephone bell rang. When Albert Peasemarch spoke, it was in the subdued voice of a nervous novice who has just done his first murder.

"Everything has been attended to, Mr. I."

"He's in storage?"

"Yes, Mr. I."

"Capital! It wasn't so hard, was it?"

"Not hard, no."

"But it has taken it out of you a little, no doubt," said Lord Ickenham sympathetically. "Well, go and lie down and have a nice nap."

Albert Peasemarch coughed. "What I was thinking I'd do, Mr. I., was take the bus to Reading and catch the train to London, and spend the next week or two there. I would prefer not to encounter Sir Raymond until some little time has elapsed."

"From what you were able to gather through the closed door, he seemed annoyed, did he?"

"Yes, Mr. I."

"I can't imagine why. I know dozens of men who would think it heaven to be locked in a wine cellar. Still, no doubt you're right. Time, the great healer, and all that sort of thing. Then this is good-by for the moment, Bert. A thousand thanks for your service and co-operation. And if you're in London long enough, I'll look you up and we'll have a night out together."

Well pleased, Lord Ickenham replaced the receiver and went on to the terrace. He had been there a few minutes, finishing his cigar and enjoying the peace of the summer afternoon, when a car came by and drew up at the front door. The occupant alighted, and he saw that it was Barbara Crowe.

Lord Ickenham would probably have been deeply offended if he had been told that in any circumstances his mind could run on parallel lines with that of Cosmo Wisdom, but it is undoubtedly the fact that the sight of Barbara Crowe set him thinking, as Cosmo had done, what a consummate ass Raymond Bastable had been to let this woman go. In her sports dress, with the little green hat, she was looking more attractive than ever, and nothing could have been more warming to the heart than the smile she gave him as he hailed her.

"Why, Freddie," she said, "what on earth are you doing here?"

"I am staying with Johnny Pearce, my godson, while my wife is in Scotland, visiting some frightful people who knew her as a child. What brings you to these parts?"

"I've come to see Cosmo Wisdom about making some appearances on television. And Howard Saxby, Jr., wants me to bring Howard Saxby, Sr., back. This place of your godson's is a kind of pub, isn't it?"

"Johnny takes in paying guests, yes."

"I'd better book a room."

"Plenty of time. I want to talk to you, Barbara. What I was hoping, when I saw you get out of that car," said Lord Ickenham, having settled her in a deck chair and dropping into one himself, "was that you had come to see Beefy."

Barbara Crowe started. "Raymond? Is he here?"

"Not actually. He lives at the lodge across the park. We might look in on him later. Not just now, for I know he will be occupied for the next hour or so."

Barbara's cheerful face lost some of its cheerfulness. "This is a bit awkward."

"Why?"

"He'll think I'm pursuing him."

"Of course he will, and a very good thing too. It will give him the encouragement he sorely needs. He'll say to himself, 'Well, dash my buttons, I thought I'd lost her, but if she comes legging it after me like this, things don't look so sticky, after all.' Why," asked Lord Ickenham, "do you laugh in that hollow, hacking way?"

"Well, don't you think it's funny?"

"Not in the least. What's funny?"

"The idea you seem to have that Raymond still cares for me."

"My dear girl, he's potty about you."

"What nonsense. He's never been near me or phoned me or written to me since . . . it happened."

"Of course he hasn't. You don't realize what a sensitive plant Beefy is. He would assume that when you gave him the old heave-ho it meant that you didn't want to have any more to do with him, and, though it was agony, he kept away. He should have known

EFFIGY

An effigy, in the original meaning of the word, is something "fashioned" or made to "feign" or represent something else. In modern usage it usually denotes a solid form of a human figure. In the medieval world, when a king or great person died, his likeness, fully dressed as in life, in all his ceremonial attire and decorations, would be carried in the funeral procession, and afterward set up in the proper church. A month at least of this post-mortem glamour was allowed to English kings and queens in Westminster Abbey. In Seville, at the Easter fiesta, a life-sized Virgin is carried in solemn procession, clad in her million-dollar wardrobe of jewels and brocade, to receive the homage of the multitude.

It is uncertain just when or where began the contrasting custom of exposing to public scorn and vituperation the well-known semblance of a familiar individual, usually as an ignominious figure stuffed with straw and carried abroad to the accompaniment of raucous and ribald clamor, to be finally hanged or burned. In England, Guy Fawkes is still being reviled and executed on his anniversary. In some Latin countries in Holy Week, Judas Iscariot is dragged through the streets, scourged, mutilated and burned. Benedict Arnold has been in similar fashion publicly dishonored at many an early Fourth of July celebration. Other American political leaders have suffered the same sort of public recognition.

Effigies of unfaithful wives have played some part as objects of social disapproval. It is told of a French nobleman who had a too-generous wife that he had, posted about his estate, a whole line of ironically lifelike masculine shapes.

To make use of an image or representation as the object of emotion is as old as primitive magic which has been universally known and practiced from remotest antiquity. According to this old way of thought, there always exists a vital and mysterious relation between an actual living being and his shape or effigy, especially if bits of the real person's hair, nails or other parts can be incorporated into the semblance. So it follows that an enemy can be maimed, sickened, tortured or killed by inflicting violence upon his image. A clay or wax figure, pierced with arrows, thorns or nails, or melted in the fire, can bring suffering or death to its original. Japanese girls, if jilted, are said to have nailed little straw shapes of their faithless lovers to a sacred tree, then day by day adding another nail, they day by day shortened the traitor's life. In India, an arrow in the heart of a clay portrait could end the life of a foe.

Modern civilization is supposed to be free from such primitive forms of superstition, but vestiges of them remain in rural or provincial regions. Only recently, on our own American continent, two different effigy burnings have been reported in the newspapers, both in protest against racial injustice. And still today wax puppets, stabbed with pins, are being melted down in the fire of deathless hatred.

MARY K. BLACKMAR

t little or no importance is to be attached these lovers' tiffs. . . . That hacking laugh in! What amuses you?"

"Your calling it a tiff."

"I believe that is the expression commonly d. If it wasn't a tiff, what was it?"

"A terrific row. A pitched battle, which culnated in my calling him a pompous old ffed shirt."

Lord Ickenham weighed this. "I wouldn't e thought Beefy would have objected to t. He must know that he is a pompous old ffed shirt."

Barbara Crowe blazed into sudden fury. "e isn't anything of the sort! He's a lamb."

"That is your considered opinion?"

"Yes, Frederick Altamont Cornwallis istleton, that is my considered opinion."

Lord Ickenham gave a satisfied nod. "So, as Inspected, the flame of love still burns!"

"Yes, it does."

"Well, my dear Barbara, this is extremely tifying. If that's how things are at your l, we ought to be able to fix this up in no e in a manner agreeable to all parties. I ew, of course, that Beefy loved you. That bit of his, when he thinks he is alone, of ying his face in his hands and muttering rbara! Barbara!'"

"He always called me 'Baby.'"

Lord Ickenham started. "Beefy did?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know best. I wouldn't have ught —— But that is neither here nor re. Then no doubt it was 'Baby! Baby!' t he was muttering. The salient point is that muttered. Well, I must everything looks pretty ooth now."

"Not so simple as you nk."

"What seems to be the ficulty?"

"The difficulty, my dear eddie," Barbara Crowe d him, "is that he is determined that Phoebe shall are our little nest, and I'm ually determined that she an't. That's the real rock we split on."

"He wanted Phoebe to live with you?"

"Yes. There's a parsimonious streak in ymond. I suppose it comes from having en so hard up when he was starting at the r. When I suggested that our married life uld run much more smoothly if he gave oebe a couple of thousand a year and told r to go off and take a flat in Kensington, or hatever she fancied, he said he couldn't posly afford it. And, as they say, one word led another. Do you ever lose your temper, eddie?"

"Very seldom," Lord Ickenham told her. 'm the equable type."

"I wish I were. When moved, I spit and atch. He kept saying things like 'We must practical' and 'Women never realize that en are not made of money,' and I couldn't ke it. That was when I called him a pompus old stuffed shirt. . . . Yes?" said Barbara ldly. "Why are *you* laughing in that hollow, cking way?"

"I doubt if those are the right adjectives to scribe my little ripple of mirth. I laughed cause it always entertains me to see people ssing, as Albert Peasemarch would say, hen there is no necessity."

"No necessity?"

"None whatever."

"God bless you, Frederick Ickenham. And ho is Albert Peasemarch?"

"An intimate friend of mine. What will obably interest you most is the fact that he ll very shortly be marrying Phoebe."

"What!"

"Yes. They fixed it up this afternoon."

"He's marrying *Phoebe?*"

"He is. This surprises you?"

"Well, it isn't everybody who would want to arry Phoebe, is it? Who is this humble hero?"

"Beefy's butler. Or perhaps, after what he as saying to me on the telephone just now, I ould put an 'ex' before the word. He rather ggested that he was leaving."

"Phoebe's marrying a *butler?*"

"Somebody's got to, or the race of butlers ould die out. And Bert will be a notable improvement on the late Algernon Wisdom. . . . You spoke?"

"I said, 'Quick, Freddie—your handkerchief!'"

"Cold in the head?"

"Crying. Tears of joy. Oh, Freddie, this solves everything."

"Things have a way of getting solved when an Ickenham takes a hand in them."

"You mean, you worked it? Freddie, I'm going to kiss you."

"There is nothing I would enjoy more, but if you will glance over your shoulder you will see that we are about to have Howard Saxby, Sr., with us. This frequently happens here. . . . Hullo, Saxby."

"Ah, Scriventhorpe."

"Cigarette?"

"No, thank you," said Mr. Saxby, taking needles and a ball of wool from his pocket. "I would prefer to knit. I'm roughing out a sweater for my little grandson. An ambitious project, but I think something ought to come of it."

"That's the spirit. Here's Barbara Crowe."

"So I see. It's an extraordinary thing. I was saying to myself, as I came up, 'That woman has quite a look of Barbara Crowe.' I understand now why there was such a resemblance. What are you doing here, Barbara?"

"I've come to take you home."

"I don't want to go home."

"Howard, Jr., says you must."

"Then I suppose I'll have to. I am sorry I was not here to greet you. I have been down at the village hall, watching that sale. You should have been there, Scriventhorpe. That cabinet ——"

Lord Ickenham sat up alertly. "How much did it fetch?"

"I wish you would not bark at me like that," said Mr. Saxby a little peevishly. "You've made me drop a stitch. I was telling you about the sale, was I not? It was replete with interest. Barbara, there was recently on these premises an imitation-walnut cabinet which was an offense to the eye and worth at the most a few pounds. It was included in this sale of which I speak, and judge of my astonishment ——"

"How much did it fetch?"

Mr. Saxby gave him a cold look. It was never his habit to spoil a good story by hurrying it. "Judge of my astonishment when, after several other objects of equal horror had been put up and knocked down for a few shillings, this cabinet was displayed, and I heard a voice say 'Fifty pounds.' It was this Carlisle, who is staying at the hall. He said 'Fifty pounds,' and I was still gasping with astonishment when another voice said 'A hundred.' It was that young fellow who was in my office the other day, Barbara, the squirt, the one you sent me here to apologize to."

"Cosmo Wisdom."

"Ah, yes. Well, he said 'A hundred pounds!'"

"And to cut a long story short?" said Lord Ickenham.

Mr. Saxby never cut long stories short. "I could scarcely credit my senses. I must emphasize once again that this beastly cabinet would have been dear at five pounds. Yet these two eccentrics persisted in bidding against each other for it, and might have gone on forever, had not a peculiar interruption occurred. I don't know if either of you are acquainted with Bastable's sister?"

"We know her well," said Barbara. "Do get on, young Saxby. Phoebe Wisdom is Freddie's wife's half sister."

"This woman, bathed in tears, approached the squirt, accompanied by the village policeman, and after trying in vain to use a mother's influence to stop him making a fool of himself signaled to the policeman to lead him away, which he did. So Carstairs got the cabinet."

"How much for?" said Lord Ickenham.

"Well," said Mr. Saxby, rising, "I think I will go and take a bath. I got very warm and sticky in that village hall. There was practically no ventilation."

"Hi!" cried Lord Ickenham. "How much did Carlisle pay for the cabinet?"

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"Oh, didn't I tell you that?" said Mr. Saxby. "Five hundred pounds."

He pottered away, and Lord Ickenham expended his breath in a deep sigh of satisfaction. Barbara Crowe shot an inquiring look at him.

"Why are you so interested in this cabinet, Freddie?"

"It belonged to my godson, who was in urgent need of three hundred pounds. Now he's got it, and a bit over."

"Was it really worth nothing?"

"Practically nothing."

"Then why did Cosmo Wisdom and that other man bid like that for it?"

"It's a long story."

"Your stories are never too long."

"Then here it comes," said Lord Ickenham.

It was, as he had predicted, a long story, but it gripped his audience throughout. It was some moments after he had finished before Barbara Crowe spoke. When she did, it was with a wealth of feeling.

"Cor lumme, stone the crows!" she said.

"I was expecting you to say that," said Lord Ickenham. "I must remember, by the way, to ask Albert Peasemarch what the meaning of the expression is. What crows? And why stone them? However, this is not the time to go into all that. I anticipated that you would react impressively to my revelation, for it is of course a sensational tale. Are you feeling faint?"

"Not faint, no, but I think I'm entitled to gasp a bit. Fancy Toots writing that book! I wouldn't have thought he had it in him."

Lord Ickenham clicked his tongue again. "Haven't you been listening? I said the author of Cocktail Time was Raymond Bastable."

"I used to call him Toots."

"And he used to call you Baby?"

"He did."

"How utterly loathsome! Well, you'll soon be calling him that revolting name again. If, that is to say, what I have told you has not killed your love."

"What do you mean?"

"Lots of people recoil in horror from Cocktail Time. It doesn't diminish your love for him to know that he is capable of writing a book like that?"

"It does not. If anything was needed to deepen my love for Beefy, as you call him, it is the discovery that he has a hundred and fifty thousand dollars coming to him from the movie sale of the first thing he ever wrote. Golly! Think what we'll get for the next one!"

"You feel there will be a next one?"

"Of course there will. I'll see to that. I'm going to make him give up the bar—I've always hated his being a barrister—and concentrate on his writing. We'll live in the country, where he can breathe decent air and not ruin his lungs by sitting all day in stuffy courts. And now," said Barbara, rising from her deck chair, "I think I'll follow our Mr. Saxby's example and have a bath. What's the procedure about clocking in here? Do I see your godson and haggle about terms?"

"He's gone to London. You conduct the negotiations with his old nurse. And I'd better come and help you through the ordeal. She's rather formidable."

If there was a touch of smugness in Lord Ickenham's demeanor as he returned to his deck chair after piloting Barbara Crowe through her interview with Nannie Bruce, it would have been a stern judge who would not have agreed that that smugness was excusable. Thanks to his efforts, Barbara would get her Toots, and Beefy would get his Baby, plus all that lovely cash from the cornucopias of Hollywood. Johnny had got his three hundred pounds, Albert Peasemarch his Phoebe, and it would not be long presumably before Cyril McMurdo got his Nannie Bruce. It was true that both Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle were at the moment probably feeling a little short of sweetness and light. No doubt in due season they would be able to console themselves with the thought that money is not everything an that disappointments such as they had su fered are sent to us to make us more spiritua

After perhaps half an hour had elapsed, h meditations were interrupted by the arrival Johnny Pearce. His manner, Lord Ickenha was amused to see, was gloomy. He woul soon, as Barbara had put it, adjust that.

"Hullo, Johnny."

"Hullo, Uncle Fred."

"Everything all right?"

"Well, yes and no."

Lord Ickenham frowned. "What do yo mean, yes and no? Did you square things wit Bunny?"

"Oh, yes. We're getting married next week.

"And I suppose you're asking yourself wha the harvest will be when she settles down he with Nannie?"

"Yes, that's what's worrying me."

"It need worry you no longer, my dear bo Do you know what happened at that sale th afternoon? You will scarcely credit it, but th cabinet of yours fetched five hundred pounds.

Johnny collapsed into the deck chair which Barbara Crowe had sat. "What!" h gasped. "You're kidding!"

"Not at all. That was the final bid, five hu dred pounds. Going, going, gone, and knocke down to Mr. Gordon Carlisle. So all you ha to do now is go to Nannie —— Why," aske Lord Ickenham, breaking off and regardi his godson with amazement, "aren't you ski ping like the high hills? Why aren't you raisi your eyes thankfully heaven and giving thr rousing cheers?"

A family is the best place in the world in which to learn how to live with other people.

RHODA W. BACMEISTER
All in the Family
Published by Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.
Copyright, 1951, Rhoda W. Bacmeister

It was some moments b fore Johnny was able speak. "I'll tell you why I not giving three rousi cheers," he said, an laughed in a way whic Lord Ickenham recognize as hollow and hackin "That sale was the vicar jumble sale. I contribute the cabinet to it, glad to g rid of the beastly thing. S not a penny of the five hu dred quid comes to me. It will be applied the renovation and repair of the church hea ing system, which, I understand," said Johnn with another hollow, hacking laugh, "needs new boiler."

Mr. Saxby, feeling greatly refreshed aft his bath, came out into the cool evening a and started to toddle across the park.

Nothing happened when he reached th lodge and rang the front doorbell. The butl appeared to be away from his post, but thin like that never deterred Mr. Saxby. The do being open, he walked in, and having done s raised his voice:

"Bastable! *Bast*able!"

From somewhere in the distance there ca an answering shout. It seemed to proce from the depths of the house, as though t shouter were in the cellar. Very strange, M Saxby felt. What would Bastable be doing i cellar? And then the obvious solution p sented itself. He was having a look at his wi The good man loves his wine, and it is on natural that he should go down from time time to see that all is well with it.

"Bastable," he said, arriving at the cell door.

"Who's that?" a muffled voice replied.

"Saxby."

"Thank God! Let me out!"

"But why don't you *come* out?"

"The door's locked."

"Unlock it."

"The key's on your side. Turn it."

Mr. Saxby turned it, and there emerged a incandescent figure at the sight of which A bert Peasemarch, had he been present, wou have trembled like one stricken with an agu Lord Ickenham had spoken of men of his a quaintance who would thoroughly have e joyed being locked up in a wine cellar. S Raymond Bastable did not belong to this co vivial class. He was, as Gordon Carlisle ha put it, when speaking of his wife Gert vexed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

New Maytag Lint-Filter Agitator removes lint, dispenses detergent, pumps suds through clothes







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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

"Where's Peasemarch?" he said, glaring about him with reddened eyes.

"I don't think I know him. Nice fellow?"

Sir Raymond continued to glare to left and right. As the missing member of his staff did not materialize, he glared at Mr. Saxby. "How did you get in?"

"I walked in."

"Did you see a round little bounder with a face like a suet pudding?"

"Not to my recollection. Who is this round bounder?"

"My butler. Peasemarch. I want to murder him."

"Oh, really? Why is that?"

"He locked me in that cellar."

"Locked you in the cellar?" bleated Mr. Saxby, toiling in the rear as his companion, snorting with visible emotion, led the way to his study. "Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure," said Sir Raymond, sinking into an armchair and reaching for his pipe. "I've been there for hours, with nothing to smoke. A-a-a-ah!" he said, puffing out a great cloud.

In a voice which would have been more musical if he had not been shouting all the afternoon, he sketched out the plans he had formed for dealing with Albert Peasemarch, should fate eventually throw them together again.

"I shall strangle him very slowly with my bare hands," he said, rolling the words round his tongue as if they were vintage port. "I shall twist his head off at the roots. He got me to that cellar saying he wanted me to look at the last lot of claret, and when I went over to look at it he nipped out, locking the door behind him."

It was a simple tale, simply told, but it gripped Mr. Saxby. "How extremely odd. I have never heard of a butler locking anyone in a wine cellar. I knew one once, many years ago, who kept tropical fish, but that is not, of course, quite the same thing. Do you know what I think, Bastable? There is something in the air here that breeds eccentricity. You see it on all sides. Take the auction sale this afternoon."

It was agony to Sir Raymond to be reminded of the auction sale. But curiosity overcame his reluctance to speak of it.

"What happened?" he asked huskily.

Mr. Saxby slid into his narrative with polished ease. "I must begin by saying," he began by saying, "that at Hammer Hall, where, as you know, I am now residing, there is—or was—an imitation-walnut cabinet, the property of my host, Mr. Pearce. . . . Do you know Mr. Pearce?"

"Slightly."

"Well, this imitation-walnut cabinet stood in the hall, facing you as you entered the front door. I want to impress upon you, Bastable, that this loathsome cabinet was entirely worthless. I was relieved to hear that it was being included in the auction sale which was held at the village hall."

"I know all about the cabinet," said Sir Raymond. "Get on."

"You do bustle me so, my dear fellow. Well, this cabinet came up for auction, and judge of my amazement when I heard Carlisle bid fifty pounds. The next moment a squirt of the name of Cosmo Wisdom had bid a hundred. And so it went. A cabinet, I must again emphasize, of no value whatsoever. Can you wonder that I say that the air of Dovetail Hammer breeds eccentricity? . . . Are you in pain, Bastable?"

Sir Raymond was, and he had been unable to check a groan. "Get on," he said dully.

"How you do keep saying 'Get on.' But I think I see what is in your mind. You want to know how it all ended. Well, just as Carlisle bid five hundred pounds, the squirt's mother with the assistance of the village policeman removed him from the scene, so the distressing cabinet was knocked down to Carlisle at that figure."

Sir Raymond puffed out a relieved cloud of smoke. Everything was . . . well, not perhaps all right, but much more nearly all right than it might have been. He knew Carlisle to be a man who had his price.

"So Carlisle got the cabinet?"

"I told you he did," said Mr. Saxby. "But it seems to me that you are missing the whole point of my story. It is immaterial which of the two eccentrics made the higher bid. What is so extraordinary is that they were bidding in fifties and hundreds for this entirely worthless object. It bears out what I was saying to Barbara Crowe just now."

Sir Raymond sat up with a jerk. His pipe fell from his mouth in a shower of sparks. "Barbara Crowe? Is Barbara Crowe *here?*"

"She was when I went to take my bath. Looking very well, I thought."

As Sir Raymond picked up his pipe, strange emotions were stirring within him—exultation one of them, tenderness another. There could be only one reason for Barbara's arrival in Dovetail Hammer. She had come to see him, to try to effect a reconciliation. All the old love, so long kept in storage, as if it had been something Albert Peasemarch had locked up in a wine cellar, came popping out as good as new, and in spite of the presence in it of men like Gordon Carlisle and his nephew Cosmo, the world seemed to him a very pleasant world indeed.

That strange tenderness grew. He could see now how wrong had been the stand he had taken about Phoebe's sharing their home. Of course a bride would not want her home shared by anyone, let alone a woman like his sister Phoebe. Wincing a little, he resolved that, even if it meant paying out the two thousand pounds a year she had mentioned, Barbara must be alone with him in their little nest.

He had just reached this decision when Lord Ickenham came in through the French windows and paused, momentarily disconcerted, at the sight of Mr. Saxby.

"Oh, there you are, Saxby," he said. "I was looking for you. Flannery wants to see you."

Mr. Saxby gave an interested bleat. "Flannery? Is he here?"

"Just arrived."

"Why didn't you bring him along?" Mr. Saxby asked.

"He said he wanted to see you on some private matter. I wouldn't keep him waiting. . . . Beefy," he went on as Mr. Saxby ambled off. "I come bearing news which will, unless I am greatly mistaken, send you gamboling about the house and grounds like a lamb in springtime. But before going into that," he said, cocking an interested eyebrow, "I would like, if I may do so without giving offense, to comment on your personal appearance. Have you been rolling in something, or do you always have cobwebs in your hair?"

A cloud marred the sunniness of Sir Raymond's mood. "You'd have cobwebs in your hair if you'd been in a cellar all the afternoon," he said warmly. "Do you know where Peasemarch is?"

Error is none the better for being common, nor truth the worse for having lain neglected. JOHN LOCKE

"I was chatting with him on the phone not long ago and he told me he was going to London for a week or two."

Sir Raymond breathed heavily. "He locked me in the cellar. If Saxby hadn't come along, I'd be there still. The man's insane."

"One of the mad Peasemarches, you think? I'm not so sure. I admit that his behavior was peculiar, but I believe I can understand it. Owing to a singular piece of good fortune which has just befallen him, Albert Peasemarch is a bit above himself this afternoon. Needing an outlet for his high spirits and feeling that he had to do something by way of expressing himself, he chose this unusual course. I suppose he thought you would laugh as heartily as he at the amusing little affair."

"Well, he was wrong," said Sir Raymond. "If Peasemarch were here and I could get my hands on him, I would take him apart limb by limb."

Lord Ickenham nodded. "Yes, I can see your side of the thing. Well, when I meet him I will let him know that you are displeased, and you will certainly get a letter of apology from him, for there is good stuff in Albert Peasemarch and no one is quicker than he to admit it when he knows he has acted mistakenly. But we must not waste precious moments talking of Albert Peasemarch. Prepare yourself for a surprise, Beefy. Barbara Crowe is here."

"It isn't a surprise. Saxby told me."

"And what steps do you propose to take?"

"I'm going to tell her I've been a fool."

"Doesn't she know?"

"And I'm going to marry her, if she'll still have me."

"Oh, she'll have you, all right. I could tell that by the way, every time I mentioned your name, she buried her face in her hands and murmured 'Toots! Toots!'"

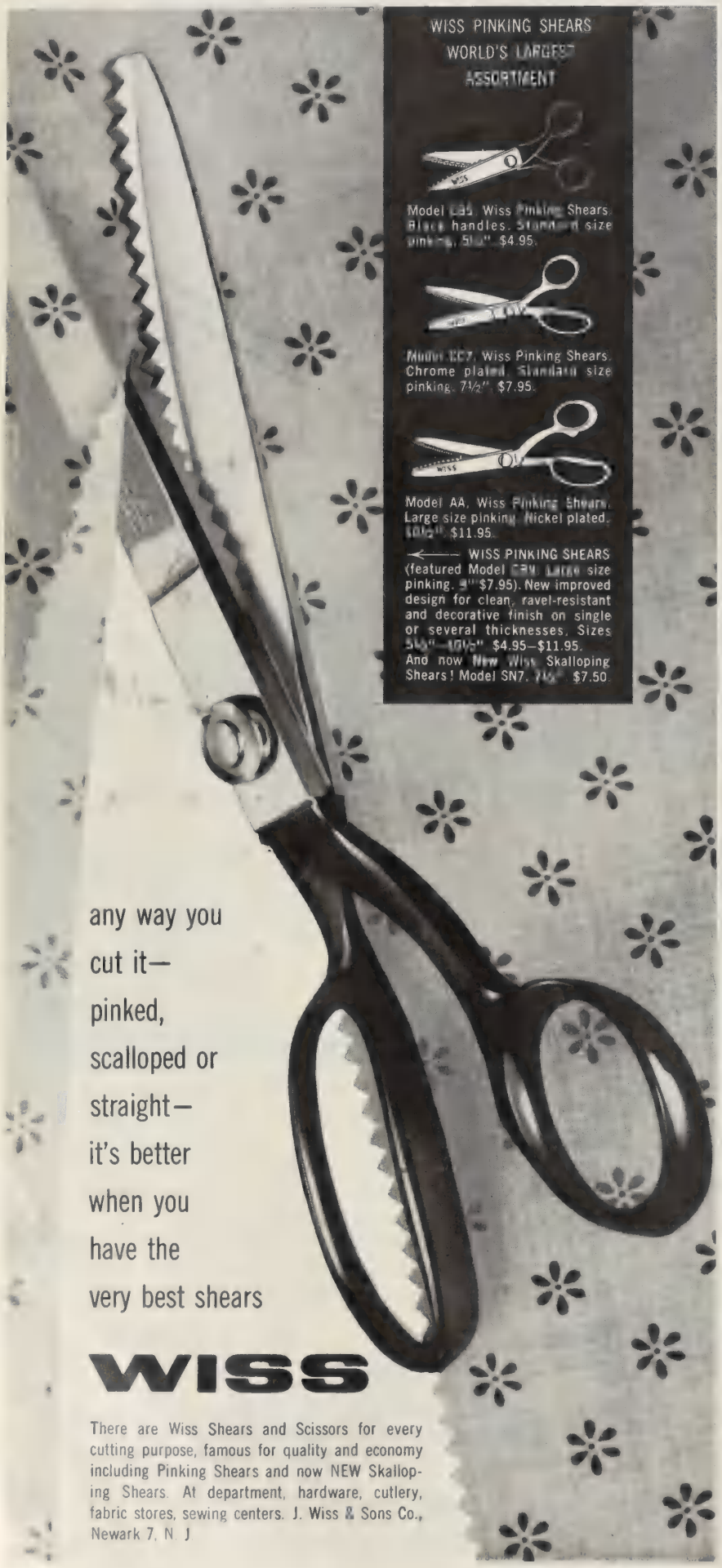
"She did?" said Sir Raymond, much moved.

"Brokenly," Lord Ickenham assured him.

"You know what the trouble was," said Sir Raymond, removing a cobweb from his left eyebrow. "She didn't want Phoebe living with us."

"Very naturally."

"Yes, I see that now. I'm going to give her two thousand pounds a year and tell her to go off and take a flat somewhere, or do you think she might settle for fifteen hundred?"



Lord Ickenham considered the question. f I were you, Beefy, I would cross that idge when you come to it. For all you know, hoebe may be getting married herself."

Sir Raymond stared. "Phoebe?"

"Stranger things have happened," Lord Ickham told him.

For an instant it seemed that Sir Raymond is about to say "Name three," but he merely ve a grunt and brushed away another cob-eb. Lord Ickenham studied him with a oughtful eye. He was debating whether or t this was a suitable moment to reveal to the rrister-novelist that he was about to become ied by marriage to the East Dulwich Pease-arches. He decided that it was not. He turned another matter, one to which ever since his omentous talk with Johnny Pearce he had en devoting his powerful mind.

"Well, I'm delighted, my dear fellow, that is well again between you and Barbara. If ere is one thing that braces me up, it is to see o sundered hearts come together. But ere's one thing you must budget for, Beefy, hen you marry Barbara, and this may come something of a shock to you. You will have be prepared to start work on another ook."

"What!"

"Well, of course."

"But I can't."

"You'll have to," Lord Ickenham said. "If ou think you can write a novel and sell it r a hundred and fifty thousand dollars and arry a literary agent and not have her make ou sit down on your trouser seat and write nother, you sadly underestimate the deter-ination and will to win of literary agents. ou won't have a moment's peace till you ke pen in hand."

Sir Raymond's jaw had fallen to its fullest tent. "But I can't, I tell you! You haven't y conception what it means to sweat your ay through one of these books. I dare say 's all right for fellows who are used to it, but r somebody like myself —— I'd much ther be torn to pieces with red-hot pincers."

Lord Ickenham nodded. "I thought that ight possibly be your attitude," he said. But I see a way out of the difficulty. Ever hear Dumas?"

"Who?"

"Alexandre Dumas. The Three Musketeers. ount of Monte Cristo."

"Oh, Dumas? Yes, of course. Everybody's ad Dumas."

"You're wrong. They just think they have. hat they were really getting was the output f his corps of industrious assistants. He was rather the same position as you. He wanted e money, as much of it as he could gouge ut of the reading public, but he strongly ob-cted to having to turn out the stuff. So he as-gned the rough spadework—the writing of is books—to others."

Hope leaped into Sir Raymond's haggard yes. "You mean I could get someone else to rite the infernal thing?"

"Exactly. And who more suitable than my odson, Johnny Pearce?"

"Why, of course! He's an author, isn't he? Would he do it?"

"Nothing would please him more. Like Dumas, he needs the money. Fifty-fifty would e a fair arrangement, I think?"

"Yes, that seems reasonable."

"And of course he would have to have some-hing down in advance. A sweetener you call at the bar, don't you? Five hundred pounds uggests itself as a suitable figure. Just step to our desk, Beefy, and write him a check for hat amount."

Sir Raymond stared. "You want me to give im five hundred pounds?"

"In advance of royalties."

"I'm not going to give him any five hundred ounds."

"Then I, on my side, am not going to give ou that letter of young Cosmo's. I quite for-ot to mention, Beefy, that shortly after our Mr. Carlisle placed it in the cabinet, I found nd removed it. I have it in my pocket now," aid Lord Ickenham, producing it. "Five hun-lred pounds, Beefy, payable to Jonathan Twistleton Pearce."

There was a silence during which a man night have uttered the words "Jonathan Twistleton Pearce" ten or perhaps twelve times, speaking slowly. Then Sir Raymond heaved himself up. His manner was not blithe, but it was plain to see that he had made his decision.

"How do you spell Pearce?" he said. "P-e-a-r-c-e or P-i-e-r-c-e?"

The shadows were lengthening across the grass as Ickenham started to saunter back through the park to Hammer Hall, in his pocket the check which would bring wedding bells to Belinda Farringdon, his godson Johnny, Nannie Bruce and Officer Cyril McMurdo. It was one of those perfect days which come from three to five times in an English summer. Everywhere was peace and gentle stillness, and it made Lord Ickenham think how jolly it would be to be in London.

He had become a little tired of country life. Well enough in its way, of course, but dull—humdrum—nothing ever happening. What he needed to tone up his system was a night out in the pleasure-seeking section of the metropolis in the society of some congenial companion.

Not his nephew Pongo. Marriage had turned him into a sober citizen out of tune with the hopes and dreams of a man who liked his evenings lively.

This depressed Lord Ickenham for a moment. Then he was his bright self again. He had remembered that in his little red book in his bedroom at the hall he had the East Dulwich address of Albert Peasemarch.

What pleasanter than to go to Chatsworth, Mafeking Road, East Dulwich, imitate the cry of the white owl, tell Albert Peasemarch to put on his bowler hat, and, having checked that bowler hat in the cloakroom of some gay restaurant, to plunge with him into London's glittering night life?

Which, he was convinced, would have much to offer to two young fellows up from the country.

END



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...wonderful **extra** cleaning power to get your whole wash clean and fresh as the west wind. What a beautiful sight when your wash is done! Everything, even problem wash comes out more than bright, more than white ... really clean! So clean smelling, too ... with a fresh air and sunshine cleanness you'll love. **Yes, the cleanest clean possible is new Tide clean!**



NO PLACE LIKE HOME for Troubled Kids

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Six years ago Jack Shaw, of Beaumont, California, brought home a boy with an 80-page police record . . .

By JOSEPH LAITIN
Photographs By JOSEPH DI PIETRO

The judge removed his glasses and pointed them at the policeman. "You put me in an awkward position, officer," he said. "You know this boy's record. Burglary. Grand theft. One scrape after another. I've pretty much decided to send him to prison instead of reform school, and you're asking me to let him go home with you and live with your family."

The policeman said nothing. Neither did the boy. Aged fifteen, the prisoner had considerably more experience with crime than his captor, Jack Shaw, a forty-three-year-old former businessman who had been a cop less than six months. This was Officer Shaw's first juvenile arrest.

Jack Shaw knew his request could jeopardize his job, and he desperately needed to keep it. But all he could say was:

"Your Honor, this boy needs love and understanding and companionship. My wife and I can give it to him. I'd like to take him home with me."

Perhaps it was the naïveté, perhaps the utter sincerity of the unusual request that moved the judge to grant it. Policeman Jack Shaw was made Richard's guardian.

It wasn't until he was driving the boy home that afternoon that Jack realized he hadn't really consulted his wife about the new house guest. Ava had noticed how moody he'd been around the house and one night anxiously inquired what was bothering him. He'd unburdened himself about Richard and said he had to find some way of keeping the boy from prison. Ava had been reassuring: "Jack, I'm sure you'll find a way."

As he brought the car up to their house, Ava came out smiling, delighted at Jack's early home-coming. She noticed that the back of the car was piled high with cartons of books and magazines, bundles of clothing and homemade fishing poles, but didn't give this a second thought.

Sarah was 7, the twins only 4, when they began to share their home, their mother and father with delinquents, runaways, other boys and girls from poor families.



Beaumont had a bad juvenile problem. Now teen-agers co-operate with Jack. Complaint being investigated: Some kid's been shooting off a pellet gun. Anybody know who did it?

Ava didn't want Jack to become a policeman. "He's too gentle," she said.

Jack believes in "the strap" for punishment, but he's used it only three times on his children. Once on Sarah. Twice on Harry, who looks so much like his twin he got one of Larry's spankings by mistake!



She did feel uneasy, though, when the boy got out of the car. He was wearing a dirty sports shirt, a torn, filthy pair of jeans, and mud-caked shoes. She'd just finished doing the house and everything was spick-and-span. Ava did hope Jack wasn't going to ask the boy in.

Jack was the first to speak. "We've got a new son, honey," he said. Ava stood speechless. Their seven-year-old daughter, Sarah, who had come from the back of the house when she heard her daddy's car, raced away to the barn where her two younger brothers were playing. "Come quick. We've got a new brother," she gasped. The three of them removed Richard's treasures from the car. When the last item was in the house, the children produced a ball and asked Richard to play. "No," he said gruffly. He sat down and buried his head behind one of the magazines he'd picked out of a carton. Ava looked searchingly at Jack, but all he said was, "Will dinner be ready pretty soon, dear?" Ava withdrew to the kitchen.

What, Jack wondered, would Ava say when they were alone?

Ava said plenty.

That night, as Richard lay asleep on the living-room couch, Ava spoke her mind. Had he thought about Sarah, going on eight, and the twins, Harry and Larry, aged four? The house was hardly big enough for the five of them. There were only one bathroom, three small bedrooms; where would the boy sleep? How would they feed and clothe him on Jack's $278-a-month salary? Her $20-a-week food budget couldn't be stretched to feed a teen-age boy.

Jack listened sympathetically, for the family had just emerged from a five-year siege of sickness and surgery which had left them nearly broke. "We'll manage, honey," was all that Jack could bring himself to say that night. He had worked as a cowpuncher in his youth, and years of isolation on the range had made him a miser with words.

Richard stayed.

He and Ava eyed each other warily those first few days. "I was scared to death of him," Ava admits. The Shaw children were puzzled at his continued refusal to play with them. When they complained to Ava, she urged them to "give him a few days to get used to you." But inwardly she was less optimistic. Richard kept to himself and wouldn't even eat with the family. Ava left his food on the table, and Richard ate it cold and in solitude. After five days, Ava became irritated with this double-shift arrangement. When dinner was served, she stalked into the living room, snatched the magazine out of Richard's hand, and ordered him to sit down with "the rest of the family." As it turned out, Richard was equally scared of Ava. He meekly complied. After dessert, Harry asked him to "rassle," and to everybody's surprise Richard enthusiastically agreed. The pair left the table and an instant later not only Harry but his brother and sister had piled onto Richard in a free-for-all. The ice was broken.

va usually takes a job when there's an extra youngster at home, pays baby-sitting fees out of her income.

he's now proud of his record.

The children accepted Richard wholeheartlly as a new member of the family. Ava, unerstandably, was something less than overyed, although she did her best to hide this om Richard. If it made Jack happy to have the oy in the house for a while, she thought, it was er duty to go along. Richard slept on a folding ot in the twins' bedroom. After the first week, e began making his own bed and helping arry and Larry with theirs. Then he asked va if he could help with the dishes. One night, ter he had been there two weeks, Ava asked ichard to baby-sit for a few hours while she sited a friend. When Ava returned, she pened her purse and started to pay him. "You on't owe me anything," the boy said. "I nought I was part of the family." Then, rather nyly, he asked if he could call her "mom." Ava as only thirty at the time and she had mixed eelings about a boy of fifteen calling her mom," but she soon became accustomed to it.

Richard's presence did result in a loss of rivacy.

"At night, I like to take a shower, put on a ightie, and sit in the living room until Jack omes home from work, and then chat awhile ver coffee," says Ava. "An older child, like Richard, would stay up late and so we couldn't alk. Sometimes Jack didn't have to go to work ntil noon, and that gave us an hour or two lone after the children were shipped off to chool. But a chat at noon is never quite the ame as talking things over at midnight." As Jack and Ava look back, this was the only sacrifice they feel they made.

Gradually, as Richard started to confide in Ava, she began to understand why Jack had brought him home. Richard's mother had died when he was three, and his father remarried. Then his father passed away, and his stepmother remarried. He became a ward of the state and was boarded out. Richard must have been a holy terror. He was on parole at the age of six. Before he reached his teens, he was involved in an armed robbery with some older boys, but he was not toting the gun, so the court was lenient. At fifteen, Richard had an eighty-page police record.

Then Jack, investigating a series of burglaries, was struck by the fact that many of the purloined items were parakeets, canaries, pheasants and other brilliantly colored birds. When the clues pointed to Richard, Jack arrested him and, having gained the boy's confidence, asked to see his bird collection. Richard, still denying guilt, unhesitatingly took Jack to his hideaway, a deserted barn. It was a miniature aviary, with almost fifty brightly feathered birds chattering away. This was the boy's sanctuary. As they sat in the dim light of the barn, the policeman and the boy talked a lot about birds and horses. When Jack finally took professional stock of the loot, the boy broke up. "I wanted to have beautiful things around me," he said tearfully. "They're wonderful company and I take good care of them."



"I haven't set a table in years," says Ava. The kids do this. Guests are "part of the family, too," and expected to pitch in. Latest is a teen-ager needing help to continue her schooling.



Only man on the night beat, Jack does most juvenile work in off-duty hours.

Jack works round the clock.
Ava once felt neglected,
changed when Jack brought kids home.



Jack returns at 11 P.M., on schedule, or at 2 or 3 A.M. if a case detains him. Ava always waits up to give him a rubdown, milk and cereal, to share a late-hour chat.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

"Parents can prevent 99 per cent of juvenile delinquency," says Jack. "True love will do it—by that I mean companionship. Youngsters need a parent's companionship more than money, cars or parties."



Jack and Ava are proud of Richard today. After he had been with them a few weeks, his school grades began to skyrocket. Richard wanted to work after school and Jack persuaded a storekeeper to take him on. Six months later the storekeeper and his wife asked Richard to live with them, and, with Jack and Ava's permission, he went. Explaining this to the children was a painful experience. When they were told Richard had found a home, Larry demanded, "Why can't this be his home?" Jack and Ava mentioned the lack of space. "There's plenty of space in our room," protested Harry. The bewildered parents then said daddy didn't have enough money. Sarah scampered into her room and marched back with her savings-account book. "I've got $28.50," she said eagerly. "You can have all of it." The twins offered the $5 they had saved. Jack and Ava finally broke down and promised there would be a new sister or brother in a few weeks.

It was always to be so, in the next six years. Richard was only the first of several kids in trouble who shared their home.

Happily, Richard often came to dinner. He was graduated from high school with top honors, a straight-A student. Beaumont, California, was so proud of him that several merchants chipped in and bought him a complete wardrobe for the graduation exercises. A year later, he met a nice girl to whom he is now married. Today, in a larger city and in a responsible job, his superiors are aware of his background but wholly untroubled about it.

Long before Richard left the Shaws, Ava's attitude had changed. She accompanied Jack to lectures on adolescent youth, and joined him in his reading on juvenile delinquency.

Petty crime and vandalism were rampant in Beaumont. High-school teachers were openly threatened. When one man—now the principal—came to teach there, a student boldly told him to "take it easy—I'll give you only two or three months here." His home was constantly subjected to night raids. He devised an alarm system that rang a bell and lit a rooftop floodlight if a prowler set foot on his property. It was like living in an armed camp.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

New Simoniz Floor Wax - childproof because there's vinyl in it!

Vinyl—tough, brilliant vinyl—makes new Simoniz® Floor Wax the toughest, glossiest floor wax ever.

Now, kids can spill on your floors. Romp on them. Track on them. Vinyl, the miracle ingredient, means *childproof* protection.

Floors never shone so mirror-bright. Never stayed so bright, so long . . . even with frequent damp mopping. Yet, when it comes to re-waxing, new Simoniz Floor Wax removes evenly—no blotching.

New Simoniz Floor Wax polishes itself. You don't need to buff. You don't need to rub. Try it.

For all floors—linoleum, rubber, asphalt, vinyl tile and finished wood



SIMONIZ MAKES IT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

That was the way things stood in 1952, the year Jack Shaw was offered a job on the police force. The family had moved to Beaumont from Long Beach, California, because Sarah was highly susceptible to pneumonia, and doctors said the only hope was a high, dry climate. For five years the family had been plagued by a series of illnesses which required blood transfusions, X rays, hospitals, surgeons and other specialists. When Sarah was born, the opening between her stomach and intestines was too small, and she developed circulatory problems. Then, the following year, Ava's first set of twins was stillborn; not too long afterward she suffered a miscarriage; Larry was born with a bone infection. Jack owned a chain of service stations and garages worth an estimated $100,000, and, having no medical plan, he sold these properties one by one to meet the bills, until almost nothing was left. They moved to Beaumont with about $5000.



Mrs. Hugh Olsen, mother of four, and a new M.D.

Hugh Olsen changed jobs, sold the family house, moved all their possessions and four children to Philadelphia so his wife Frances could go to medical school. That was six tough years ago.

Mother is a Doctor now!

HOW AMERICA LIVES

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART

IN THE MAY JOURNAL

Jack and Ava first met on Christmas night, 1942, in her home town, Laurel, Mississippi, at a USO dance. Her sister had insisted she attend it. "There's a sergeant from the air-force base," she said. "He's handsome, dark and tall, and a wonderful dancer." She emphasized the sergeant's height because Ava is 5'8", and defiantly wore high heels. Her difficulty was finding dance partners taller than she.

The courtship began that night and continued after Ava joined the Spars, and two years later, when Ava was visiting Jack at his base near Winfield, Kansas, Jack suggested they marry immediately. Ava agreed. It was the last day of her leave; at six the next morning she would have to catch a bus to report back for duty at Mobile, Alabama.

It was a dreary night, cold and raining, as they set out to find a minister. Jack is a Mormon, Ava a Baptist, but the only clergyman they could find was a Methodist. When they rang his doorbell, he was about to retire, but he gamely agreed that if the couple wanted a church wedding, they would have one. The airman, the Spar and the clergyman trekked through the stormy night to the church. It was unheated, but beautifully decorated for Christmas. The minister lighted two candles, put a record of organ music on the phonograph. With the candles flickering, the phonograph scratchy but the tune reverent, the wind and the rain whipping across the windows, the bride and groom dressed in drab military garb walked arm in arm down the aisle.

They didn't meet again for four months, when Ava received her discharge from the Spars, and moved into the small furnished apartment Jack had taken near his air base. Almost immediately she was confronted with one of the practical demands of marriage: Jack suggested coffee.

"It was a moment of crisis," Ava recalls. "I looked for instructions on the coffee can. Then I searched a cookbook for a recipe. The water was boiling away madly. Finally Jack called out, 'Coffee 'bout ready, honey?' 'I can't find the recipe,' I said. Jack never spoke a word. He picked up the can, dumped some coffee into the boiling water, and went back to his magazine in the living room."

At marriage, Jack had no inkling that Ava had led such an unbelievably sheltered life and Ava never knew that her sergeant husband was a well-to-do businessman. He had bought his garages and service stations before he went into the Army Air Force.

Whenever she told Jack she needed something, he went out and got it for her—up to the time they moved to Beaumont. Now it was different. Jack put the remaining $5000 into a joint checking account. "It was the first time in my life that I wrote a check," Ava recalls.

The Shaws' house in Beaumont was a depressing place, but with it came five acres of grassland. Jack attended livestock auctions, selected the choicest heads of cattle, fattened them up in the back yard. Then he sold off enough to pay for the original purchase and used the rest for the family table. Ava learned to can, and put up enough fruits and vegetables to last a year.

They were eating well, but had almost nothing in the bank. Occasionally he made a few dollars on a cattle deal, but his only regular income was a $33-a-month pension check from the Government for a stomach-ulcer operation he underwent during the war. Even so, Ava begged him not to accept a job on the police force.

"I just couldn't see Jack as a policeman," she says. "I've never heard him swear or raise his voice in anger. I couldn't imagine him even writing out a traffic ticket."

But Jack saw no other opportunities in Beaumont, so he took the job. Police Chief Bob Bruce observed how well the new man got along with youngsters and appointed him juvenile officer.

Some of Jack's interest in youth may be explained by his own boyhood. He was reared in the toddling stage by his grandmother. At the age of four he was informally adopted by an elderly rancher named Svenson, and his family ("They had their own troubles," says Jack) apparently raised no objections when Svenson moved from Texas to a large ranch in Utah and took Jack with him. Svenson gave him his religion, taught him to ride, shoot, brand cattle and handle a lasso on horseback.

Svenson died when Jack was ten. "That," recalls Jack, "is when I really started choppin' on my own." By the time he reached thirteen he was able to get full adult pay as a cowpuncher. He drifted around the West, working one ranch, then another. Nobody seemed unduly concerned about the welfare of a boy armed like a junior commando and traveling about on his own, with only a horse for steady companionship.

"It wasn't the same in those days," Jack explains. "Today, a boy of fifteen or sixteen gets a notion to go out on his own, and the parents are wanting to put out a missing-persons report. In those days in the West, people just didn't seem to think anything about a boy chopping his own wood."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

HAMILTON HOME SERVICE DIRECTOR **Mrs.** about the 1958



A word about Helen Tangen—There's no make-believe about Helen. She's not a trademark, but a remarkable and thoroughly likable woman—homemaker, mother and skilled laundering professional. In her role as Hamilton Home Service Director, Helen is an important member of the planning group which develops all new Hamilton laundry equipment. Helen speaks for *the woman's touch*, and Helen gets listened to.

Helen Tangen talks woman-to-woman Hamilton automatic washers and dryers

(they have the woman's touch because Helen helped design them)

I have so much to tell you about our new Hamilton home laundries, and I promise not to say "*sensational*" or "*revolutionary*" even once. After all, our company was one of the very first to make automatic laundry equipment —we get awfully tired of that kind of foolish talk, and I imagine you do too. There's a lot to tell—so let's start!

Let's talk automatic washers first

No matter what else it does, a Hamilton washer must wash *and* rinse clean, clear through. That's why our automatic is the dependable agitator type *you know* does a good job. That's why we build in *extra* rinsing power. We start with these things first.



It's a crying shame to pay good money for an automatic, then find you have to fiddle and fuss forever to get the job done right! You're entitled to *fully automatic* operation, and we give you more than you'll use most days.

Here's how you use the controls shown below.

With the left-hand control you pick the cycle—the full 35 minutes we've found right for regular loads, or a trimmed-down 19 minute cycle for smaller loads or extra-delicate jobs.

The neat rows of pushbuttons let you choose five wash temperatures (from very-hot to cold) and three rinse temperatures (plus your automatic suds-saver). More choices than you'll need most days—but wonderful for wash-and-wear items or other special jobs *(automatically!)*.

Flick the next two switches and you slow both agitation and spinning—now so gentle you can trust it with your most precious cashmeres, and get hand-washed results.



A world more to tell you, but I get just *so much* space. There's a Hamilton Dealer near you, where you can see and try these new automatics. Before you buy *any* washer, visit him, won't you?

And now—our clothes dryer

No one knows clothes dryers like Hamilton, and you see a big part of the reason at right. The gentleman visiting me is Hamilton's own Ross Moore—the inventor of the automatic clothes dryer. Ross worked a lifetime to give the Hamilton dryer a headstart it has never lost.



For example . . . only the Hamilton offers quick, gentle Carrier-Current drying—so different it's actually protected by U.S. patents. And where did wrinkle-free drying start? Right here!



Does so much, so easily. The right-hand control offers two drying cycles. One setting provides up to 80 minutes—enough for even the hardest-to-dry items. The other is tailored for the wonderful new wash-and-wear items—a short cycle, with an extra long cool-off period to confound wrinkles.

And the temperature selection buttons? Simplicity itself, for they're marked in actual fabric types. Perfect drying temperatures for every item, and no "high-medium-low" guesswork.

Chances are, someone in your block owns a Hamilton. Yes, and chances are she loves it! We feel pretty certain about this, because Hamilton alone has been making dryers for nearly 20 years now. So ask your neighbor . . . ask your Hamilton Dealer . . . or ask your common-sense self. Isn't the clothes dryer you want a Hamilton?



I'd like you to have one of these handy Weather-Toppers—free!

Honestly, it's wonderful! A sturdy plastic rainhat that folds into its own carrying case, and tucks away in your purse. Smart looking, too.

Would you like to have one? You can—just stop in at your nearest Hamilton Dealer's. See the new Hamilton automatic washers and clothes dryers, and get your Weather-Topper absolutely free. (We hope you do!)

Hamilton

laundry equipment with the woman's touch!

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New! Liquiprin* for children safer than aspirin, easier to use



Medical tests prove this new, easy-to-use liquid is gentler, less irritating than aspirin ...safe even for children who are upset by aspirin! Gets to work faster, too!



Mothers! Give your child these added benefits of LIQUIPRIN*—the new way to help calm the feverish, fretful child and ease discomfort of colds, minor aches and pains.

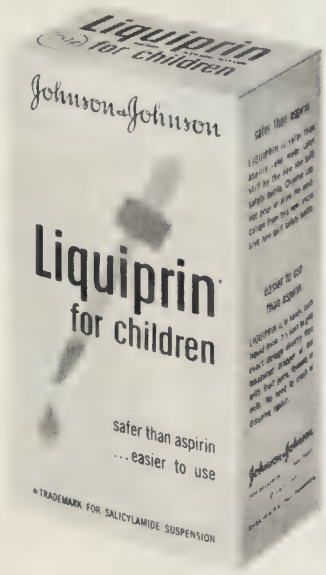
LIQUIPRIN IS DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN! LIQUIPRIN pediatric analgesic-antipyretic was developed to meet the special needs of children for something safer, gentler and less irritating than aspirin.

LIQUIPRIN IS BETTER THAN ASPIRIN FOR YOUR CHILD! LIQUIPRIN contains salicylamide, a pain-relieving and fever-reducing agent of the same type as aspirin ... BUT ... it is **chemically different.** This difference makes LIQUIPRIN basically safer and ideal for children's use.

safer than aspirin—medical tests and actual hospital use prove LIQUIPRIN does not upset or irritate the stomach ... safe even for children who are upset by aspirin.

gets to work faster—liquids work faster than tablets. LIQUIPRIN also leaves the stomach more rapidly, is more rapidly absorbed, gets to work sooner to relieve your child.

easier to take—children take tasty LIQUIPRIN directly from measured dropper or mixed with fruit juice, milk or formula. No more tablets to crush or dissolve. And what's more, you're sure of giving exact dosage.



non-spill safety bottle

LIQUIPRIN is safer than aspirin and made safer still by a special **medicine-monitor** in every bottle. Children cannot pour or drink from this exclusive safety bottle.

YOUR DOCTOR KNOWS ABOUT LIQUIPRIN Get a bottle today—at all drug stores— **79¢**

*TRADEMARK FOR SALICYLAMIDE SUSPENSION

Johnson & Johnson

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

It was against this backdrop that Jack, as an officer of the law, first encountered Richard. Perhaps he saw something of himself in the boy; Jack won't say. When Richard left, they took in a fourteen-year-old girl whose parents were separating. There followed a succession of troubled boys and girls who stayed for varying lengths of time. Occasionally Jack and Ava overreached themselves. One of their charges turned out to need psychiatric care. Another time they found themselves with a girl who required twenty-four-hour supervision. Unguarded, she ran away, and even though other teen-agers rounded her up for the Shaws, it got to be too much for Ava.

Not all the recipients of Shaw hospitality came through law-enforcement channels. One of these was Jean. It was Jack's turn to be surprised when he came home from work one day. All the other guests had been brought home by him; this was strictly Ava's show.

Jean stayed with the Shaws for a year, and the three Shaw children cried for days after she left. Jean was the only one who had come reluctantly. A teen-age baby sitter confided to Ava one night, as she was leaving, that her best friend was about to leave home.

"Will you help her the way you've helped others?" she asked pleadingly.

Ava wanted to know more, and the girl told Ava the story. A poor family with many children, the mother was ill, the father jobless. "She's too proud to accept help," the girl added. "You'll have to find some way to convince Jean that you need her."

Ava called on Jean, and asked if she would be a steady baby sitter so Ava could work. "Where are you working?" Jean asked cautiously. Ava said she couldn't look for a job until she had a sitter she could rely on. Jean agreed to come on condition that Ava would bring her home every night.

"So there I was," recalls Ava with a smile, "not wanting a job but having to look for one anyway."

She went to work as a waitress at a truck-stop café on the highway and for three nights dutifully drove Jean home before midnight. The fourth night, as Jean dozed in the car, Ava said Jean couldn't go on staying up so late on school nights. Jean said she would quit school. This gave Ava the opening she sought.

"No, you won't quit school. You'll come live with us so you can get to bed early," said Ava. Next day, Jean came with her belongings.

It took a long time for Jean to accept the Shaws. She wasn't accustomed to seeing children get along so well or parents so harmoniously, and she felt uncomfortable in her new environment. She was punctiliously polite. Unlike Richard, she was quite businesslike about the baby-sitting fees. Jack likes to tease, but she remained unresponsive to his joshing. One day, after she'd been there a month, Jack got a rise out of her. "Old baldy," she said. "You just leave me alone." But she smiled when she said it. What caused this suc break-through?

"You talk to a youngster for hours," Jack, "without seeming to make any h way. Then maybe you say one word an breaks them wide open. What that wor you never know."

Jean began to blossom. With her b sitting income, which amounted to about a week (this came out of Ava's earnings of a week as a waitress) she bought toys for children, a new dress for her sick mother, silverware and dishes for her hope chest. shyness gone, she showed open affectio Ava. But so anxious was Jean to please J she'd burst into tears if he expressed dis proval of anything she did. Ava was p tective; after all, this was her girl. One Jean bought them gifts as a surprise. To J she gave a pair of fire-engine-red pajamas, to Ava a filmy black nightgown. Jean casu said she'd also bought something for her to sleep in, but didn't open the package.

Ava secretly wondered whether Jean picked for herself a nightie exactly like h Next day Ava peeked, saw that Jean's gift herself was not a nightie at all, but pajama fire-engine red!

Jean blended in so well with the fam Jack and Ava began to dread the day w they would feel she was ready to leave. At end of a year, Jean herself made the decisi She learned that her mother, dying of can hadn't long to live, and with no prompt from Jack or Ava, Jean announced she wan to return home to help her own family.

Some time afterward, while Jean was nursing her bedridden mother, Ava went b to waiting on tables. Across the street fr the café was a filling station, and Ava beca friends with the owner's son. She deci Jean ought to meet him and one day asked boy to take a note to Jean. Several mon later the pair called on the Shaws. Jean sho her young man into another room and th radiant, asked Jack and Ava's permission marry him. Jack lectured her on the imp tance of finishing school. She promised continue. Then Jack said, "But, Jean, we ha nothing to say about whom you marry." Je replied, "Maybe not, but if you say no, i no." She broke into a warm smile. "E please, please say yes."

She wanted Jack to give her away and s wanted to be married in the Shaw home. Ja and Ava, though deeply moved, tactfully p suaded Jean to give her family that pleasu She finally agreed, then gave Jack a big h and fell into Ava's arms and cried.

Jack and Ava's interest in youth is by means limited to those who stayed with the Chief Bruce, who says that appointing Jack juvenile officer of his six-man force is "t smartest thing I've ever done in thirty years police work," doesn't have the money to p overtime, but Jack nevertheless is at it twent four hours a day. One of his proudest achiev ments is a teen-age car club, the Camshafte

HOW THE SHAWS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Regular monthly income is $432, including Jack's $386 as a policeman, his $10-a-month uniform allowance, and $36 service disability pension.

Groceries, cleaning supplies	$87.00	Allowances for guests, their clothes, etc.	28.00
Meat (Jack's cattle deals keep costs down)	12.00	School lunches	8.80
Clothing	20.00	Club dues	1.66
House payments, property tax	86.66	Magazines, newspapers	2.55
Fuel, light, water	15.00	Cigarettes	5.70
Telephone	3.76	Vacation fund (they go camping)	4.10
Insurance	9.34	Savings fund (sometimes used for capital expenditures)	50.00
Medical and dental	10.00	Income taxes (often subject to some refund)	36.00
Recreation (many outdoor activities are free)	5.00	Allowances for 3 children, Christmas and birthday gifts	8.50
Church, charity	5.00	Miscellaneous	5.43
Furniture, appliances	10.00	Total	$432.00
Car-operating costs	12.00		
Shoe repair, dry cleaning (including Jack's uniforms)	5.50		

Some people think kids in cars mean only g racing, loud pipes and trouble," Jack s. "They don't know how wrong they can "

Monday nights, the Shaw front yard nded like the warm-up period before the ianapolis Speedway races, with twenty hot- ders testing their brakes and racing their ines. Ava provided a spread for them in barn. Jack laid down only one rule for the b: to remain a member in good standing, a mshafter had to maintain a perfect traffic ord.

When another group of boys approached k to sponsor them in a similar club, he nd an unoccupied store in town, and per- ided the landlord to let the new club—the eepers—use it as a meeting place. Both bs flourished, and two years ago were in- porated in the T-Timers, Elks' youth or- nization in the West and Southwest.

Though Ava doesn't pursue juvenile work h Jack's driving dedication, she also doesn't ve Jack's detachment about it. Ava gets otional about "my boys and girls." Jack ds to think of the periods between house ests as "peace"; Ava describes them as "a id." In this, the children's attitude is akin Ava's. Both Jack and Ava feel that the esence of outside children in the house has ght their children to share. It is impossible, course, to say what Sarah would be like if e hadn't been exposed to the various house ests since she was seven years old. How- er, she would be any mother's pride and y. Her school report card is a dazzling array A's. She wants very much to go to college d is saving out of her 50-cent-a-week al- wance toward this. She helps with the house- ork, and for the past two years she has been king much of the family's bread and pastry. Actually, Ava feels Sarah is entirely too abitious about housekeeping. Recently, va wasn't feeling well and Sarah wanted to ke over entirely, but her mother told her to t out and play. That night Ava found on her llow a dozen squares of note paper, stapled gether, looking much like a raffle-coupon book. In block letters on each sheet of paper was a different set of instructions. One sheet said: "Clean stove." Another: "Prepare dinner tonight." . . . "Iron daddy's shirts," and so on. Attached to it was a scrawled note from Sarah: "Dear Mommy: If you are tired or feeling blue, hand me a ticket and this is what I will do."

Button-nosed and freckle-faced, Sarah is shy but very popular at school. Mothers also consider her a "good influence" and she is a favorite weekend guest. Sarah accepts the weekend invitations only when she's sure her mother won't need her, and she is partial to friends who own ponies, because she shares her father's love of horses.

Harry and Larry, identical twins, both blond and blue-eyed, insistent on dressing alike, are almost impossible to tell apart. One of their teachers once confessed to Ava that she gave them the same marks because she couldn't tell one from the other. This disturbed Ava. She had a sneaking suspicion Larry was carrying more than his share of the load, and one semester she arranged for them to be in separate classes. Sure enough, Larry's marks were consistently higher than Harry's, although both of them were still considered above average. It was Larry, not Harry, who became uneasy about this, and spent his time urging his brother to do his homework, often helping him with it.

Larry is the "good" boy; Harry has "the devil in him." They each get an allowance of 25 cents every two weeks (they also get 25-cent bonuses for special occasions, as when they get A's on their report cards) and Larry puts every cent into his savings account. Harry likes to spend his money and unsuccessfully tries to get his brother to go halves with him on his purchases.

When any mischief is about, there's a tendency to suspect Harry. "If anything's missing," says Ava, "I'll find myself saying 'Harry, where is it?' I try to make up for it by giving Harry a little more attention than Larry. The job of raising twins is rough."

When children come to stay with them, Jack adds $5 a week to Ava's regular allotment of $20. From this the child gets an allowance, the amount depending on the child's age. A sixteen-year-old, for instance, will get $2.50 a week, out of which he buys his lunch. In addition, Ava pays them 25 cents an hour for baby sitting—half the going rate in Beaumont—when she's out working. They're treated as members of the family. "If we go to a movie, they go," says Ava. "And they're expected to do family chores too.

"When they arrive, we sit them down and they are told what they will do and what they won't do," Ava explains. "We've never had to go beyond that. Once you've got the rules out of the way, if you teach a young person to like and respect you, he is not going to get into trouble if he can help it, because he won't want to put you out on a limb."

"In general," Jack philosophizes, "I say let nature take its course. If I had to make one rule, I'd say 'Never break a promise to a child.'"

Jack sometimes has Sunday off, but this doesn't always mean a day with the family. On one quiet Sunday he was off duty but had scheduled a special hearing for children who had broken some school windows. The high point of this Sunday dinner was a baking contest between mother and daughter. Each had baked a cake—Sarah a chocolate cake, Ava a yellow one—and the male members of the family were to decide which was the better. Harry and Larry mischievously divided their votes between Ava and Sarah. Jack was on the spot. He squirmed uncomfortably as the family waited. Ava suddenly rushed into the kitchen as the coffee started boiling over. Sarah quickly leaned over and whispered in Jack's ear, "For goodness' sakes, daddy, hurry up and vote for mother's." Jack gratefully accepted her instructions.

At ten to four, Jack changed into uniform and left for the city-hall courtroom.

Hearings like this dispose of many juvenile cases without a court record. No judge presides. Each child is called up separately with his parents. Usually they are held on Tuesday afternoon, but Jack had scheduled this particular hearing at a time convenient for all the parents.

Among the "defendants" was the pitcher on the Little League ball team. The coach sat near Jack. Privately, he had besought Jack not to "bench" the boy, who was sorely needed by his team. The twelve-year-old lad readily admitted his guilt.

"How would you feel," Jack asked, "if you had to sit on the bench because of what you did and watch your team lose because they didn't have their best pitcher?"

"Just terrible," said the boy earnestly. You could tell he meant it.

"I'm not going to bench you, because your coach assures me you'll never let him down again," Jack said. "Your part of the window damage is $1.75." The parents smiled gratefully at Jack, the coach looked relieved and the boy determined.

The next boy and his parents were defiant. Their boy hadn't broken any windows.

Jack talked to the boy for a few minutes and elicited an admission that he'd joined in the rock throwing—but his aim hadn't been so good.

The father interjected, "Why should we pay part of the cost? He didn't break anything."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 169

DINING OUT

By JANET HENRY

How nice to be able
To sit down to eat
Where all at the table
Can cut their own meat!

Everybody's pickin' pretty Posy Panties®



The prettiest, perkiest panties for junior glamor girls from two through sweet sixteen . . . so fresh and breezy in petal-soft, spring-y cotton Peek-a-Boo mesh . . . so free and easy on the move. (Easy on moms, too—no ironing!) And Posy Panties are so nicely made, with trim elastic waist, sturdy double crotch and daintily ruffled leg band. *Only 69c a pair !* Scoop up a supply at your favorite store.



In 5 posy colors: Buttercup Yellow, Fern Green, Cornflower Blue, Pink and Snowdrop White. Also in Snowflake prints (79c).

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Surf adds brightness

(to colors, to whites . . . yes, even to perfect whiteness)

Bedtime's the best time. Babies bathed. Prayers said. Daddy's kissed them. And don't you love to see them looking bright as gumdrops playing on your snowy sheets? Remember when bright colors used to fade and get old-looking . . . when sheets turned yellow? That was *before* Surf, the quality detergent that actually makes bright brighter and white whiter than new. If *you* haven't yet discovered Surf, try it now and, remember, money back if you don't love it. That's Lever Brothers' unconditional guarantee. P. S. Watch for savings on Surf at your favorite store.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 167

Jack patiently explained that he nevertheless shared the guilt with the other boys in the rock-throwing spree. "Do you consider it fair to penalize the other boys just because their son is better?" asked Jack. "That will be $75."

The father grudgingly dug into his pocket. "No," Jack said. "I want him to pay for it out of his allowance."

To watch Jack one would never suspect that he was anxious to get back to his own family. Each boy was given an unhurried hearing. At 8:20 P.M., the session was over. Jack drove home, got into slacks and a sports shirt. After supper, a prowl car pulled up in front of the house and a deputy sheriff rang the doorbell. He had a complaint about property damage done by some teen-agers just beyond the town's boundary—technically, outside the jurisdiction of Beaumont police. He wasn't too familiar with the local juvenile situation—would Jack lend him a hand? Jack got back into uniform, kissed Ava good night and urged her not to wait up for him. But he knew she would.

Jack doesn't have time to be of much use around the house any more. He does take time to perform one service that some wives might resent but Ava relishes: Jack buys all her clothes.

"He knows what I like better than I do," says Ava. Recently, he brought home three new dresses, one size twelve; another, four-teen; the third, size sixteen.

"And they all fit perfectly," says Ava proudly. "They were in three different price ranges and Jack has become so expert he knew the cheaper the dress, the bigger the size."

Shopping in general is not one of Ava's favorite pursuits. "I do most of my day-to-day shopping in the cellar," says Ava. The Shaw basement is stacked high with cartons of canned milk, pork and beans, salt, soap, cleansing powder, toilet tissue, and so on. They buy these by the case, and the local supermarket sells them at a flat 5 per cent markup. Ava gets eggs at a nearby farm for 25 cents a dozen because they are either cracked or not perfectly shaped. With Sarah's help she bakes a three-week supply of bread at one time. Cost: $1.50. Sarah also bakes pies, cakes, cookies and puddings. Ice cream is the only dessert not made in the Shaw kitchen. Most of the time dinner, which consists of meat, vegetables, salad and dessert, comes from the freezer locker and the cellar.

The Shaws have no savings plan, nor do they have any insurance or hospitalization. "But we have our guardian angels," they say. Last year Ava needed major surgery. She kept putting it off. Two Beverly Hills surgeons who had heard about the Shaws' work with children also heard of Ava's plight. They offered their services and even insisted on performing the operation in Beaumont so that Ava would be near her family. When complications developed after the operation, one of the doctors made the 188-mile round trip daily for four days, canceling most of his regular appointments to do so.

Meanwhile, Ava's household was running smoothly, thanks to Jean, the girl who had been too proud to accept help. She had moved in with her eight-month-old baby and had taken complete charge. She cooked and kept house for both families.

A month later, when Jean had departed, Ava found a picture inscribed to her and Jack: "To the bestest second parents a girl could ever wish for. I really appreciate every little and big thing you've done for me. I'll never forget them. Love, Jean." Ava wept.

On the surface, nothing spectacular has occurred in the lives of Jack and Ava Shaw since they arrived in Beaumont. Their finances are in somewhat better shape today. Jack's salary has been raised to $386 a month, plus a small allowance for his uniforms. His Government pension, now $36 a month, covers their current medical expenses; and whenever they're pinched, Ava works a few days at the café, and sometimes Jack hears of a good cattle deal and makes a few dollars. They've just moved into a new three-bedroom, two-bathroom house which they were able to finance under the California Veterans Bill, and the $75-a-month payments do not overtax them. Also, they were able to lease their old house and the five acres of ground to another family for $100 a month, and this just covers their monthly payments and taxes on the old place, so in several years they'll own it free and clear. In leasing the acreage, Jack, ever mindful of his family meat supply, stipulated that he would still be permitted to graze two head of cattle there. Now that they have the room, they have brought in a girl from a poorer family, as company (and baby sitter) for the children.

OLD SONG

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

Round and round
The family hearth
The virus-caught disease'll
Chase until
You think you've won:
Pop! goes the measle.

Not too long ago, an unusual incident occurred at Twin Pines Ranch, the county's camp for boys who have been in trouble. There are no fences at this mountain retreat. But Billy, a boy who needed just a few weeks more to adjust to the camp's discipline, had run away.

Superintendent Johnson picked up the phone with a heavy heart. If he called the sheriff, an all-points bulletin would be issued. This would mean the boy could never come back to camp; he'd be sent to a reformatory.

Johnson suddenly remembered that Billy came from Beaumont, and played a hunch. He called Jack instead of the sheriff.

"Sergeant Shaw," he said, "if Billy shows up at your home, will you please give me a call?"

There was a slight pause.

"He's just coming in the front door," Jack said. "We'll start back right after dinner."

WHY I LOVE MY HUSBAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

In the two years that followed my dates were just for fun.

I met Paul after he returned from the service. We had known each other in high school, but had lost touch. I knew we were falling in love, and I also knew it wasn't fair to Paul if he wanted the children a marriage to me couldn't bring. My conscience kept saying "Tell him"; my heart kept wondering "Will it make a difference?" Today, as I watch him romping with our adopted children, I think often of the misgivings I had that night I broke the news. Then, I can hear Paul say, "I love you for yourself, not for what you can or cannot give me."

How often he repeated those words after we were married and our friends started having their families. How often when this adoption agency, and then the next, held out no encouragement on the availability of the baby we wanted. How quick I was to forget that he was just as anxious, waiting just as eagerly.

Our two-year-old son has been with us since he was five weeks old. When Stephen was fifteen months old, he helped us choose a tiny baby sister, now a busy toddler about to have her first birthday. In both their baby books you'll find these anonymous lines from one of Stephen's baby cards:

Not flesh of my flesh,
Not bone of my bone,
But still miraculously my own.

Never forget for a single minute
You didn't grow under my heart,
But in it!

It's been over ten years since I sat in the doctor's office and heard him tell me I'd never have a child. But, as Paul says, he didn't tell me I'd never raise a child . . . and that's what I'm doing, not once but twice over, with the wonderful help of the man I love. How could I help but love him?

And how could I help but wish he'd be a little better about picking up his clothes, keeping his home-office in order, organizing his files. Paul's a saver! Every scrap of paper has to be accounted for! He's apt to forget the budget in a sudden spurt of generosity for me, the children or his precious garden; but these, and other things I might change, are insignificant when his step sounds at the door and the whole house comes alive at 5:30 P.M.

A. C.

THE MOST EXASPERATING

Dear Editors: After seventeen years of marriage, I feel I know my husband through and through. He is the most exasperating, maddening, lovable man there ever was! And I hope to spend the rest of my life married to this same exasperating, maddening, lovable man.

My husband's sense of humor is the glue that has cemented into one whole our love, the hardships we've had, and the flashes of pure joy that have come our way. His humor is the fun-poking Will Rogers kind. There's no chance of going pretentious around this house! Our life is very uncomplicated! With six children we could be Geselling and Spocking endlessly, but my husband says, "Give 'em lots of love and enough discipline to understand that crime doesn't pay, and let 'em grow."

Growth in people, plants and projects is very important to him. And he believes in sharing the pleasurable things as we grow. Take our hobbies. His is fishing.

Fishing is easy to share, but it presents its problems. I recall one deceitful spring day when we looked at each other like fools and my husband exclaimed, "Let's go oystering!" (Oystering to us is a delightful business of walking along through the shallow shore waters of Mobile Bay and picking up oysters embedded in the sandy bottom.) My husband's hunter instincts were hitting on eight cylinders; he had to get those oysters! Fortunately there were warm currents scattered through that liquid ice. I did my oystering strictly up and down one of those tepid streaks. See what I mean? Hobbies *can* be shared!

But sometimes life cannot be met humorously, nor would I want to. There are times when I want special tenderness and love and understanding. A few years ago when a congenital heart disease claimed our infant son, I learned in what full measure my husband possessed those great qualities. That heartbreaking afternoon I took the little bottles from the refrigerator for the last time, and emptied and washed them and put them away. I was still so stunned I hadn't considered how this tragedy was affecting our other children. But my husband had. When I walked into the living room he had our youngest child on his lap, with the other children gathered near, and he was explaining in simple words how their baby brother was now with the little Lord Jesus.

I don't know how he got the words out, he was grieving so. I can never say that a father's love is less than a mother's.

In the months following my husband showed his love and tenderness for me in countless little ways; too many and too personally dear to recount here.

So those are the reasons why I love my husband.

Would I change him in any way? I certainly would! But I would not have him an Adonis, an Eisenhower nor a Charles Boyer; in fact, I would not even change his natural tonsure hairline. I would wish for one thing: that my husband could be a mind reader!

EMMA L. TURNBULL
Daphne, Alabama

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS

Gentlemen: So the editors of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL want to know why I love my husband? Easy, I thought, rummaging frantically for pad and pencil.

But two hours and five fizzles later, I have discovered that it is next to impossible to explain adequately *why*.

Take my husband, for instance: he's quite good-looking, medium height, dark curly hair. But that also describes the man who's been trying to sell me a typewriter!

Well, he has a terrific sense of humor—not doting on funny stories, but seeing the ridiculous in the commonplace and expressing it by an unexpectedly humorous turn of phrase. But this is exactly our family doctor's type of humor!

H'm-m-m! Let's try again. He's very intelligent and well educated, and we can talk for hours on such diverse subjects as the Dead Sea Scrolls, the pitfalls of modern progressive education, or the psychology of personal counseling. Also, we share a love of outdoor pastimes such as fishing, camping, canoe tripping. But these selfsame things are also true of my husband's brother!

You see what I mean? No matter how much I love my husband, I must admit that those attributes which are presumably the cause of my love are by no means exclusively his. Yet it is undeniably *he* whom I love; not his brother, nor the typewriter salesman, nor the family doctor!

Why, then, do I love *him?*

Who can define what *really* makes *this* man and *this* woman stand hand in hand and solemnly swear "till death do us part"? The reason lies partly in those words which the Lord spoke: "—— and forsaking all others, shall cleave only unto her, and the two shall become one flesh." And those other words of the marriage ceremony (so pitifully unheeded in our day): "whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

I love my husband because somehow our personalities have become mysteriously joined together. We are in literal fact "becoming one." How do I know? I think I know it most clearly when that "oneness" is temporarily disturbed. For instance, when we're in the throes of what is politely called "marital discord"—and we've had some lulus in our time!—my resulting personality disorientation is drastic. I can be in a huff with a friend or in a livid rage at our children, yet still function in an organized way. But let a rift occur between me and my husband, and I become literally sick at heart. When we have made up, a flooding sense of well-being engulfs me, as if a terrible split in my own personality had been healed.

This is the essence of marriage, of love. Poor, poor misguided "moderns" who seek with first one person and then another that oneness of life and spirit.

What would I change in my husband? Probably the fault I would most like changed in him is *impatience*. He always sees how a thing *ought* to be; and he thinks that by tomorrow—or possibly even tonight—it ought to be changed, improved or completely overhauled. Admittedly, this trait has enabled him already in his work as a pastor to put one defunct church on its feet. But his own violent impatience with shoddy work, or people who hang back because of laziness, low motives or indifference, immensely distresses him and, therefore, me. Our life together would probably be smoother and more peaceful if this trait were abolished or diminished; but—who knows?—it might also be infinitely duller and less satisfying.

JEAN WASSON
North Dakota



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The ham is shown in a PYREX Oval Utility Dish. Easy-grip handles. Doesn't stain. Cleans like a dream. It's baking dish and serving platter, too. 9 3/4 x 16 3/16 x 1 1/2 inches, $1.95.

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Mrs. Wizard — that's You!

"Time spent=dollars saved."

Formula for bounty on a budget.

By JEAN ANDERSON

Budget-feeding a family's not easy. But Ava Shaw, of Beaumont, California, does it well. She buys cracked eggs for cooking—25 cents a dozen; milk by the gallon—81 cents; cull apples at an orchard—"They're queer-shaped, but sell 65 pounds for $1"; she makes her own maple syrup at 6 cents a pint; gets tuna and salmon by the case; uses evaporated milk, diluted, for cooking; bakes each week—mostly fruit breads "because the kids love them"; and carefully plans leftovers.

Serving a family of five these nutritious meals each week would normally cost about $31.37.* Ava manages to do it for less than $25. She gardens, last year "put up" 1126 jars of fruits and vegetables for $17, fattened a steer and froze beef at 21 cents a pound. "It's work," she said, "but saves over $300 a year."

**Menus based on supermarket prices in Beaumont, early spring, 1958.*

Menus and Costs for One Week

Sunday $7.13

Breakfast	Dinner	Evening Snack
Pineapple Juice	Roast Rump of Beef	Toasted Peanut-Butter-Cheese Sandwiches
Peach-Orange Coffeecake*	Frozen Lima Beans	Tossed Salad
Soft-Cooked Eggs	Mashed Potatoes	Milk
Milk	Vanilla Pudding with Canned Blackberries	
Coffee	Milk	
	Coffee or Tea	

Sunday morning special—Peach-Orange Coffeecake.

68¢

Peach-Orange Coffeecake. Drain well on paper towels 1 No. 2 can cling-peach halves. Slice peaches thinly and drain again. Mix together ⅓ cup dark brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. With a pastry blender, cut 3 tablespoons margarine into the spiced sugar until crumbly looking. Make 1 package (2 envelopes) orange muffin mix according to directions. Pour batter into a greased 8″x8″x2″ pan. Carefully lay sliced peaches over the top and sprinkle with brown-sugar mixture. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for about 30 minutes or until done to the touch. Serve hot. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Monday $4.05

Breakfast	School Lunch	Lunch at Home (for two)	Dinner
Stewed Apricots	Beef Sandwiches	Hot Roast-Beef Sandwiches	Ham with Pineapple Sauce
Hot Cereal	Carrot and Celery Sticks	Carrots and Peas	Canned Green Beans
Milk	Applesauce Cookies*	Applesauce Cookies	Sliced Tomatoes
Coffee	Milk	Coffee or Tea	Corn Muffins
			Canned Plums
			Milk

Popular in a packed lunch—Applesauce Cookies.

66¢

Applesauce Cookies: Cream 1 cup dark brown sugar, ¼ cup sugar and ¾ cup margarine until smooth. Beat in 1 egg, then ⅔ cup applesauce. Sift together 3 cups flour, 2 teaspoons each cinnamon and ginger, 1 teaspoon allspice and ½ teaspoon each salt, soda and cloves. Lightly coat 1 cup each seedless raisins and chopped pecans with some of the spiced flour. Mix flour into the batter, flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla, and last of all fold in floured raisins and nuts. Drop batter by teaspoonfuls several inches apart onto a greased baking sheet and bake 12 to 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 375° F. Makes 4 to 5 dozen cookies.



STUART

Always popular at the Shaws':
mellow Taglarini, crisp slaw, hot biscuits.

Tuesday $4.77

Breakfast	School Lunch	Lunch at Home (for two)	Dinner
Cereal with Frozen Strawberries	Tuna Sandwiches	Vegetable Soup (leftovers)	Taglarini*
Scrambled Eggs	Oranges	Toast	Cabbage-and-Pimiento Slaw
Milk	Cookies	Canned Peaches	Hot Biscuits
Coffee	Milk	Cookies	Spiced Apples
		Milk	Milk

Quick-and-easy Taglarini is tops with the Shaws.

$2.34

Taglarini: Put 2 tablespoons salad oil in a large skillet and sauté 1 cup chopped onion, ¾ cup minced green pepper and 2 cloves garlic, crushed, until tender. Add 2 pounds ground beef and brown. Drain well 2 cups each canned tomatoes and whole-kernel yellow corn and add to the meat along with ¼ cup tomato paste. Season with 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon orégano, ½ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon allspice. Simmer the mixture slowly for 20 minutes. Stir in 1¼ cups grated Cheddar cheese and 1 cup sliced, pitted ripe olives. Cook 1 package fine noodles or spaghetti according to package directions. Spoon the noodles onto a large platter and surround them with a border of meat sauce. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Wednesday $4.73

Breakfast	School Lunch	Lunch at Home (for two)	Dinner
Orange Juice	Cheese Sandwiches	Cheese Sandwiches	Lamb Stew with Carrots and Potatoes
French Toast	Bananas	Stewed Tomatoes	Tossed Salad
Coffee	Cookies	Canned Purple Figs	Cherry Cobbler*
Milk	Milk	Milk	Milk
			Coffee or Tea

A new kind of cobbler, as delicious as it is different.

65c

Cherry Cobbler: Drain enough pitted canned red sour cherries to make 1 quart, saving 1 cup syrup. Mix together 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup cornstarch and ½ teaspoon salt. In a saucepan combine sugar mixture with 1 cup cherry syrup and a few drops red coloring. Heat, stirring, until thick and clear. Add 1 tablespoon margarine, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon almond extract and the cherries. Cook slowly, stirring occasionally, for 15 minutes. Pour cherries into a 1½-quart casserole. Cover with topping. Makes 6 to 8 servings. **Topping:** Mix together 1 cup cake flour, 2 table-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

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right in your mixing bowl!





Like your fudge frosting rich and chocolatey? Try our new Chocolate Fudge Frosting Mix! You just add boiling water and presto! You've real home-cooked fudge frosting . . . ready in seconds . . . without cooking. Easy! Thrifty, too. There's plenty of creamy shortening right in the mix. And our fudge frosting will never, never fail you.

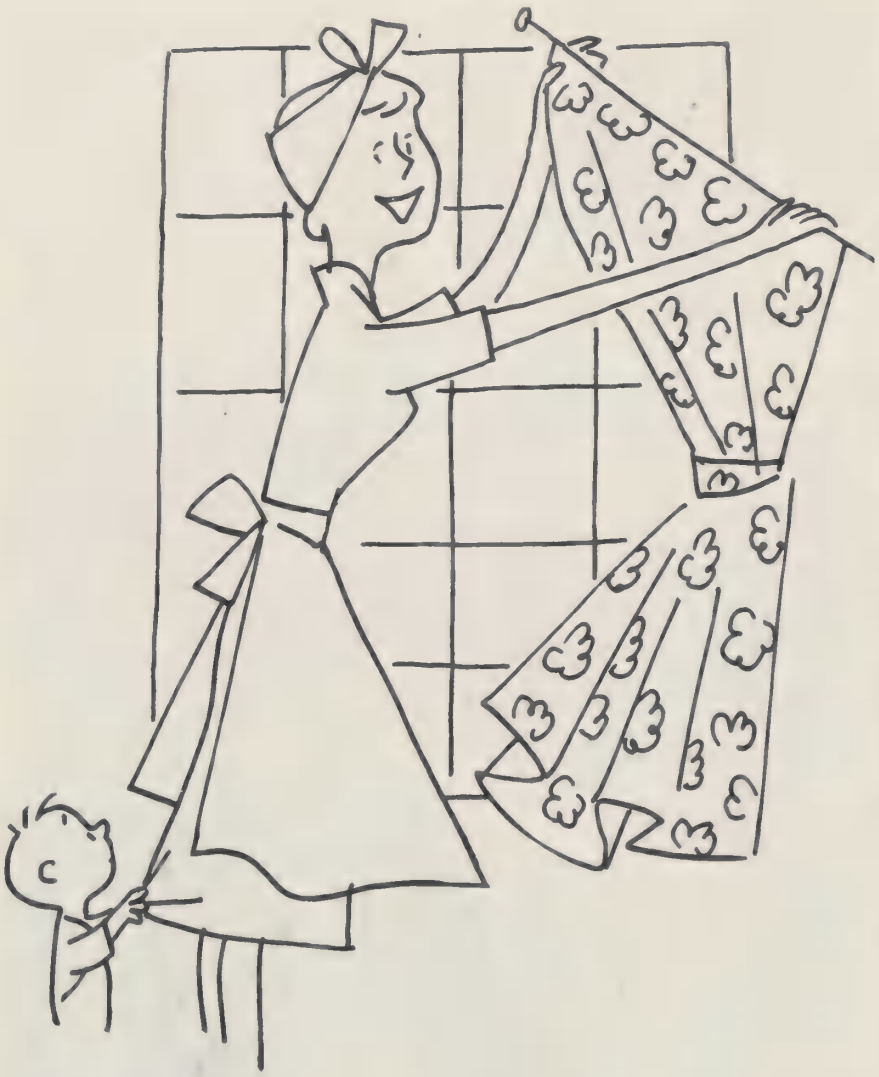
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Mrs. Wizard that's You!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 171



Baking means bowls to lick, so the "lickers" look on.

DI PIETRO

spoons confectioners' sugar, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon rind, 1 teaspoon baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Cut 6 tablespoons margarine into dry ingredients until the mixture is like coarse meal. With a fork, blend in ¼ cup evaporated milk. Turn onto a floured board and roll ¼" thick. Cut circles with a biscuit cutter. Arrange on cherries. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., for 15 minutes or until golden brown.

Thursday $2.65

Breakfast	School Lunch	Lunch at Home (for two)	Dinner
Applesauce	Ham Sandwiches	Taglarini (leftover)	Frankfurters with Baked Beans
Poached Eggs	Carrot and Celery Sticks	Carrot and Celery Sticks	Canned Asparagus
Cereal	Pears	Cranberry-Nut Bread	Mixed Fruits
Milk	Cranberry-Nut Bread* (as a sweet)	Coffee or Tea	Milk
Coffee	Milk		

Cranberry-Nut Bread doubles nicely as "a sweet."

59¢

Cranberry-Nut Bread: Simmer 1 cup cranberries in 2 cups water until skins pop. Drain and purée. Now add ¼ cup sugar and the grated rind of 1 orange and 1 lemon. Sift together 3 cups flour, ¾ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt, and ½ teaspoon each cloves and nutmeg. Mix together 1 well-beaten egg, 2 tablespoons melted margarine and 1 cup milk. Stir into the cranberry mixture. Mix 1 cup chopped pecans with spiced flour and add to cranberry mixture. Bake in a greased 9"x5"x3" loaf pan for about 1 hour in a moderate oven, 350° F. Cool loaf on a rack, wrap in aluminum foil and let stand overnight.

Friday $3.46

Breakfast	School Lunch	Lunch at Home (for two)	Dinner
Orange Juice	Peanut-Butter Sandwiches	Tuna-Salad Sandwiches	Salmon Loaf*
Hot Cereal	Hard-Cooked Eggs	Coleslaw	Harvard Beets
Milk	Bananas	Cookies	Hot Biscuits
Coffee	Cookies	Milk	Fruit-Gelatin Dessert
	Milk		Milk

Salmon Loaf—a Friday-night family favorite.

$1.15

Salmon Loaf: Mix together a 16-ounce can salmon, 24 saltines, 1½ cups drained canned tomatoes, 1 cup drained, canned green peas, ½ cup chopped onion and 2 slightly beaten eggs. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon each Worcestershire sauce, dry mustard and orégano, ¼ teaspoon each pepper and basil, and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg. Bake in a greased 9"x5"x3" loaf pan for 1 hour in a moderate oven, 350° F., or until firm. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Saturday $4.34

Breakfast	Lunch	Children's Snack	Dinner
Tomato Juice	Macaroni and Cheese	Cranberry-Nut Bread	Boiled Beef with Dumplings*
Waffles with Syrup	Canned Green Beans	Milk	Canned Peas
Milk	Applesauce		Lettuce Salad with Mayonnaise
Coffee	Milk		Chocolate Pudding
			Milk

Savory and cents-saving—Boiled Beef with Dumplings.

$1.48

Boiled Beef with Dumplings: Melt 1 tablespoon margarine in a large skillet, then brown 2 pounds beef chuck, cut into 1½" cubes. Season with 2 teaspoons each salt and grated orange rind, 1 bay leaf, crumbled, ½ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon each ginger and allspice. Slice 2 onions into the pan and sauté until tender. Dilute 2 cans beef consommé with 1 can water and heat in a Dutch oven. Add browned beef and onions and simmer, covered, for about 1½ hours or until tender. Drop in dumplings. Makes 6 to 8 servings. *Dumplings:* Sift 1½ cups flour with ¾ teaspoon salt and 2¼ teaspoons baking powder. With a pastry blender, work in 2 teaspoons shortening until mixture is crumbly. Add ¾ cup milk all at once and mix in with a fork. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto boiling gravy. Cook, covered, over moderate heat for 16 minutes. Don't peek!

WHY I LOVE MY WIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

aid, I can't think of another woman I'd two cents for as a wife, but I wouldn't a million dollars in cash for the one I've

Sincerely yours,
D. R. RICKBORN
Columbia, South Carolina

AT WICKED GLEAM

ur Editors: There is a heavily underlined tation in one of my wife's favorite old ks. It reads, "Lack of something to feel portant about is almost the greatest tragedy an may have." She says I am a good hus- d. If I am, it is because her understanding his has made me feel needed, appreciated— important.

have never brought home a check without ord of approbation. One of her favorite is impish, "You is a awful good provider." netimes she will punch a button on my st and say, "Ping! You poor men. Just like registers. We punch a button and out es money." That makes me strut.

Ve maintain a joint checking account. She tes checks for routine bills. But she caters ny masculine dignity by saving the major cks for me to write: charge accounts, taxes, tributions, and the like.

he "builds me up" before other people in tle ways. A new possession is something gave me!" We don't "go out" for din- —"he takes me." She often says, "Frank eves ——" Things like that. Little things t count.

he insists that I have the regular medical l dental care that is routine with women that most men neglect.

My wardrobe—even when it was limited— watched over carefully. "You must look r best. It's good business." When my meals irregular I never sit down alone. She sits h me for coffee and to exchange the hap- ings of the day.

never eat breakfast alone, nor is the ta- ever littered with gaping cereal boxes or f-empty cartons of milk. Nor do I look at alf-dressed woman. For years her stand- good-by has been, "See you tonight. Give hell!"

Women are strange and wonderful crea- es. About all mine asks in return for her lerstanding are little niceties and courte- . I am careful to give them: just holding chair at the table even when alone, or nding aside at the door, or good manners ntering or leaving the car. I have seen a ner wicked gleam in her eye when she knew er wives observed. And she always says, hank you."

am now sixty and semiretired. We are el- w to elbow under the same roof twenty-four rs a day many days. We eat most meals ether. This is a situation that would drive st women frantic: "a man underfoot." In- d, we are harvesting a bumper crop of npanionship from her sowing and cultivat- . We are inseparable friends—liking the ne work, books, music, pictures, conversa- tion and recreations—to the amazement of less fortunate couples.

We treasure the comment of a young mar- ried woman who said to us recently, "You two don't seem married at all. You seem to *like* each other."

Her faults? I'd be an ungrateful stinker to mention the funny little inconsistencies that are a necessary part of thoroughly feminine womanhood. I live with 'em, laugh at them and love them.

FRANK A. COOPER

SWORD DANCE

Dear Editors: You ask *Why I Love My Wife.* In reply I ask: What would I be without her? She and I have been married only four years. "Wait till you reach the dangerous stage," our friends say. I am not afraid. Before our marriage, and again before our first child, we were warned of difficult adjustments and readjustments. They were not difficult; they were indiscernible.

I am not afraid, because I am married to Carol.

Carol's husband is a college teacher. His job is not an ivory-tower occupation. It demands and gets his attention all day seven days a week, and most evenings. True, there are long vacations—in which he reads and writes long books. He is typically myopic, earnest, humorless, dogged and preoccupied. His wife, therefore, must be farsighted, earnest, full of fun, serious, quick-witted and doubly alert. She does not talk at breakfast if he is chewing over his nine-o'clock lecture; but if he decides to test the lecture out loud between the grapefruit and the eggs, she not only listens. She appraises. Nor does she let the baby distract her attention.

When the baby has a rash and her husband a departmental worry, she, being serious and earnest, gives the worry its due priority. ("The

SPLIT ROOT

By JOSEPH LANGLAND

From cuts and bruises
The aspen roots
Throw up new branches
In greener shoots.

I find it hard,
Yet harshly true,
To admit to a law
In such a view;

Still, I have admired
The Judas tree,
The crown-of-thorns,
And the yew's berry.



60-SECOND AMBROSIA

FAST—AND FANCY! JUST TEAM UP CANNED FRUIT COCKTAIL AND BAKER'S ANGEL FLAKE COCONUT!

Imagine an ambrosia you make with *five* fruits instead of one! An ambrosia you turn out in 60 seconds flat!

Here it is—*60-second* Ambrosia! Bursting with luscious peaches and pears...with plump grapes and cherries...with golden bits of pineapple. All neatly cut, all ready to use—in canned fruit cocktail!

And here's the way you make this new ambrosia—in next to no time at all...!

60-SECOND AMBROSIA

1. Drain one #2½ can chilled fruit cocktail.
2. Stir in one 3½ oz. can Baker's Angel Flake Coconut, ¼ cup frozen concentrated orange juice. 6 grand servings!

IDEA: Great way to start the day. Dinner, too!

FRUIT COCKTAIL

CANNED FRUIT COCKTAIL FROM CALIFORNIA

Cling Peach Advisory Board · California Canning Pear Growers
Baker's and Angel Flake are registered trademarks of General Foods Corp.

rash will go away by itself," she says.) But if he returns at night to learn that the rash is measles and imaginatively remarks, "I *told* you to call the doctor," her sense of humor comes to the fore. It also saves the day when he says that they cannot afford to go to the inn for dinner and then suggests inviting his dozen seniors to supper.

She has learned—No! She was married already knowing—how to do a sword dance among her husband's moods, how to be at will (*his* will) an intellectual sounding board, a gay companion, an abandoned lover, an ascetic bluestocking and an expert household manager. To be daughter to his parents, mother-sister-wife-and-lover to her husband, adored mummy to her children.

What would I be without her? Of the lonely bachelor, the dull professor, the heavy-witted pedant, the childless dead end, only she can make a happy husband, an understanding teacher, a nimble-witted scholar, a proud father

How could I *not* love her?

What Would I Change in my Wife? If I were never again to feel superior because I'm compulsively neat and she is just normally messy; if I were never again to correct her "lay" with my "lie"; if I were nevermore privileged to remark, "Dear, I don't want to hurry you, but it *is* five minutes of ——" No, I wouldn't change these things. Before marriage, I did *not* secretly plan how I would change her after marriage. And I haven't changed her, and I *can't* change her, and I wouldn't if I could. I love her much the best the way she is.

G. L.
Massachusetts

UNANIMOUS VOTE

Gentlemen: I have been studying my wife carefully for eighteen years. I believe the following to be correct, allowing for minor variations due to semantic inaccuracies or revisions of opinion due to additional data.

She is five feet and a little in height, small-boned—a nice size for dancing with, or carrying about. Once pretty, she is now beauti redheaded, with various-colored eyes—u ally hazel.

She lies about her age.

She is impetuous, childish, tyrannical, te peramental, imperious, impatient, stubbo argumentative, rattlebrained, exasperat bright, frugal, amusing, guileless, gentle, af tionate, submissive, kind, steady, loyal, cent, intelligent, mature, wise, courageous utterly unselfish. She has a very dirty temp

She fills my house with joy.

I wouldn't change a thing.

G. A. R.
New York

P.S. Have discussed this subject with b sons. They agree.

REALEMON . . . and the livin' is easy!



Salads: REALEMON Lemon Juice makes *lower calorie* salads and salad dressings that sing with new zest and tang! *"RECONSTITUTED" is your guarantee of uniform strength and flavor in every drop!*



Seafoods: Spark up lobster, shrimps, fish with REALEMON. Does wonders for prepared cocktail sauces or your own favorite recipe. Lemons may vary, but REALEMON is always uniform—always ready!



Desserts: So easy now to make lemon pies, cakes, custards, with REALEMON. You just *pour* your lemon juice from the bottle. No squeezing . . . no waste or spoilage!



Tea: Lemonade: Almost everybody loves refreshing REALEMON-ade, but have you tried *hot* lemonade or REALEMON in hot tea during the "sniffle season"? Thousands use REALEMON with Honey, Baking Soda, or Aspirin, too!



Party Beverages: Party punches, mixed drinks — even soft drinks taste better because REALEMON Lemon Juice zips up the flavor, everytime, in quick time!



New "Plastic" Lemons! Now you can use REALEMON at the table like salt 'n' pepper! New, realistic 'lemons' and 'limes' contain natural strength juice. You just squeeze 'em, they sit flat.

we squeeze . . . you pour!



A Product and Reg. T.M. of REALEMON-PURITAN CO., Chicago 9, Illinois, San Fernando, California

A KITCHEN FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

225 pounds of frozen food, store-bought or home-frozen, can be stowed away here to give a carefree independence when it comes to food shopping. In addition to the usuals, I know Louise will have a goodly supply of individual pizza pies. She has a way of adding grated cheese, anchovies and button mushrooms and toasting under the broiler to make a delectable hearty first course—fitting for bracing New England weather.

It really is a pleasure to string beans or wash salad greens and strip away withered leaves, for there is a glorious view of mountains to enjoy—framed by the window above the sink.

HOBBY:

BIRDS

Last winter the bird-watching Baggs spotted in their area white-breasted nuthatches, hairy and downy woodpeckers, juncos, scarlet tanagers wearing coats of olive green with only a few scarlet feathers. Bob put up bird feeders, Louise supplied them all from the big kitchen as snow fell and even the brown rabbits turned white-coated. Also on hand through the year are pheasant, quail, partridge, sandpipers, and water birds like killdeer that fly straight up with a whir of wings.

Then the debris is easily put out of sight down the garbage disposer in the sink. This small device ably handles one of the most disagreeable kitchen tasks, and since it grinds up food waste from preparation and from the table there is no garbage problem. Of course cans, bottles and other such are still collected outside.

Creative cook Bob made friends with the dishwasher immediately. After any meal the cleanup is so simple when plates and glassware and kitchen utensils too—except those with cooked-on foods—are automatically washed and dried. For two-person families like the Baggs, the timesaving way to wash is to rinse and stack dishes after each meal but wash them only once a day.

Since there are two cooks in this family, separating the oven and cooking top avoids traffic jams—particularly when each section has its quota of counter near it. The oven is installed at elbow height, so it is convenient to add or remove foods. Built into the oven is a rotisserie arrangement, and even before they moved in the Baggs started a collection of barbecue recipes. We'd guess that succulent, juicy and brown rotisseried Cornish hens from a nearby poultry farm will be a specialty of the house.

The oven serves equally well for the usual kind of baking or roasting, such as the household's favorite baked beans. (Every "white birch" family always had baked beans on Saturday, according to Louise.) The cooking top has one unit with a temperature minder that regulates the flow of heat at any level Louise may set—just right for measuring the heat during the long, slow cooking of a g Yankee pot roast, the family decided.

These timesavers are important, but w really sets the kitchen apart is the clever rangement of them. In a floor plan like t a routine U-shaped kitchen might have fitt Instead, the oven is installed diagonally acr one corner—easy to see and reach from part of the kitchen. With this arrangem there is reachable counter or place to unl the oven on either side.

The angled cooking top pleased Louise m of all. Standing here, she faces the keep room and her company, and can talk e while she turns the fish and serves the v tables. The arrangement even allowed f snack counter; and best of all, it meant her light from the kitchen window was blocked at all.

For this kitchen, Bob and Louise deci that metal cabinets were their preference. T chose a lovely blue color of a morning horiz and the cabinets have such refinements rubber door bumpers, nylon drawer roll and sound-deadened construction. "A jo says Louise. The kitchen was tailored to Baggs' own needs, too, with such features storage between counter and wall cabinet the spices and herbs and little items invaria lost in full-size cabinets. Above the oven cabinet with sliding glass doors holds bea ful ironstone and china serving pieces. A the corner wall cupboard where glassw and dishes are kept has turn-around shel so each small item can be reached. The cabi below has shelves that pivot out so the b reaches are serviceable too.

All wall cabinets have adjustable shelves accommodate the milk glass and pink tow design dishes and food supplies in this hor We are all very partial to the sliding shel and trays in base cabinets, which mean supplies and utensils can be surveyed eas The main counters in the kitchen are a wh

HOBBY:

COOKING

Bob and Louise's baked beans with salt pork are "white birch" (old settler) specials. Louise takes 2 pounds navy or pea beans, washes and picks them over carefully, then soaks overnight. In the morning she parboils them with 1 pound salt pork (cut into 1″x3″ strips with rind removed). When beans are tender she combines them with 2 teaspoons salt, 4 tablespoons molasses, 8 tablespoons sugar, 1 large onion, ½ cup chili sauce or catchup or tomato juice, and 6 cups water, and turns it all into a bean pot. Cover and bake in a slow oven, 275° F., 7 to 8 hours, adding water as necessary, and during last hour remove cover for browning. And, says Louise, the recipe cooks just as deliciously in an electric Dutch oven turned to low heat, but it takes longer.

hard plastic with a faint green cracklelike design. And there is a kind-to-knives wood section near the sink for slicing work, and a stainless-steel insert around the cooking top to protect against excess heat.

The small rounded dining counter, open underneath, is just big enough to take two stools and serve coffee breaks or breakfast. Louise uses it even more as a serving counter where salads or desserts can be arranged before mealtime.

The floor is a real inspiration. It is a crushed-stone effect in plastic with the warm tones of the wood plus flecks of turquoise and white—handsome! The plastic sheet is backed with a spongy surface, so it's a foot saver too. With two cockers, Sandy and Carbie, to think about, Louise was wary of the dirt eight paws would bring in. This floor was her answer—it resists soiling and takes very little care.

When son Bob and his new bride join them for tasty succotash (up their way it's made with salt pork) they sit at the round cherry table near the windows where they can watch the changing blue lights on Mount Pomeroy and scan the sky for birds heading north for the summer. The dining chairs are faithful reproductions of colonial ones, with authentic stencil designs, made in a recently reopened factory near the Baggs. When winter winds blow, the draperies will be drawn and a cheerful fire lighted in the fireplace.

For nighttime enjoyment of the keeping room, there are lamps that brighten even the distant corners. Built-in lights over the sink, in wall cabinet and in the ventilating hood light the work areas. An attractive round fluorescent light in the ceiling gives good general light. A large pull-down lamp is suspended over the eating table, and there is a smaller version over the breakfast serving counter.

The living room of the house—"a typical Victorian parlor," Louise says—is just behind the fireplace wall of the family room, and filled with furniture handed down through the family "because we like to live with familiar things." In it stands the old upright piano which Bob Sr. and Jr. both play.

As Louise picks up mending in front of the fire these nights, she often hears Bob playing the old favorites, "the 'home' songs." Like him, she feels happily settled, for the rest of their lives.

HOBBY:

FLOWERS

When spring came this year, Bob and Louise transplanted favorite blooms from the old house, including white violets that years ago came from Shakespeare's home. Later they hope to add "flowers with memories" from other, closer landmarks. It's a big help, Louise thinks, to have garden-minded friends who'll bring back seeds or sprouts from historic areas. She plans outdoor flower boxes later for the big sitting-room window.

SPRING SHAD FEAST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

use the fresh roe, wash them carefully, being certain not to break the thin membrane. Drain roe well and dust with the thinnest film of flour. Season each with salt and pepper. Sauté them gently in butter until golden brown. Remember to keep the heat low—if it's too high, the membrane will break, scattering the roe. Now turn the roe, again taking care not to break them open, and sauté until golden brown on the other side. Remove to a heated platter and garnish with ½ pound crisp cooked bacon. If you like the flavor, sauté the roe in bacon drippings instead of butter. Garnish the platter with lemon wedges and radish roses. Makes 8 servings.

Perfect flavor and color companions for the shad as it rests on the platter: potato balls and garden-sweet fresh green peas with mint and orange rind.

POTATO BALLS

With a ball scoop make a quart of potato balls. You will need about 4 pounds potatoes. (The rest of the potatoes can be mashed for tomorrow's dinner.) Cook the potato balls in boiling salted water until just tender, 15 to 20 minutes. Drain. Pour a generous amount of melted butter over all and season with salt and pepper. Add to the heated platter with the roe and garnish with a sprinkling of paprika. Makes 8 servings.

PEAS WITH MINT AND ORANGE RIND

Wash, then hull 4 pounds fresh peas. Put about 1" water in the bottom of a large saucepan. Bring to boiling, add the peas, cover and simmer until tender. Meanwhile, peel off the rind from half an orange in ½" strips. Be sure there is no white left on the rind. Cut the strips crosswise into very fine slivers, about the thickness of strong thread or string—enough to make 3 tablespoons. Heat with ½ cup butter—let the rind slivers stand in the butter for a few minutes to steep the flavor. When the peas are tender, drain off remaining water and add butter and orange rind along with ¼ cup finely chopped mint (use fresh mint for this). Season to taste with salt and pepper and arrange on the shad-roe platter.

All pink and white, beautiful as the first spring blossoms, is Royal Meringue Dessert. Velvety moist, a faintly sweet bit of fluff, meringue emerges with strawberry whipped cream, succulent red berries and wisps of almond-flavored coconut as an ambrosial dessert, delicate in texture and flavor, just right after the shad-roe bounty. But don't let this fragile-as-Dresden dessert deceive you. Actually, it isn't difficult to prepare.

ROYAL MERINGUE DESSERT

Whip 8 egg whites and ½ teaspoon cream of tartar until foamy. Add 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition. When the meringue will stand in stiff glossy peaks, spoon it into a 10-cup ring mold. This is one mold that does not have to be greased. Do this carefully to eliminate any large air bubbles along the sides or in the center of the meringue. Set the ring mold in another pan which has about 1" hot water in it. Then bake in a very slow oven, 250° F., for 45 minutes or until the meringue is set. Remove the ring mold from the water and allow to cool until the meringue settles. Just before serving, loosen the meringue from the pan with a knife that has been dipped in water to prevent its tearing the meringue. Invert on a serving dish. The meringue may be made in the morning for dinner service.

Strawberry Whipped Cream: Defrost a 10½-ounce package frozen sliced strawberries according to directions on the box. Then buzz in a blender or rub through a sieve. Beat 1 cup heavy cream until very thick but still shiny. Fold in the strawberry purée and chill until ready to serve. Toss 1½ cups flaked toasted coconut with 2 teaspoons almond flavoring.

To serve: Put strawberry cream in a small bowl that will fit in the center of the meringue ring. Garnish with sugared fresh berries. Sprinkle plain or toasted almond-flavored flaked or shredded coconut over the cream and berries and garnish with a few sprigs of mint. Makes 8 servings.

Once your guests are served, relax and cherish the moments of guests enjoying themselves—and your shad feast. A tribute to spring, a tribute to you. END



REVOLUTION IN THE LAUNDRY—

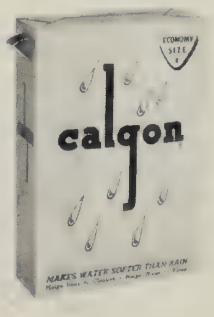
Modern washers put Calgon® into rinse to end hangover dirt left by soaps and detergents

NOW . . . GET YOUR CLOTHES UP TO 39% CLEANER! The big reason for dull, gray, stiff or scratchy clothes is the soap and soil left in them after ordinary rinsing. And these deposits build up in clothes, wash after wash. At last, washer makers have solved this problem—they've developed ways to add Calgon *automatically* to the rinse. Only a Calgon rinse completely removes soap and soil to give you really clean clothes. For years, women have manually added Calgon to the wash and rinse. Now it's so easy to get your clothes super-clean, feather-soft and bright with the new automatic Calgon rinse. See the wonderful difference—add Calgon to the rinse in your present washer.

New! Hamilton washers add Calgon automatically to rinse!

The new Hamilton Fabric Conditioner automatically adds Calgon to the rinse water for cleaner, brighter clothes.





CALGON ENDS PROBLEMS CAUSED BY WATER

THE UNSUSPECTING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

of near poverty and in wistful ignorance toyed with a fortune at the end of a gold chain.

Elizabeth seldom spoke of the pendant and never displayed it: it was a private thing of joy or sorrow, and she wore it tucked inside her dress. But when she sat among us, as she did that Sunday afternoon, she would pull it out by the chain and idly turn it in her fingers. Now and then we caught sight of its startling brilliance, but we had never liked Edward and so we never mentioned it. To us it was a worthless bauble from a worthless wretch. If she held it in her palm smiling her faintly melancholy smile, we looked away and often as not spoke of John Clendaniel. Then her eyes would light with a twinkle of droll mischief.

Mr. Malachi was a silent, obsequious little man with tight-lidded black eyes. He had apparently been standing in the doorway some time before any of us saw him. The front door was closed that day, so he must have heard our voices coming through the garden door which stood open to let in the afternoon sunlight.

When Elizabeth, startled at seeing him, rose hastily to meet him, she let the pendant drop from her fingers and fall upon her bosom. When she approached him, smiling inquiringly, he did not move, except to tremble; the color left his face and his small eyes gleamed like buttons of jet.

Elizabeth received him graciously and he sat among us, a curious little foreigner, trying anxiously to keep abreast of the conversation. We are small-town and foreigners unnerve us and so we chattered all the more self-centeredly to cover our discomfiture.

With heavy decorum Mr. Malachi made one or two references to Edward. Elizabeth replied with quiet grace, but the rest of us met his words in silence. We didn't feel in the least sentimental about Edward.

During a pause in the conversation Mr. Malachi, glancing at Mary and Hannah and me, turned to Elizabeth with an apologetic air:

"Dear Mrs. Starr, I am afraid my calling at this hour is an intrusion. But I hesitated to pay an evening call for fear you are in the habit of retiring early." His voice, it seemed to me, held an inflection of inquiry.

"Indeed you are not intruding, Mr. Malachi," Elizabeth began and Hannah interrupted her with a deep chuckle.

"If you called this evening you would certainly be intruding. Mrs. Starr receives Mr. Clendaniel in the evening. Although sometimes," she added and winked at Mary and me, "it's nearer morning."

We laughed and Mr. Malachi leaned forward with a polite if bewildered smile and lifted his eyebrows inquiringly. We replied with a chorus of cryptic explanations.

"Mr. John Clendaniel," I said, "is Mrs. Starr's most devoted admirer, Mr. Malachi."

"And a perfectly terrible rascal," said Hannah.

"He avoids going out in the daytime and only calls at night," Mary Pike said, and added, "You can't keep him out, either. Locked doors mean nothing to John Clendaniel!"

"Actually"—Hannah lowered her voice confidentially—"he is wanted by the law."

"Imagine keeping company with a man like that," I said.

Mr. Malachi, appearing to be still more puzzled, looked appealingly at Elizabeth.

"But surely, Mrs. Starr, your friends are joking."

Elizabeth smiled at him and murmured with that curious catch of laughter that ran through her voice when she spoke of John Clendaniel, "I'm afraid they are very close to the truth, Mr. Malachi. But even so," she added, "he's a dear."

With a fleeting expression of some private satisfaction, he executed an ingratiating little bow of deference. As he did, his hard, tight-lidded eyes rested for a moment on the frail hand that closed around the gold chain.

Sometimes in an idle corner of my mind I imagine time as a clock whose hands may be turned backward or forward in order to confound the forces of evil. If only at that moment when, having risen to take his leave, he stood once more in the doorway with his shadow before him, I could have turned the hand of time ahead just one day! For less than twenty-four hours later I knew that he had come for the Jens Diamond; I knew that seeking Edward Starr's impoverished widow, left forgotten in some obscure American town, had been a nagging hunch, played in desperation, for Mr. Malachi mistrusted hunches; he was more at home with simple down-to-earth logic. And he had a flair for selecting either an innocent scapegoat or an accomplice to take the main risk. Any scapegoat would do. But an accomplice must be bold and effective and, necessarily, desperate. Consequently, when he planned the most daring jewel theft of his career, he had selected Edward Starr, whom he knew by reputation as a colorful, if unlucky, gambler. Starr was bold enough to take the main risk, and desperate enough, having run through his wife's money by then. And effective! The thing had gone off as smoothly as lifting an orange from a fruit peddler's cart. But the conservative Mr. Malachi had underestimated Edward Starr's boldness, for Starr had fled with the diamond. Mr. Malachi had doggedly followed him over three continents, losing his trail again and again. When at last he had found him in a lodginghouse in Prague, he was dying. Dying and without the Jens Diamond. To Mr. Malachi's insane pleading, he only smiled bitterly, murmured that it was well hidden and went on with his dying. So Mr. Malachi's search continued: years of painstaking work in which he tracked down endless false leads which only brought him to the end of his inhuman patience. And then, unwillingly but doggedly, he played his nagging hunch.

Elizabeth's poor little body was found late in the morning in her drawing room. The lights were burning and the draperies were drawn. She was crumpled on the floor, looking very small, with her neck broken.

The room gave the appearance of a clumsy, run-of-the-mill burglary: table drawers had been pulled out, a curio cabinet had been broken into, but the only things that had been stolen were money and a few bright trinkets; a little band of opals was missing from her finger, her purse had been looted of its meager contents, a gold pillbox had been taken from the mantel, and Edward's pendant was gone.

Jim Carney was as shocked and as grieved as I was. And as puzzled. We had had petty burglaries from time to time: the candy shop, the Jewel Theater; but nothing like this. Jim asked me what I thought about it and I shook my head.

"A prowler, I suppose. Some mischievous lout. But why? Why Elizabeth? What did Elizabeth have?"

What, indeed, I thought, did Elizabeth have but a few trinkets and a dream? She was a gentle girl who had grown old; who had loved deeply and lost greatly and who had dreamed a laughing dream to make up for all that was gone; who had nothing to share with the friends she loved but a little enchantment.

We grieved so. All but John Clendaniel. And how he must have rejoiced! How wildly happy he must have been, if we could believe Elizabeth; and, for all our laughing, I suppose, in our hearts, we did. For we had been brought up to believe in John Clendaniel: Elizabeth and Hannah and Mary and me; and Jim Carney too. We had all heard the tale as little children and we had shivered to hear it and sighed.

He was a black sheep, John was, a dashing ne'er-do-well who, a hundred years ago, had fallen so much in love with a girl that he had given up his reckless ways and changed into a respectable, peace-loving man, until he discovered that her love was false. Then, in his raging sorrow, he had killed her lover, and when they pursued him over the hills to bring him back for hanging, his horse had fallen into a quarry and John Clendaniel had died. And for a hundred years his ghost had wandered over the hills looking for a true love. What a splendid, tragic figure he was to us! Oh, how we believed in John Clendaniel!

Sickness is introduced into our bodies by ourselves, by our ignorance, our weakness or our sins. The idea that sickness is sin is not as irrational as it sounds.

DR. MARTIN GUMPERT
You Are Younger Than You Think
Duell, Sloan and Pearce

But it was Elizabeth who captured him. I was after Edward died and living in loneliness had become her habit that she said to us one day with a twinkle in her eye and that little catch of laughter in her voice:

"I was walking in the hills today and I met John Clendaniel there. He asked me to be his true love. And do you know what I did? I promised him that I would."

For years we laughed and teased her while she enchanted us with hilariously improbable tales of their outlandish courtship.

"I suppose," Jim sighed heavily, as he eased himself down on the corner of my desk, "that you're about right. A prowler. Something like that. Except for one thing," he added thoughtfully. "The garden door wasn't locked and no other door or window had been forced. Elizabeth wouldn't leave the door unlocked at night. It looks like she let somebody in."

"Oh, horse feathers, Jim!" I said. "Open the door to a prowler?"

"That's not what I'm saying. I mean that she'd open the door only to someone she knew."

"Who, for instance? Me?"

"Who's that Mala . . . what's-his-name fellow?"

"Mr. Malachi? He's one of those art dealers here about the Primrose collection. He knew Edward once."

"That's no recommendation," Jim snorted. "Foreigner, isn't he?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Jim, don't be so small-town! Foreigner or not, he isn't the type of man to commit a petty burglary."

"Is he the type of man to commit murder?" In spite of my skepticism, a cold chill ran up my spine. "It wouldn't hurt to question him," Jim continued. "I'll just say someone thought they saw him . . . could have been mistaken . . . you know."

"All right, you're the sheriff."

"Glad you told me," he said dryly, looking at me all spread out behind the desk. "Sometimes I wonder."

I lifted the phone, waited for our combination postmistress-town crier to get off the line and rang the inn.

Mr. Malachi arrived carrying his suitcase and wearing an aspect of solemn bereavement. Speaking softly in a whisper, he declared his intention to render whatever assistance he might, even if it meant missing his train, which left at noon. It was nine minutes to twelve.

Jim assured him that that would not be necessary and, red in the face and steadfastly avoiding my eye, he observed to Mr. Malachi that "someone" was almost certain of having seen him last night in the vicinity of Mrs. Starr's residence.

Mr. Malachi failed to suppress a little start, but he calmly replied, "Oh, yes. I called on Mrs. Starr last evening. I thought I might not have an opportunity to see her this morning, so I went to say good-by." As he paused, Jim tossed a smug glance at me. Mr. Malachi, intercepting it, dropped his eyes and after a moment said quietly, "But really, I cannot imagine who could have done this shocking thing." He paused again, but with an air of delicacy, as though there was something he preferred not to have to say.

Jim leaned forward. "Yes, sir?" he prompted the delicate Mr. Malachi.

"I hesitate to mention something which can surely have no bearing on this clumsy, tragic affair," he said softly and regretfully, "but as I was leaving Mrs. Starr's house last evening, a gentleman called. Mrs. Starr introduced us."

With a wail the noon train announced its approach to the little station down the street. Mr. Malachi rose from his chair and began carefully smoothing his gloves.

"Do you remember this man's name, sir?" Jim asked tensely.

In replying, Mr. Malachi had never been more logical. Or less down-to-earth.

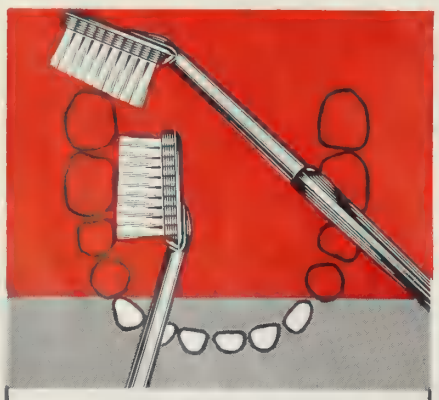
"Why, yes," he said, moving toward the door, "it was a Mr. John Clendaniel."

When Jim Carney's expression finally changed from openmouthed astonishment to deadly amusement, Mr. Malachi's small, black, wicked eyes went flat, like a snake's.

I pulled out three rows of stitches trying to get the keys to the jail untangled from my knitting.

END





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SECRETARY FOLSOM

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART

Congress is considering an administration program for spending one billion dollars on education over the next four years. Some argue this is too much Federal money, others argue it isn't half enough. Everybody agrees that our education system, from first grade through graduate school, needs stimulating. The man behind the program, who had the delicate job of recommending how big it should be, is Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Marion B. Folsom. What kind of man is he? What does he himself believe are the urgent education needs of America?

The benevolent-looking gentleman in the blue serge suit has dark silver hair with a bit of white at the temples, and he closes his eyes when he smiles. His office, at the end of a quarter mile of rose-carpeted corridors, could hold a square dance, but he has moved his great desk down to the near end, making a working corner a comfortable distance from the door. The desk looks neat as a pin, and so does he.

"When I was a boy," he says, thinking back some fifty years to a tiny Georgia town, "the teacher was top dog in the community. The years a young man gave to his education were precious.

"Today"—his voice is mild, but he slips a rubber band over his fingers and pulls on it hard—"people still believe in education, but blindly. The high-school band gets as much attention as the science class. I'm all for *bands*—but we ought not to forget the fundamentals. I think electives have gone too far. Youngsters pour into college, but some of the brightest ones don't get there. More than fifty thousand students in the top quarter of their class drop out of high school every year, and more than a third of the top ones who do graduate don't go to college. The low salaries we pay teachers are a national disgrace."

He pauses and smiles one of his warm, personal smiles. "*I* was offered a teaching job after I'd finished Harvard Business School—but I didn't take it."

The Secretary visibly relaxes now. He leans back in his chair from bolt upright and enjoys talking about his own education, from which he evidently extracted every ounce of value. "We had only one school in our town, a church school, but it had *very* high standards. I wasn't quite sixteen when I entered the University of Georgia." When it is pointed out that he was graduated remarkably young, he ducks his head modestly and says, "Well, I had a thorough background. I was able to skip a class." Secretary Folsom was graduated a member of Phi Beta Kappa at the age of eighteen. An assistant, rummaging recently through an office closet, found some old college records and reports with delight, "He slipped once in one course down to a ninety-six."

The Secretary's pleasant Georgia voice continues (it has been reported that Secretary Folsom "*never* swears, gets angry or raises his voice"). "Just to show you the value of a scholarship—I probably would never have gone on to Harvard if I hadn't been awarded a scholarship there. I tutored undergraduates on the side to raise enough money to take myself abroad in the summer." Back comes the smile, and now one leg is jauntily over the arm of his chair. "Once I had the captain of the football team, the baseball team and the crew all at the same time. They were *bright* boys—they'd ju been too busy."

Two imposing standards are behind t Secretary's desk—the American flag and a bl flag emblazoned with the seal of the depar ment. On the wall to his left, the Norma Rockwell portrait of President Eisenhow smiles genially. On a polished table is a phot graph of Ike, signed "With best wishes a warm regard from your friend." These are r minders that Secretary Folsom must think terms of millions of people—a whole natio The Georgia boy who had such a gift mathematics that he was keeping his fathe books by the age of fourteen grew to a man such breadth that he made his company, Ea man Kodak, a pioneer in developing a wi range of benefit plans for its employees, a helped frame our whole Social Secur legislation.

"Don't tab me as a math man; I'm a ma and *history* man. I've always been a believer the humanities. I've resisted the whole concep of a 'crash program' in science. The part our program that excites me is the counselin and scholarships it sets up to ensure that ou ablest youngsters are educated. Some peop seem to think that our concern is to get va numbers into college. That's not it at all—it the cream of the crop we want to save. Th scholarships will favor boys and girls who hav taken some science courses in school, but w don't think that will hurt them a bit. An edu cated man today needs a background in th sciences. But then we'll give them the schola ships across the board; they can study whe and what they please with them—science, th humanities, the ministry, the law. We need a our diverse abilities if we are to meet the cha lenge to freedom today."

He sits forward at his desk again, now, an drops the rubber band from his fingers. "It my opinion that what we're doing now in ou classrooms may determine our survival. don't think Americans have really grasp this. Soviet Russia goes ahead and manipulat its whole school system for the benefit of th state. We can't afford to shamble along, on th basis that we've done pretty well in the pas The amount of money that our program pr poses is a very small amount—to stimula state and local bodies to do what they prob ably already should be doing. The real driv the big drive, will have to come from th American people."

Here the bushy eyebrows come down. "Le me give you some figures—and they aren't v sionary figures, either. Our schools and col leges are now costing us over eighteen billio dollars a year. Within ten years they'll nee about twenty-five billion annually just to hol their own with enrollment increases. Add t that the cost of improving the teacher shortage the classroom shortage, the quality of the cur riculum, and we'll need still more billions.

"Someone in Washington can't push a but ton for this money. I have my ideas about hov big a program we *ought* to be launching, bu the decision isn't mine to make. It's up to th public.

"My job, in a free country, is to point to th problem and make the appeal. I can ask fo one billion, which will barely prime th pumps. I can holler 'Fire!' That's what I'm trying to do now. But I won't accomplish any

hing unless a lot of state and community eaders and quite a few millions of voters and axpayers hear me. They are the ones who are oing to have to support bond issues and vote hemselves taxes. They are the ones who will ave to pay the big end of the cost.

"The main thing I ask for, as a Government dministrator, is that state and local officials nd the people themselves look at the problem learly and responsibly. Nothing is going to hange our education values faster—no mount of leadership from Washington or rom professional educators—than attention rom a lot of parents. It's my hope that the urrent fuss and publicity are making millions f them look at their local schools and make p their minds about the weak points.

"The parents are the ones who will have to lemand the spirit of learning in the schools as well as the spirit of the football field. They are the ones who are going to have to tell their children, 'Go to school and learn; that is what your school is for.' They are the ones who must be convinced that a trained and enlightened mind is a man's best chance for happiness and a nation's best resource. When enough people refuse to settle for less, they will face up to opening their own purses to pay for it. Just as important, they will give dedicated teachers and administrators the backing to do the job.

"Sometimes I don't feel the people are doing this."

He leans back, and suddenly the smile reappears, lighting the face of a good man.

"Other times, I *do*. After all, our education system has performed near-miracles in the past. We can do it again." END

I WAS CHURCHILL'S SECRETARY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

ccommodation. Beneath a vast concrete block set in at ground level there was first of all General Headquarters, known as the Cabinet War Room, or C.W.R., where the Prime Minister, all Cabinet ministers and the Chiefs of Staff had rooms, as well as the Service Planning Staffs. Here some of the most brilliant British officers spent their days breathing conditioned air and working by daylight lamps, to emerge white-faced and blinking for a few hours in the evening. Below it, on a still lower level, had been constructed a whole floor of tiny bedrooms, and it was here those on late duty would retire at bedtime.

No. 10 was for the most part closed, except for the ground floor. Below the Cabinet Room level some small rooms had been fitted out for the Prime Minister's entertaining, and one of our urgent duties each morning was to find out where meals and appointments for the day were to be held. Much time was spent trotting between the two offices, and confusion was frequently caused when visitors failed to make sure of the rendezvous. The kitchen staff would wail in despair when dinner turned out to be "at the other side," and a hurried exit with dishes and baskets of food would take place.

All this was explained to me by Mrs. Hill and her assistant, who went on to tell me about working conditions. The hours worked by the Prime Minister were, they said, rather unusual. He was, they said, an unusual man. Mr. Churchill would usually waken about 8 o'clock, and would have breakfast in bed off a tray. During this meal he would read through all the morning papers. Thereafter, having lighted up his first cigar, he would recline in bed propped up with pillows, dressed in his favorite dressing gown, which was green and gold with red dragons on it, and work on his Box. This was a rectangular black box which locked automatically on closing, and "Gimme my Box" was a phrase we all knew well. Inside were various folders, always in their prescribed order. The top one contained particularly urgent papers, such as telegrams from President Roosevelt or Marshal Stalin, or from the generals in the field; the second, Foreign Office telegrams; then service telegrams, Cabinet papers, and so on. This box was always prepared by the private secretaries and placed on a stool next to the P.M.'s bed, key on the bed table, so that as soon as he awoke he could open it.

Mr. Churchill found it more restful to work in bed, and because of the great calls upon his strength he was urged by his medical advisers to do so as often as possible. He would remain there until half an hour before his first appointment, sometimes receiving visitors, but often working the entire morning at his Box. Luncheon was invariably at 1:30, and every day at some time before dinner, which was at 8:30, he would sleep at least an hour, waking refreshed and ready for another normal day's work before bedtime. This was very seldom before 2 A.M. and might be any time up to 4:30. "It's amazing," they told me, "how quickly you get used to going to bed at two-thirty."

It was also explained that working for the Prime Minister was not easy, particularly at first. He did not like new staff and would be looking for a reason to lodge an objection. In those days he was in the habit of dictating straight onto the typewriter in order to save time. As he finished dictating one was to hand over the minute, letter or directive ready for signing, correct, unsmudged, complete. He would then sign or initial it, buzz for the private secretary, and it would be dispatched, frequently topped with a bright red sign stating "Action This Day."

"But," they told me, "it's not easy to hear what he says. He has a very slight impediment in his speech connected with the letter *s*, and that combined with the ticking of the typewriter makes for difficulty. Until you get used to his voice it's almost impossible to catch everything. There's always that cigar, and usually he paces up and down the room as he dictates, so that sometimes he's behind your chair and sometimes far across the room. You must be prepared to go fast in short bursts, to finish one sentence before he starts another—and for heaven's sake don't make any typing errors. When you don't hear you may ask him what he said, if you're brave and prepared for a squash; or you may put what you thought he said, if you don't mind having your head snicked off; or you may leave a space and hope that from the sense you'll later realize what it was you missed, in which case you can creep back quietly on the typewriter and put it in—and hope he doesn't roar at you for fidgeting. There's a rubber eraser attached to every typewriter, but don't be so rash as to fidget by using it. You must take two carbon copies of everything you type, but don't rustle the paper. In any case, you're bound to have it a bit rough at first, and if you'd rather leave now you can still do so."

I thought I'd have a try.

For the next few weeks I worked in the office under the two personal secretaries. I learned how Mr. Churchill liked his minutes typed, always in double spacing with a space left at the bottom for his initials and the date. I learned how to do speech form, the way he liked his speeches and broadcasts typed out—a special method he had evolved through the years with various recognized abbreviations and the lines arranged in phrases. I was told that if there was a choice of *z* or *s* in spelling, he liked the old-fashioned *z*. I was told that if the Prime Minister said "Gimme Pug" I must fetch General Ismay, his constant adviser on military affairs and secretary to the Chiefs of Staff Committee; that if he said "Gimme Prof" I must go and ask for Lord Cherwell, his scientific adviser; and that if he merely stretched out his hand and said "Gimme" I must be so well in sympathy with the train of his thought as to be able to place in his hand whatever he needed from a selection of black pen, red pen, tag (for joining sheets of paper), paper punch (which he called a Klop), blotting paper, "Action This Day" label, and so on.

There was of course other work to be done besides taking dictation: writing short letters



on the Prime Minister's behalf in respect of personal matters, drafting personal letters for his signature, doing the household accounts, keeping the files, helping Miss Hamblin with Mrs. Churchill's correspondence. And there were interesting tasks which fell to my lot, being the junior: taking the Prime Minister's glasses to be repaired, or going to the bank for the weekly household wages, or getting a book from the library for his reference, or fetching something for Mrs. Churchill from Bond Street.

This was the background to which I became accustomed during those first weeks. Of course one could not help knowing when He was in and when He was out. When bells and buzzers had an urgent note, when the air tingled and messengers ran on tiptoe, when private secretaries looked harassed and spoke in hushed tones, when a whiff of cigar smoke reached one and an occasional rumble of anger was heard through closed doors, then the Prime Minister was at home. Once or twice I caught a glimpse of him; I began to long to take the plunge and get started.

One night I was left on duty. Usually when there was no meeting the Prime Minister would start working on his box at about 10:30, frequently with one or two close friends keeping him company or giving him information from their particular sphere. When he wished to dictate he would buzz for the private secretary and request a young woman, who would sit behind the noiseless typewriter (there was one kept in every room in which he ever worked) typing as required, until bedtime. He seldom asked for any of us by name.

On this occasion I was summoned, and entered his study feeling rather like someone who is about to be decapitated. And there he was, at last, the man in whose hands our future rested. He was pacing the room, cigar in mouth. He was not as big as I had thought, but fairly plump, compact, controlled, forceful. I noticed his well-shaped head and high forehead; his pinkish skin had a healthful look. He was wearing his siren suit, an Air Force blue garment with a zip up the front, originally designed for the raids, which had become very popular with him (called in the office, I am sorry to say, his rompers).

He gave me a sharp look, but made no remark. I sat at the typewriter and presently he began dictating, still pacing the room. All machines were always left in readiness at double spacing, but as I hurried on to the second line I found this one had been switched over to single spacing. It was too late to change now, so I continued in single spacing.

It was not long before, passing behind the typewriter, he noticed the single spacing; at once he went off like a rocket. I was a fool, a mug, an idiot; I was to leave his presence and one of the others was to appear. Naturally this was rather upsetting.

For some weeks I seemed unable to do anything right. Each time I was on duty I would sit in great anxiety, frantically remembering all the things they had told me to help me. When I had finished typing a minute I would pass it over for signature, expecting the worst. My apprehensions were seldom ill-founded. More often than not it would come skimming back to me with red alterations on it, for retyping, sometimes to the accompaniment of remarks disparaging to my education and sense of hearing.

Let me say at once that neither I nor anyone else considered this treatment unfair. The Prime Minister carried a terrific load, and he had a right to expect perfect service. I used to wonder how long his patience would last, if he would not one day say, "Go, and never let me see you again." It was just a trying period for *someone* to go through, and I was lucky enough to be that someone.

The others stood by and comforted when they could. Mrs. Hill told me how when she had first worked for him at Chartwell he had told her "Gimme Klop," whereat much to his astonishment she had brought in fifteen volumes of an encyclopedia by a gentleman named Kloppe which she had noticed in his library, when he merely wanted the paper punch. General Ismay, who was always kind and friendly toward us, told me a wonderful story. One night the P.M. had been dictating about future operations, and operational code names were mentioned. The Prime Minister, in speaking of the Greek islands, made a remark about Lemnos, but when the sheets were handed over he was surprised to read that "LEMONS could be picked up cheap today."

Then good fortune came to my aid: the second of the personal secretaries caught the measles, and the Prime Minister had no alternative but to put up with my services every day, since anyone else would have been even less familiar. I felt encouraged, and even more determined. Mrs. Hill took me each weekend to Chequers, the country home near Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, where the Churchills went regularly each Friday afternoon until Monday morning. This weekly expedition provided a change which the Prime Minister enjoyed, and gave him more peace than he would have had in town. It was also an opportunity for him to entertain and consult with those on whom he relied for information, advice and help in the prosecution of the war, his own chosen ministers and service chiefs as well as visitors from overseas. Here the atmosphere was more informal, and I gained a little confidence from seeing Mr. Churchill at ease.

I found that the Prime Minister's dictation seemed to fall into three types. First, speeches and broadcasts. When he was first drafting these he would frequently make alterations; the thing had to be retyped several times anyway, plenty of crossings out would appear and sentences written above the line. Therefore one did not need to be as particular as usual, though one always kept a rough tally of how many words had been dictated, to have an answer ready for the sudden demand, "How much so far?" The second kind, a long directive or perhaps a telegram to the President, had to be typed with care since he would wish to sign or initial it on completion, but was not too difficult, as one knew what was the subject on hand and could follow the trend of his thought. The third type was dictation on the matters in his box. One would have not the slightest idea what he was reading, and suddenly out of the blue a minute would be shot out on any subject under the sun. Sometimes that cigar would get in the way of some of the words; one might perhaps feel what one handed over was correct, but back it would come with the information, impatiently given, that the time was "ripe" rather than "right," or that he had dictated "fretful" and why had I put "dreadful"?

I made plenty of inexcusable mistakes, also, chiefly from anxiety. I remember once putting "since time immemorable" instead of "immemorial," which was rather poorly received, and never having heard of General Auchinleck I made a hash of spelling his name the first time, which gave considerable pain. When on another occasion the Prime Minister said something about "the importance of chrom in this connection," my mind went blank an I put Crome as if it had been a man . . . "What, NEVER HEARD OF CHROME!" I wrote "perverted" instead of "perfervid," an many other such slips.

I had been working regularly for M Churchill for about six weeks, toiling an iously onward, looking a little long-faced an depressed, when suddenly my corner wa turned. One weekend he was to prepare a enormous address to the House of Com mons—in the end it was 10,000 words. W were at Chequers and on Saturday evenin he sent me for a walk in the garden, sayin I'd need some air. About one o'clock h called me into the Hawtrey Room, a lovel place which he often used for work, and dic tated, this time for me to take in shorthand without stopping until 4:30.

He would walk up and down the room, hi forehead crinkled in thought, the cords of hi dressing gown trailing behind him. Sometime he would fling himself for a moment into chair; sometimes he would pause to light hi cigar. For minutes he might walk up and dow trying out sentences to himself. Sometimes hi voice would become thick with emotion, an occasionally a tear would run down his cheek As inspiration came to him he would gestur with his hands, just as one knew he would b doing when he delivered his speech, and th sentences would roll out with so much feelin that one died with the soldiers, toiled with th workers, hated the enemy, strained for victory

He stopped once to ask if I were tired, an when I told him I was not he said, "We mus go on and on like the gun horses, till we drop."

After that weekend I think Mr. Churchil felt confidence in me, and I certainly foun confidence in myself, for though he was t roar at me again on many occasions it neve went very deep, and I knew now that I wa accepted as one of his staff.

Not long after this episode the second o the personal secretaries left, and I found to my surprise I was now the assistant personal secretary to the Prime Minister. During the next year or so various young women came



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By MUNRO LEAF

Most people don't mind if somebody tries to toss trash into a wastebasket from far away. Sometimes it's fun and almost a game; *but* if the shot misses and the trash is just left there on the floor, then we have a Messy Misser and everybody minds having one of those around. You would be surprised how easy it is to find a lazy mind in a lazy body—just watch a Messy Misser.

d went as the third on our staff. It needed a r determination to keep going, and many nes did I bless my healthy Canadian up-nging.

At this time I was doing mainly night duties the Prime Minister. Mrs. Hill arranged t the other young woman and I should go ernate weekends with her to Chequers. On ekdays she would be on duty during the rnings, and for three days I would work unusual hours of 2:30 in the afternoon un-the Prime Minister went to bed; the other l, who had other work in the office, did the rth night spent in London. At Chequers rs. Hill would be with him in the mornings d whoever of us was with her would do the ght duty, having worked in the office during day. These arrangements were, of course, ly approximate—frequently two of us would required at the same time, and whenever a eech was in the offing it was a case of "all nds to the pumps."

I still had my flat in Kensington, and when London and not sleeping in the shelter after e duty, I would go home to sleep, and some-nes pop home for an hour or two during the y. But I saw little of anyone outside the of-e except on my alternate weekend free—and at was of course a time for energetic washing d ironing of clothes. I grew used to spending ree nights in a row on duty until 2 or 2:30, d sometimes later; a night when we closed promptly at 2 o'clock seemed quite ade-uate for rest. One would then retire to the cond bathroom in the flat to put on one's ght attire, and hurry down the two flights of virly stairs, past the C.W.R., to the bedroom vel below. By this time one was safe from eeting anyone; but when, having slept heav-y for six hours in a narrow cot covered with my blankets, one would be aroused by the arm clock and emerge from one's room, ere were all sorts of people about. We all ad housecoats that displayed no signs of ight attire, but somehow as one hurried up e drafty stairs in the morning one always et the most glamorous officers coming into e C.W.R. looking spruce and a bit haughty.

But we remembered, too, that it was war-me. I think our sense of proportion was bet-r in those days—we *knew* it did not matter. Mr. Churchill would not have minded.

I became fond of my night duties. When we ere at No. 10 in the evenings I would sit at y desk, finishing off letters to constituents, r thanking people for simple little presents hey sent Mr. Churchill, or sticking his photo-raphs in the big album—or sometimes writ-ng to my mother. There would be a Cabinet neeting, or an appointment with someone to whom the Prime Minister wished to talk—General Smuts, or Mr. Mackenzie King, or Mr. Harry Hopkins, or General Sikorski, the Pole, or one of our own generals. The hours would tick slowly past. There would be a hush over the old building, broken only by perhaps the cough of the private secretary on duty next door or the sound of the buzzer or telephone. Then suddenly a stir—the door from the private secretaries' room would open and one would be sent in for dictation.

One would take book and pencils, lift the typewriter from the table, deposit it opposite Mr. Churchill's place, and sit down as unobtrusively as possible. Sometimes one would be given a "Good evening," sometimes ignored. Sometimes there would be others in the room—one was never invited to enter while the Cabinet was still in session, though once or twice I was sent in just as they broke up and took down a long telegram with most of them making comments or changes when invited.

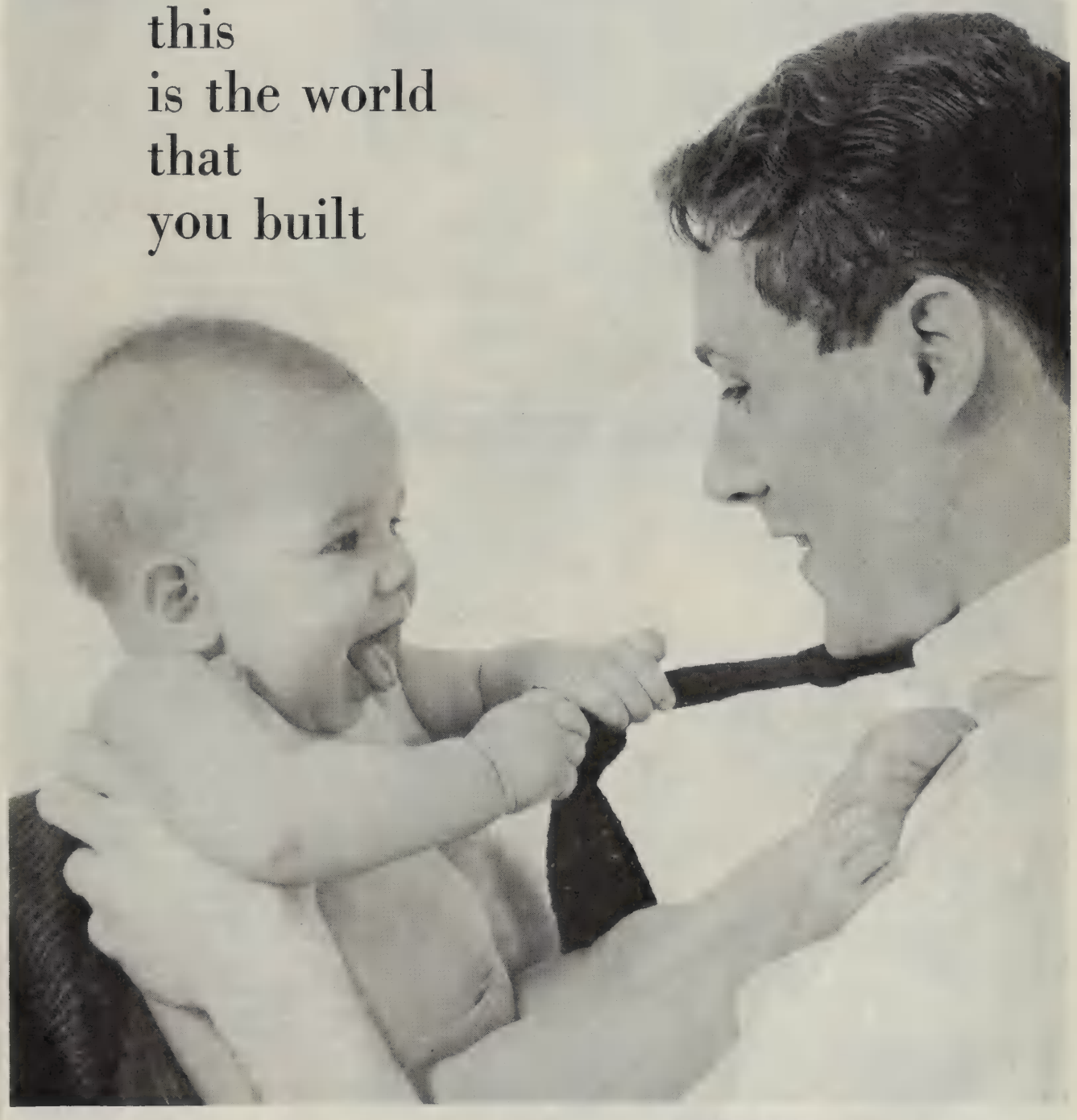
At times one would sit opposite Mr. Churchill in the Cabinet Room for hours at a stretch, typing minutes or directives or telegrams as required and frequently merely sitting for long periods. At first I found it tiring merely waiting—trying to remain in readiness and mentally on tiptoe—but as I became more used to the work it was possible to relax between spurts of dictation and think of other things. When it was a short note or minute, Mr. Churchill would usually sit and rattle it off, holding out his hand for it almost before he had finished dictating, after which it would be "Klopped" for attaching by a tag to the paper which had inspired it, and initialed. He had two regular pens: a beautiful gold one filled with blue-black ink with which he signed letters, and a "stylo" type one filled with red ink with which he initialed minutes, directives and other documents. When it was something longer than a minute, he would usually rise and walk up and down, working his cigar in his mouth and trying out a few sentences to himself. Then off he would go, the words would roll out, the gestures would start, sometimes an emotional note would creep in. When he had finished that particular piece of business his mind would switch over completely to the next matter to be considered; he would sit down and return to his box.

The Prime Minister always seemed at his most approachable and considerate and easiest to work for when there was a crisis on, and one would have a feeling of sharing a tremendous experience with him. In calmer times when there was less to worry about he would sometimes be irritable and easily upset.

If the weather was bad or there was air-raiding, Mr. Churchill would not go to No. 10 in the evening but would remain at the Annexe. Any meeting would be held in the C.W.R., and the rest of the evening would be spent in the study in the flat. This was not so thrilling as No. 10, but it was cozier. Mr. Churchill seldom liked to be alone, but would have close friends or advisers in attendance. Mr. Eden (then Foreign Secretary) was of course our most constant visitor. On such informal occasions he would often be wearing a dark green velvet smoking jacket and black velvet slippers with his initials embroidered on the toes (Mr. Churchill had a like pair of which he was very fond). Mr. Eden was always charming and considerate to us of the staff, far more approachable than Mr. Churchill; however, his dictation seemed politely dull after what we were used to.

Working at night at the Annexe was less lonely than being at No. 10, for while one was waiting in the office there was always the

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that
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household staff to entertain one. We had a faithful staff consisting of valet, cook, parlormaid and housemaid; they were a cheerful crew, and often made us laugh. Nellie, the parlormaid, though essentially capable was a nervous type. One evening the Kents were coming to dinner in the flat, with a few other guests, and Nellie's bones told her that something was sure to go wrong. It did. As she was passing the stewed raspberries, the Duke of Kent gestured with his hand in exactly the right direction and all the raspberries went down the back of the lady sitting next to him. I fear the dinner party was somewhat spoiled—but for poor Nellie the whole sky was black for a week.

Mr. Churchill's valet-butler, Frank Sawyers, was the custodian of the famous cigars. Contrary to popular belief, which put the number at anything between 30 and 50, Mr. Churchill did not smoke more than 8 or 10 cigars a day, but these lasted him all day. The cigars frequently went out, and vast quantities of large-size matches were used and a certain amount of time consumed in relighting them. They would burn along nicely at first, but then as their smoker's thoughts became fully engaged their fire would die and they would be used merely as a sort of dummy—until their deficiency was noted and relighting performed. It was no good trying to palm off Mr. Churchill with anything but the best cigars, and Sawyers was always scurrying about to keep a sufficiency in store. If some dealers were in the habit of keeping back their best cigars for the P.M., who can blame them? He deserved it. Newcomers to his service might be surprised and a little alarmed when, a cigar proving not up to standard, the corpse would be hurled into the fire; old hands knew better than to sit between the Prime Minister and the fireplace.

We of the personal staff were thrown together a great deal with Sawyers, Nellie and Mrs. Landemare, the cook. We were all busy, all doing our best, all bothered when we slipped up. The feeling of comradeship with the household staff helped me to feel at home in the little circle. Mrs. Landemare gave me breakfast in the office each morning after late duty. Sawyers sometimes brought me a small glass of champagne when there was a dinner party, or Nellie would produce an apple.

Naturally one saw a great deal of Mrs. Churchill and the "children." I used often to give a hand to her secretary, Miss Hamblin—Ham, as we all called her. Mrs. Churchill was a beautiful and charming woman; her vivacity and spirit made her a gay companion for the Prime Minister and she contrived to bring a little of the normal into his busy life. She had a most alert mind and kept up-to-date with everything that went on, and sometimes Mr. Churchill would turn to her for advice of a practical nature. She was completely disinterested in publicity for herself, keeping in the background whenever possible, and immensely proud of her husband. A talented hostess who could put anyone at ease, she was also fluent in French. But I always felt Mrs. Churchill's main contribution to the greatness of her husband had been in standing up to him, in not being overwhelmed. Others might have spoiled him with adoration; she would not let him be selfish.

We saw a good deal of the daughters too. Sarah, then about twenty-five, was an officer in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, and came when she could to see her parents. Mary, the youngest, was a subaltern in the Auxiliary Territorial Service (the Women's Army), and had been posted to an antiaircraft battery in Hyde Park. When she had leave she would stay at the flat, and we took a great interest in her dresses and her "dates." She was a pretty girl with a gay and friendly smile. We saw less of Mrs. Duncan Sandys, the eldest daughter, and Randolph, who was on active service. All the "children" were devoted to their mother and to "papa," as they called him.

For some weeks after her colleague left, Mrs. Hill remained on duty every morning and hardly left the premises, in case she was called for. Morning duties were the trickiest from our point of view. For some reason it was always more difficult to hear Mr. Churchill when he was sitting in bed—the double doors and heavily shuttered windows seemed to deaden his voice, or perhaps at that time of the morning he did not feel so much inclined to articulate clearly. The time came when I was judged safe for her to take a day off, and one morning I duly presented myself at the Prime Minister's bedside at 8:30.

The routine was that one would not wait to be summoned, but would quietly enter the room when one judged he had finished breakfast and reading the newspapers, sit at the typewriter and make oneself as much a part of the furniture as possible. There would be small jobs to attend to—filling the pens, opening the box, fetching Sawyers. Sometimes Mr. Churchill would light his first cigar with a candle, and then woe betide the one who forgot and blew the candle out instead of carrying it from the room—the waxy smell was not popular. Frequently he was not in the best of moods at this time of day—perhaps from too little sleep—and added to this there was the hammering. Oh, that hammering!

The Annexe was still being converted, and during the day was full of workmen. Though every effort was made to arrange for them to work in a part of the building far from the P.M.'s flat, there was always some clod who forgot the instructions. There would be a loud bang from somewhere, and one would stiffen as one saw Mr. Churchill look up. Peace. Then another bang or so, and knowing it was time for action one would leave the room hastily to have the hammerer stopped before the storm broke. This was never a good start to the day.

On this occasion, to my great relief, nothing untoward happened. The room seemed heavy with cigar smoke as I entered, and the Prime Minister, sitting propped up with pillows, looked gravely at me over his glasses—he wore them for reading only—but made no comment. For some months I found these morning sessions with the box a considerable strain, particularly as often his first appointment was luncheon and one was closeted with him from 8:30 until 1 o'clock. Later I found there was a certain comradely feeling, as Mr. Churchill was less impersonal than when in the office, occasionally making a remark apart from his instructions—though of course he did not in any circumstances wish to hear a reply!

Every few weeks he would deliver a review of the war to the House of Commons, sometimes enormously long. These speeches would take a great deal of preparation, and for a week beforehand we would all be aware that great things were astir. As opportunity offered, a start would be made, perhaps part of the weekend would be devoted to breaking the back of the statement. Sometimes dictation would take place in the garden, and one would follow Mr. Churchill around as he paced the lawn, scribbling hastily and awkwardly as one hurried after him. Usually the evening before the statement was due would be kept free for checking the final draft, two of the personal staff in attendance and ready for an all-night session. At 10:30 or 11 Mr. Churchill would settle down to a final revision, and as the various sections were completed they would come out to us for putting into speech form. We used a special octavo sheet, and made four or five carbon copies. Speech form would look like this:

We cannot yet see how deliverance will come
or when it will come,

but nothing is more certain
than tt every trace of Hitler's footsteps,

every stain of his infected
and corroding fingers,

will be sponged and purged
and, if need be, blasted
fr the surface of the earth.

At 2 or so the Prime Minister would go to bed, leaving the balance of the script ready for us. I used to try to send Mrs. Hill off to bed, too, knowing she would have to be up for morning duty. Then I would plod steadily on. About 2:30 I became intolerably sleepy and felt low in energy, but about 4:30 my spirits seemed to revive, and I would feel full of strength again. Usually I finished at about 5, then sorted out the copies to make the five or

complete sets, "Klopped" the top copy in lower left-hand corner and placed a long through the holes, put this copy on a chair side the Prime Minister's bedroom so that ould be taken in to him immediately he ke, undressed and tottered down the stairs two to three hours' sleep, it being by this e almost 6 o'clock.

ty 10 I would be dressed again (feeling per-s just a trifle snappish), and ready for last-nute alterations. Often during the night he uld have had a new idea and Mrs. Hill uld have typed several pages. The private retaries would be hastily checking this with departments concerned, and then one uld receive it for last-minute putting into ech form. Then some of the finished copy uld be altered—the alterations put hastily vith Mr. Churchill's red pen, usually quite eadable. As one was poring over the red iggles, not wishing to have to go in and ask, news would come through, via Sawyers, e's gone for his bath," and the last-stretch lop would begin. No time to feel tired—t get it done. And of course, one way or other, it always was done.

And then, at the moment when he was sup-sed to leave, when the car and driver stood tside and the private secretary on duty stood iting, holding the final script, he would erge from his bedroom looking fresh and autifully groomed in his black coat and iped trousers, often with a rosebud in his ttonhole, often accompanied by Mrs. urchill. We would stand at the office door-y to see him off, and usually he would have beaming smile and a word of thanks for us, hich inspired the most fu-us feelings of devotion d loyalty.

Sometimes, however, ings did not run so noothly. Perhaps a shorter tement would be con-mplated and there would t be the urgent necessity r advance preparation. he Prime Minister always acted well to an emer-ncy and a last-minute sh; one almost felt he did it on purpose. Per-ps in the days beforehand he would not be the mood for dictating the particular sub-ct on which he was to speak, or perhaps he ould try for some hours and the words would ow like treacle on a cold day—and as the time r the speech drew near it would be hardly be-n. Sometimes an unexpected event would call r an immediate statement, with only an hour so to prepare it. In these cases there would be terrible crisis on the morning in question; we ould all look a bit tense, and later on Mrs. ill and I would go with the Prime Minister to is room in the House of Commons, there to mplete the speech form before he went to e chamber. The anxiety and haste can well e imagined. The private secretaries on duty ould stand sympathetically around, at times oing the checking and "Klopping" and "tag-ing" themselves, as Big Ben chimed the pass-g quarters. In extreme cases one took down om the Prime Minister straight into speech rm on the typewriter, which seemed rather a esponsibility.

When these crises were over, I would feel ompletely fagged out. Luckily the third on ur staff would do late duty that night, and I ould stagger off home with my little suitcase, nd sleep until 8:30 the following morning.

I often wondered, in the period before be-inning to work for Mr. Churchill personally, *What is a Great Man like? Will he seem dif-erent from other people?* In Mr. Churchill's ase the answer was definitely "Yes." I was at nce aware of the great force at his command, f the strength and determination within him, f the vast stores of knowledge his head con-ained. No one could doubt his utter single-nindedness and nobility of purpose.

He was of course in possession of bound-ess self-confidence—without it he could never ave been the man he was—and his back-ground (combined with the British caste sys-tem) made him a person who expected to be approached with great respect by those who worked for him. I cannot imagine that he was ever troubled with cheeky servants or secre-taries; but at the same time, he always remembered to respect the position of each one of us. He might order his valet about; to us he said "please" or "would you."

He always concentrated upon that which was important, and was able to discount that which was merely tiresome. I am sure this was true of his prosecution of the war; in our sphere we noticed it in a less general sense. For instance, the Annexe flat was, as I have said, not ideally situated for the Churchills' use, in that it was also a passage through to the office of the No. 10 official staff, and visitors arriving early for an appointment with the Prime Minister and being marched through to wait in the private secretaries' office would occasionally be astonished to be confronted by a figure enveloped in a bath towel crossing back to the bedroom from the bathroom. No one really *likes* being caught in a bath towel. But Mr. Churchill was always equal to these moments, and the visitor would be put at his ease by a stately greeting from the towel-clad figure.

In October of that first year of my time with him, Mr. Churchill visited Harrow, his old school, and talked to the boys. One thing he told them was "Never, never, never, never give in"—which was like him. When they sang their school song, there was a verse added in honor of their Old Boy. It began like this:

Not less we praise in darker days
The leader of our nation,
And Churchill's name shall win acclaim
From each new generation.

But he asked that the word "darker" should be altered to "sterner"; he said they were not dark days, they were great days. That was also like him.

Sitting still and wishing
Made no person great.
The good Lord sends the fishing,
But you must dig the bait.
OLD ENGLISH TRADITIONAL

Perhaps the quality in Mr. Churchill's make-up that endeared him particularly to his staff was a complete unself-consciousness, almost naïveté; an ability to be accidentally funny. The atmosphere of tension and anxiety in the office, a natural result of the war, was frequently broken by silly events arising from this quality—which always made us giggle and kept us from becoming too serious about life.

One night the Prime Minister decided to go to the roof of the Annexe to watch an air raid, despite all persuasion to the contrary. The night was cold, but wrapped in his coat he found a comfortable seat on the roof and professed himself warm. His companions became anxious for his welfare, but there he remained. Suddenly the party was dispersed by the arrival of a somewhat bothered officer from the lower regions, who reported that downstairs the place was full of smoke, they could none of them work—and would the P.M. please mind not sitting any longer on the chimney? No wonder he felt nice and warm!

Another evening he was sitting in his study with one or two advisers, working on his box. I had incurred his wrath for a silly typing mistake, but was not upset about it. However, having a slight cold, I ventured some minutes later to blow my nose quietly, and he noticed and thought I was crying. "Good heavens," he said, "you mustn't mind me. We're all toads beneath the harrow, you know." In a few minutes he dictated a very short note indeed:

FIRST SEA LORD.
I am in general agreement with this proposal.

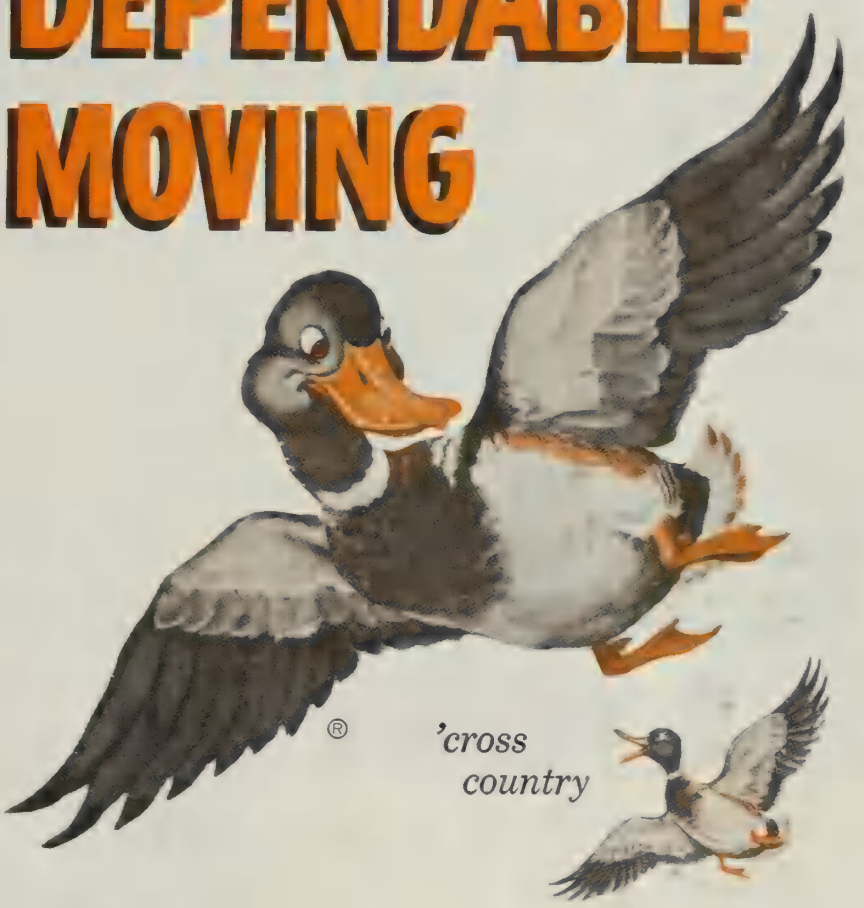
When I handed it to him for initialing he said, "Oh, very good indeed, very well typed, how quick you were."

Chequers was given to the nation by Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham in 1921 as a place of rest and recreation for the current Prime Minister. It is full of beautiful things—paintings, antique furniture, books, ornaments—and can boast a secret staircase to a room on the second floor where long ago Lady Mary Grey, sister of Lady Jane, was kept prisoner for two years by Queen Elizabeth I.

Leaving for Chequers on a Friday afternoon was always quite a performance. The Prime Minister perhaps would say, "We'll leave at three-thirty and I'll have my rest when we get there." At 3:15, therefore, three big black cars would be at the garden gate of No. 10 with their drivers in readiness, the third car loaded up with two telephone operators and Sawyers. Inside the office would be waiting the private secretary on duty at Chequers that weekend (another remained on duty at the Annexe), the naval aide, Commander Thompson, two of the personal secretaries and two detectives (they were allocated to the Prime Minister by Scotland Yard and went wherever he did). Time would pass, the buzzer would sound, telephone calls would be put through from the Cabinet Room, or perhaps Mr. Churchill would decide to see one of his advisers before leaving. Or an urgent telegram would come in and have to be dealt with.

Perhaps at 5:30 he would decide to have his rest in town and leave for Chequers at 7, after all. Then all would relax and resume other work. Later the vigil would be renewed, and probably about 7:35, when one had almost given up hope of ever getting away, he would step quickly from the Cabinet Room with a twinkle in his eye and a look of "Hurray, we're off"; would be helped into his coat by one messenger, take his hat, stick and gloves from another, and be down the back stairs and out

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through the garden in a few seconds, while a panting train of staff hastily grabbed boxes, books and pencils and hurried to reach each his allotted place before the general circus left.

The Prime Minister's time was too valuable for him to waste the hour of the journey, and unless there was a visitor of importance with whom he wished to speak, one of the personal staff would sit beside him and he would work in the normal manner. Large jobs, such as speeches or broadcasts, or reports to the President, would be kept for the journey to Chequers. Mr. Churchill did not care for slow travel, and would congratulate the driver when he managed to do the hour's trip in fifty minutes. It was not easy to get down all he said, however, when the car rocked and swayed through the outskirts of London, jumping stop lights and driving to the right of traffic islands, police bell sounding. One would sit with book balanced on one knee, scribbling hard, one's left hand holding spare pencils, his glasses case or an extra cigar, sometimes with one's foot keeping open his precious box, which otherwise would have slammed shut as we swung round a corner. There was a small light to shine on one's book when it became dark. We usually arrived just in time for dinner at 8:30, and then there would be a scramble to get everything typed before he began work again.

Sometimes Mr. Churchill would decide to have his afternoon rest during the journey, and then he would place over his eyes a round black bandage which Sawyers always kept in his overcoat pocket. On these occasions he would invite Commander Thompson to travel in the car with him, and after a short time he would put on his black bandage and sit sleeping in the corner. One Friday afternoon Commander Thompson had a slight cough, and knowing how little Mr. Churchill liked such ailments he purchased a bottle of gargle and a bottle of soothing throat syrup, so that he would not annoy by coughing. But alas, as the Prime Minister sat peacefully sleeping during the drive, Commander Thompson, feeling a tickle coming in his throat, reached into the wrong pocket and swallowed a good dose of the gargle by mistake. He was shaken with a tremendous fit of coughing, which woke Mr. Churchill. The car was stopped and fished out of the following car to change with poor Commander Thompson be Mr. Churchill said, "Tommy seems to h very bad cough."

At Chequers we lived in moderate co waited on by the household staff. B needed that comfort, for we invariably w all weekend. Bed for the late shift woul dom be before 3, and we would be bu day too. The house was always full of bus visitors. All the well-known personaliti the war came there, sometimes only for a but usually for one or two nights. The A icans found the house cold; poor Mr. kins, who was thin, always grumbled a lack of central heating and usually state arrival, "I sure brought my long woole derwear this time." General Smuts obvi enjoyed the country atmosphere, but dis the extraordinary hours, being used to r at 6 and retiring at 9.

In the evenings Mr. Churchill would sit in the office, beside the cheerful fire, talk to General Ismay about the most drea secrets of the war—future operations! M they would use the code names for plac particular plans. One evening during su chat the Prime Minister swung round on saying with a twinkle, "Miss Layton, yo the repository of the nation's secrets." I c only say, "But I won't tell," whereat h swered, "I know you won't—I know y rather die"—which was true.

Chequers was guarded day and night b Coldstream Guards, and there was a spotter always on the lookout for raiding craft; but the Germans, we heard, had v to "get Churchill," and therefore when moon was full and they were apt to come in force we did not go to Chequers for weekend, but to "the other place," a hea guarded secret. It was Dytchley Park, home of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Tree, friends of the Churchills, and was not far fr Blenheim Palace (where Mr. Churchill born on November 30, 1874). It was a jour of about two hours from London. I went th only once or twice, as soon after my advent danger from raiding decreased. Coming fr Canada, I found this huge Georgian palace a country house quite overwhelming: th seemed to be so many butlers and footm around; the front hall was as big as a cinem and the honored guests all slept in four-pos beds with drapes. I was particularly impress by the lavender bags which were placed in t little baskets of paper in all the bathrooms- refined touch!

My first impressions of Dytchley Park w perhaps a little damped by the remembran of my first morning there, when I had sat t hind the typewriter near the biggest a swankiest four-poster bed. Mr. Churchill h been dictating something about Ceylon, a had mentioned the naval base Trincomal Unfortunately I had never heard of it, and wrote a horrid-looking word beginni "Chink——" When I handed the docume over there was a short pause, then the sto broke. "Where on earth were you educate Haven't you ever heard of TRINCOMALE Why don't you learn some geography? W don't you read some books? . . ." etc. etc.

But that was in the bad old days, at th beginning.

At other times Mr. Churchill would decid that he really must have a sight of his dea deserted house in Kent, Chartwell. The bi house was closed up, but Chartwell Cottag which he built with his own hands in the day when he was out of office, was constantly oc cupied by a relation. If he decided to sta overnight, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, the pri vate secretary, Sawyers and Mrs. Landemare the cook, would be housed there with squeeze; poor Commander Thompson woul be left in London; Mrs. Hill and the two de tectives would put up in the nearby village o Westerham; and I, being on late duty, woul be left to fend for myself.

I well remember the first of such occasions when I was still new and anxious. Mr. Church ill's study in the big house, an ancient room with a high, arched ceiling, had been opened up for him, and we therefore opened the office

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

DESIGNER AND BUILDER: GEORGE LATHEM; PHOTOGRAPHER: RODNEY MCCAY MORGAN



House with a Place for Everything

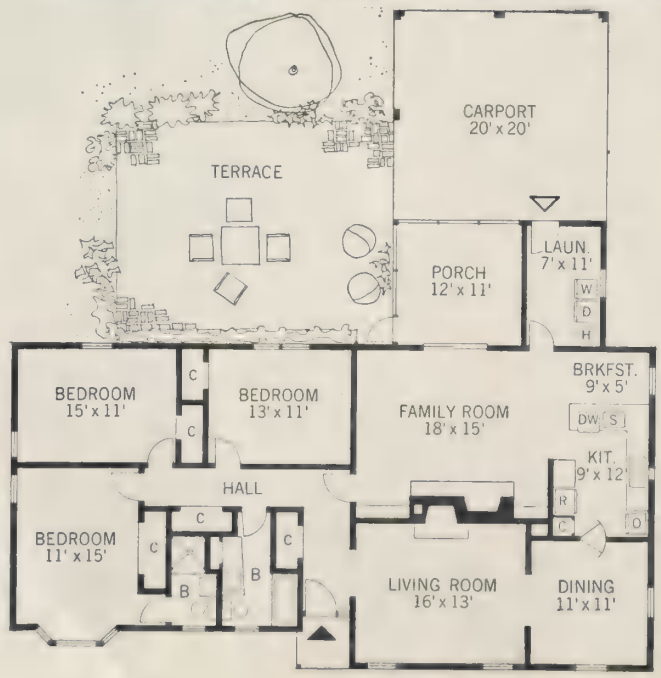
In which it is easy and pleasant to keep everything in its place.

As appealing as this house is to the eye in its grove of slender tall Georgia pines, it is really the plan that keeps distracting your attention from the whole eye-catching appearance front and back. As someone said here when the house came in, it's a plan that offers imaginative possibilities in the use of space. The customary good points can be taken for granted; the observant reader having already noticed things like the orderly circulation, making it possible for family and friends to move about the house in all directions without any disturbance to one another. The living room, right by the front door, is just where it should be, and just the right size for intimate entertaining, *adult* entertaining, with quiet and seclusion even when rough-house is rampant in the family room well around the corner. The family room, as it should, embraces the informality of family meals and the convenience of cooking close by, while the dining room does double duty: for dining in the true sense of the word, for study, and for expanding the party possibilities of the parlorlike living room. And how do you like where the laundry is? Where it can serve as a beautiful vestibule to the kitchen complex. And what about the built-in, screened-in porch? Even in the bedroom department, everybody gets a very good break, particularly the parents.

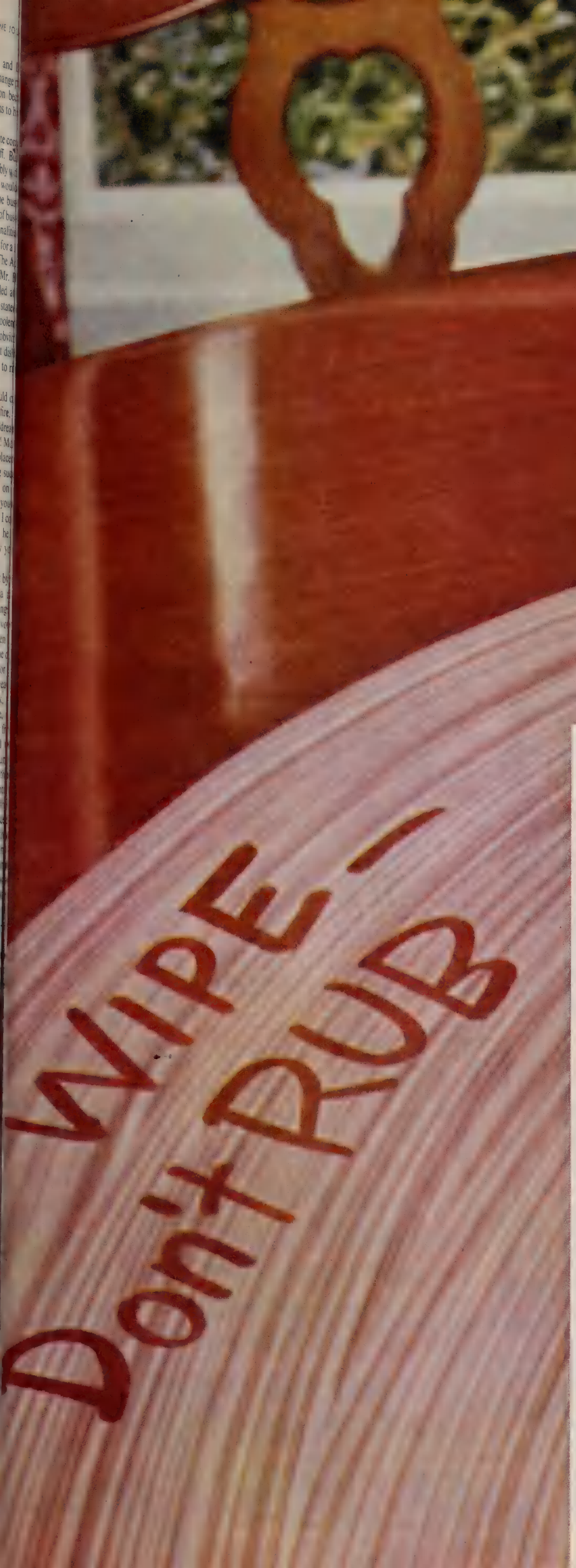
Seldom does a house so well arranged within get an exterior so nicely turned out in the bargain. Everything from the fence along the entrance path to the patio in the back goes all out to be good looking. The textured-brick walls complement the clapboarding. And for once a carport compliments the house. Architect designed, built for sale, with fully equipped kitchen and nice large lot with *trees*, sold for $23,000. Our compliments to all concerned!

R. P.





B—BATHROOM
C—CLOSET
R—REFRIGERATOR
O—OVEN
DW—DISHWASHER
S—SINK
RANGE
W—WASHER
D—DRYER
H—HEATER



...for the richest, longest lasting wax luster you've ever seen on furniture!

All shades—even light finishes like this one—can be beautifully waxed *without rubbing*. Just apply Pride, let dry, wipe lightly.

As you whisk away the haze, you'll see a gleaming finish of genuine wax. One that won't trap lint and dust the way oily polishes do. A finish that stays shining bright for weeks without constant attention. All this *without rubbing*—or the name isn't Johnson's *Pride*.

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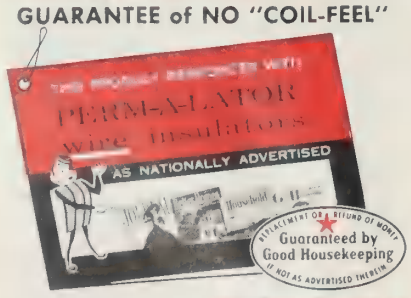
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Longer-Lasting Comfort

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It's smart to insist on getting the *extra value* of Perm-A-Lator *wire* insulators in the mattress you buy. These "Strength-of-Steel" wire insulators protect soft surface cushioning for better sleep . . . assure healthful, firm head-to-toe support. And no "coil-feel" ever! Perm-A-Lators keep your mattress smooth and comfortable . . . permanently!

▶ IN FURNITURE . . .
It's wise to pressure test furniture before you buy. You'll find there's never any "coil-feel", lumps or sags when it's built with Perm-A-Lator "Strength-of-Steel" wire insulators. Cushioning stays neater, smooth and comfortable years longer. Wear tests prove Perm-A-Lator *wire* insulators last 2½ times longer than ordinary insulators.



LOOK FOR THIS TAG . . . YOUR GUARANTEE of NO "COIL-FEEL"



Ask Your Dealer to
Demonstrate the Perm-A-Lator Difference!

FLEX-O-LATORS, Inc., CARTHAGE, MO.
New Castle, Pa. Carthage, Mo. High Point, N. C

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 184

also, dust-covered as it was. Few of the lights were in operation, and the dark rooms and passages were filled with sheet-swathed pieces of furniture. When bed was announced and Mr. Churchill and the private secretary left for the cottage, I retired to a bed which had been left by chance in the dining room. It being a warm summer night, I merely climbed under the dust sheet that covered it and slept.

In the morning I was awakened by footsteps and the dragging of a dressing-gown cord. I looked up quickly—the sun was shining, and there stood Mr. Churchill in gown and huge-brimmed hat, going the rounds of his loved home by daylight. He looked astonished, then grinned broadly and said "Hullo" and walked out. Later I overheard him telling Mrs. Churchill, "I went into the dining room and there she was, asleep, fast asleep in bed."

Mr. Churchill was very fond of cats, and a young Persian, gray and fluffy, named Smoky, became much attached to the P.M. Every morning as breakfast was taken in, Smoky would be at the door waiting to be let in, too; he would sit on the bed and receive graciously any small piece of meat, or perhaps a little milk, and then he would sleep on the bed while the Prime Minister worked, sometimes covering him accidentally with a top-secret report. Unfortunately as Smoky grew up he became wild and ill-behaved, till he was a positive menace to anyone entering the room. Legs and stockings were his specialty. One never liked to make a fuss when ladders and even blood appeared, but privately Smoky was called by some uncomplimentary names.

One morning the Prime Minister was talking on the telephone to Sir Alan Brooke. The conversation was long and anxious, his thoughts were far away; his toes wiggled under the blankets. I saw Smoky's tail switch. Suddenly he pounced on the toes and bit hard. It must have hurt, for Mr. Churchill, startled, kicked him right into the corner of the room, shouting, "Get off, you fool," into the telephone. Then he remembered. "Oh," he said, "I didn't mean you"; and then, seeing Smoky looking somewhat dazed in the corner, "Poor little thing." Confusion was complete, Sir Alan hung up hastily and telephoned the private secretary to know what was happening. It took a long time to get it all sorted out.

When there was news of a calamity Mr. Churchill was always the fountain of strength from which emanated comfort and reassurance. But within himself he minded—*terribly*. When a city had received a bad bombing, he would try whenever possible to pay it a visit, to cheer up the inhabitants, but his grief at the sight of the devastation was moving to see. However, he was always on top of his feelings, and the people, revitalized, would roar with delight at the sight of him. Once or twice I went with him in London to see bomb scars, sometimes only a short time after the bombs had fallen. On one occasion I remember his speaking to the shaken occupants of a recently shattered small home. As he left, some papers blew about, so he turned to say quickly, "Hope that's the income-tax form," which left them smiling.

He was keen, too, to keep his own eye on those concerned with the air-raid-warning system and other forms of civil defense. Any suggestion of lethargy or inefficiency would be swiftly and angrily investigated. On occasions he liked to turn up unexpectedly somewhere, to see for himself how things were running.

An instance of this was our sudden descent on the Northolt aerodrome one Monday morning on our return journey from Chequers to London. The cars turned off the main route and swept past an anxious guard into the airfield's enclosure. The station commandant was requested to sound the emergency signal, and quite soon men were running about in all directions, looking somewhat alarmed. Mr. Churchill was not altogether satisfied with the reaction and, stepping once more into his car, directed the driver to drive around the field. Some distance away he came upon a small canteen, displaying no activity. He hopped out and strode quickly through the front door. A few moments later three or four very bothered-looking men emerged at the trot, one hastily grabbing a rifle from somewhere. I couldn't help laughing to myself to think how one would feel if one were sitting in all innocence drinking a cup of morning coffee, and suddenly the door opened and in marched a furious Prime Minister, particularly if it were Winston Churchill.

Early in December, Japan attacked at Pearl Harbor. We were now all in the same boat, the three great Allies. In the office the wheels were whirring. I had had the weekend off, so hurried earlier than usual to work on the Monday. Quite soon there was a call for someone to go into the Cabinet Room. I went.

The Prime Minister was pacing up and down. He looked keen, enormously alive, on top of his job. He said "Shorthand," and continued walking about, muttering, "Letter to the king—letter to the king." But what was this I was writing down? "Sir: I have formed the conviction that it is my duty to visit Washington without delay ——" asking for royal approval of his sudden plan to cross the Atlantic immediately. This letter was followed by a directive to General Ismay, giving instructions as to who was to be included in the party and what arrangements made. I staggered out to my typewriter, eyes bulging, feeling this heavy secret could probably be read from my countenance. The others, realizing something big was on, were tactful enough not to inquire.

Within a few days the party had left, traveling in the new battleship Duke of York. There was no question of female staff being taken along, but Peter Kinna, a young man from another government department, and a

The only gift is a portion of thyself. Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing. EMERSON

young Air Force sergeant, Geoffrey Green, were lent for the occasion.

So ended 1941.

For the first eight months of 1942 nothing seemed to go right. First we had bad news from Cyrenaica—our forces were pushed back and Bengasi retaken by the Germans. Then the German battleships Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Prinz Eugen broke out of Brest and, speeding up the English Channel, evaded the attacks of our aircraft and shore batteries and regained home waters. In February, Singapore fell to the Japanese. In June we lost Tobruk and were pushed back almost to Cairo. The U-boat warfare was taking a sickening toll, the Atlantic life line was stretching thin. The Russians were engaged in bitter fighting, and now at home uninformed clatter for a "second front now" became irritatingly audible.

Throughout this period of stress and disappointment—to use his own words, "a time to suffer and endure"—Mr. Churchill remained calm, firm, bulldog-jawed. Always at his most brilliant in a crisis, he seemed to draw on reserves of strength and will power. He felt our losses very deeply, and threw himself anew into the task of hitting back. I think it was the lack of complete unanimity at home that troubled him as much as anything.

At the end of January, urged on by signs of restlessness among a small minority in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister made an enormously long statement on the war situation. A debate followed, which he was to wind up. On that occasion he only finished dictating his winding-up speech during the luncheon interval at the House, and thereafter Mrs. Hill and I sat in the private secretaries' room adjoining his office there, typing for dear life without daring to look up from our desks. The private secretaries, who would always rally round in a crisis, stood waiting for the pages, snatching them from the machines as we finished. When the Prime Minister finished speaking, a Vote of Confidence in the Government was taken, which he won by the substantial margin of 464 to 1.

In June, Mr. Churchill went again to Washington; during this visit he received the news of the fall of Tobruk. Deeply concerned, scarcely able to believe it—for he had said that we should hold Tobruk at all costs—he turned to his great friend for consolation. And not in vain. President Roosevelt's sympathy took a very practical form, for he immediately offered that a shipment of Sherman tanks destined for American forces in the Middle East and already en route should be diverted instead to the re-equipment of our armies there. Mr. Churchill was never able to forget this instantaneous act of kindness.

Mr. Churchill flew back to Britain not many days later. The loss of Tobruk brought to a head the feelings of restlessness in the House of Commons, and within a few days he had to face a motion of no confidence in the central direction of the war, put forward by Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, a Conservative Member of Parliament. This was a horrid time for all of us in the office. We felt awkward and unhappy, as I am sure Mr. Churchill did. I think the main feeling of Sir John Wardlaw-Milne and his followers was that Mr. Churchill should not be acting at once as Prime Minister and Minister of Defense, and they wished to see him pass on the latter position to someone else.

There was a debate on the Motion of Censure, which the Prime Minister was to wind up, and two of us sat up all night till 6 putting into speech form a tremendous statement he had prepared, which would take him at least an hour and a half to deliver. I hung around in the morning helping with the alterations, then took Mr. Churchill's gold watch, which had ceased to run, to a little man for mending. At 1:30 I returned to his room at the House in case he wanted to dictate anything further. He was having his lunch late, and as I sat behind the typewriter in readiness I noticed that he was irritated because the peas wouldn't stay on his fork. I knew that despite his lifetime of experience and his enormous strength and self-control in bearing trials, he was still human enough to feel worked up inside. It must have been a great strain on his composure, having to drop all other work to state his own case to his fellow Members, when so much hung on what he did with every minute of his time.

At last he went off to the chamber, and I was left minding the office. I felt tired and discouraged.

At 5 the Division Bell rang, which meant that Members would leave their seats and walk from the chamber by the two doors, the Ayes going through one door and the Noes through the other, this being the method of voting. Time passed, which meant that many were going out by one door—good; twenty minutes passed, and I felt better. Then suddenly back they came to the office with the news that the Motion of Censure had been defeated by 475 to 25. Mr. Churchill, looking calm and matter-of-fact, came over and asked me what had happened to his gold watch. I explained its mainspring was broken, but that the repairer had sent his own watch as a replacement and had asked if the Prime Minister would honor him by using it. He took it, and thanked me for staying up all night. I nearly wept, feeling worn out and at the same time relieved that all was well.

As 1942 progressed, so the news improved. The famous Malta Convoy got through despite heavy losses and a nerve-shaking ordeal, and Malta, our vitally important naval base in the Mediterranean, was refueled and supplied. There were several raids on the French coast by Combined Operations—notably the costly Dieppe affair—which gave us a feeling of activity. And of course there were the Americans.

At about this time Generals Eisenhower and Mark Clark arrived in England, in preparation for our combined plans for the assault on western North Africa. They were in frequent consultation with the Prime Minister, and we saw them almost every weekend at Chequers. I think Mr. Churchill found the American generals charming; they were tactful, modest, direct and most businesslike. We

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188



The most precious gift you can give a son

From that first wonderful day when he drops your guiding hand to walk alone—unsteady, unsure, but on his own—his goal is independence.

And this is yours to give—even as he falters and clings, then manfully struggles on. You want so much to help him. And your heart nearly bursts with pride one day when you know he's now "his own man." How fervently you pray that no one—ever—will take away this hard-won freedom to be himself.

There's one way you may not have thought of to help him continue to enjoy the independence he's achieved.

Be on the watch for ideas that could deprive him of it—the idea, for example, that "government should run such and such—a business, a service, an institution." You have only to remember the people in socialist nations to know that when government controls more and more things, there is less and less freedom and independence for the individual!

You can use your woman-power to discourage this idea that "the government should run it." When you hear people talk that way, point out that the loss of *anybody's* independence is a threat to *everybody's* freedom.

Very much aware of this danger are the independent electric light and power companies, because government already runs part of the electric business, and powerful people are pressing it to take over more.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine



"Freedom is a woman"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 186

of the staff were surprised by their easy friendliness and lack of formality.

The planning of TORCH, the American and British descent on the North African coastline, was an operation which brought something new into our lives. At last we were going over to the offensive. After the ordeal of the bombing and the many losses and setbacks we had suffered, here we were planning something actual with our great friends, the Americans. Mr. Churchill kept President Roosevelt well in the picture with long telegrams. There was also in preparation the great British and Commonwealth attack in the desert, at Alamein. We felt sure these ventures would succeed, and that our star was about to rise.

Dictation now took on a different form. We wrote of nothing but landing craft, seaborne troops, escorting destroyers and anti-aircraft guns. One night on duty I was delighted to pick out a Winston touch. As he wrote something by hand on a document, I heard him saying to himself, "Battalion—two *t*'s and one *l*." Then he looked up and explained, "When I was small I always used to think of 'Battle lions' to remind me of the spelling."

We now had two great offensive actions on hand. LIGHTFOOT, which was the code name for the attack in Egypt, was to begin on October 23rd, under the command of General Alexander, the new Commander-in-Chief, Middle East, and General Montgomery, in command of the Eighth Army. TORCH was due to start on November 8th, under the general command of General Eisenhower.

It so happened that I was on duty the weekend just after LIGHTFOOT started. Everyone was in a wonderful humor, and in great excitement, waiting for reports to come in on the telephone. Everything that was received over the scrambler had to be typed out like the wind and rushed to the Prime Minister wherever he was—at meals, entertaining guests, walking in the garden. One afternoon the news of the great victory came through, and that evening when I went in for dictation the atmosphere was most jovial. I noted in my diary: "He and a few others were gathered in his study, full of jokes and laughter, he trying to dictate through it all, making me laugh too. Once he began to bark at me, then quickly stopped himself and said, 'No, no; quite all right—*quite* all right. Tonight you may rejoice. Tonight there is sugar on the cake.'"

During the latter part of November, Mrs. Hill became ill. She had been strained and unwell for some time, and now it was found that she had to have her appendix out. Peter Kinna was brought along to help me out. He remained on the Prime Minister's staff for the rest of the war, in a clerical capacity: he didn't really like shorthand and typing, and in the intervals between trips, he minded official documents and filing, arranged transport, and so forth. This meant that I was on duty almost every morning, almost every weekend, and often at night too. Peter Kinna would do night duty, but he could not do speech form, and that meant that all speeches and broadcasts were my final responsibility. And then, oddly enough, the third on our staff went down with a nervous breakdown and had to leave the office for good. We carried on as we we hoping fervently that Mr. Churchill would n be put out by this depletion of his staff, wa ing for Mrs. Hill to return, and trying to ke up with the work.

From that time, the end of November, ur the Prime Minister left for the Casablan Conference on January 12th, was a hard sp for me. Everything seemed to happen. T gold pen, an indispensable part of our da life, gave in, and I had to find someone to r pair it. Mr. Churchill's glasses ceased to gi satisfaction; the regular oculist was away, a I had to find another, have his eyes tested f new glasses and fetch the latter when th were ready—in those days things were not d livered. On November 30th there was t birthday to attend to, piles and piles of te grams and letters and presents to be acknow edged—in addition to the normal routine. had to take responsibility for all his priva affairs—letters, household accounts, const uents, gifts, engagements, literary affai Chartwell—all of whi I had done former under Mrs. Hill's ey so that it wasn't to difficult. I was even co sulted on occasions l the private secretarie which great honor ma me giggle. I hardly h a day off in all that tim When Christmas can there was the usual l to be prepared of su gested names to who gifts were to be se (usually copies of M Churchill's books), whom telegrams di patched, and then the to be sent off.

I made plenty of mi takes, I was continu ously tired, but I trie my very best—anyon with any heart woul have done so. Throug all that time Mr. Churc ill was kind and consid erate, and I never had hard word from him. was immensely gratefu for this. Though alway an exacting employe from that time on he wa never really cross wit me again. Mrs. Church ill, too, who depende to a certain extent on m help at the weekends could not have bee kinder.

The P.M. made m smile one day. I was s bold as to point out a slight error in a directio he had given me, and he turned to me in sur prise. "Quite right, quite right; take a goo mark. Or rather, cancel the last bad one I gav you." I suppose he thought too many congrat ulations might produce too much self-confi dence.

When he left for the Casablanca Conference I didn't even resent it that Peter Kinna and Geoffrey Green were taken and I was not. All I wanted was peace, perfect peace. When the evening came for him to leave, the private secretaries were congregated around the door of the flat, waiting to bid him *bon voyage*. I did not quite like to join them, but I picked up Smoky, knowing the Prime Minister would notice his little cat.

Sure enough, when he emerged from his room, pink and beaming, ready to leave, he came and talked to Smoky, hugged him and told me to see he was not lonely. Then he shook hands and smiled, leaving me childishly pleased.

Shortly after his return from this trip, which included a visit to Turkey following the conference, Mr. Churchill became ill. He must have been tired, for he seemed suddenly to be stricken with pneumonia almost before we knew he was unwell. For some days we wondered whether or not he would live. We were all utterly miserable; he was in his room at the

AGED EIGHT AND THREE

By NORMAN NATHAN

This morning, daughters, as we play
At catch-us-dad near Eagle Rock,
Zigzagging through the child-high weeds
We stumble on some broken glass—
Beer bottles that teen-agers tossed
Last night for excitement in the dark.

How casually you laugh and romp
Over jagged edges others leave,
Who wear their carelessness like jewels,
Forgetful of the years when they
Ran light-footed through fairy grass
And broadcast pleasure in the sun.



Shelton Stroller
"the carefree fashion"



When true beauty of print meets the wonder of nylon jersey . . . you just know it's a Shelton Stroller. Gay colors match good taste with a cheerful look. Slim, trim lines stay in step when you're on the go. When day is done, Shelton Stroller washes easily, drips dry, sheds wrinkles, needs no ironing. For the carefree fashion in your life, choose Shelton Stroller!
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dvertisement

The Picture of Health for April



by MAXINE DAVIS

Spring fever got you? Want to sit and think—or just sit? Don't! Go outdoors and do something. Regular exercise is a MUST for good health. It sends he blood zipping through your veins instead f getting sluggish, risking clotting. That's hy doctors make you move around soon after urgery and urge you to stretch and walk on ong trips.

t improves muscle tone. It's good for all your nuscles but especially those in your diahragm. The abdominal muscles help your ungs and heart.

It's the most effective tranquilizer known; it elaxes all your tensions, makes you new as April.

ought to warn you: when first you start your outine exercise you're sure to suffer what my amily vaguely and dolefully calls "muscles." ou will ache! And if you have some mild arthitis or rheumatism your joints and muscles re bound to act up from time to time. But hat won't get you down if you have SURIN. t's no cure for arthritis; there isn't any. But URIN will bring help—blessed temporary reief for those minor pains, as tests in a famous hospital proved. Put moist hot towels on the rea that hurts until the skin is warm and water-saturated. Then apply SURIN gently. It gets down where the pain is and relieves it.

We have new neighbors, a friendly middleaged couple used to city living. Mr. Coe spends very salubrious Saturday on the golf course, but Mrs. Coe didn't seem to have enough energy to put her hair in pin-curls, let alone walk to the market.

invited her to lunch one Saturday. She only ate the rice and applesauce. I guessed her trouble: she has dentures that slide around when she eats the meat and food she should have. As that hurts she doesn't get enough to eat for health or vigor. So I told her about Gramp's ORA-FIX. It holds dentures in place so well he chews apples, peanuts, anything, as well as a boy. Then he uses ORA to clean his dentures afterwards. Mrs. Coe bought ORA-FIX and ORA right away. Now she bounces like a teen-ager!

My husband loves golf, and as Mr. Coe's a stranger to our suburb he makes a point of including him in a foursome as often as he can. I'm glad, because his sense of neighborly obligation gets him out-of-doors more often than usual for him.

Before he leaves the house I always tuck a pair of clean socks and a can of OCTOFEN Powder in with his golf balls. His feet perspire a lot, and the fungi that cause athlete's foot might make trouble. He's had several acute attacks. OCTOFEN Liquid stopped them but—better—OCTOFEN Powder, dusted between each carefully washed and dried toe and sprinkled into fresh socks, prevents the disease from breaking out. OCTOFEN is the only medication approved by the National Foot Health Council.

Even after a shower and change, my spouse unfortunately sweats profusely when he's been active. So—he borrows my YODORA. He may be damp but nobody knows it. For the odor of perspiration comes from bacteria that flourish in it. The new YODORA is a deodorant which paralyzes those unpleasant bugs. Its light cream base is soothing to and helps heal irritated surfaces, and its scent is so light, so evanescent, that he feels fresh and clean with it.

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Annexe, and most of the time we hung forlornly about the flat, feeling quite lost. On the rare occasions when he dictated—and it could be only on a matter of major importance—his voice was so weak and his manner so gentle that we longed for the old stamp and bark, the quick word of scorn, the snort of impatience and the final twinkle of forgiveness. The flat was stiff with specialists, and two hospital nurses took up regular abode in the study. Eventually, to the relief of the whole nation, Mr. Churchill was well enough to travel to Chequers to convalesce.

One day while we were there we heard that the king proposed to visit Mr. Churchill. This was quite an unexpected honor. The Coldstream Guards were alerted to produce a Guard of Honor, and thoroughly primed in the intricacies of a royal salute. The young officer who was to be guard commander was in a high state of nerves. When the great moment came and the long, black car, signaled by the police at the outer gate, drove into the courtyard, he fairly shrieked his order and a crashing salute was given. However, the car door opened and Lord Cherwell hurried into the house—it was the wrong car. When a few minutes later His Majesty arrived, all the stuffing seemed to have left the poor guard.

It was during this period at Chequers that Mr. Churchill dictated his "Four Years Plan." One day he decided to drive to Dytchley Park for luncheon, a distance of about forty miles from Chequers. From the moment the car started till we reached our destination he raced along, his ideas tumbling over one another. He spoke of Reconstruction; of National Insurance; of Employment, the Export Trade, and Agriculture; he continued with Health and Education. But the journey home was even worse. He dealt with Rebuilding, Income Tax, National Finance, and our wartime scientific discoveries. We had to make time, and the swinging of the car round corners disturbed my Pitman's best. When we arrived back I hurried to the typewriter, wailing that I was in for a real raspberry and couldn't someone please save me. They all clustered around—Mr. Martin, Commander Thompson, Lord Cherwell and other helpful people. What I had missed or could not read they made up for me; they told me what he had probably said and what they thought he ought to have said, and what they would have said had they been Prime Minister; and Mr. Churchill had later to admit that, though I had not recorded his dictation exactly, at least the words made sense.

With the end of hostilities in North Africa in sight, it became obvious that the Prime Minister and the President would have to meet again. It was decided that Mr. Churchill should go again to Washington, taking with him various Cabinet ministers, the Chiefs of Staff and their own staffs, and the Indian commanders in chief, Admiral Somerville, Field Marshal Wavell and Air Marshal Peirse. These dignitaries were to be transported in the Queen Mary, and their staffs would include a good number of young women. I was the only female in Mr. Churchill's personal party; Peter Kinna and I were to work together.

Mr. Churchill did not dictate a great deal on the journey, as his days were chiefly occupied by conferences with the Chiefs of Staff; but Peter and I were not idle. All messages came in through us, and the Prime Minister had to be kept completely informed. There were few early nights. Going westward meant that each night we had an extra hour of time, the clocks being put back at midnight. Mr. Churchill always made the most of this, playing bezique with Mr. Harriman till far into the night with the excuse that he was sure they had forgotten to alter the clocks yet and "it can't be more than three o'clock, which means only two by the new time"—till poor Mr. Harriman looked quite haggard.

We landed at Staten Island, were off-loaded and put straight onto a train, which rushed us through to Washington. But before we arrived there we ate luncheon, our first American meal, and what a meal it was! When the steaks appeared they seemed not only to cover the whole plate but to touch the tablecloth on either side.

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And you feel great because Kessamin Tablets bring you vitamins and iron for up-to-par pep and well-being. You feel younger, livelier when you really lose. Women look younger—men more trim, more athletic! It's easy, pleasant, safe to reduce on Kessamin Plan 14.

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so kind to troubled feet



Sizes, Some Styles
2½ to 13
AAAAA to
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The three weeks we spent in Washington were some of the busiest days I can remember. We seemed to pick up some of the American ideas of rush and bustle, and we fairly panted along from early morning until far into the night.

The White House staff obviously thought Peter and me quite mad to put up with our hours of work. Sometimes we did not finish till 4:30 A.M. We kept reminding each other that we hadn't been brought along for a good time, and with the hustle in the office during the day we found the night the best time for getting a long job done.

The Prime Minister was to address the Congress of the United States. It was an important speech, a review of the whole war scene, and a night or so beforehand he got through most of the dictation. He had been dining and conferring with the President, but about midnight he came to his own quarters, saying that a busy night was in prospect. I settled myself in Mr. Churchill's room with book and several pencils, in an armchair with high back and ear flaps, and soon he began pacing about the room. Inspiration came, and flowed on and on and on.

Back and forth he walked, his hands gesturing, his voice rising and falling. About 2 o'clock a sleepy note came into his voice, and I knew that he wouldn't last much longer. Presently while behind my chair he took off his dinner jacket, then continued pacing the room. The next time he went out of sight he took off his waistcoat. I wondered in considerable amusement what would happen next. There was a longer pause than usual behind my chair, and a rustling sound as something flew through the air onto the bed. When next he appeared, he was wearing his famous green-and-gold dressing gown with the red dragons, the cords trailing behind as usual.

At 2:30 he finished, and at 4:30 I finished typing it out. As I tottered off to bed, one of the American officers on duty near the front door said, "Gee, are you crazy? All the American girls went home just twelve hours ago."

As our visit drew to an end, activity in the office increased. It was decided that the Prime Minister and his personal party, with the exception of myself, should fly straight to North Africa, there to consult with Generals de Gaulle and Giraud; I was to return with the main party in the Queen Mary.

The night before they left, Mr. Hopkins came walking into the office to inquire if I would like to meet the President. I jumped up in a terrific fluster, gasping that my nose was shiny and my hands grubby—but he just smiled and said, "Oh, come along," so I went. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt were dining alone in the latter's study, and as I entered with Mr. Hopkins they both looked up and beamed. The President said, "I think it's about time I met you," holding out his hand to shake mine, with that well-known toss of his head and the famous smile. He spoke kindly to me for a few minutes, then I felt it was time to go and backed hastily out, with a grateful look at the Prime Minister, thinking this could not really be me at all.

On June 30th that year Mr. Churchill received the Freedom of the City of London. This took place in the ancient and historic Guildhall, badly battered though it had been in the fire blitz, and there was great competition to obtain invitations to the ceremony. I longed to go, but there seemed not a hope.

On the morning of the day in question we were informed that the Honorable Mrs. Keppel, a relation of Mrs. Churchill's, would not be able to attend. Mrs. Hill asked Mrs. Churchill, then took me aside. "Keep it dark," she said; "you can go."

There was an enormous crowd filling the City and making it difficult to move about, but at length I reached the Guildhall and found my place. Mrs. Keppel's seat was in the front row on the aisle up which the distinguished guests were to walk; my neighbors turned out to be Sir Charles Howard, the sergeant at arms of the House of Commons, and an air vice marshal. When they discovered I was not Mrs. Keppel as my card indicated, they seemed a little shocked—when asked, I told them, "Well, I type."

At last the herald announced "The Right Honorable the Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill"; they were received by the lord mayor and seated on the platform. The City chamberlain read an account of the Prime Minister's achievements, the freedom ceremony was performed, and then Mr. Churchill rose to give his address.

This was the first time I had actually seen him make one of his deliveries, apart from the usual preview while he was dictating. As he took from his pocket the notes I had so recently typed, I wondered anxiously if the pages were in the right order.

He was, of course, looking most spick-and-span in morning coat and striped trousers, and as he reached the small reading desk from which he was to speak, he took out his glasses and put them on, a familiar act. He spoke very much as he did on the radio—slowly but not too slowly, clearly and emphatically. He made use of every pause, his sense of timing was perfect—he might not have been reading from his notes but speaking his thoughts as they came to him. His hands gestured in the well-known fashion: sometimes he would hold the front of his black coat, fingers tucked in, sometimes his hands would be clasped in front of him, sometimes a forefinger uplifted. He held his audience (me included) spellbound, and I am convinced there was no one present who did not feel a prickling thrill in his veins when Mr. Churchill said, in that growly way one knew so well, "It is very probable there will be heavy fighting in the Mediterranean and elsewhere before the leaves of autumn fall."

Afterward the lord mayor escorted Mrs. Churchill down the aisle, followed by the Prime Minister with the lady mayoress. As he passed me Mr. Churchill looked surprised and said "Oh—hullo," much to the astonishment of my neighbors.

Not long after this I was included in the Prime Minister's staff to attend the First Quebec Conference, which took place early in August. Peter and Geoffrey Green also went, and in addition my friend Ham, since Mrs. Churchill and Mary accompanied the Prime Minister.

The Château Frontenac had been completely commandeered for conference personnel, British, American and Canadian. The Prime Minister and his personal party were housed in the summer residence of the governors-general, called the Citadel, a picturesque building on top of the hill overlooking Quebec. The walls were guarded day and night by Mounties in their scarlet coats.

Within a few days Mr. Roosevelt arrived. We were rather amused to see the President's car smothered in Secret Service men; they hung on the back and on the bonnet and from the running boards. Mr. Churchill traveled with only his two Scotland Yard detectives, usually on duty one at a time.

At the end of the conference the Prime Minister made a world broadcast, speaking from the Citadel, and that same night we left by train for Washington. And here I must include an incident typical of Winston Churchill. As we traveled south next day, I sitting by him waiting for dictation, he began asking about my mother, who had flown from Vancouver to see me during the conference. Then he told me he wished to make her a present of half her fare across the continent, knowing what an effort she had made. I was touched indeed at his kindness. Though pressed upon by matters of international importance, he still never forgot those who worked for him.

It was pleasant and familiar to enter the White House once more. The office we normally occupied was not big enough to accommodate the two private secretaries, Peter, Geoffrey and me, and so we three were moved into a sitting room, which in a very short time changed its appearance into that of a paper-junk shop. Everywhere were Klops, tags, pins, clips, piles of carbon copies, papers to be sorted into the files, files to be sorted into the secret boxes, bags to be dispatched to London by courier. For the first day or so I was too busy to find myself a proper desk, but set up my typewriter on a grand piano!

After some days the Prime Minister, Mr. Martin, Peter and I left Washington by overnight train for Harvard, where Mr. Churchill was to receive an honorary Doctorate of Laws. Peter and I worked until 4:30, getting his speech ready, in our special train. The next day—or rather the same day—we had the honor and privilege of being present at the ceremony. Perhaps the graduation "bonnet" which had been supplied to Mr. Churchill did not suit him so well as his more standard headgear. Nevertheless, one knew everyone in that hall was conscious of the presence of a very great man.

En route for Halifax, Mr. Churchill had a terrific volume to dictate, mostly reports of his discussions with the President. I sat writing until my eyes were nearly dropping out and I could no longer suppress my yawns. Finally after a particularly obvious one, Mr. Churchill said impatiently, "Well, you'd better go to bed if you're tired, and type it out in the morning." My appearance must indeed have been rock-bottom, to have produced this rare indulgence.

After this interlude life went on as usual for a few weeks. Then Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, First Sea Lord until ill health forced him to resign, died and was given a state funeral. The Prime Minister insisted on marching behind the coffin down Whitehall to the Abbey, rather against medical advice, and we watched him, a dogged figure moving somewhat stiffly to the notes of Chopin's Funeral March, that bulldog look on his face which betokened the emotion he was feeling at the death of his old friend and colleague.

Plans were afoot for the Cairo Conference and the first Big Three meeting at Teheran. Early in November we embarked at Plymouth and proceeded via Gibraltar and Malta to Alexandria. The conference of the staffs, preliminary to Teheran, was to take place at Mena House, outside Cairo, and here the main body of the party were deposited. The Prime Minister and his personal party, which consisted of his daughter Sarah in W.A.A.F. uniform, two private secretaries (Messrs. Martin and Brown), Commander Thompson, Peter, Geoffrey and myself, Sawyers and two detectives, were accommodated in the villa of Mr. Richard Casey, then Minister Resident in the Middle East. It was about a mile from Mena House, and bore the romantic name of Beit el Azrak, which I discovered merely meant Blue House.

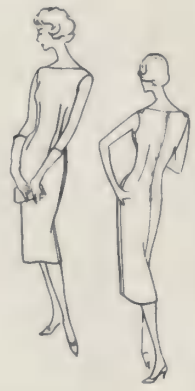
The place had been carefully fitted out to suit the Prime Minister. Everywhere were bells, buzzers, telephone extensions, mosquito nets, fly swats and the like. My first job was to make sure that all arrangements were in order—that he could from his bedroom ring for Sawyers, buzz for a secretary or speak by telephone to whom he chose, that his bed was securely netted against mosquitoes and his bedside table laid out with the correct selection of Klop, tags, pencils, "Action This Day"s, and all the necessaries.

Soon we were comfortably settled in. Shortly after our arrival, President Roosevelt also arrived, with his large and efficient staff

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE PATTERN ON PAGE 139

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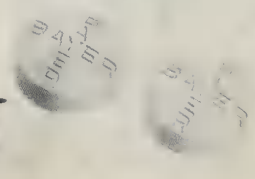


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190

of Secret Service men, and was established in an equally comfortable villa about a mile past Mena on the Cairo road. A third leader made his appearance, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and he and Madame occupied a third villa at no great distance from our own.

One never-to-be-forgotten evening the Chiang Kai-sheks dined with Mr. Churchill and Sarah. The dining room was just across the courtyard from the office, so that we had a good view of them as they sat at dinner. The Generalissimo looked old and very frail. He wore a black robe belted with a cord, and his thin, delicately featured face had a transparent look as if he belonged to another world. His dignity and stately bearing were impressive. Madame was also dressed in black, but with a touch of white and a white flower in her hair. She looked a model of elegance and grooming, small, neat and vivacious, a brilliant conversationalist speaking fluent English with an American accent.

Mr. Churchill loved to sit in the sun next to the little fountain in the courtyard as he worked at his box or dictated directives. Sometimes he would instruct one of the Royal Marine orderlies to stand by its tap. "It's too high," he would say, "turn it down." Then, "Now a little up; no, a bit lower; just a bit higher ——" and so on, until his full attention was claimed by his work.

The time came for the Teheran party to fly off. I remained at Beit el Azrak, and therefore have nothing to tell of the first Big Three meeting. I did not resent this in the least—there were the pyramids to visit, and the Sphinx, sandbagged to her chin.

When they arrived back, all thoughts were turned on Turkish affairs, as the Prime Minister and President Roosevelt were to meet President Inönü at Mena. Much urgent work was at hand. One morning the P.M. delivered himself of a most enormous paper on Turkey. I was doing my best to produce this in type, for nowadays he often liked one to use shorthand, and Peter was standing by to check, Klop and tag, the matter being urgent. Several gentlemen of ambassadorial status came wandering into the small office, all anxious to know "what the P.M. had said." Vainly did we hint that if we were not left alone, no one ever would know. Finally Peter hustled them politely out the door. Afterward we looked at each other grinning, and remarked that we were getting hardened indeed if we could order ambassadors about.

A few days later President Roosevelt and President Inönü dined with the Prime Minister, together with various of their advisers. Among them was Monsieur Menemencioglu, and watching them across the courtyard I could not help thinking of the occasion when, taking dictation on the typewriter in faraway No. 10, I had first heard his name. I had stopped and goggled, and Mr. Churchill had said impatiently, "Come on now, you know that one," and when I had anxiously handed over the minute for initialing he had been surprised into congratulations because by some strange chance I had spelled it right.

The Prime Minister planned that after leaving Cairo he would first visit General Eisenhower at Tunis, and then fly to Italy to see General Alexander and our front there. But the weather was bad, and for this reason an alternative method of transport was prepared. Various of the Prime Minister's staff were placed aboard the light cruiser HMS Penelope at Alexandria, to proceed to Malta and there to await developments, in case a crossing to Naples by sea became necessary. I was one of these, being considered less airworthy than Peter and Geoffrey. The rest of the party flew off to Tunis.

We spent a week aboard Penelope without being called on for work. But then the captain received an urgent signal and soon, with a flurry of water astern, we were gliding out of Grand Harbour and off to Bizerta. It seemed all was not well with the Prime Minister.

We remained anchored off Bizerta; General Hollis, the head of the Prime Minister's staff aboard, went ashore and returned looking very grave. Mr. Churchill was at Carthage, at General Eisenhower's villa, very seriously ill with pneumonia. Italy was off. Everyone was to fly home except him and me, and we were to join the Carthage party.

At the White House, Carthage, there was the greatest anxiety. It seemed that the Prime Minister's life hung in the balance. A famous chest specialist, Brigadier Bedford, had been flown in from Cairo to assist Lord Moran, and three nursing sisters. Mrs. Churchill and Ham were due by air from London that afternoon.

For a day or so I did not see the Prime Minister. He was hardly able to dictate, though he still read many of the telegrams that arrived. Sarah had been keeping her father amused by reading him Pride and Prejudice, for he always enjoyed Jane Austen. Before long it became obvious that Mr. Churchill was on the mend. Work began again as usual. The first time I went in for dictation he said, "Hullo, Miss Layton, how are ——" but then realizing that perhaps in reply I might ask, "Rather how are you, Mr. Churchill?" and the time of day would pass, he quickly checked the question and started on the work. He looked much as usual; I think the arrival of Mrs. Churchill had helped.

Christmas was spent at Carthage. Never shall I forget that beautiful bay, the blue water, the pink sunrises and sunsets. On Christmas morning a small patrol vessel, which had been on guard each day in the ba put up a stream of flags which in naval pa lance meant Happy Christmas. Mr. Churchi was much pleased, and was cross when fo security reasons the little ship was ordered t haul them down.

We had a big conference, too, at Christma time. General Alexander flew from Ital Generals Eisenhower and Bedell Smith we on the spot, General "Jumbo" Maitland Wilson, Admiral John Cunningham and A Marshal Tedder came from Cairo. There wa a party after the conference, and Peter and were invited; I have recorded rather dolefull that we were able to spare only ten minute each from our office work!

Some days later we moved again. M Churchill could not yet return to the mists an damp of an English winter, and Genera Eisenhower therefore put at his disposal villa at Marrakech, in Morocco, taken over b the American Army. Before leaving, M Churchill dictated a press communiqué, ad dressed principally to the people of Britain, which he told them that with the help o M. & B. (Moran and Bedford, according t him) he had made a wonderful recovery fro pneumonia, and was now going to Marrakec to convalesce. He also said that as he had wit him a "highly efficient nucleus staff" he ha been able to remain in full control of the gov ernment. When Peter and I saw that bit w looked at each other, grinning.

The Taylor Villa, where we both spent th days and I half the nights, was built in th Moroccan style, but with every modern co venience and luxury. The furnishings we colorful and Eastern; everything seemed to red and green or red and gold. The floors we colored stone mosaic, which made every foo fall a clatter. A fairly large staff graduall became established here—the three privat secretaries, a detachment from the map roon Mrs. Hill from London, and various folk fro other offices. Lord Beaverbrook arrived, an his rather snarly voice could be heard aroun the courtyard. General Alexander also ar rived. Plans for the Anzio landing, the P.M.' own baby, were being formulated.

Halfway through January came the time t leave. We were flown to Gibraltar, and ther embarked in the battleship HMS King Georg V, which was waiting to take us home.

As always on our return from a trip, th entire Cabinet, the service chiefs and variou others turned up to welcome the Prime Min ister home. Their greetings on this occasio were particularly sincere, after his long ab sence and severe illness. Mr. Churchill, wear ing his reefer jacket and yachting cap (hi favorite outfit), his cigar well lit and a larg beam lighting up his face, moved happil among his colleagues. It was nice to be hom again.

In the early months of 1944 the Germa night raiders returned. Some severe damag was caused, particularly by the incendiar bombs, so that it was called the Fire Blitz This was the cause of the following event.

I was on late duty and we were all at No 10, for the Prime Minister had importan guests to dinner and was entertaining them i the two small rooms below the Cabinet Room Presently the sirens announced that our eve ning visitors had arrived; later came th "Overhead" signal, and Mr. Martin, who wa on duty, ordered his own shorthand writer one Liz Gilliatt, and me to retire to the shelter I felt indignant; never before had I sheltered But at the shelter door we were met by Mr Churchill, who hurried us within and directe us to scramble onto an upper bunk in the firs of the two small rooms. Mrs. Hill, Ham, Mrs Landemare, the cook, and her two littl kitchenmaids were already seated about th walls. Through the doorway a few feet off w had an excellent view of the Prime Ministe and his guests, who had also retired to th shelter; they sat on chairs, stools or bunks i the second small room. They were the mem bers of the War Cabinet and—His Majesty the King.

I had seen the king on a number of occa sions; he quite frequently came to dine wit the Prime Minister; but I had never listene to him talking before. We sat there for ove



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hour, our eyes goggling and our ears oping, our legs dangling over the edge of bunk. It was intensely interesting to see at happened when The Great got together a purely social occasion. Actually, it was t like any friends sitting down to pass a asant evening. The king seemed boyishly ger to join in with the others, and told one two funny stories, which made one feel t in addition to being king he was a very e person indeed. Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, ays a wag, related a few anecdotes with itations; the conversation was not business- e at all! The raid was particularly heavy t night, and the Prime Minister kept dging in and out of the shelter door to see he rest of the place was still standing. At ervals other members of the party, Mr. tlee or Mr. Bevin or Mr. Eden, would oll across to make a joking remark to us the anteroom; I hope they didn't think we re nervous—we had forgotten all about the raid.

When at last it was safe for the guests to ve, we had a charming smile and "Good ght" from His Majesty as he passed us. We d planned to jump down from the upper nk and stand straight as soon as he moved, t unfortunately the little kitchenmaids were t then scrambling out of the lower bunk, we merely sat tight and smiled back.

The months before the invasion were a ain on us all. Hours were later than usual, npers shorter. If the knowledge was a bur- n to us, it must have been an oppression to se who bore the responsibility. We tried ry hard not to give Mr. Churchill any cause impatience. We understood how his whole ing was bound up in the pending landings and the ttles that would follow, d we laid ourselves out to oid any of those petty itations which tiredness lack of 100 per cent con- ntration might have used. The private secre- ries, too, gave of their ry best. One of them, Mr. ck, had an exceptionally fast brain, as per- ps the following incident will serve to illus- ate.

One morning as Mr. Churchill sat in bed, rking at his precious box but pausing metimes to lean back deep in thought, ffing away meanwhile on the usual huge gar, I observed that he was in a somewhat gy mood. Presently he stretched out for the tle white telephone by his bed, which con- cted directly to the private secretary in the fice not far off. Mr. Peck was on duty that orning, and when he answered, Mr. Church- merely said gruffly into the mouthpiece, Gimme the moon," and replaced the receiver. on Mr. Peck entered bearing the chart of e moon's phases for the month of June, vasion month. This was received without mment, and was indeed what was required!

One felt the whole nation knew the time as near. Purpose and resolve seemed tighter. ueues were longer, but there were no grum- es. Travel became even more impossible, t no comments were made and no questions ked about the masses of men and armor oving southward and congregating there. I lt the deepest admiration for the way the ritish people faced up to the prospect of the ruggle to come—"grim and gay" never ited them better.

The weekend before D day was spent in our ecial train at a tiny siding outside Southamp- n. It was not particularly convenient or mfortable, but Mr. Churchill felt he had to e on the spot. The Prime Minister had rought various Cabinet ministers and ad- isers—General Smuts, Mr. Ernest Bevin and thers—to share his vigil, and as the office as separated from the sleeping and dining uarters by the coach in which they all sat, y colleague Marian and I were forced to wer ourselves about seven feet to the track, rot along and scramble up again every time was necessary to make the journey. Mr. Churchill went off one day to inspect the forces their last preparations, and returned with hat dogged look on his face that betokened reat emotion. The thought of the lives which would so soon be snuffed out was awful and serious. It was hard to sleep at night.

Less than a week after the invading forces crossed the coast of France, flying bombs began to arrive in Britain. These nasty things would come over in batches of six or eight, usually three or four times during the night and once or twice in daytime. Sometimes they would come very close, cutting off just before they reached us, and frequently the windows would have blown in without the steel shutters, which a marine orderly always closed when the alarm was given.

Usually Mr. Churchill took no notice of these disturbances, or made a joking remark to help morale. One night when there was a particularly heavy crash, he looked up from the paper he was studying. "Aren't you afraid?" he asked. "Don't you want to go to the shelter?" I felt there was something of a twinkle behind this, and merely said, "No, thank you." Perhaps I *was* scared inside, but I can't imagine what he would have thought of me if I had chosen to go to the shelter while he remained aboveground.

In general this new form of torture was having a bad effect on the people. Everyone was determinedly cheerful, but no one looked very happy. Many who had withstood the blitz following the Battle of Britain began evacuating to the country. It *was* a difficult time. The war seemed to have been going on for a lifetime. Try as one would, the constant late hours and nerve strain had their effect. Mr. Churchill was particularly busy with many speeches, including an enormously long review of the war in the House of Commons. It was just one thing after another.

We all knew Mr. Churchill's saying: "A change is as good as a rest"—a maxim which I imagine he has imposed upon himself and his staff for most of his life. I longed to get away—for a change, another trip, anything which would get me out of the trough of feeling I could go no longer.

But then relief came. In October, Mr. Churchill flew again to Moscow. The office staff consisted of Mr. Martin and three young women—Sheila, Marian and me. We were driven through Moscow to the Dacha or country house of M. Molotov, some twenty miles the other side of the city. Here we lived in great luxury for the best part of two weeks. Russian hospitality was quite overwhelming. The food was as one might imagine it to have been in czarist days. Breakfast was served about 9 o'clock. Luncheon and dinner lasted two hours each; each meal would be about ten courses. In case it be thought I am exaggerating, here is one of our menus:

Caviar, with brown bread and butter, tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes, shredded beet root, toast
Smoked salmon and smoked turbot
Bismarck herring
Sliced ham and tongue
Suckling pig with creamed horse-radish sauce
Jellied caviar
Russian salad
Hot mushrooms in butter
Soup
Grilled turbot with boiled potatoes
Roast chicken
Steamed cauliflower with butter sauce
Ice cream "bomb"
Dessert (apples, pears, peaches, grapes)
Coffee

Each course was served separately on clean plates, with some delay between, during which we were pressed to consume much vodka, white wine and red wine, and finally cognac and liqueur vodka. We used to wonder who did the washing up and where all the crockery was kept.

Every day Mr. Churchill would make the journey into Moscow to talk with Marshal Stalin, returning to the Dacha late in the afternoon. One day there was to be a banquet in his honor, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. As he was leaving the Dacha, he suddenly announced that he wanted to dictate in the car, so I accompanied him.

Driving through the pleasant autumn woods, which reminded me somewhat of British Columbia, he dictated a document for Mr. Stalin's immediate consideration. I was to go to the embassy and type it out, and thereafter could have a look around Moscow, as long as I was back at the embassy at 4:30. He was disembarked at the hall in Spiridonievka Street, looking very smart in his khaki uniform, and as he went off he turned to smile good-by. I knew he understood that being driven off by a Russian driver through the streets of Moscow to a place I didn't know might be alarming, and he wanted me to know it was all right. As we drove away I thought, *Amazing man, he knows everything.*

For a few days toward the end of our stay, Mr. Churchill remained in Moscow, at a house in Ostrovskaya Street set aside for important visitors, as he found the journeying took up too much time. That meant that we three girls had to travel from the Dacha into Moscow early and back late. When we arrived back at the Dacha in the early hours, the Russian officer in charge there, who spoke English perfectly, would be waiting up for us with caviar, vodka and fruit in case we felt

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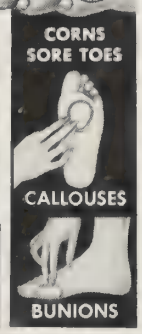
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Hair setting a chore? NOT ANY MORE! Lady Ellen Klippies glide onto your curls in an instant—off in a jiffy—with the lightest finger-tip touch! Never pinch, or crimp delicate hair. At your favorite variety, drug, department or food store, and beauty shop. ■ Klippies for 25¢!

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3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

in need of refreshment. There seemed no limit to Soviet hospitality—but we were very careful about the vodka!

One morning as I was on duty beside Mr. Churchill while he worked in his room at the town house, I was reminded of our morning "noise" troubles at the Annexe. First, the Russian guards on duty at the front door, not far from the bedroom, were chatting to each other. I hurried to quiet them by gestures, the poor frightened little men horrified at their offense. Next, the public-address system which is in every street was switched on, and Moscow at large was treated to the efforts of a trembling soprano. "What on earth is that howling?" asked Mr. Churchill. I explained there was nothing to be done about it, and luckily it soon quieted down. Not long afterward Mr. Martin, telephoning in the office opposite, was obliged to shout on account of a bad connection. The Prime Minister looked up—"Who the *hell* is that jawing away out there?" I flew to shut the office door. But that was not all. Somebody in the house adjoining started hammering—*hammering!* After one glance at The Countenance, I left the room without a word and implored the housekeeper to do something about the trouble. Eventually there was peace.

Another morning the inoffensive little guard at the front door had a cough. After bearing this rather impatiently for some while, Mr. Churchill suddenly roared at me, "Go and fetch that secretary chap," so I hastily went for the officer in charge of the household, preparing him for the worst. However, I should have known better. The Prime Minister said solicitously, "There is a *poor* man at the door who has a *very* bad cough. I feel he ought to be put on duty where there is less draft, otherwise it might turn to pneumonia."

One afternoon the Prime Minister gave us a fright by developing a sudden temperature. He was put to bed, and we all felt miserable. The others, even Mr. Martin, had arranged to see Swan Lake that evening, so I was on my own after dinner, and presently he asked me to read to him. For an hour and a half I sat by his bedside reading a book called A Primer of the Coming World. He sat with a black bandage over his eyes, concentrating, occasionally saying, "A little faster," or "Slacken off a little," to show he was not asleep. Fortunately the fever did not develop.

The time for leaving had come. The Prime Minister told me to travel in his aircraft, as he wished to dictate on the journey, and just before we left Moscow Central Airport I was aboard the York with only Mr. Churchill, Marshal Stalin, Mr. Eden and M. Molotov, while good-bys were said. M. Molotov looked just as his pictures had led one to imagine—inscrutable and slit-eyed behind his glasses. Marshal Stalin was much shorter than I had thought, and the twinkle in his eye looked, somehow, all too knowing. Bundled up in his long army greatcoat, he reminded me of a rather wicked-looking stuffed doll.

Off we flew, and then occurred the most memorable of my own adventures.

We were to fly across the Mediterranean to Cairo, and the aircraft were to be serviced as well as refueled in the Crimea. Accordingly we came down near Simferopol. A small house in Simferopol had been put in order as a resting place for the Prime Minister and the principals of his party, and during the afternoon they congregated there. Besides Mr. Churchill there were Mr. Eden, Sir Alan Brooke, General Ismay, Lord Moran, General Jacob, and various Foreign Office and War Office advisers, as well as the P.M.'s staff of Mr. Martin, Detective Inspector Hughes, Sawyers and myself. That evening they were to be entertained at a banquet, the trappings of which had been flown from Moscow that day; the hosts were to be the mayor of the Soviet of Crimea and one General Yermetchenko, of the Russian Naval Air Force, accompanied by interpreters.

Dinnertime came, and Mr. Churchill said that Inspector Hughes, Sawyers and I must go in to dinner with the main party, there being no separate dining place for us. Fortunately we found a small table and were able to sit together.

It was an amazing scene, like something out of Hans Andersen. The room was lit only by candles, and we were served by fresh-faced Russian girls wearing unaccustomed high heels on which they tottered awkwardly. Course succeeded course, the air became wavy with cigar smoke, the candles guttered, the vodka flowed. Soon toasts and speeches began. There was a toast to the king, then one to Marshal Stalin; one to the Red Air Force, and one in reply to the Royal Air Force. Then I saw Mr. Churchill looking at me with a wicked twinkle. He rose to his feet and proposed the health of "Miss Layton, the only lady present," at which all that grand company got good-naturedly to its feet, laughing, and drank the toast. General Yermetchenko seized the flowers out of a bowl on the table and dumped them, dripping, into my lap, and then the company called for a speech. Feeling idiotic and scarlet-faced, I stood up and said, "Thank you very much, I feel greatly honored," and sat down again hastily.

When the party left the tables, the gallant General Yermetchenko indicated that he wished me to accompany him to an adjoining room. I felt anxious, and called Inspector Hughes, but the general waved him away. He then indicated that we were to drink to Anglo-Soviet relations, and produced two tumblers of red wine, which on his instructions we drank "bottoms up," I rather innocently thinking I should humor him. However, the tumblers were then refilled, and we bottoms-upped a second time. Fortunately I was then rescued by Mr. Martin, who put his head round the door and decided I had better return to the aircraft!

After returning to London Mr. Churchill was in one of his good moods. Several times he teased me about the Russian general. Once he burst out laughing, and when I looked surprised he said, "I can't help laughing every time I think of you and that bunch of flowers." Despite his seventy years and the fact that the war had been going on for five years, he bore his responsibilities extremely well.

Early in December fierce fighting was taking place in Greece between government troops with British military backing and the forces of ELAS, which was the military instrument of the Communist Party there. It looked as though Greece would go Communist if nothing was done. Mr. Churchill was extremely unhappy about the situation.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, the private secretary (it was Mr. Colville) told me the Prime Minister had it in mind to fly that night to Athens to make a personal attempt to solve the crisis. All day the subject was debated; first he would go, then he was persuaded that he certainly could not. There were conversations with the Foreign Secretary, and telegrams and signals flashing to and from the British embassy in Athens. At about 7 P.M. Mr. Churchill decided that the trip was on and that he would take with him Mr. Colville, Mr. Eden, and his private secretary Mr. Dixon, Lord Moran, one detective, Sawyers, and the two young women on duty.

Marian and I flew to pack all that would be required, and shortly before 1 A.M. on Christmas Day the party took off from Northolt

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196

NEXT MONTH

"I LOST 146 POUNDS."
ILLINOIS TEACHER TELLS HOW SHE DID IT

Marjorie Tubbs, of Chenoa, Illinois—literally "half the woman she was"—reduced from 294 pounds to 148. Her photo album and reducing rules tell the story.

THE DAY THE STRANGE AND TERRIBLE AND WONDERFUL THING HAPPENED—

Jonathan Adams was eight years old, alone in the bewildering city of Hong Kong. His father and mother and Bozzy, the bulldog, were never coming back, he knew that now. Nurse Fowler said, "This is Mr. Angus ——" Cecil Maiden's new novel, "Jonathan Found," has a background of contemporary China and New York. Complete, condensed, in this issue.

HOW TO GO TO COLLEGE WITH FOUR CHILDREN AND NO MONEY

Mrs. Hugh Olsen was 35 years old and mother of four children when she entered Women's Medical College in Philadelphia . . . on borrowed money. Now, six years later, she is a hospital resident physician. She and Hugh have found a workable way to combine two careers and a pleasant home life with their children. "Mother is ■ Doctor Now" is next in How America Lives.

SALADS SO GOOD THEY'RE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS

Chilled shrimp, goldenly dressed in pungent curry sauce, is a Javanese favorite. Also perfect for summer days: "Hollywood Salad" and salads from Germany, Armenia and Japan. They're all (with recipes, of course) in "Collector's Items."

A SUMMER COTTAGE FOR $2000 OR $4000; TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Richard Pratt shows a vacation home which can be built on lakeshore, seaside or in the mountains, stronger than most everyday houses. The basic design is adaptable to many changes. Cost depends on the owner's requirements.

CANDIED VIOLETS— YES, REAL ONES MADE IN YOUR KITCHEN

Elizabeth Kent Gay tells how to turn out this crowning touch of elegance for ■ birthday dinner party. Roast lamb with savory rice dressing, asparagus with mushrooms, and daffodil cake are more substantial treats. With all the recipes.

Also short stories, Dr. Spock's page for mothers, "Making Marriage Work," eight pages of fashion news and photographs and many other features, all coming

IN THE MAY JOURNAL

(Advertisement)



A fine figure of a girl – Anita Ekberg, co-starring in "Paris Holiday," Technicolor United Artists' release.

After unhappy results that ruined health and wrecked careers, Hollywood stars have turned their backs on dangerous, freakish fad diets and now depend on a "candy that makes you thin."

WHY HOLLYWOOD STOPPED DIETING

By VIRGINIA PALMER

"You've got to reduce!" How many times Hollywood stars have winced at those words . . . from the celluloid darlings of yesteryear to the glamour dolls of today!

Just recently, when Ann Miller was making tests for a new role – a coveted part in MGM's "Opposite Sex"–she saw the camera man signal the director. Ann knew what it meant. That old bogy overweight was padding the picture. She'd have to trim down – or good-by part.

Did she panic? Not Ann, for she knew the answer to her problem – the amazing "candy that makes you thin." "No starvation diets for me," Ann was heard to say to a friend. "I've tried fads before – and they've failed. But, darling, the wonders I've seen these work!" and she held up a little square candy.

What a lucky break for Ann that she had discovered this packaged "miracle." For it did the trick in no time. P. S. She got the part!

If only movie stars of the past could have saved the day this simple way! But the drastic steps many "old-timers" took to lose weight were enough to kill them – and sometimes did!



Ann Miller, with all the exercise she gets as a dancer, still watches her weight.

For Hollywood used to lose its head in frantic efforts to shed unwanted flesh. When the edict was "Eight pounds off in a week" – the torture began. Pummel tables, Epsom salts, starvation regimens – buttermilk and nothing but, at 2-hour intervals, was one extreme. Why, the movie colony just went wacky with freak "wonder" diets that often brought on collapse.

Many a reader will remember that raven-haired beauty of "The Three Musketeers," Barbara La Marr, and that belle of "Big Parade" fame, Renée Adoree. Tragic cases both – for it's been said drastic dieting led to their deaths – and the same was true of Louis Wolheim, the hard-boiled captain of "What Price Glory."

Apparently, in those early days, a diet's effectiveness was judged by how much punishment it inflicted. But Hollywood has learned its lesson. The bizarre, inhuman regimens, the weird digestion-defying food combinations are part of the past. Now, Hollywood has found a better way to lose weight. A way that's easy, that imposes no hardships and is completely safe. Ask Anita Ekberg, Alexis Smith or Mrs. James Mason or scores of other Hollywood favorites.

Today's screen stars now eat candy. Oh, not ordinary candy but a special low-calorie vitamin- and mineral-enriched candy called Ayds. Taken as directed before meals, it *curbs* the appetite so you automatically eat less and lose weight. And what a figure-saver it's been for actors and actresses!

When George Brent was rehearsing for the TV film series "Wire Service," he found he had added just a few pounds too many for the camera. What to do was the question. His lovely wife, Janet, had the answer.

"We'll reduce together," she remarked. "And we won't starve ourselves either – not when we use Ayds." And how right Janet was. A slimmer, trimmer George verified that at a rehearsal later. "You know, it was fun," he said to the director. "Janet took the chewy vanilla caramel kind and I the new chocolate fudge-type, and both worked equally well. Why, we ate delicious meals all the time and still lost weight."

The Brents had heard of this low-calorie candy through a friend, a doctor who'd read the report on it in a leading Medical Journal. It seems this reducing-plan candy works on an entirely different principle from anything in the past. It's not a "pill" or a drug. It's what is known as an "appetite deterrent."

A look at the Medical Journal report revealed that a clinical investigation had been made at a famous Boston Medical Center to determine the value of "appetite deterrents" in achieving weight loss.

Leading weight-reducing products, plus a strict diet alone, were tested among 240 overweight men and women. And the results were truly astonishing! The doctors discovered that those taking Ayds lost the most weight – almost three times as much as those following the rigid diet alone. What's more, they suffered no hunger pangs, no loss of sleep, nervous jitters or other unpleasant side-effects. It might be said, it's "just what the doctor ordered" for movieland.

As lovely Anita Ekberg remarked: "Out here in Hollywood when we have to lose weight, the first thing we think of is Ayds. It's such a natural, safe way to trim off weight and then control it." And that about puts it in a nutshell as to how the rest of Hollywood feels!

The movie folks are still as conscious as ever of keeping their weight down, but now they're much keener about keeping up their health. That's why, today, Hollywood stars are off fads and on to Ayds.

For any fans who want to follow the stars to slimness, see your doctor before reducing and have him write for The Medical Journal Report. Then it's just a matter of taking a few steps to pick up a box of Ayds (regular vanilla caramel or new chocolate fudge-type) at your nearest drug or department store.



A candid shot of George Brent and his lovely wife, Janet, taken on their ranch, speaks well for the way they keep themselves in trim.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 194

About 8 A.M. we landed at Naples, where we had breakfast, then continued eastward. At the tail of the aircraft was Mr. Churchill's bedroom, and here he could lie and work comfortably with his box, pencils, Klop and tags beside him, very much as he did at home. On such occasions one had to remember to empty his pens, or the change in altitude made the ink squirt out, which produced a crisis.

About 2 o'clock we circled Athens and landed at Kalamaki airfield. The aircraft was at once surrounded by British soldiers, who ushered aboard Field Marshal Alexander and Mr. Macmillan, flown there from Caserta; the British ambassador to Greece, Mr. Leeper; and the British commander on the spot, General Scobie. It was terribly cold; there was plenty of snow about. We sat huddled in our coats while the principals conferred.

About 4 o'clock I was called in. Mr. Churchill, wrapped up in overcoat and scarf, looked flushed and uneasy; he dictated a press communiqué. The table was sloping, the light was bad; wind jerked the aircraft up and down. Once he stopped and said, "That was cannon fire"; with cold hands it was hard to type, and there was no Klop handy. However, it was managed, and when the communiqué had been hacked about and retyped ready for issue, it was decided that the party would be housed aboard HMS Ajax, now standing by in Piraeus harbor. The British embassy had been judged ill-suited for visitors; it had been for some days under siege, without light and with very little food.

The Prime Minister drove off in an armored van; Marian, Sawyers and I then were hustled into a second armored van by some poor soldiers who had been waiting around for two hours or so and looked half frozen. We were cold and hungry, Marian had a rotten cough and Sawyers a cold. We sat in swivel chairs fitted onto the iron floor, piled around with luggage and our secret boxes, Mr. Churchill's coat over our knees, and every time the van swung round a corner or crashed over a bump, boxes and bags fell on to our heads. Suddenly we began to laugh. We laughed till Marian and Sawyers were convulsed with coughing. The van bumped and jarred through the Athens streets for forty-five minutes, till we reached the Naval College, where we were disembarked by some poor frozen naval officers who had also been waiting several hours.

It was a deserted rocky shore; far out some lights were twinkling. The moon was almost full, and great stars hung in the sky. We were asked to keep silent; one never knew who was about. Clutching secret boxes under both arms and helped by the officers, we scrambled down rocks and over barbed wire to steep steps, little more than a ladder. Someone said, "Take care—the top step is broken," and so with great caution we descended to a small jetty, where a motor launch was waiting.

The morning after our arrival the ship was straddled by shells; Ajax was moved farther out into the harbor. The sound of cannon fire was frequent, and one could see Beaufighters strafing—diving and firing rockets. In the afternoon a big conference was held at the embassy—the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary met the leaders of the Greek government, together with the ELAS Communist leaders, in an attempt to bring about a settlement.

The next morning Mr. Churchill again went ashore, and outside the embassy was shot at and missed. A woman was hit, and died there in front of the party. Within the embassy talks proceeded, and arrangements were made for a press conference in the afternoon.

Meanwhile, aboard Ajax, Marian and I had been invited by the admiral to lunch with him and the captain. Just as the meal was ending a naval rating entered, snapped to attention, and handed over an emergency signal, which the captain opened. Miss Layton was to report at the embassy with all possible speed.

I was rushed to the crazy pier in the admiral's barge, where a scout car was waiting. I hopped in beside an army captain, and we tore through the streets of Athens. Three times we drew up, reversed and chose another route, as he spied trouble ahead. We drove quite near the Acropolis.

The press conference, which I was to report, was attended by about thirty correspondents. The Prime Minister sat in his overcoat, backed by Messrs. Eden, Alexander, Macmillan, Leeper and Scobie, and spoke very fast. Frequently he was interrupted by the booming of guns, and once there was such a prolonged roll that I lost what he said, though I sat behind with my ear almost on his shoulder. Questions were then allowed, and he replied. This lasted in all about an hour and I wrote about 4000 words, which then had to be typed at top speed. I retired to the cellar, where the staff were working for the sake of warmth and safety, and read out my outlines to one of the embassy staff, who typed like the wind.

Halfway through, Mr. Colville came in to tell me, "Go to the Prime Minister—he wants to dictate." I went up into the cold, lamplit room. Mr. Churchill was sitting in one corner in an armchair, wearing his coat and with a rug over his knees. Near him sat the mighty figure of Archbishop Damaskinos in his impressive attire, stately and dignified, an interpreter looming behind. There was complete silence as I walked in, book in hand, and the air seemed heavy with something awe-inspiring. Mr. Churchill dictated a letter to the ELAS Communist leaders, the archbishop interpolating a few sentences through the interpreter, and I went hastily off to type it out. Perhaps I cannot quite make the reader understand the deep impression of that scene. We were, after all, in the middle of a shooting war.

When the report of the press conference was done, the P.M. hacked it about and a press statement was issued. About 7 we left the embassy. I got into the second armored van, and found myself seated between Mr. Eden, in beautiful Homburg hat, and Field Marshal Alexander, in maroon beret. They were moderately chatty. Once or twice as we bumped and clattered through the streets I heard the sound of gunfire, and could not help reflecting how surprised my mother would be if she could have a sudden bird's-eye view of where I was sitting.

We reached the jetty, had the usual struggle down the broken steps, and boarded the speedboat with a small cabin to seat about four. Mr. Churchill was already inside, and he told me to come in and share the rug he had over his knees. So I sat beside him, while the field marshal sat opposite and looked with a grin at W. Churchill and E. Layton sharing a fur rug. Small fry such as Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Leeper stood outside, blown by the wind and wet with salty spray!

That night Marian and I both worked until 2:30, too excited to feel tired. Next afternoon we were circling the Piraeus; looking down, we could see Ajax in the blue water.

It seemed only a short time after this adventure when we were once again on the move, this time to Malta and Yalta. There was to be a meeting of Prime Minister and President at Malta preliminary to the Big Three meeting at Yalta, in the Crimea.

Early one morning at the end of January Marian and I, in company with various Foreign Office officials, took off in a Liberator, Mediterranean-bound. We were to arrive some hours earlier than the Prime Minister, private secretaries, Commander Thompson and Peter, who were coming in the Skymaster, and were to prepare the office aboard the cruiser HMS Orion in Grand Harbour, which was to be our temporary hotel.

On arrival we hurried aboard HMS Orion, and were received by the commander, who seemed not even to have heard of us. Strange. We asked where our office was to be, but he knew nothing of the prospect. We asked to see the captain, and asked with much politeness where we might set up office. But he seemed to have heard nothing of the necessity either, and he was considerably alarmed at the possibility that we might have to stay aboard: females impossible! "But really," we said, "we oft stay aboard naval ships. Now please let have someplace where we can set up offic the Prime Minister will be here any tin now." At last we were reluctantly given t admiral's office, as no admiral was in re dence, and as soon as Mr. Churchill car aboard he walked in to see if everything w prepared for him. We hoped the captain re ized the mistake he had nearly made.

There was first a conference of the Briti and American staffs, and after about thr days the President arrived in a U. S. cruise We had heard that the President had been i but were not prepared for the change the was in him. He looked much aged, frail a haggard. The Prime Minister went at on aboard the cruiser, and they spent the rest the day together.

That night we said good-by to Orion, to off from Luqa in a York aircraft, and car down at Saki airfield, near Simferopol, whe I was warmly welcomed by my old pal Ge eral Yermetchenko. From there we we driven for five hours along the coast to Yalt and came at last to the Vorontsov Villa, whe the British delegation was to be housed.

This was the least enjoyable of the confe ences I attended. There seemed to be an air dissatisfaction and disquiet; there was hard enough for us to do. The Prime Minister w restless and little inclined for work. We almo longed for the time to come to an end.

One night toward the end of our stay, t Prime Minister invited the President and Ma shal Stalin and the three Foreign Secretar to dine at the Vorontsov Villa. Shortly af this evening, Mr. Churchill bade farewell his great friend Franklin D. Roosevelt. Th did not meet again.

The war in Europe was drawing to its en In the office we were all tired—Mrs. H looked far from robust; I had begun to feel essential to make a change. I longed as nev before for peace to come, and knew that if had not been in sight I could never have ke up the pace. I determined that soon after th war I would go home to Canada, hard as would be to leave Mr. Churchill's service.

Halfway through March Mrs. Churchill s out on a tour of Russian hospitals. With h went any restraint on the P.M.'s peculiar idea of time. Our working hours became fantasti No one could induce Mr. Churchill to go t bed before 3:30 or 4 A.M.; his afternoon re would sometimes only be started at 8 P.M., din ner would be at 9:30 or later, and when ther had been "business" visitors to dine, the ev ning's work might only start at 1:30.

In those days there were few statements an broadcasts to be given; it seemed that ever thing was waiting for the end of the war. Ther was something on Mr. Churchill's mind—ha been ever since Yalta. He would sit talkin talking through the evening with his clo friends and advisers. Sometimes one woul wait up for him till 3:30, but there would b no dictation. Some evenings one would sit the room while he worked and talked. On did not have to think very hard to know wha it was that was troubling him. It was the de terioration in the relations between ourselve and the Soviet Union.

One evening I remember well. Mr. Churchi sat in his study with several colleagues discuss ing postwar plans. The private secretary (it wa Mr. Peck) and I waited patiently for some sig of duty or of bed to appear. The hours passe slowly—2 o'clock, 3 o'clock—and presentl Mr. Peck decided we had better try to remin the Prime Minister of the time. He piled som official boxes on the edge of the table, the jarred the bottom one so that they all fell o the floor. There was a terrible crash; w smothered our giggles and waited, but noth ing happened—though sometimes if on coughed in the office, the buzzer would soun and one would be told, "Too much noise."

Some time later Mr. Peck decided to hav another go. "Now," he said, "I'll show yo what happened when I was on duty the othe morning." He balanced the iron fire shovel o the iron fire guard with the end under the li of the scuttle, where it would obviously be pu

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

WHITE COLLAR

By CONSTANCE H. DALLAS

Day before yesterday
I saw you there.
Wind in your garments,
Sun on your hair.

Here you come Monday
Sober and neat.
Time on your wrist,
Work on your feet.

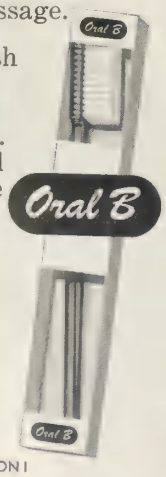
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The specially designed ORAL B protects both teeth and gums

Ask your dentist about the ORAL B. It does what a toothbrush ought to do—cleans teeth effectively and encourages healthy gums through gentle massage.

This *different* brush has over 2500 very thin nylon bristles with a soft texture. They fight harmful gum disorders, the cause for over one-third* of all tooth loss. Make your next brush an ORAL B.



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Into half a glass of chilled milk pour this lively Ginger Ale. The natural ginger flavor enhances the taste of milk, and the exclusive sparkling bubbles aid digestion. It's a powerhouse of pep, too!



Canada Dry Ginger Ale Gelatin Dessert
Heat 2 cups Ginger Ale to boiling point. Add package of fruit-flavored gelatin, mix, jell in refrigerator. Bright ginger flavor and livelier carbonation adds a touch of life to this old favorite.



Canada Dry Ginger Ale Ice Cream Soda
First, pour some Ginger Ale into a tall glass, add ice cream. Stir easy. Then fill glass with this delectable pale dry Ginger Ale. The natural ginger flavor comes through, brightens the soda's taste.



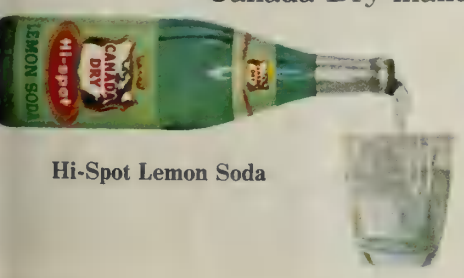
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True Fruit Orange



Old-Fashioned Root Beer

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY
CANADA DRY
CELEBRATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 196

by the charwoman. Then he sat at his desk near the fireplace and said, "Now, when the buzzer went ——" got up and rushed for the door, knocking the shovel into the fireplace with the most frightful clatter imaginable. I had to retire from the room to have my laugh out. But still nothing happened. At 4 o'clock we just didn't care any longer. Mr. Peck took the shovel as a bat and I threw at him anything I could reach, so that rubbers, balls of paper and small lumps of coal went flying round the room. At last Mr. Stuart emerged from the study, shaking with laughter. He told us that when the worst crash came he laughed, and the P.M., who was much engrossed in his subject, said sternly, "It's all very well for you to laugh, you haven't got any tubercular children." It was 4:30 when bed was finally announced.

And then something tragic happened. In April President Roosevelt died. We had the news about midnight, and I was hurried in to the study for dictation. Mr. Churchill was crumpled up in his chair, his face white. When he dictated his voice sounded quite dead.

April passed and May came. Victory was upon us. One morning at Chequers a telegram came from Field Marshal Alexander, to say that the first overtures for an armistice in his sector of the front had reached him. Having typed this out in great excitement, I rushed up to Mr. Churchill's room to give it to him. However, my enthusiasm was misplaced.

A nation cannot permanently remain on a level above the level of its women. RAMSAY

He was in a bad humor, and displayed not the slightest interest in the news, as if wars ended every day. But later on he was hanging anxiously about the office for the telephone to ring, taking the telegrams direct to his ear instead of via our shorthand books, as thrilled as any boy with the exciting news.

V-E day was a joyful time for us all. In the afternoon the Prime Minister was to make a short statement to the nation, timed for 3 o'clock. The entire staff turned up at No. 10 from the Annexe for the occasion, and we all stood outside the Cabinet Room door. Just before 3 we heard a great trumpeting sound over the loud-speaker as he blew his nose, then some remarks—"Pull down that blind. . . . What are you doing with that? No, leave it there. . . . Move a little further away please"—but of course he was not yet on the air. After his statement we all rushed downstairs and out into the garden, to line the path to the garden door, and when he came out to go to the House to give his statement again we clapped and clapped, and I think there were tears in his eyes as he beamed and said, "Thank you all, thank you very much."

That night he and members of the War Cabinet appeared on a balcony overlooking Parliament Street and Square. Some of us were able to squeeze onto a small part adjoining to watch the fun. Flags and bunting had been put up, and floodlights were directed upon the balcony. A crowd which some estimated at 20,000 stood below, the roar of their cheering seeming almost to lift one off one's feet. As Mr. Churchill emerged, the noise increased almost to deafening point. He congratulated the Londoners on their fortitude, saying, "I always said 'London can take it.' Were we downhearted?" The response was overwhelming. Then he began the first few words of Land of Hope and Glory, and the multitude took it up with a will.

I shall always remember Mr. Churchill as he was at that moment—spick-and-span in black coat and striped trousers, a flower in his buttonhole, a man medium in height and somewhat round of figure, a man whose character contained all the elements of greatness. That was Mr. Churchill's hour. Whatever was to come, nothing could take it from him. The entire nation came forward to show its gratitude and affection for the man whose courage had been an inspiration in its darkest hours. For the next few days he could not move from the office without being mobbed in every street. He took to driving in an open car, so that he could sit on the back and wave his hat to the crowds, who appeared from nowhere wherever he was to be seen. Letters, telegrams and gifts poured into the office from all over the country.

I think he enjoyed every minute of it. He knew he deserved it. Being the old Parliamentarian he is, he knew it could not last. Already his thoughts were fully enmeshed in the trials that lay ahead; winning the peace might prove more difficult than winning the war. Already our relations with the Soviet had changed; there was no longer mutual confidence and exchange of ideas. "How are we to work together," said Mr. Churchill, "if an iron curtain is to be drawn down between us, and only occasionally raised to allow a face, and not a very pleasant face, to peer through at us?"

And now a new phase began. The Coalition Government was dissolved, and a Conservative Caretaker Government was formed until such time as the elections had decided whom the country wanted to rule her.

I found electioneering far less to my taste than struggling along to win the war. In the office Mrs. Hill and I were now to the fore; the private secretaries, being civil servants, could not take part in electioneering.

During June the campaign was at its height. Mr. Churchill made four broadcasts, and did a considerable amount of touring the country, speaking on behalf of Conservative candidates.

One evening Mr. Churchill was to speak at a huge open-air meeting in the Walthamstow Stadium, about forty-five minutes' drive from Whitehall. He left at 6. We watched him away, then returned to the flat, where to our horror we found he had left his speech notes behind. I collared a car and a good driver, and simply flew after him, hatless and coatless. Of course we couldn't catch him. When we reached the

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ium, a football ground surrounded by ds and buildings, I leaped out and battled ay through the crowd to the front en- ce, where I managed to get inside.

lodged under a rope and through a row of pous-looking officials; one grabbed my , but I shook him off, pelted to a man in orm who was standing by an inner door, gasped, "Oh, *do* take me to the Prime ister, I've got his speech notes." I suppose ppearance convinced him, for he escorted wiftly to a room within, which Mr. Church- as about to leave, having had a few pre- nary words with the party officials. He ed when he saw my scarlet face, took his notes saying, "Poor lamb, have you run all the way behind the car?" and went off to his meeting.

But on that occasion Mr. Churchill had more heckling than usual, and a day or two later, when he was touring South London, a Labour stronghold, someone threw a stone and hit him. It hurt, I'm sure—not actually, but inside. It was not the kind of thing one would have expected from political opponents; the British are not normally stone throwers.

On July 5th Britain voted, but the poll was to remain sealed until the 27th of that month, in order that the votes of the forces overseas might be counted in the total.

The Potsdam Conference took place in the latter half of July. Mr. Churchill, Mrs. Hill and others from the office went off to it, and in the middle the Prime Minister returned to England to be present for the declaration of the poll.

I was on duty the morning of that fateful 27th. Mr. Churchill seemed much as usual when I went in at 8:30, though he said he had not slept well. Of that horrible day I do not like to think. From unsuspecting confidence we turned to mere hope, from hope to doubt, and from doubt to the certainty of failure. At 10 o'clock the first result came in, from Salford, near Manchester, where the Labour candidate had won, and from then on the figures advanced, the map-room boys coming every few minutes with fresh results. By midday we knew for sure that the landslide had taken place, with over 300 Labour victories; they were in and we were out.

The shock and sense of catastrophe were overwhelming. It seemed that a lifetime had passed since 8:30 that morning. We began to realize things we had never thought of. We no longer belonged on the Prime Minister's staff. We should have to get ourselves and all our belongings out of No. 10 and the Annexe, and this pretty quickly. Mrs. Hill and I were now private secretaries to the Leader of the Opposition.

But the little we felt for ourselves was completely lost in what we felt for Mr. Churchill. True, he was a tower of strength and self-control. Perhaps his long life had taught him that those who hold high office are forever open to such disappointments. Though knowing that the nation was voting out his party rather than himself, he must still have felt the most terrible, searing hurt, intensified because of the welcome he had received on his tours of the country.

But it was more than the hurt. It was not being allowed to lead the peace, which had been his dream while he was still leading the war. When you have worked for something day in, day out, night in, night out for five years—and held all the strings in your own hand, and seen your carefully planned schemes coming to fruition—then you cannot have that responsibility snatched away without feeling the gaping hole it leaves. It seemed particularly cruel that this should happen at this very moment, as an anticlimax, without warning, apparently without cause—and with the war against Japan still to be finished. Roosevelt dead, Germany beaten, Churchill out—how swiftly things can change.

I shall not say much of the weeks that followed. It was a busy time. Mr. Attlee went back to Potsdam for the remainder of the conference, taking with him the private secretaries, Marian and others. Within a few days we had removed from the office the visible traces of our residence there, said good-by to Chequers and its happy associations and bundled ourselves off. In addition to moving out, we had to cope with the greatest flood of mail ever to be received at the office, as half of the populace vented their regret and dismay that the other half should have shown such ingratitude and inflicted such a stroke upon their hero, who was indeed everyone's hero, the man who had arisen in the hour of supreme trial.

The Churchills were to buy a house at Hyde Park Gate, but in the meantime moved into the Duncan Sandys' flat in Westminster. We worked there during the week, and at the weekends we went to Chartwell. Though the subject matter contained in our box was far less important and interesting than it had been during the last five years, Mrs. Hill and I found ourselves just as busy as before. Getting adjusted was an uncomfortable time for all—including Mr. Churchill.

Then came the dropping of the two atom bombs and the defeat of Japan. That afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Churchill invited Mrs. Hill, Ham and me to join them in a glass of champagne, to celebrate the end of the war. We drank it to him, naturally. We could not feel the joy we had felt at V-E.

Later in August, Mr. Churchill decided to accept an invitation he had received from Field Marshal Alexander to spend a holiday at Lake Como. He said he was going to do some painting, and that I should go, too, to look after the office side, though there would not be much work. On September 1st we flew there, and were soon settled into a magnificent villa on the lake shore.

And now comes the end of my story.

I had some time previously told Mr. Churchill that I intended returning to Canada when it was convenient for him to replace me. He had then kindly asked whether I would not come back after a holiday at home, but I felt I must go back to Canada to stay. Now on our first morning beside Lake Como I had to tell him that I had changed my plans.

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By Valda Sherman



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I had never felt that to be a secretary was my ultimate goal, but had known that if the right man came along, be my work infinitely exciting and important, I should choose marriage.

And then, just at the moment when I most needed it, when I was feeling tired and worn out with work and longing for something for myself, it happened. In May I met Lieutenant Frans Nel, a mighty South African, from Pretoria in the Transvaal, about a week after he had been released from prison camp, having been captured at Tobruk way back in 1942.

There wasn't any doubt. This was it.

We had odd moments together, and I cried off the Potsdam Conference so that we could see a little of each other—it *was* a little, for there was still work to do at the office. Then he sailed away for South Africa without making any definite plan.

Live among men as if God beheld you; speak to God as if men were listening.
SENECA

Then—Frans was gone, we were thrown out of office with a resounding wallop, and life was one wedge of unhappiness. I staggered along unable to collect myself and unable to sleep, longing for the time to pass and for something to happen to decide matters.

The night before we were to fly to Como, I arrived at the Kensington flat and there was a cable from Frans saying all was well, he had a job, and would I please pack up as soon as possible for South Africa? Next morning, as we took off for Italy, I was in a happy daze and nearly got left behind.

I told Mr. Churchill, and I think he was pleased. He said it was time I was married (I was then twenty-seven). The three weeks spent at Como were among the happiest I can remember, a time of rest in beautiful and peaceful surroundings with everything in life to look forward to. I had been long away from my own family, and now I should be farther off than ever. But something told me they would come and visit me before long. I had looked forward to relaxing after the struggle and strain of the war, but now I was no have this, for I knew that Frans and I wo be starting out together from scratch. H ever, "A change is as good as a rest"—ne forget that!

We were soon back in London, my repla ment was arranged, and I said good-by Winston Churchill. I shall not try to relate feelings on leaving him. I left also feelin different person from the one who entered all innocence, the whirl of haste, excitem and perpetual crisis that surrounds him. T phase of life was ended. But even after all th years, hardly a day passes that I do not th of him.

I shall never forget the kindness with wh Mr. and Mrs. Churchill bade me farewell. was in bed with a s throat, and could speak o in a whisper; Mrs. Churc ill was sitting beside hi They told me I must ha four children (as they hav and said together, "One f mother, one for father, o for accidents and one f increase." After telling r a little of South Africa as had known it, Mr. Churchill looked down t expanse of his bed and whispered hoarsely, know you'll keep the flag flying."

I hope he would think I have done so. few weeks later Frans and I were married Pretoria.

I am a South African now, and a ve happy one. Our children are being broug up to put South Africa first. I think they a fortunate in their dual heritage, and in go time they, like me, will be able to spe Afrikaans as fluently as English. But I reme ber, also, to teach them about Winst Churchill and the things he has stood for his long lifetime. Courage. Strength. Resol tion. Steadfast loyalty. Love of country. If can only teach them these things I shall ha done something, be it ever so little.

I shall never see him again. England is to far away, when you have a husband wh works hard and three small children who d pend on you. But I shall never forget.

WHAT MAKES A CHILD AGGRESSIVE?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

clear that he was to be the wiry, restless, tireless, insistent kind.

As he got into the more independent stage after a year she found him increasingly mischievous and disobedient. She says she kept after him and tried many forms of discipline, without effect. At four he is said to be overactive, often rude and defiant at home, sometimes destructive to the neighbors' property and mean to other children. This case has unusual elements, but it's a clear example of the point that children do things to their parents as much as the other way around. I think that the aggressive behavior has been increasing because his mother rubs him the wrong way with her irritability and is prevented by her guiltiness from exerting a consistent control. Anyway, she has decided, wisely, that she needs some professional help. She and the boy should be able to profit from it.

Aggressiveness can be stirred up by other family relationships. Most parents with two or more children have seen it stimulated by a small child's jealousy of a new baby. It's especially in children under three years that the hostility is apt to come right out in the open and be directed at the baby in the form of blows or pinches or squeezes. I remember a very clear-cut story of how this hostility can be deflected outside the family. A 2½-year-old girl was attending a nursery school, an unusual one which took children under the age of three. When her baby brother was born there was no visible hostility toward him at home, but she began immediately to make sudden attacks on the only two children younger than herself in school. When one of them would come within a few yards of her she'd pounce like a leopard and sink her teeth into his arm. An assistant teacher was assigned to stay close to her for a few days just to prevent these attacks, but the teacher's attention would wander sooner or later and the bite would occu again.

Once in a while you see a child becomin temporarily aggressive as a result of extrem pressure arising from outside the home: cor stant bullying from a neighbor child, for in stance, or a severe reading disability in fir grade, which will make a boy feel suddenly in adequate, ridiculous and resentful.

But most cases of aggressiveness start wit tensions inside the family and have to b solved by relieving these tensions. In some c these situations the parents are completel baffled as to where the cause lies. In other they feel that they understand the issues an yet the remedies they apply don't bring results The usual explanation is that the most funda mental cause is not apparent and this is wher an outside professional person is able—be cause he is not in the thick of things—to help shed light.

A child psychiatrist in private practice o a child-guidance clinic is a direct approach but such facilities are available in only th largest cities and they sometimes have wait ing lists. Another approach is to consult a family social agency. (The name of the mos appropriate one can be secured through th Community Chest office.) A social worker' training and experience enable her to give mothers the help they need in solving th problems of many aggressive children. If th social worker finds that a different kind o treatment is needed, she is in a position t assist the mother in finding a psychiatrist o guidance clinic for the job. In the case of schoo children, there is often some type of counseling service in the school or at the board o education.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

Printed in U.S.A.

JOURNAL

May
1958–35¢

The Magazine Women Believe In



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Ladies' Home Journal

CONTENTS

VOL. LXXV NO. 5

May, 1958

JOURNALITIES



Cecil Maiden

One of our editors said of CECIL MAIDEN'S *Jonathan Found* (page 40): "If there's a likeness to Little Lord Fauntleroy, let the hard-boiled gender make the most of it. I *liked* Little Lord Fauntleroy—and so, if they'll remember and be honest, did they!" We never knew his young lordship, but we like Jonathan Found strictly on his own merits. The author was born in Southport, Lancashire, and educated at Merchant Taylors School and Reading University. He started writing articles and short stories for magazines in his school days and has been writing ever since. During World War II he served as a flight lieutenant in one of the film production units of the R. A. F., making documentary and news coverage of events in the air war. He has written film scripts for Walt Disney and Universal Studios. Although engaged in various film and television assignments at the present time, he says he prefers "straight writing."



Neal Stuart

NEAL GILKYSON STUART came to the JOURNAL after being woman's page editor for an evening paper in Portland, Oregon. "Documenting the human beings I meet on JOURNAL assignments," she says, "is to me the happiest work in the world. At home I have three children, ages six, nine and ten, whom I have given up trying to document. On weekends we fly kites in Valley Forge Park, which is fine exercise if you stick, as we do, to temperamental kites of unusual design that keep falling. We live in a house that is 117 years old, with a fort in every dark corner, and cracker crumbs under most of our living-room cushions. A How America Lives story right in Philadelphia (*Mother is a Doctor Now!*, page 131) was an occasion for rejoicing, but the children said, 'What, no present for us when you come home this time?'"



Nathaniel Benchley

NATHANIEL BENCHLEY reports: "I graduated from Harvard in 1938, and worked as a city reporter on the New York Herald Tribune until 1941, when I embarked on what turned out to be four and a half years in the Navy. There followed a brief stint as assistant entertainment editor on Newsweek, and for the last ten years I have been free-lancing, doing mostly fiction. I have written one short-lived Broadway play, one motion picture, a couple of television shows and three books. In the summer of 1938, my college roommate and I had an experience startlingly similar to the one in *Anything You Can Climb* (page 42)—so similar, in fact, that the only difference is that we were not husband and wife."

Condensed Novel Complete in This Issue

JONATHAN FOUND, *Cecil Maiden* . 40

Stories

ANYTHING YOU CAN CLIMB, *Nathaniel Benchley* . 42
THE KNIFE, THE CHAIN AND THE SCHOOLYARD, *John D. MacDonald* . 46
ICE PALACE (Second part of three), *Edna Ferber* . 48

Special Features

WHAT PRICE LIBERTY?, *Dorothy Thompson* . 11
FORCING CHILDREN BEYOND THEIR ABILITIES IN SCHOOL, *Benjamin Spock, M.D.* . 16
WHERE CHILDREN FIND UNDERSTANDING . 27
HELP FOR THE TEACHER, *Margaret Hickey* . 27
JOURNAL MOTHERS REPORT ON CRUELTY IN MATERNITY WARDS, *Gladys Denny Shultz* . 44
HIGH SCHOOL TO COLLEGE, *A. Whitney Griswold* . 50
THE CHALLENGE OF THIS CENTURY, *Glenn Matthew White* . 51
CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?, *Dorothy Cameron Disney* . 65
WILLIAM GOES INTO THE DARK, *Polly Toland* . 97
HOW AMERICA LIVES: Mother is a Doctor Now!, *Neal Gilkyson Stuart* . 131

General Features

OUR READERS WRITE US . 4
UNDER COVER, *Bernardine Kielty* . 24
MAKING MARRIAGE WORK, *Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D.* . 32
THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE, *Harlan Miller* . 34
FIFTY YEARS AGO • JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN . 39
THIS IS A RECORD-WRECKER, *Munro Leaf* . 147
ASK ANY WOMAN, *Marcelene Cox* . 150

Fashion and Beauty

SEVEN WONDERS OF WORLD TRAVEL, *Wilhela Cushman* . 52
CAPSULE WARDROBES IN SYNTHETIC FABRICS, *Nora O'Leary* . 56
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER, *Wilhela Cushman* . 58
"I LOST 146 POUNDS," *Dawn Crowell Norman* . 60
HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!, *Bet Hart* . 84

Food and Homemaking

APPLEYARD BIRTHDAY PARTY, *Elizabeth Kent Gay* . 66
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS: Salad . 68
"WHEN I ENTERTAIN," *Mrs. Howard Phipps, as told to Nancy Crawford Wood* . 93
KITCHEN CORNERS, *Margaret Davidson* . 118
SIMPLY GREAT TEEN COOKING, *Liane Waite* . 156

Architecture and Interior Decoration

VACATION COTTAGES THAT COST FROM $2300 TO $3900, *Richard Pratt* . 62
H IS FOR HOUSE . 108

Poems

OUT OF SIGHT . . ., *Eleanor Averitt* . 14
EASY DOES IT . . . OR DOES IT?, *Georgie Starbuck Galbraith* . 82
TWO VOICES, *Elizabeth McFarland* . 95
QUESTION, *Anne C. Culbert* . 112
THINGS LIKE THIS I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, *Merrill Moore* . 143
DOUBLE ENTRY, *Frances Bragan Richman* . 144
THE HEART FLIES HOME, *Jesse Stuart* . 160

Cover by Frances Pelligrini

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OUR READERS WRITE US

A Father's Place . . . is in the Home?

Burlingame, California

Dear Editors: For almost one full year, *I* was the housewife in our domicile. A male, six-foot-two, 200-pound housewife.

Admittedly, it made a few door-to-door salesmen nervous; and the neighbors, also, were a bit unsettled at the sight of me—each weekday morning—standing in the doorway and waving to Joanne as she left for work. But it worked out wonderfully well for my family.

Our difficulties started when our two children arrived. At her heftiest, Joanne weighs a paltry 115 pounds; our daughter now weighs 60 pounds; our son, a mulish 45 pounds. By simple calculation, the lifting and pulling of two such children—on a conservative average of between fifteen and twenty-five times a day—involves lifting approximately 2300 pounds a day. That's over a "long ton" of weight.

Anyway, as a consequence of all the lifting, tugging, dressing, Joanne developed bursitis in both shoulders. Treatments and a painful operation were unsuccessful. So there we were. Two children and a mother who couldn't "mother" them. A father whose sales duties seldom permitted him to be home before nine at night. The nearest relative over a thousand miles away.

I blithely went out to hire domestic help. A staggering jolt: we simply could not afford such help. Nor did we want to leave the children in a nursery school every day.

Before we were married, Joanne had been an accountant and office manager. Now she made inquiries and was offered immediate jobs, with salaries in the neighborhood of $350 a month. The doctor said she would have no physical difficulties working at a desk.

We could do it—if I would stay home and run the house. Joanne and I reversed roles—and our solution was successful.

First, I came to know my two children in a way that most fathers seldom have an opportunity to. They were no longer little semisavages who had to be tolerated while my mind plotted a business deal; instead, they were *individuals* on a smaller scale, with loves, hopes, fears, talents and sensitivities which I had not suspected.

In turn, my growing awareness of my children had a beneficial effect on them. True, in my first days they had difficulty acquainting me with the ground rules (such as: I was to be *on call*, all day), but I soon learned. And as a result of my masculine approach to their problems, they became more self-reliant and resourceful. For example: a ball was thrown through the living-room window. It was *not* a catastrophe, as they clearly feared. It was something to be fixed. Of course they're not capable of installing a window themselves (as I did), but I hope they've begun to learn that just about any problem can be solved, once you tackle it and leave off the hand wringing.

The running of the house was also more efficient when I was doing it. With the greater strength and endurance which God gave to male bodies, I was able to start cleaning house first thing in the morning and work straight through without stopping. Outside, the lawn and gardens were in tiptop shape. And there were no more hurried calls to plumbers, electricians or repair men. That went for minor TV repairs too.

There was *no* physical drudgery in or around the house which overtaxed my strength, whereas Joanne had often been in a state of exhaustion by the time the children were bedded for the night. This is the ludicrous incongruity of our society: the male was given physical strength to survive and to provide for his family. But today, with the exception of laborers, farmers or athletes, the average man keeps "in shape" at golf, tennis or in gyms. All the while, his delicate mate is generally outworking him.

Mentally, my own "turnabout" was quite radical, in that, for the first time, I came to appreciate the feminine role in this world. My life had previously been—like that of most men—*compartmentalized* into business, travel and entertainment, and lastly (I'm afraid) home. I began to realize what women seem to have always known: the family is our reason for being. All other considerations are secondary. And I venture to suggest that a large portion of American males would do well to relearn this basic truth—and thereby eliminate some of their anxieties and tensions.

At last, Joanne's bursitis disappeared and I went back to work.

Naturally, I have tried to alter my previous habits; but despite my efforts, I again begin to spend increasing amounts of time and thought in the world of business. And as meetings last far into the night, my wife waits at home, alone with two sleeping children, and hungry for the sound of an adult voice. (A TV personality is *no* substitute—I know now.)

I'm on the way to business success, all right—I'm told that nothing can stop me.

Nothing, perhaps, except that niggling doubt: weren't we really better off, reduced income and all, when I stayed at home and Joanne was working? Or am I just being selfish because I'd like to be with my children more than twenty hours a week? Sincerely,

B. T. MILAN

Latin Up-to-Date



She came. . . .



He saw. . . .



She conquered.

RUTH WATKINS

Ageless Journal

Dallas, Oregon

Dear Editors: I've read LADIES' HOME JOURNAL since I was a girl some 35 years ago, and this magazine is like a group of good friends who might come each month

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



it's
easy to
draw
a man
with

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
EDITORS

COLIN SIMKIN COLLECTION



LANDSCAPE, FRUIT AND FLOWERS. Fruit or flowers were quite the vogue in the mid-nineteenth century. Currier & Ives produced many such prints. This composition was created by Fanny Palmer in 1862.

WHAT PRICE LIBERTY?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

The most dangerous illusion from which free men suffer is the widely held idea that freedom maintains itself by the mere fact of its being.

Government of, by and for the people through freely elected representatives; impartial courts to judge under laws made by such representatives; constitutional protection of life, liberty and legally acquired property; freedom of individuals and of voluntarily organized groups to express and pursue their interests and ideas without interference by the police power—these, common to all the more advanced and civilized societies, seem to us to constitute a form of government conducive to the greatest happiness, material prosperity and human creativeness, and one that will, therefore, sustain and spread itself by sheer force of example.

But civilizations are not so sustained or furthered. Their survival, as Arnold Toynbee makes clear in his monumental work, A Study of History, depends upon their capacity to respond to challenge. Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest of our Presidents, was also one of the most somber. He knew that human societies as great as or greater than ours had, in the past, declined and eventually perished if only to rise again, centuries later in greatly modified forms, in places far from their points of origin.

Of all forms of government and society, those of free men and women are in many respects the most brittle. They give the fullest freedom for activities of private persons and groups who often identify their own interests, essentially selfish, with the general welfare. They tend to reduce the function of legislators to rubber-stamping popular demands or steering a course of uncertain compromise between them. They diffuse, and thereby dissipate, responsibility. They offer the people the widest possible range of choice.

But freedom of choice does not obviate the necessity to choose well.

It does not guarantee that any choice, or any choices, will prove compatible with survival. It often leads to such paralysis of decision that a leader arises to "take matters into his own hands," a step which is all too often welcomed by the masses of the people, ready to relinquish responsibilities that have become onerous and confused in exchange for their liberties. History, from antique times to the modern present, is replete with such examples.

It is not the fact of liberty but the way in which liberty is exercised that ultimately determines whether liberty itself survives.

The West today—the civilization out of which America was born and of which it has become the leader—is as challenged as was the great civilization of Rome immediately before its decline and fall. But our response to that challenge is feeble, contradictory and confused.

One reason is that neither our leaders nor our people have clearly analyzed the challenge. They have thought it sufficient to extol the virtues of liberty, the superiority of the American and Western standard of living, to point out the vices and failures of the Communist regimes, and to keep this country and the West in a formidable military posture.

For the last, Congress, backed by the American people, has always been willing to appropriate whatever moneys were required, sometimes, even, in excess of Administration requests. But the challenge in other sectors has gone largely unheeded.

Until Russia put the first Sputnik into orbit, it was almost tantamount to treason to point out any *virtues* in Communist regimes from the viewpoint of their possible superiority in the race for the survival of their civilization over our own. To do so meant to be called "pro-Communist." That is as silly as it would be to call a person who puts in a fire alarm "pro-fire."

Nor is it basically relevant to count the costs in human suffering that Russians have paid for their indubitable achievements. No Westerner is, or should be, willing to pay such costs, nor could our civilization permit them and remain free. To do so would be to throw in the sponge and admit surrender. But the problem still remains: What are these achievements, and what are we, as free men and women, prepared to do, and to sacrifice, to meet the challenge the achievements present?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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"We only compel students to fail if we make them take courses beyond their abilities."

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS



ABBOT MILLS

The American people believe all children should have the benefit of a high-school education.

Forcing children beyond their abilities in school

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M. D.

I worry that the criticism of our high schools that has been provoked by the launching of the Soviet Sputniks will persuade our citizens that we ought to throw away some of the educational aims and methods we have developed instead of strengthening them.

I know that there are serious deficiencies in many of our schools. Our educators have not been complacent about them. They have been imploring us to correct them for two decades now. In many parts of the country we have paid little attention.

We, the richest nation in the world, have spent proportionately less on public education than Russia or England. We spend infinitely more on cars and household appliances, more on tobacco, more on liquor, more on cosmetics than we spend on education. We have let school building fall far behind our requirements. We aren't offering sufficient salaries or prestige to recruit anywhere near the number of teachers we need. Many whom we are using are only partly trained. Two thirds of our brightest high-school graduates fail to go to college, most commonly for financial reasons.

The reasoning of many critics has been as follows:

Our schools give too many "soft" courses and do not require a lot of mathematics and science as Soviet schools do. That must be the reason why we have fallen behind in the scientific field of missiles and satellites. Therefore we should get rid of "soft" courses and teach much more science.

There are serious gaps in this reasoning. It is true that the Soviets have developed scientists by giving their brightest children an intensive schooling, providing them with full scholarships in college, rewarding them with high salaries and prestige. But there is no evidence that America is behind the Soviets in *most* aspects of science and technology—far from it—so there is no proof here that our educational system, with all its insufficiencies, is not working at least as well as theirs.

The people in charge of our satellite programs have complained so far as I have heard, not that they were unable to find scientists but that they were not granted sufficient funds. For a number of years we have been cutting our defense budgets, to the point where skilled workers and engineers in defense industries have recently been unemployed. Under such circumstances it seems farfetched and unfair to jump on educators first of all, at least until there is more evidence.

Before we discuss further our own schools, I'd like to clarify some points about Soviet education, so far as I am able. The most startling statement we have all heard is that the youth who graduate from Russian high schools (at the end of the tenth grade) have had four years of chemistry, five years of physics, advanced algebra, geometry, trigonometry and elementary calculus. We should realize, however, that in the past only a minority went through ten grades. The rest stopped after seven grades. It was in 1951 that the Soviets decided that they would make ten grades compulsory for all students, and they set 1960 as the date. By 1955 about a third of their students were getting that far. But according to the bulletin of our Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, the Soviet press reported at that time that "in many cases from 30 to 50 per cent of the children were failing in grades 8, 9 and 10." As a result, "the material was simplified and condensed," and more time was allotted to practical experience in the sciences. I feel sure that by the time all the rest of their youth (including the less bright and less ambitious ones) are going through tenth grade, they will have to make still-greater "simplification." This is no reflection on the Russians. A majority of American high-school students could not take courses in advanced algebra, geometry, trigonometry either, nor traditional academic courses in chemistry and physics. It requires an I.Q. of more than 100 to understand such subjects, yet in the population as a whole there are as many with I.Q.'s below 100 as above.

To be sure, there are aspects of chemistry, physics, geology, biology which can be successfully taught at any level of age and intelligence. They are taught in many American elementary as well as high schools. My own opinion is that these are excellent subjects for *all* students to take in reasonable amounts because they both train the child's mind and give him an understanding of the real world around him. (I think mathematics is fine training, too, so long as we recognize that when it gets to algebra and beyond, it can't be simplified much.)

The main point I'm making, though, is that it's impossible that the Soviets have found a magic educational system that enables average and below-average pupils to absorb stiff academic subjects, as some of the critics seem to assume. We should realize that only a small proportion of the youth of any country can be

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

trained to be scientists. There wouldn't be jobs for a lot more even if they could be trained. We only compel students to fail if we make them take courses beyond their abilities.

Incidentally, it is good to know that we do not have to depend only on parents with superior intelligence for our crop of superior children. Though parents of average intelligence produce an intellectually superior child only occasionally, nevertheless there are so many more such parents altogether, that they contribute more of the superior children in the final count.

Next I want to take up the complaint of many critics (especially the older ones) that American high schools today allow students to take all kinds of easy and practical and "life adjustment" courses, instead of sticking to the stiff academic curriculum they remember from their own school days.

The composition of the student body of our high schools has changed enormously. A century and a quarter ago there were no public high schools. There were private academies where a few sons of educated parents who expected to be ministers, doctors and lawyers were prepared for college. In 1870 there were 80,000 high-school students, in 1900 there were 500,000, and in 1940 there were 6,600,000. This extraordinary change took place because the American people came to believe that all children should have the benefit of a high-school education and passed laws making it compulsory.

An Arabian sheik needed one more horse for his entourage before setting off on a trip to the desert. Two horses from a village nearby were brought to him, but the owner of each horse, not wanting to give up his animal, insisted his horse was worthless, broken-winded, crippled, and so on. "It's a simple thing to settle," said the sheik. "We will stage a race between the horses. The winning horse will be taken."

An adviser stepped forward and whispered, "It won't work, Your Highness. Neither man will let his horse ride fast."

"They will," said the sheik. "Let each man ride the other's horse."

Ken Murray's Giant Joke Book
Published by Ace Books, Inc.

Every Western nation has wrestled with the problem of how to draw the lines between different categories of students and different types of education, when *all* youths are required to attend. The tendency in Europe, where schools are run by the central government, has been to select by about the time they reach eleven years of age the small minority of the students who show particular aptitude for academic work and to give them an intensive academic high-school course which prepares them excellently (in intellect, anyway) for a university. The rest are given a shorter, less demanding course, with the opportunity to learn a vocation.

In America, of course, educational policy is decided in each school district, under some supervision from the state. In effect, our citizens have declared: "We don't want our schools to select, before the seventh grade, the minority of students they think should be prepared for college, and to give all the rest a vocational training. We want the door left open for each pupil to choose the kind of education he thinks he can profit from." This is fine in theory and works out quite well in large prosperous cities, where every type of high-school curriculum is available, including a wide variety of vocational and general courses for average students, intensive college preparation for the brightest ones. But in smaller and poorer cities and towns, which cannot afford as much variety, the tendency has been to concentrate on a general high-school curriculum,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

"I wouldn't dream of giving my child anything but St. Joseph Aspirin For Children"
—Mimi Benzell



MIMI BENZELL (Mrs. Walter Gould) *Star of Opera Television and Concert,* and son Jonathon

More doctors approve St. Joseph Aspirin For Children for fever and pain *than any other medication for children.*

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How scientists scored a major victory in the fight against one of our most stubborn diseases

The Mysterious Quonset Hut That Made Dental History

BY MARGUERITE HIGGINS
Noted Journalist and Pulitzer Prize Winner

"What in the world can they be doing inside that Quonset hut?"

Since 1952, many a perplexed citizen of the Midwestern town of Bloomington has asked that question. Day after day, a stream of people passed through the doors of the hut—yet the purpose of the "dental study unit" there remained largely a mystery.

Today, the mystery of the Quonset hut is gone. As all of Bloomington knows, the hut was headquarters for America's newest weapon against tooth decay—a stannous fluoride toothpaste now called Crest.

And the thousands of grownups and children who came to the hut for four years? They were taking part in tests on Crest—**the greatest series of "in-use" tests ever made on a toothpaste.**

I think you'll agree that these tests made dental history when you look at these results—

In one test with adults, those who brushed with Crest had 42% fewer new cavities than those who used ordinary toothpaste.

In another test, this one with children, those who used Crest had 49% fewer new cavities.

On the average, including both grownups and children, Crest cut decay almost in half.

Norman Rockwell has dramatized on the opposite page a happy youngster who had **no new cavities at all** between dental checkups. This exciting result of using Crest with Fluoristan took place frequently in the Bloomington tests.

How does Crest work? **Scientists explained to me that virtually all of us have "soft spots" on our teeth**—weak places where cavities usually start. Crest, with its special fluoride formula called Fluoristan, strengthens those soft spots against decay.

Yes, the Quonset hut at Bloomington was a mystery—but a mystery with a "happy ending" for all of us!



GROWNUPS AND CHILDREN REPORT to the Quonset hut in Bloomington to take part in the most extensive toothpaste tests ever made. A series of dental examinations showed that those who brushed with Crest Toothpaste had far fewer new cavities, compared with those who used ordinary toothpaste.

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BRINGING UP BABY®



HINTS COLLECTED
BY MRS. DAN GERBER
MOTHER OF 5



the spotlight's on baby

Reserved for the most important people: National Baby Week —April 26 to May 3. Food for thought on this special occasion: In the hustle-bustle of doing things for baby, few of us stop to think what baby does for us. I like this mother's interpretation:

"The most wonderful thing about babies is that they enrich your life, give direction to your dreams and provide a reason for rising above the humdrum."

feature of the month

Exclusive Gerber Offer ☆ ☆ ☆ Starring Rosemary Clooney



For mothers of lovely babies everywhere: Gerber offers an original recording called "What is a Baby," narrated by Rosemary Clooney . . . charming TV star and mother of 3. It's an irresistible biography of your baby and all babies, told with the tenderness, humor and insight all mothers will understand and cherish. On the other side of the record, Miss Clooney sings two favorite lullabies: "Close Your Eyes," and "All the Pretty Little Horses." Both are sure to delight you and your family. For your copy of this 7 inch, 33⅓ Lp Columbia record of "What is a Baby," just send 50¢ and 6 labels or boxtops to Dept. 85-8, Gerber Baby Foods, Fremont, Mich. In Canada, send to: Gerber Baby Foods, Niagara Falls, Canada. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1958.

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rugged individualism . . . baby style

All parents feel the need to be reassured that baby is developing normally. So they often compare baby's achievements with those of other children . . . sometimes to their delight, more often to their disappointment. Comforting findings from a survey on child behavior: (1) No two babies develop in the same way at the same time. (2) There are approximate times when some babies do certain things, but behavior patterns vary so widely, few comparisons can be made. (3) No matter what they do when, most babies catch up with each other in the end.

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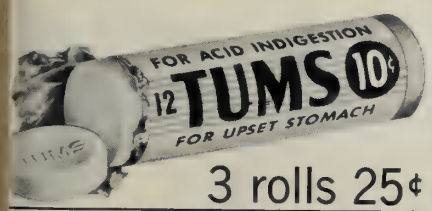
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Dr Scholl's Electric FOOT MASSAGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

designed for the average student, which is not very specialized in any direction. A small high school has often been unable to offer advanced mathematics and science for several reasons. There may not be enough students with the aptitude and desire for such courses to justify the cost. Even if the school wants instructors, it will have difficulty today finding people in these fields who will work for a schoolteacher's salary. Furthermore the sciences can't be taught without expensive, space-consuming laboratories.

What can America do, then, to bring more students to college and through college with a strong background in mathematics and science? We'll need to use all possible approaches. I myself don't see how we can get along without a very broad scholarship program, to make it possible for every superior student who wants to go to college to go. It would be quite unfair to restrict it to students heading for scientific careers. Our country is entitled to all the bright educated people it can develop, in all fields. Who knows whether it might not be a statesman or a minister of the gospel who will someday show the way out of the senseless rivalry between the Soviets and ourselves?

There will probably be further consolidation of schools. The larger the school, within sensible limits, the wider the range of classes it can provide in any one subject, in order to adapt the instruction to the aptitudes of different pupils.

There may be ways developed to utilize more widely the science instructors we do have,

The modern minds in such generation are the critics who preserve us from a petrifying world, who will not leave us to walk undisturbed in the ways of our fathers. EDITH HAMILTON

The Greek Way
Published by
W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.

through television, for instance, or by loaning to schools which lack them the part-time services of those who can be spared from other schools, colleges and industries.

Even so, we shall need many more instructors, and the essential first step in getting them will be through substantial salary increases. Since some states and districts are much poorer than others and since the Federal Government collects three quarters of the taxes, a majority of educators believe that there will have to be Federal subsidy. That's my personal opinion too.

The point I feel most sure about myself is that, in belatedly trying to improve our science and mathematics, we must not do it at the expense of other aspects of our educational system which are developing other potentialities in our children. It would be tragic if, in a panic in one respect, we jumped to the thoughtless assumption that the Soviets are wiser than we in all respects, and that our only solution is to ape them. They have made colossal blunders in the past and are having many kinds of trouble at the present time—with their satellite countries as well as with their own citizens. Their university students are said to be impatient with endless propaganda and resentful of some of the inequalities in the system. An interesting detail in the survey of their schools made by our Department of Health, Education, and Welfare was that a committee of Soviet physicians had complained to the government that the intense pressure put on the academic pupils (four hours of homework in the high-school grades) was undermining their health.

I think we'll do all right if we can ever take full advantage of the political, social and educational systems we possess.

In another article I want to talk more about those aspects of American education which are being called "soft."

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.



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UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"She had it gold-plated—it's the millionth dish she washed."

In years gone by but not forgotten, the Hippodrome used to stand at 44th Street and 6th Avenue, New York, and opposite it the office of Vanity Fair. Robert Sherwood, playwright-to-be, worked on the magazine, and a troupe of midgets worked at the Hippodrome. Sherwood, nearly seven feet tall, was afraid of the midgets, who would sneak up behind him and ask how the weather was up there. "Walk down the street with me," he used to ask his friends.

His friends were Dorothy Parker and Bob Benchley, who worked in the same office; and in an interview, Dorothy Parker now tells considerable about them and about her other old friends.

Of the late editor of The New Yorker she says, "Harold Ross had a profound ignorance. On one of Mr. Benchley's manuscripts he wrote in the margin opposite 'Andromache,' 'Who he?' Mr. Benchley wrote back, 'You keep out of this.'"

Her interview appears in a collection of particularly good interviews from The Paris Review: WRITERS AT WORK, edited by *Malcolm Cowley* (Viking), and including E. M. Forster, Thurber, Sagan, Wilder, Faulkner, Capote.

●

Victoria Sackville-West was always a figure in literary England, author of All Passion Spent, Family History, Pepita *and many other fascinating pictures of top-drawer English life. She was born at Knole Castle, the famous old house given by Queen Elizabeth I to her cousin, Lord Treasurer Thomas Sackville. She became one of the "Bloomsberries," along with Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, Bertrand Russell, the Sitwells. She married Sir Harold Nicolson, author and diplomat, and with him now lives in Sissinghurst Castle in Kent. There she has a garden which she works, and about which she writes. (As Tagore said, "God grows weary of great kingdoms, but not of little flowers.")* A JOY OF GARDENING *(Harper) is her latest book, a practical notebook filled with pretty notions—like a hedge of grapevines, a patch of Alpine meadow in the back field, scented flowers, advice on a very small garden. A good book for May.*

In THE STEADFAST MAN, by *Paul Gallico*, St. Patrick slips out of the cloud of hazy glory with which legends and myths have surrounded him for sixteen centuries, and appears in person.

This is beyond any doubt the most authentic portrait of him we shall ever get. Gallico has based it on the only two undisputed documents from the saint's own pen: he has studied the history of the Ireland and Britain and Gaul that Patricius knew in the fourth century: he has himself walked over the hills of Ireland and along the brooks where St. Patrick walked. Out of this research he has made clever and reasonable deductions. The Irish among us may be disappointed to learn that Patrick was not Irish but a Romanized Briton, and that during his forty years' sojourn in Ireland, he never ceased to long for home; also that there is no record whatsoever of ousting the snakes. But St. Patrick remains one of the most truly religious men of all time, and a superb organizer. Singlehanded he converted ■■ island of untamed tribesmen into one of the most Christian countries of all Europe. This is a rewarding biography in the best tradition. (Doubleday.)

●

A novel which men will undoubtedly like, THEY CAME TO CORDURA, by *Glendon Swarthout* (Random House), is set during the punitive expedition into Mexico after Pancho Villa. It is the story of a formidable trek by five cavalrymen under a courageous leader, who had to cross the whole state of Chihuahua to reach Cordura and safety—a dramatic story of thirst, hunger, brutality, lust and the will to live.

●

For pure entertainment I nominate THE OLDEST CONFESSION, by *Richard Condon* (Appleton-Century-Crofts), one of the most exciting thrillers I have come across in years. Set in modern Madrid, among vodka martinis and art experts, a *duquesa* and a bullfighter, and ■ trio of the slickest and most likeable criminals you could ever want to meet, this is humorous, sophisticated, clever as to plot, bristling with action and suspense.

Many of us have the dream, but here's a woman who stepped right off the porch of domesticity—farm, household responsibilities, two children, dog—hoisted her pack and bedroll onto her back, and hitchhiked alone to the Yukon. AS FAR AS YOU'LL TAKE ME, *by* ***Lorna Wishaw*** *(Dodd, Mead), is high-spirited, good-humored and* astounding.

On the other hand, HEAVEN ON THE DOORSTEP, by *Charlotte Edwards* (Hawthorn), will appeal to the women who prefer to stay home, a story of spiritual faith, simple and personal, told in the vernacular. Never ponderous or preachy.

●

THE TEN THOUSAND THINGS, *by Maria Dermout, is a timeless novel, a book whose beauty lingers. The author is a Dutchwoman, now seventy, who has lived all her life in the spice islands of the East Indies, and here mirrors that distant paradise in limpid, beautiful writing.* (Simon & Schuster.)

●

By far the best factual book about India (in my reading) is **THE HEART OF INDIA, *by Alexander Campbell, a Scot who works for Time, Inc., and knows how to tell what he sees. It is specific, not generalized. It covers the country, is close to the soil, and steps also into high places. I am convinced that this is* the *book for all who want to understand the people and problems of that strange land.* (*Knopf.*)**

●

P. S. Look for a very important and highly readable book coming along, called* SCHOOLS WITHOUT SCHOLARS, *which lays bare the conditions in our schools, with emphasis on curriculum and on higher-up mistaken educational policies. Author is John Keats, who wrote* The Crack in the Picture Window. *(Both books, Houghton, Mifflin.)

AMERICAN MAGAZINE



JOE CAMPBELL

"The title of my composition is 'More Pay for Teachers'!"

Also for ■ remarkable life story, THE BRIDGE IS LOVE by *Alma Mahler Werfel* (Harcourt Brace). More of this later.

And take note that ***Rumer Godden's*** *captivating* GREENGAGE SUMMER *is now out in book form.* (*Viking.*)

New BRILLO soap pads

shine aluminum fast—
give you more free time!



Speed through pot and pan clean-ups, have more time for family fun

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Second breakfast—Hot Buttered Cake! Use 1 extra egg yolk in Betty Crocker Honey Spice Cake Mix batter. Bake in two 8½x4½x2¾" loaf pans 35 to 45 min. at 350°. Serve hot with butter and jelly. Mmm!



Afternoon coffee break—Upside-Downies! Follow cupcake directions on Yellow Cake Mix pkg. Place ½ tsp. butter, 1 tsp. brown sugar (packed), and 1 peach half in each of 14 custard cups before adding batter.

Teatime treat—Loaf Cake Sandwiches! Use Betty Crocker Marble Cake. Bake batter in two 8½x4½x2¾" loaf pans 35 to 45 min. at 350°. Put slices together with Betty Crocker Chocolate Fudge Frosting Mix. Cut in party shapes.

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WHERE CHILDREN FIND UNDERSTANDING

. . . Utah Child Guidance Clinic



JOHN REES

When you're only eight, it's important to have an understanding adult to talk to. Dr. Marlow R. Harston, of the Utah County Child Guidance Clinic, shown posing with his son Myles, fills that need for many youngsters.

Help for the Teacher

By MARGARET HICKEY

Behind newspaper headlines of violence and brutality often is a story of failure to treat emotional problems early in childhood. Every teacher knows that a child in emotional difficulty cannot learn well or develop a healthy personality. Teachers' estimates of the number of children with emotional problems range from 5 to 15 per cent of the total class. The question "How can I help this child?" often goes unanswered because there is no one to advise and guide the teacher.

In Utah County, Utah, where everyone pitched in to establish a child-guidance clinic, teachers frequently sit down with the clinic staff to study a child's particular problems. There are only about 760 such clinics in the country—not nearly enough for all children who need this service—and only about 2300 school psychologists. However, many other communities also are working to develop sound mental-health programs.

In Iowa, with its large rural population, schools needing consultation can call upon one of three regional public-school psychologists employed by the Department of Public Instruction. A number of local school systems—sometimes working jointly—have, with financial aid from the state, hired their own psychologists to give counseling to children who need it. Many systems also employ supervisors of special education, experienced in finding and helping children with problems.

In Mississippi, traveling mental-health clinics are reaching many children, especially in rural areas. Once, sometimes twice, a month the county health department invites youngsters recommended by their teachers to be interviewed by the traveling clinic team. Afterward, the team confers with the teacher, suggests ways to work with the child.

Schools in 149 Massachusetts cities and towns may call upon area mental-health centers for consultation about pupils' problems, and parents may request diagnostic and treatment services whenever they are needed. There are now thirteen of these centers, developed by the Department of Mental Health in partnership with local groups.

In New York City, schools have suffered a series of tragic incidents, but are constantly pushing mental-health programs. At eight elementary schools, most of them located in racially mixed, low-income neighborhoods, teachers may send disturbed children to a therapeutic play group held in the school building. These weekly one-hour sessions have helped many to the extent that their behavior changed noticeably for the better in their regular classes and at home. A number of boards of education now are beginning to experiment with special classes for children with emotional problems. Among those that have already reported a degree of success are Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Montgomery County, Maryland; Clark County, Nevada. END

The boy who waited outside the principal's office kicked impatiently at the corner of the rug. Freddy, no higher than your elbow, was dressed neatly for an eight-year-old—trim haircut, creased brown trousers, polished oxfords—but his record at elementary school in Provo, Utah, showed that he had a temper tantrum almost every day, bullied other children, and there was no one he could call a friend.

On the other side of the door his teacher, her eyes smarting with tears, was saying to the principal, "I simply can't take any more. You don't *know* that child!"

The principal answered quietly and thoughtfully, "Indeed I do know the boy. At recess today he gave me a good swift kick in the shin."

The principal then hit upon what he must do. Summoning Freddy's mother, whom we shall call Mrs. Wells, that very afternoon, he told her that Freddy needed help immediately—and that Freddy was a lucky boy because help was available at a clinic right in Utah County.

"Child Guidance Clinic?" Mrs. Wells echoed. "Of course I've heard of it. Why, I even contributed to the fund drive last fall." She was a slender, attractive woman whose face showed concern for her son. Then she paused uncertainly. "But I never thought of it in connection with my own family. I've always *insisted* that Freddy be at the top of the class. Isn't the clinic for children who are . . . well, a bit crazy?"

"No, that's not the word," the principal corrected her. "I like to think of it as a place where children who don't get along well with other children, or with their parents or teachers, or even with themselves, can be helped."

The tenseness in Mrs. Wells' face eased. "How soon can I get an appointment?" she asked.

Before January, 1955, when the clinic opened, Freddy's future might have been no brighter than that of the little ten-year-old boy packed off to the state mental hospital—which has no facilities for children—simply because there was no other place that could treat him. The only child-guidance clinic in Utah at that time was in Salt Lake City, 45 miles away, and it already had far more patients than it could handle—from eleven Western states.

But just by coming to the clinic and talking about herself and her family, Mrs. Wells soon began to learn how she herself was responsible for Freddy's problems and how she could help resolve them. "My husband and I loved Freddy very much, but we made him feel unsure of our love because we expected too much of him," Mrs. Wells came to understand with the help of Dr. Marlow R. Harston, the clinic director. "There was always hanging over Freddy the threat that we wouldn't love him any more if he didn't measure up—so he let go his frightened, angry feelings at school. But luckily we discovered this in time. Now that we can accept him as an 'average' boy, he no longer acts as though he hates the world, and has more young friends than ever before in his life."

The Utah County Child Guidance Clinic is a comfortable place to be—from the moment a child and his parent step into the cozily furnished reception room and are greeted by smiling Mrs. Shanna Reece, the receptionist and secretary. Mrs. Reece was one of the many mother volunteers in Utah County who worked with the Welfare Department, Juvenile Court and public schools to bring this psychiatric service to Utah County. On an average day she may make an appointment for a little girl long neglected and finally abandoned by her parents. The welfare worker, now responsible for her care, has brought her to the clinic to find out something about her I.Q., her personality and her emotional stability—all of which will help decide what kind of foster home she will best fit into. Or there may be a little boy who thinks he must act like a girl in order to please his mother who had so much wanted a daughter. And there is frequently a child who, like Freddy, "acts out" his feelings about his parents against teachers and other children.

Until the clinic opened, a question frequently asked in Utah County schools was, "What do you do about these disturbed children who need help so badly?" One teacher at Joaquin School insisted on a rocking chair in her classroom to be used for cuddling and soothing troubled children. Today there is more effective treatment. Schoolteachers frequently are invited to sit in on conferences with Doctor

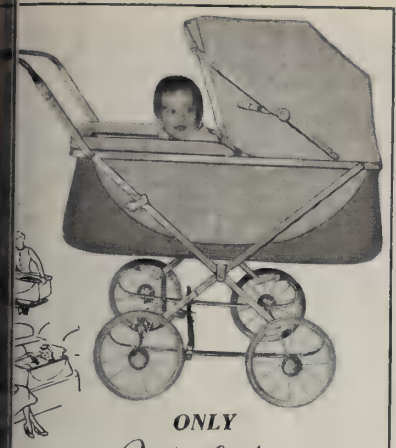
CONTINUED ON PAGE 29



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Harston and Miss Bonnie Wilson and Wayne DuBois, the clinic's two psychiatric social workers, so that they can better understand a child's problem and help whenever they can in the classroom. Often there's lack of love and attention in the home of a youngster who comes to the clinic. If the teacher knows about it, the staff feels, she can create little experiences in school to make the child feel important. One teacher reported that little Winthrop has been standing up straighter and even taking pride in doing homework since she asked him to take care of the classroom parakeet. Or if the child is too strictly disciplined at home, the teacher can give him more "free rein" than she might otherwise. "I still get angry at Billy," one teacher says of a boisterous little boy, "but I understand now what makes him angry and can control my feelings better." The clinic always backs up the teacher in matters of discipline. Set limits, the staff urges, since many children have none at home. If a youngster finds he suffers consequences for his actions, it's likely he will start to conform.

The idea for such a clinic in Utah County began to take shape one evening in 1952 when a group of Provo High School students met with adult community leaders to plan a recreation program for teen-agers. The committee of twenty had practically decided on an after-school canteen when someone casually remarked that the same young people seemed to come to all the dances—that there were many "on the fringes" who never seemed to take part in any school activities. Why was that, and how could they be included too?

"In my counseling," Mrs. Stella Oaks, guidance director for Provo schools, said, "I've always met children who don't mix well with the crowd. Sometimes they 'act up' to get attention; sometimes they just withdraw into themselves. I wish we could do something for them."

"What we really need more than a canteen in this town," Mrs. Elsa Harris, child-welfare worker, spoke up, "is a professional guidance center to help these youngsters. In the whole county there's not a single private social agency, such as Family Service or Children's Aid Society, for people with problems."

Within the next few weeks batches of letters went into the mails under the signature of a newly created board of directors (among them Judge Monroe J. Paxman, of Juvenile Court, eager to save youngsters from the state industrial school; Mrs. Oaks, Mrs. Harris, representatives from the county medical association, civic clubs and P.T.A.) for a proposed clinic. Some went to national agencies, some to state officials, others to directors of foundations—all asking, "Can we get any financial help?"

The advice of Dr. C. Hardin Branch, head of the department of psychiatry at the University of Utah School of Medicine (when asked if his staff could help out part-time), was: raise the money and get your own clinic. As prospective director he suggested Dr. Marlow R. Harston, of Warmsprings, Montana, who wanted to bring his family of six children (including a thirteen-year-old Navaho

"You have a pound, I have a pound," said one man to another. "We swap. You have my pound and I have yours. We are not better off. But suppose you have an idea and I have an idea. We swap. Now you have two ideas and I have two ideas."

One of the best ways to keep your faith is to give it away. One of the quickest ways to lose it is to keep it to yourself.

If you try to share with others the best that is in you, you strengthen yourself. The more a tree branches out, the deeper the roots sink.

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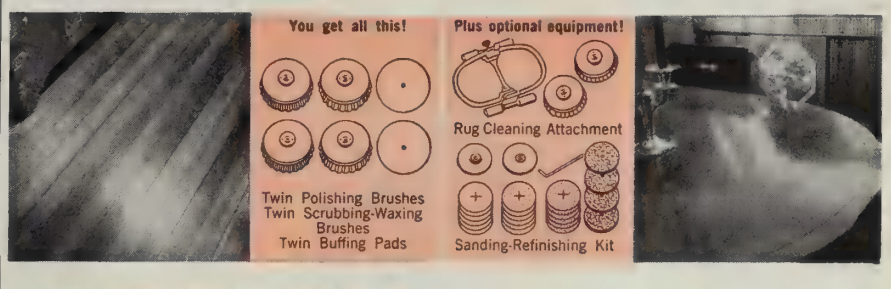
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Scrubs, waxes, polishes, buffs! And it's a snap for you! Just glide Regina and all hard floors sparkle like jewels.

Works wonders! quick and easy! Lightest possible weight to do an expert job. Just-right twin brushes scrub and wax double-fast. Just-right twin brushes polish professionally at ■ just-right 600 rpm.

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SPORTS ENSEMBLE BY GRETA PLATTRY

foster daughter) to the beautiful Wasatch Mountain valley, with its rich farmlands, plenty of living space and Mormon tradition, to make their home. That was in June, 1953. Mrs. Harris wrote Dr. Harston right away: "We don't have any money to offer you at this time—all we have is an idea, but you'll hear from us."

He did—a year and a half later. Since no offers of financial support came from outside Utah County, board members and interested parent volunteers took Dr. Branch's advice and appealed to local school boards, mayors of local towns, county commissioners, welfare officials, businessmen and civic leaders. Their efforts brought pledges of $17,000—enough to carry the clinic through a full year—plus twelve months' free rent in five-room quarters on the second floor of a business building in Springville. On January 1, 1955, the Harstons, bundled into two automobiles and towing two small trailers, headed over icy roads and through blizzards toward Utah County.

Within a month after it opened, the clinic had a waiting list nine months long. And the demand for clinic services continued to grow so that despite the steady income from fees (paid by patients themselves or by Juvenile Court or the Welfare Department for their clients) the total amount wasn't enough to cover expenses for the next year. Since there was no United Fund in the county to help the struggling clinic, the only answer seemed to be a public subscription of $9000.

In August, board members began telephoning civic leaders in each of the county's towns. They in turn mobilized 1500 house-to-house canvassers.

In Provo, Mrs. Carlyle Lambert, president of Wasatch P.T.A., made her kitchen tele-

Never tell evil of a man, if you do not know it for a certainty, and if you do know it for a certainty, then ask yourself, "Why should I tell it?" LAVATER

phone headquarters for workers in her neighborhood. Committee members took turns rocking her new baby while she assigned blocks for canvassing. Among the doorbell ringers was Steven Allen, a round-faced fourteen-year-old, whose mother considered him too young to go to school dances, but who lined up $8.23 from his friends. Other donations came from Central Junior High School, which sold $88 worth of cookies and cakes they made themselves. The Cadmus Women's Club in Pleasant Grove gave $25 from its welfare fund. In Orem, a housewife who had a hard time getting prospective workers hopped on her bicycle and made the rounds of the neighborhood herself.

Keeping tabs on each town's campaign leaders and handling publicity took every spare minute of Lawyer Ted Bullock's time as chairman. Mr. Bullock also happened to be running for district attorney. It was late at night on October 25 when all the tallies were in and Mr. Bullock announced the total to his workers: $11,098.39. His smile was jubilant even after the November election returns came in. "Well, I lost the election, but won the fund campaign," he grinned.

The struggling clinic is continuing to rely on the community's annual contributions to help all the children who need psychiatric counseling—more than 200 of them every year. There is one campaign contribution, however, which will never be spent. It came from a tousle-haired boy of six who knocked at the door of Mrs. Jerry Hill, a member of the clinic board of directors, in Pleasant Grove. Mrs. Hill recognized him as a little neighborhood mischief-maker who had been going to the clinic for some time. He stretched out a fist to her, opened it and showed her seven pennies.

"I want you to give this to the 'guided' place," he said. "I got guided and I want to help another kid."

These seven pennies are now enshrined on a velvet plaque—a symbol of what the clinic did and can do for a youngster. END



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Beautifully covers all skin spots. Waterproof, sunproof. Safe on the most delicate skin. Carry it with you! It's a handy weapon! Department and drug stores. Six shades. Only $1.50.

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Write Department J, LYDIA O'LEARY, INC. 41 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y





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Going to be a slender mermaid this summer? Let Libby's Tomato Juice help. Never thin and watery, Libby's is *satisfying*—quenches between-meal hunger. Gives you a healthy bonus of vitamins and minerals, too. And speaking of slim figures, how's this: 25 calories to the 4-ounce glass. *Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Ill.*



See Libby's Tomato Juice label for special offer on Slimdown Cocktail Glasses

Parents *may* know what they're talking about

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

WHY MARRY IN A HURRY?

"I was sick and tired of being treated like a child by my parents. I fell in love with Bill on our second date, and we ran off and got married six weeks later. I was only seventeen. I don't know why I thought I loved him, but I knew I didn't before our honeymoon was over."

"After Henry got his draft notice, we decided to get married. We had been dating only three months, but I was so infatuated I thought I was in love. Then he was sent overseas, leaving me pregnant and trapped into living with his parents, whom I had never met. We don't get along at all, and I'm miserable, but there's no way out."

"My parents begged me not to marry John, but I wouldn't listen. In the six months we've been married, he's been fired from three different jobs. He isn't working now, and he's heavily in debt because he spends all the money he can get his hands on drinking and gambling. Although I'm pregnant, I have to agree with my parents that divorce is the only way out."

These letters are fairly typical of many that come to me, telling of disappointment and disillusion following a hasty, impulsive marriage. Though details vary widely, they are alike in revealing the immaturity of the couple, their unwillingness to seek or heed the advice of older, wiser heads, their disregard of unfavorable circumstances that warn of probable future trouble.

Though happiness in marriage is always a matter of the personal adjustment of the individual husband and wife, it is also true that certain factors always create a handicap. They should be recognized as genuine hazards, and the marriage should be postponed until they can be eliminated or minimized, or, at the very least, realistically faced. What are some of these hazards?

Inadequate acquaintance and association. Obviously a man and woman (or boy and girl) need ample opportunity to get to know each other before committing themselves to a lifetime together. A "whirlwind courtship" seldom provides this opportunity, especially at age seventeen.

Each should know the main facts of the other's previous life, background and present situation. They need to explore the differences and similarities in their hopes, ideals and goals for the future. They need to test their capacity for companionship in a variety of situations and under different circumstances. The couple whose time together has been mostly spent in going dancing, to parties or the theater, may find after marriage that they share few other tastes and interests.

Above all, they need time to test the depth of their love. A relationship that cannot stand the test of time before marriage is unlikely to endure afterward.

Defects of character. Every wife discovers and tolerates minor weaknesses in her husband which weren't apparent before marriage—as he does in her. But such flaws as excessive drinking, habitual gambling, violent temper, promiscuity, dishonesty are not minor. Any one of them is a serious threat to happiness in marriage. They can be concealed or suppressed temporarily, but are likely to be discovered over a period of time, if not by the girl, then by her parents. If he can't control his weakness before marriage, let her not delude herself that she can reform him afterward.

Inappropriate motives. The trustworthy motives for marrying are the love of two people for each other, their wish to establish a home, the desire to live and work together toward common goals for the rest of their lives. But a marriage primarily prompted by extraneous considerations—the desire to escape from parents' domination, to quit work, to keep up with the other girls—rests on a flimsy foundation.

Parental disapproval, though not always conclusive, should always be seriously considered, and regarded as a hazard. Strong parental opposition is usually based on one or more factors which research shows to be commonly associated with divorce. Parents' judgment is worth heeding, for it is based on wider experience and observation than the young couple have yet accumulated. In any event, their opposition will be a serious hindrance, since it will deprive the couple of the co-operation, counsel and perhaps material help that would get the marriage off to a good start.

Lack of resources or readiness. If the man has not completed his education, he should make definite and dependable arrangements to do so (perhaps with the girl's help) before undertaking marriage. Otherwise he may be forced to abandon his chosen field, with resulting resentment and frustration. There should be evidence (his job record) or sound reason to believe that he will be able to earn a living. A girl should have, or be willing to acquire, at least rudimentary housekeeping skills. Deficiencies in these respects create practical problems that even love may not surmount.

Profound differences in background, education, religion. Though none of these presents an insurmountable obstacle to married happiness, each is a handicap which should be faced and evaluated before marriage. It should be noted that these differences, along with extreme youth, are among the commonest grounds for parental opposition.

Unfavorable circumstances. Marriage gets off to a poor start if the couple must live with in-laws or be separated by the husband's military service or job requirements. Why not wait until the situation can be corrected?

If you are considering marriage, ask yourself if any of these hazards confronts you. And remember, the younger you are, the greater the risk.

GROWN UP, BUT NOT ADULT

As we all know, the early years of adolescence are a period of dramatic growth and change, a time of storm and stress for parents as well as child. But by the sixteenth birthday, the worst may appear to be over.

The boy (or girl) has probably attained full growth, or nearly so; much of the time he looks and behaves like an adult. He has attained some adult privileges (such as the right to a driver's license in most states) and he feels that he is grown up. He is in fact approaching maturity, but he has not yet reached it.

The five-year span sixteen through twenty is in my opinion one of the two most crucial periods in life. In the first, the preschool years, a child's attitudes are formed. These will affect his personality and character through all the years ahead. During this period, his parents are by far the most important influence.

In the age span sixteen through twenty, the parents' influence will be comparatively less. The "pre-adult" will be eager to assert his independence of the family, and will at the same time be highly receptive to the opinions, standards and behavior of his friends, his school and the community in general.

Yet he is called upon to make crucial decisions which will affect his entire future. Shall he continue his education? Shall he take a job? What field will he enter, whether in training or as a worker? Shall he become engaged, married? And if so, is his choice of partner a suitable one? In these vital decisions, and in lesser ones (going steady, dating hours, use of spending money, manners and deportment), his parents wish to share. But they cannot do so with the absolute authority of earlier years. If their opinions and standards are to be heeded, they in turn must respect the beliefs of their child and his society.

Much of the trouble between parents and their teenage children results from the failure of either or both to recognize and respect the rights of the other. The "pre-adult" has a right to a growing measure of independence; the parents have a right to demand in return a measure of responsibility, of observance of agreed standards of conduct.

No specific rules can be offered which will apply to every family. But if certain principles are observed, a relationship will develop in which the "pre-adult" can benefit from his parents' guidance, without being compelled either to bow to it, or rebel against it.

Define rights. For example, it is the right of the parent to determine the conditions under which the teen-ager may use the family car, but only after the teen-ager's wishes, needs and opinions have been thoroughly discussed. It is the teen-ager's right to expect his parents to feed, clothe and educate him, within the limits of the family budget, without taking the position that he is in their debt.

Define privileges. Latitude in hours, freedom in bringing friends home, amount of allowance and similar questions affecting the operation of the household are matters of mutual convenience as well as of manners or morals. If definite, though flexible, rules are adopted and observed, many conflicts will be eliminated before they arise.

Define obligations. Every privilege implies an obligation. If the teen-ager assumes the responsibility for tending the lawn in return for the use of the car, he should fulfill his promise or forfeit the use of the car. By the same token, the parents should live up to their obligation to let him use the car as specified.

Define standards of behavior. Conduct considered outrageous in one generation may be commonplace in the next. Through calm, thoughtful and frequent discussion, differences in point of view can be better understood, if not reconciled. And when understanding is reached, compromise becomes possible—on both sides.

Every human being must have a philosophy of life, a notion of how and why he wants to live, whether or not he can put it in words. Your teen-ager will develop his philosophy through the example you set and the guidance you offer (not the demands you make). If you can share decisions with him rather than decide for him, you can trust him to seek your goals. In fact, you can't afford to do otherwise.

DO YOU AGREE?

Can two people be in love without being companionable?

Yes; but married love rarely grows or endures unless companionship is present or can be developed.

ASK YOURSELF:

Are There Danger Signals Ahead?
Should We Wait to Make Sure?

If you are thinking of early marriage, or about to become engaged, this brief inventory may help you recognize some of the factors that will affect your happiness. Answer each question with an honest *Yes* or *No*.

Have You and He:

1. **Gone steady for eighteen months or longer?**
2. **Completed your education?**
3. **Had a courtship free from serious conflicts?**
4. **Come from happily married homes?**
5. **The same standards, ideals and religious beliefs?**
6. **Won the approval of both sets of parents?**

Is He:

7. **As well educated as you are?**
8. **Regularly employed in work he likes?**
9. **Earning at least $250 a month?**
10. **Free from any serious defects or habits?**

Are You:

11. **At least eighteen (twenty if college girl)?**
12. **Willing to forgo a career if necessary?**
13. **A fairly competent cook and housekeeper?**
14. **Fond of his friends and relatives?**

The average happily engaged couple answers "Yes" to 12 of these questions or, if in college, expects to earn the same score before setting the wedding date. Any "No" answer should be interpreted as a danger signal and should be sensibly handled before making a final commitment for either engagement or marriage. (Note: If you are unhappily married, the "No" answers that you would have given on your wedding day will probably explain why.)

New Palmolive gives

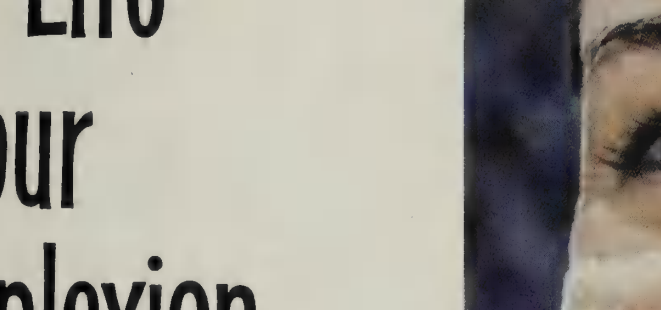
New Life to Your Complexion Safely... Gently!

Palmolive's Rich Lather Contains –

No drying detergents!

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You can give your complexion new life—leave it softer, fresher—with New Palmolive care!

And you'll see results after just a few days—as New Palmolive care gently washes away dirt and make-up . . . cleanses so effectively it actually gives your complexion NEW LIFE!

New Palmolive's rich, mild lather lets you cleanse far more thoroughly than you'd dare to do with harsher soaps. Palmolive contains no drying detergents, no strong perfumes, no irritating deodorants—just the gentlest of natural cleansing ingredients. So get that "new life" look with gentle New Palmolive Soap!

All New! lather fragrance color wrapper

Are you paying for a second car without having one?

"Millions of families are spending enough on one big gas-guzzler to pay for two cars," says GEORGE ROMNEY
President, American Motors Corporation

THERE are 40,000,000 "no-car" wives in one-car families today, virtually prisoners in their homes because they do not have cars of their own. Many of these women genuinely need a second car. Yet, if asked, most of these "no-car" wives would say, "It's all our budget can stand to keep one car, much less a second one." In fact, a big car may cost nearly $1,500 a year to own and operate when all the expenses are added up.



Rambler can cut car costs in half

Nearly half a million American families have found the answer to high car costs in Rambler. Many started out by buying one Rambler and soon found they were saving so much money that they could afford to own two Ramblers for no more than it had formerly cost them to drive one oversized "gas hog."



Ideal family car

Rambler costs less to buy, costs less to run, and is tops in trade-in value. It has as much room inside as far larger, costlier cars, but it is the easiest of all American cars to drive—to steer, to park, to get in and out of your garage and driveway. It is the safest car at any price, with modern single unit construction that is twice as strong and far safer than ordinary cars.



Beautiful interiors

Women tell us the new Rambler interiors with their high fashion colors and fabrics are as beautiful as you will find in any car. They also like the many conveniences—Airliner Reclining Seats for napping children, pushbutton transmission, pushbutton windows, power steering, power brakes and many other features.



If car expense is taking too much of your budget, why not see Rambler?

George Romney

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"Offhand, I'd say it's a money tree."

A better way to make a man diet: Arrange a bathroom with a big mirror so he can see himself naked in his tub or shower bath. His reactions change rapidly from sheer disbelief to grim resolve.

Three of us ordered three different omelets at brunch: Spanish, herb and Denver. Picture our confusion when all three reached our table exactly alike: each with a little ham and onion.

"I pass for a highbrow," confides Peter Comfort, trying to catch that mole with a lethal three-pronged contraption, "yet I have a tricky time remembering which is the old gent in Hamlet—Polonius or Laertes."

You can now buy for $10 an airplane insurance policy that'll pay your heirs $125,000 if anything unpleasant happens to you flying around the world. The premium has gone down since I paid $40 for $125,000 when I flew to Russia two years ago.

Proudest mother in our town: one whose son (a biggie in the big city) arranged to have a bunch of violets delivered to her each week. Unless other sons top this, other mothers may feel envy pangs.

Ha, a valuable truth: Before you go on a trip people listen tolerantly to talk about your trip, even urge and question you. But when you return they won't hear a word of it.

I'm waiting for the new U.S. Dept. of Welfare to tackle the marriage snarl. Only two thirds of the people ever get married! What's better for the republic's welfare than 1,000,000 extra marriages sparked by those blessed doting bureaucrats?

My dad was stunned when his father died. After a time he invented a bitter little joke to cover the pain. "You children can't do this to me!" he would say. "I'm an orphan, I haven't any father or mother." (Eventually, aren't we all?)

When my daughter-in-law in Japan bought a can opener at Yakota, she bulletined a coincidence: The frugal hardware merchant had wrapped her purchase in this page from an old Ladies' Home Journal.

When I bought a girl a malted milk as a boy, I never ordered the same flavor she did. Otherwise I'd get the thin dregs from her chocolate shaker. If I ordered vanilla I'd get a shaker of my own, thick.

At our luncheon table downtown somebody said a smart young fella has started trip insurance for automobiles, like airplane-trip insurance.

"He'll lose his shirt," says our moderator, spooning ice cream with his pecan pie.

Our new bathroom (the ex-pantry) has eleven strangely assorted tiles imbedded in its walls—from Amalfi, from Helsinki, from Lima, from the Taj Mahal. (Best of all I like one of three fish kilned by my red-haired daughter.)

Recently I happened to overhear Harry Truman call his wife, Bess, "the madame." I've tried it on my Dream Girl and she says, "Better wait till *you* are an ex-President."

When we took off on our trip around the world our youngest said earnestly, "Dad, when you get to India will you do something for me?"

"Certainly, son," I said. "What?"

"Please touch an untouchable."

Late bulletins signify that Harlan III can now walk, at the age of eleven months, heavily across an ordinary room, shaky, determined and proud. (This we must travel halfway around the world to see.)

At the bridge table I learn another grievance that makes a wife indignant: a husband's refusal to praise a dress which she herself suspects is a mistake. (Petty of him.)

All the way around the world you encounter young sons and daughters of your home-town friends involved in farflung American activities. As an airline pilot put it, "You can baby-sit your way around the world."

I suspect this new hi-fi passion for serious music among our young is linked to this era's uncertainties. They like to climb a remote peak away from the quibbles.

We enjoyed a laugh when the plumber finished our new bathroom in triumph with the hot water squirting out of the cold-water faucet. But I deduce it's standard practice, a holy tradition.

Whenever my family reads a short poem at the breakfast table three days in a row, I stand ready to take 'em out to dinner. They love to dine out, yet how often they forget!

My Dream Girl and I have agreed never again to be away from home in May, when the green shoots spear up through the sweet black earth. Then no place on earth is more fascinating than your own back yard.

You should see the remodeled Kappa Alpha Theta house in our town. Once an old mansion, it's now as modern as next year's sophomores, and no matter what the Kappas and Tri Delts say, I congratulate their architect.

An old collie in our neighborhood looks so wise and patient that the kids call him "The Thinker." Actually I'm not sure he's bright; he yearns to curl up under your wheels if you're going less than 25 m.p.h.

Since our neighbor the retired general showed us his new house, what we really want is a rheostat for every room, to brighten and dim the lights. But so far we can't find one that'll perform its marvels with anything over 60 watts.

Before we took off around the world my Princess of Sheer Delight insisted on a roast turkey over a weekend. "When I'm in India," she said, "I'd like to remember the American way of life."

Maybe you don't need to remodel, but it's a wonderful chance to get acquainted with the American workman. Carpenters, plumbers, painters, electricians and tilemen are a saltier lot than the white-collar worker. (One even gave us some elk meat.)

When the Russians reach the moon they might find it knee-deep in empty beer cans.

. . . When our youngest valiantly signs up for trigonometry just out of curiosity,

. . . Or our daughter telephones across the continent twice in a row, not collect,

. . . And Junior sends us by airmail an hour-by-hour schedule for our exploration of Japan,

. . . And my Lady Love turns out under pressure to be the equivalent of any $9000-a-year secretary,

Then I try to wipe that complacent smile off my face for fear they'll think I'm oversold on the joys of family life.

Art Linkletter and his daughters, Dawn and Sharon—three happy "Links" in a closely knit family of seven. "We even read one another's minds," said Dawn. "Dad guessed I was longing for my own sterling and we both fell for the same pattern. It's new 'Young Love' in Heirloom* Sterling—sheer inspiration in design. Then Sharon got so dreamy-eyed over my set of sterling, Dad gave her a place setting to start her own!"





Momentous father-daughter occasion—Mr. Linkletter takes Dawn and Sharon to a gala première. Momentous father-daughter gift—beautiful new "Young Love" in Heirloom Sterling

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NEW! A BREATH-TAKING ORIGINAL IN SILVER DESIGN . . . Never, never until "Young Love," could you see so much new excitement in a silver pattern! The delicate flower stems are deeply *engraved* . . . the full-bloom roses richly *sculptured*. You've never seen a lovelier pattern—or such wonderful introductory prices! "Young Love" place settings: 6-piece, regularly $34.75 now $24.75—4-piece, regularly $24 now $17.50. Limited time only! *And* with Federal Tax included.

*Young Love** in HEIRLOOM STERLING

CREATED IN THE DESIGN STUDIOS OF ONEIDA SILVERSMITHS

Your hair
has hidden highlights
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Sense something healthy happen as your fingertips feel this protein-fresh lather – that's the first luxury of egg.



Only SHAMPOO PLUS EGG can give lather like this – lather that rinses instantly, completely, leaves hair radiant.



Feel first day control – no more "fly-away" hair! A touch of egg restores natural oils other shampoos strip away.



Know an inner glow of beauty – a radiance less luxurious shampoos can't match! It takes the magic touch of egg.



Hidden highlights come to life—a thousand thousand natural highlights yours only with the protein-fresh lather of Helene Curtis SHAMPOO PLUS EGG.

OUR READERS WRITE US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

to help me to have more tolerance, more humanness, and a real sense of humor. In the pages of this magazine are the very latest ideas for better living.

NAME WITHHELD

▶ *We're curious. Has anyone read the Journal since 1883 or 1884? Will you write us? ED.*

To Assure Pure Foods

Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is to be congratulated for the February editorial which encourages readers to take an interest in the problem of adequate regulation of chemical additives to food. This editorial carries on the historic policy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in supporting pure food and drug laws and their enforcement. We are happy to know that this tradition is being maintained because in our increasingly complex society both consumers and honest business are protected by intelligent scrutiny of our food and drug supply.

Sincerely,

GEORGE P. LARRICK
Commissioner of Food and Drugs
Department of Health, Education, and Welfare

Lost Their Buttons?

Staten Island, New York

Sir: May a mere man have a word? *Why* do makers of imitation fur coats, and many cloth coats as well, insist on forcing "clutch" type models on the long-suffering public? Have these office strategists ever seen a woman struggle with packages, trying at the same time to keep a clutch coat closed? Is a coat for protection of its wearer or for the benefit of its seller only?

Sincerely,

KNUT HALLE, D.D.

Letter from Holland

Wassenaar, Netherlands

Dear Sirs: I wish to tell you how much I always have—and shall—enjoy your magazine. I almost read it from cover to cover.

In particular I like your special features and the pages on fashion and beauty. I



Happy readers.

learn a lot about it! My two children—aged six and three years, both girls—also enjoy many beautiful pictures about America. We've many happy hours together reading and reading about it all!

We live very near the beach where this picture was taken. Yours sincerely,

LILIAN BOOT

Prayer as a Guided Missile

Tampa, Florida

Dear Editors: Lately a guided-missile project was built in Florida. I was helping my daughter with geography, and as we studied a world map I thought: *Prayer* as a guided missile. Here was the answer to the aching need to *do* something about that uneasiness that comes with frenzied world-wide war preparedness.

I have always found strength in having Biblical verses and brief prayers over my kitchen sink. Now there is also a small world map, and as I do the dishes or prepare meals, I pray—sending guided missiles of prayer to *all* corners of the world: Africa, Russia, Israel, China.

This, I am sure, is *creative* prayer—and as such can build peace faster than any master plan of military experts. It takes no time from daily duties. You need not kneel, pause, or even seem to be praying. As the Stoic, Epictetus, said: "More often than you breathe, think of God." That is prayer.

This project needs a million volunteers. Will you join? Sincerely,

RUTH HAYWARD

Not a Racial Religion

Buffalo, New York

Dear Editors: So, the Moslems "reject Judaism as a racial religion"! (Dorothy Thompson, December JOURNAL.) Maybe they do, but no American magazine should print such a statement without refuting it as patent untruth.

As an "Aryan" convert to Judaism I must take strong exception to the statement and feel peculiarly qualified to witness against it. Though I was born of a German family of loosely Protestant affiliation (thus neither racially nor ethnically Semitic or Jewish), I became a Jew a few years ago in a ceremony which involved declaring myself willing to enter into "the Covenant of Israel" and to fulfill all the commandments incumbent upon a "daughter of the Covenant." I have been a full-fledged Jew ever since, fully accepted as such in the Jewish community.

Then what can be the meaning of Judaism as a "racial religion"? Haven't you ever heard of the Negro Jewish Community in Harlem?—of the Falasha Jews in Abyssinia?—or seen pictures of people walking down the street in modern Tel Aviv, Israel—verily a United Nations as far as races are concerned. And all of them Jews.

And it has always been so. Doesn't the Bible itself tell of Ruth, the Moabitess (of a completely different racial and ethnic stock), who became a Jew, and so great was her simple faith and loyalty that she was chosen to become the great-grandmother of King David, of whose lineage the future Messiah was to be born?

One argument that might be advanced is: Why don't the Jews have a missionary movement? Doesn't that look as though they wanted the truth only for themselves? Quite aside from the fact that both Christianity and Islam have been great world powers in recent history and have had the means to make forced converts, while Judaism was practiced by a small minority living in ghettos, barely tolerated by the powers that be—there is an *inner* reason why Judaism in the last 2000 years has not actively gone out to make converts. And that reason is that in order to fulfill its mission in history, to witness to the living God, the Jewish people must remain true to itself and to its sacred tradition. It dare not compromise in order to make it easier for converts to embrace it. *But*, it does not believe that being a Jew is a necessary condition for salvation. "All the righteous of the world have a special part in the world to come" the Talmud says. Judaism is the special vocation of the Jewish people and of those gentiles who feel called to it. But the Jewish God (the one God we Jews believe in and were the first to proclaim) is the God of all the world, the creator and redeemer of the whole universe and Father of all mankind.

Moslems, and Christians as well, may reject Judaism, but if they do, let there be a truer basis for their rejection than the fairy tale of a "racial religion."

ELSA DORAN

Diet for Happiness

Tokyo, Japan

Dear Editors: Sometimes I go on a "mental diet." The symptoms of overindulgence are self-pity and faultfinding with other people.

The diet begins by planning something nice for those I find fault with. Sometimes I take them something—a cake I baked, flowers from my garden—or I telephone or write a note with an offer to help them in some way.

By becoming interested in others there is no time for self-pity and very soon I return to normal!

With best wishes to you and the JOURNAL,

BEVERLY MUIR



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No other Mayonnaise mixes like Velvet Texture Kraft's

JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

EDITED BY: JEAN ANDERSON - ABBOT MILLS - EILEEN SHARPE - GLENN MATTHEW WHITE

WHAT WE DO
WHERE WE GO
WHOM WE MEET



Associate Editor Mary Lea Page with grandchildren Jamie and Winkie.

50 years ago in the Journal

In May, 1908, the Senate debated and rejected a resolution making Mother's Day an official holiday, to be observed by wearing white carnations. A subsidiary of U.S. Steel, the Henry Frick Company, ordered its employees not to use liquor on or off duty. Bessie McCoy, who married dashing correspondent Richard Harding Davis, was singing The Yama Yama Girl. Take Me Out to the Ball Game was a hit tune, and Trail of the Lonesome Pine was written.

In the May, 1908, JOURNAL the author of Six Weeks in Europe With One Suitcase adds: "For the steamer trip, take an extra canvas carryall with a steamer rug, ■ pillow, a worsted suit, a sweater, ■ warm waist of flannel, ■ pair of woolen tights, thick wool gloves and ■ hot-water bag."

"Is it customary at a church wedding for the bridegroom to kiss the bride?" a reader wants to know. "No," answers the Good Manners expert. "The custom has not been observed for many years. Modern brides are spared that ordeal."

"A brassière is an idea from Paris which combines the prettiness of a corset cover with the support of ■ corselet vest," writes the Fashion Editor. "For morning wear under a loose-fitting dress or for an invalid, the garment suggests real comfort."

"When meeting first at the breakfast table, should the parents or children say good morning?" asks Perplexed. Answer: "As ■ mark of respect, the children should say it first."

"When a Girl Travels Alone: If you get an upper berth, do not mind, as the air circulates more freely up there. But carry a scarf or thick veil to protect your head from drafts and your hair from cinders. Wear a black silk kimono, and in the morning the porter will help you down, holding the curtains to shield you."

"A good vegetable cook never needs ■ garbage bucket," believes Food Expert Mrs. Rorer, who calls cabbage "my best winter friend."

"In any park where babies are airing, two thirds of them will be seen sucking away on a 'pacifier,'" writes Doctor Coolidge, formerly of Babies Hospital. "Tonsillitis, diphtheria, tuberculosis and other diseases may be easily started this way."

After her daily bouts with publishers, agents and cartoonists in New York—a twelve-hour-a-day schedule including commuting from Paoli, Pennsylvania—***Mary Lea (Biffie) Page*** remains so peppy she is the wonder of the Workshop. How, we asked her, do you maintain such high vitality? "It's how you relax," she said. "Come out to my house and I'll show you." We did—and there was Biffie in blue jeans. She pointed to her stone house. (Lesson 1) "My husband, Tim, and I selected every one of those stones individually—forty tons." (Lesson 2) "We cleared these thirty-five acres—it was a jungle." (Lesson 3) "We built this do-it-yourself log cabin—all you need is trees." (Lesson 4) "We planted five thousand tulip bulbs, the shrubbery and the grass."

On the warranted assumption that anyone on the* JOURNAL *staff is a success, we asked a half dozen their formula. Guess what Glenn White said—diligence, hard work, regular hours! Margaret Parton named curiosity, plus a continuing education. Jean Freeman recommended perseverance and "liking what you do." Laura Lou Brookman said it differently: "Do as little work as possible (if what you are doing is work, you're on the wrong track)." And Mary Bass, enigmatically: "To be a success with one's husband, family, or in any personal relationship, be absolutely uncritical at all times!" We like also to ponder the words of Herbert Bayard Swope: "I don't have a formula for success, but I know a sure formula for failure—try to please everybody."

Back to the house we came panting and collapsed in a chair. Biffie went off wagon-riding with her grandchildren, Winkie and Jamie. When we left she was doing a headstand for them (Lesson 5).



Letters editor JOYCE POSSON has a habit of drawing tiny faces on everything she writes, as: ☺ which means what that means, or this: ☹ which means what that obviously means. A typical Posson memo: "I ■■ so ☹ that I don't have anything 😳 for your column this month—my mind is a perfect ○."

BEATRICE GOULD has the ability to seem self-effacing while placing ■n unerring pencil ■n what's wrong with ■ writer's efforts. "Doesn't anything ever please her altogether?" one writer asked her husband. "Why, almost everything pleases her," BRUCE GOULD assured him. "That's why she has to be ■o careful."

*While helping a friend clean out an attic, **Elizabeth Goetsch**, who helps plan our kitchens each month, found some old phonograph records and was told to help herself. She picked out several of **Irving Berlin**'s early hits—"I Want to Go Back to Michigan," "My Bird of Paradise" and "When It's Night Time in Dixie Land"—and took them home to show her neighbor—Irving Berlin. "Belle Baker introduced 'Michigan' at the Palace," he told her. "'Dixie' was done for a play called 'Watch Your Step.' It was dropped from the play, though."*

Picture a young Moslem mother, swathed in her sari, possibly veiled, so completely engrossed in ■ book she is oblivious of the clusters of children playing about her. What would you guess is the title of the book? ***William Spaulding***, chairman of Franklin Publications, an organization that arranges for the translation and distribution of American books abroad, told ***Mary Bass*** it is probably **BABY AND CHILD CARE**, by ***Benjamin Spock***. That title heads the list of popular books among Moslem women.

New appliance in the Workshop kitchen is a range with a song in its heart—or someplace. Put a roast in the oven; set the timer. When it's done, chimes sound, "Tenderly . . . tenderly . . ."

When associate editor ***Glenn White***, with his wife and two young sons, set out on a 10,000-mile Volkswagen tour of Europe last year, ***Margaret Hickey*** gave him the names of a few people she knew in Paris, London, Rome and several other places. The Whites were thus assured of pleasant chats with people who knew these cities. But it didn't work out. "We tried it in Paris and London," Glenn reports, "and were treated so hospitably we were tempted to stay indefinitely. I thought it better not to phone any more of Margaret's friends." At a remote beach on the southern tip of Spain, below Malaga and not far from the Rock of Gibraltar, the travelers settled down for a few weeks in the sun. Trudging out of the Mediterranean Sea came a huge man with a red beard. Neptune, perhaps? No. It turned out to be an Australian journalist—and after asking Glenn what he did, his next question was: "Do you know ***Margaret Hickey?***"

You'll soon be seeing ***Maria Schell*** in 2½-hour "Brothers Karamazov." It was only one of the movies she made last year, her first in America. For the others—Dostoevski's "White Nights" in Italy, de Maupassant's "Une Vie" in France—she dubbed in three extra languages, no chore because she speaks French, German, Italian and English fluently. "They say I do not dress well, out of my roles," said Maria, troubled by criticism. "That would be ■ fourth profession—I already have three professions: actress, wife, housewife; and I travel with only two suitcases." For an intense 56-day shooting on Karamazov, Maria learned ice skating, "and only three steps of dancing—so I will dance like a woman in love, not like ■ dancer." To critics who call her incandescent, Maria is grateful. "Acting is my work—I must do it well. Sometimes I care too much and make people angry. But I must try to portray what is genuine and lasting—woman, she is helpless, but she is hardy too."



MILLS

Actress Maria Schell—"incandescent" is the word for her.



The shooting had stopped. Now there was only the sound of the wind in the grass

Jonathan Found

By CECIL MAIDEN

They were talking in whispers again. Every now and then the two of them would pause to listen—with strange, afraid expressions on their faces. Jonathan did not know why they were whispering. Had they been talking in English, there might have been good reason for it, but both Sala and Mrs. Ho knew very well that he did not understand much Chinese, especially when it was spoken so quickly. Perhaps it had something to do with the strange remark his mother had made yesterday—that there were things happening in Taishun these days that a boy of seven could not know about.

The door to the kitchen was not quite closed, and it was on the living-room side of it that Jonathan was standing, still as the door itself, peering through the long, thin crack. He could see across the kitchen to the open door and past Mrs. Ho, to the yard beyond and the church schoolroom. For several days none of the mission children had come up the hill to school.

Sala was on her hands and knees, polishing the floor. Sala was old and yellow, and in her black cotton work trousers and the black jacket she seemed very thin these days. Now and then she would sit up and rest, and cough a little. It seemed hard for her to breathe sometimes, but she could still smile. She smiled, he thought, like a kindly and lovable dragon.

In one of her sitting-up moments, Sala turned her head and looked directly through the crack of the open door at him. For a moment she was startled, but as she recognized him a smile came to her face.

"Jonny!" she said. "Why you stand there like that? What you so quiet for?"

He opened the door and took a step into the kitchen. The room was bright and clean, and there was a wonderful salty-meat-and-pepper smell from the soup on the stove.

"When is mother coming back?" he asked. "And father? And Bozzy?"

The smile on Sala's face was suddenly different. "I wait for them, Jonny," said Sala. "Think they come back very soon now."

"Why did they take Bozzy, Sala? I heard Mr. Ho tell one of those men it wasn't safe for dogs to be in Taishun any more. He said they were shooting them. Father wouldn't let them shoot Bozzy, would he?"

"No. He watch over Bozzy, I think."

"But they went long ago this morning. They never even came back to eat."

On the ground out in the small yard, Jonathan suddenly saw Bozzy's empty food tin. It looked terribly by itself out there. He glanced away, turning his back also on Mrs. Ho. Mrs. Ho must think him very rude because of that. His mother had said last week, "You must remember Mrs. Ho is the gardener's wife, Jonny. You must be specially good to Mr. and Mrs. Ho. Between them they keep the mission looking beautiful—and that's about as important as father preaching on a Sunday!"

Sala said, "Come and help me polish the floor, Jonny."

Mrs. Ho picked up her broom and went off across the yard. She was like a brown old leaf, and though there was not any wind, it almost looked as if she were slowly blown into the schoolroom on the other side.

"Kneel on this," said Sala, and Jonathan knelt with his bare knees on the scratchy brown mat.

She gave him a rag that already had a big flat smudge of the goldeny-brown floor polish on it. He liked the way it slithered about on the linoleum. While Sala worked nearby with another polishing rag, he swirled his own rag round and round on the floor, and when he had polished a complete circle he leaned over and saw his own reflection.

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

Copyright 1957 by Cecil Maiden

JONATHAN FOUND
will soon be published in book form by Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

d the two of them breathing—but in Jonathan's ears
the sound of the shooting went on . . .
and on . . .
and on . . .

"So you're home at last!"
she cried,
and held him very tightly.
Yet something inside Jonathan
was still afraid.

His open-necked white shirt and his gray
orts looked blurred, and so did his face.
morrow his reflection would be different,
ause tomorrow would be Sunday, and
would be wearing the new blue suit his
ther had sent all the way to Shanghai for.
sat up and glowed inside about it.
"Did mother get one, too, Sala?" he
ked.
"Get what, Jonny?"
"A new suit. From Shanghai. Like mine."
"New *dress*," said Sala. "Yes. I think
w dress. Blue one. Very pretty."
"Will she play the piano in it, in church
morrow?"
"If people come ——" Sala began, but
e did not finish what she was going to say.
He looked down at the reflection in the
or again, and began to think about to-
orrow, and his mother's new dress, and
nday dinner. And he thought about go-
g out, after the mission people had gone
me, through the gap in the fence with
ozzy, looking for wild creatures. Only
ozzy was a bulldog, and snuffled so loudly
at everything always heard him coming,
d ran or flew away.
It was while Jonathan was wondering if
ere might be any way of putting a silencer
Bozzy, as father said there was on the
r, that the noises began in the distance.
At first it sounded like firecrackers, and
listened excitedly. But it was louder than
ecrackers. Sala got quickly to her feet and
me over and grabbed his hand.
Before she could say or do anything, Mrs.
o was there at the door again. Things be-
n to happen quickly. Still clutching his
nd, Sala ran out into the hallway. There
e opened a drawer and took out some
ys. Back they went with the keys to Mrs.
o, and all of them ran across the yard
the church room, and locked the
or.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100



ANYTHING YOU CAN CLIMB

What does a man do when he finds his wife has strength greater than his own?

By NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

The road from Interlaken to Grindelwald becomes narrower as it winds its way up through the pine forests, and the dark branches that close in above it give a feeling of oncoming night, even when the distant mountain peaks are sparkling in the sunlight. Rough wooden bridges cross and recross a tumbling glacial stream, and a blast of cold air makes a wintry wall that rises from the white water.

Norton Stanley gunned his Citroën roadster around a turn, thundered over a bridge, and swung up the road along the other side of the stream. Beside him, Elizabeth, his wife, closed her eyes and breathed deeply. "Just smell that!" she exclaimed. "It smells like everything cool and fresh in the world!"

"Uh-huh," said Stanley. He kept his eyes on the winding road, which disappeared into the darkness of the forest ahead.

"It's such a relief after the heat," Elizabeth said. "I thought I was going to die there, in Rome." Stanley said nothing, and she went on, "We've covered a great deal of territory in the last three weeks, do you realize that?"

"That's what we're here for," he replied.

"Yes, but I'd like to relax a little. I'd like to take a day off every now and then." She listened to the roaring of the stream, which filled the woods and seemed to come from all around them, and then she said, "You know what I'd like to do? I'd like to take tomorrow off, and just walk. There must be lots of trails around here where we could walk, and I think the exercise would do us both good. I know it would me."

"I get all the exercise I need behind this wheel," he replied. "I'll bet I've added two inches to my biceps in the last month."

"You don't get all the exercise you need," she said. "You don't *ever* get enough exercise."

"What do you mean? I get as much exercise as anybody else we know."

"Look at George Walters. He plays squash at least twice a week, he plays at least thirty-six holes of golf over the weekends, and he walks to the station every morning."

"All right, you look at George Walters. He is a head-crushing, card-carrying bore."

"At least he's healthy. He's hard and lean, and he does not, if you will pardon the expression, sag in certain places, the way you do."

"I do not sag. That is simply muscle that has gone a little soft, that's all." Stanley drew in his stomach, and sat straighter in the seat. "And furthermore, I'll bet that by the time I'm forty, I'll be in a great deal better shape than George Walters. If ever there was a man who is asking for a coronary, he is it."

"Anyone who keeps himself in shape has no need to fear a coronary," said Elizabeth.

"And furthermore, how do you know where George Walters sags?" Stanley asked. "How do you know he isn't corseted from here to there?"

"A girl can tell," Elizabeth said quietly. There was a long silence, and then she said, "Anyway, is it so terribly much to ask that we take a day off and just walk? Are we going to lose anything important by altering our schedule by one single day?"

Stanley took a deep breath. "No, I guess not," he said.

"I'm sure the man at the hotel will be able to tell us," she said. "There must be lots of wonderful trails all through here."

"All right," he said. "I'll ask about it."

It was late afternoon when they reached Grindelwald, a post-card-type Swiss town hemmed in by towering, snow-covered mountains. The sky was clear and blue-green, the afternoon sun splashed the mountaintops with orange, and everything else was in soft shadow. There was a pastel quality to the shadow, but the snow-covered crags blazed as though painted in oils. The air was thin and cool, and it smelled of pine needles and hay. Somewhere, on the other side of the town, a dog was barking.

"My, but this is beautiful," Elizabeth said softly. "This is where I could stay forever. Right here."

They found the hotel with no trouble. It had dark wooden beams and a peaked, overhanging roof, and it was the first big building they came to. Stanley had no sooner stopped the car than a boy darted out of the hotel and down the steps, opened the door for Elizabeth and then scrambled around among their bags, trying to pick them all up at once. Somehow he managed to get every loose piece of luggage, and he tottered back up the steps, grunting and giggling. Inside the hotel were the same heavy beams that decorated the exterior, and the desk was dark and massive. Heads and skulls of chamois, deer and steinbok peered down dimly from above.

As Stanley was registering, Elizabeth came up beside him and said, "Remember to ask him about walking."

"Oh, yes," he said. He turned to the clerk, a thin man with wispy, drooping mustaches. "Are there any trails around here where we can walk?" he asked.

The clerk stared at him, and his eyes clouded. "Trails?" he said.

"Yes," said Stanley. "You know"—he reached back CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

"Boy, this is the life," he said.
"This is the best idea
you ever had."

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

JOURNAL MOTHERS REPORT ON

Cruelty in

Motherhood should be a happy and reassuring experience, yet it is questionable whether all modern hospitals make it so. Last November, the reader-mail column of the Journal contained a brief letter from a registered nurse asking for an investigation of "the tortures that go on in modern delivery rooms." Few full-length articles have elicited such a flood of letters from Journal readers. Many relate childbirth experiences which are so shocking that Journal editors feel, after consulting leading obstetricians, that national attention should be focused on such conditions wherever they exist in order that they may be ended—since the Journal does not question that the overwhelming majority of both obstetricians and maternity hospitals resent such practices as much as the victimized mothers.

"Recently I had the most delightful time giving birth to a son with the aid of natural childbirth. My husband was allowed to be with me during labor and was made to feel a part of the whole process."

R. N., URBANA, ILLINOIS

"So many women, especially first mothers, who are frightened to start out with, receive such brutal inconsiderate treatment that the whole thing is a horrible nightmare. They give you drugs, whether you want them or not, strap you down like an animal. Many times the doctor feels too much time is being taken up and he either forces the baby with forceps or slows things up. I know, because the former happened in my own case. Please, can't something be done?"

ELKHART, INDIANA



SHELLY GROSSMAN

"THE CRUELEST PART OF CHILDBIRTH IS BEING ALONE AMONG STRANGERS." BOZEMAN, MONTA

"Just let a few husbands into the delivery rooms and let them watch what goes on there. That's all it will take—they'll change it!"

FORMER TEACHER, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HOW TO MAKE CHILDBIRTH A JOY

"My first two deliveries were pure torture; the third had unnecessary unpleasantness. But the fourth was all that the joyful ushering of a child into the world should be—a wonderful experience in every way. I had the best prenatal care and was treated like a human being—not a cog on an assembly line. During labor my husband was allowed to be with me constantly until the moment of delivery. A cheerful nurse came in often to check my progress. I had pain, but it was bearable in such sympathetic surroundings. The delivery went off smoothly. I had no anesthesia and needed none—I was given a rubber apparatus to hold in my hand and to take a whiff of when I was too uncomfortable. To my amazement I even carried on a conversation during the delivery and never lost control of myself. I felt my baby being born and then the world became radiant and I felt like singing! My baby was brought to me whenever he was hungry and we all got along fine. My stay in that hospital was like a lovely vacation. I even had meals served to me in front of the television in the lovely modern sitting room and also received visitors there as though I were a hostess in my own living room. The doctors and nurses there acted as though they actually liked babies!" JEFFERSONVILLE, N. Y.

"We do not believe that mothers should be strapped to the delivery table, except as is necessary to keep the patient from contaminating the sterile area. Further, we do not believe that the mother's legs should be strapped together to keep the baby from delivering, nor do we believe that general anesthesia should be used to prevent the patient from delivering. To my knowledge these practices do not occur in hospitals under the jurisdiction of the Chicago Board of Health. If they occur in any hospital anywhere, the patient should lodge a complaint with the head of her local Board of Health, or the hospital head or other responsible medical authority so that disciplinary action can be taken.

"According to the rules and regulations of the Chicago Board of Health all procedures in the delivery room shall be in accordance with generally accepted principles. We in Chicago interpret these to mean that medical care, personnel and facilities must be of the highest type, as well as that no mother shall be treated with brusqueness or indifference.

"You are to be commended for your desire to improve maternity care to patients throughout the country and have our best wishes for success in your endeavors."

DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, PRESIDENT, BOARD OF HEALTH, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"I've seen patients with no skin on their wrists from fighting the straps. As a nurse of thirty years' standing in both Canada and the U.S., I can surely testify to real cruelty in the delivery room."

ONTARIO, CANADA

Maternity Wards

By GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

Few full-length articles have elicited such a flood of letters as this brief plea, published in the mail column of the JOURNAL *in November, 1957.*

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editor: I feel compelled to write you this letter asking you to investigate the tortures that go on in modern delivery rooms.

When I first started in my profession, I thought it would be wonderful to help bring a new life into this world. I was and am still shocked at the manner in which a mother-to-be is rushed into the delivery room and strapped down with cuffs around her arms and legs and steel clamps over her shoulders and chest.

At one hospital I know of it is common practice to take the mother right into the delivery room as soon as she is "prepared." Often she is strapped in the lithotomy position, with knees pulled far apart, for as long as eight hours. On one occasion, an obstetrician informed the nurses on duty that he was going to a dinner and that they should slow up things. The young mother was taken into the delivery room and strapped down hand and foot with her legs tied together.

I have seen doctors who have charming examination-table manners show traces of sadism in the delivery room. One I know does cutting and suturing operations without anesthetic because he almost lost a patient from an overdose some years ago. He has nurses use a mask to stifle the patient's outcry.

Great strides have been made in maternal care, but some doctors still say, "Tie them down so they won't give us any trouble." I know that thousands of women are expertly and considerately treated during childbirth for every one that endures cruel treatment. But that one is too many. You of the JOURNAL have long been a champion of women's rights. I feel that an exposé of this type of medical practice would go a long way to aiding child-bearing women.

REGISTERED NURSE

▶ *We occasionally hear of discourteous, inconsiderate or, as in this case, downright inhumane treatment of young mothers and others in hospitals. We hopefully assume it is extremely rare. Would other readers care to report? ED.*

"Childbirth at best is not pleasant. But there is no reason to make it a hell on earth."

This statement from an Overland Park, Kansas, woman summarizes the feeling expressed to us by hundreds of Journal mothers. They wrote us—from east coast and west coast and all the states in between—commenting on the letter we printed from Registered Nurse.

A number of nurses and doctors deny indignantly that any tortures ever take place in modern delivery rooms, and attack Registered Nurse for having written to us. An equal number of nurses confirm that they do take place, and applaud us for bringing the facts to public attention.

A doctor's wife in San Marino, California, stands up for her husband and his colleagues: "I have broken many an engagement, kept many dinners warm, and cut vacations short because of my husband's concern for his patients. The first thing a doctor guest does when he enters our home is to go to the phone to 'see how everything is.'"

But a registered nurse in a Hudson River town tells us: "Because of what is politely termed 'medical ethics,' the truth of much bad practice is kept from the public. Personally I feel it is comparable to the 'ethics' which keeps criminals from telling on their accomplices. I know from personal experience that a great majority of doctors, nurses and hospital personnel are good and devoted people who are doing their best under difficult conditions. What makes me angry is that the incompetent and unscrupulous people get away with so much."

There were the same contrasts in the letters from mothers. A number spoke in glowing terms of the kindness and sympathy, the consideration for their comfort, that they had encountered in maternity wards.

A woman formerly from Chicago felt that Registered Nurse should have named the Chicago hospital where she had witnessed cruel treatment of mothers, in fairness to other hospitals in the city. "I have had four babies delivered at Presbyterian Hospital. I was treated like a queen, never shown any impatience. I had all births without anesthetic, watched the birth of my twins, and those residents really worked for me. I could *never* repay in money the courtesy and kindness extended in the delivery room. Dr. Bundesen is a great and good man and a fair man. He would rapidly change any wrong treatment of patients in a hospital if he were told about it." St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago was commended by another mother.

Women in several parts of the country came with militant loyalty to the defense of doctors, hospitals and all hospital practices because their own doctors had been men of high humanity and sensitive understanding.

"My doctor allowed my husband to stay in the delivery room, in violation of the hospital rules," wrote a woman from The Dalles, Oregon. "He had tears in his eyes when he told us that he feared our baby, as yet unborn, was dead. Because he thought enough of me as a patient to prepare me *before* the delivery of my stillborn baby, I was able to stay in the maternity ward, see the babies every day, and leave the hospital with plans to return as soon as possible for another baby."

However, the majority confirmed one or more of the charges, and added others. Of these mothers, a significant number had had several babies, in different hospitals and under the charge of different doctors. Many reported fine treatment on one or more occasions, as against coldness or actual brutality on others. These mothers were not complaining because it is the lot of womankind to endure pain in bringing forth a child. They asked only that the inescapable suffering should not be made worse.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

"My baby arrived after I had lain on the table in delivery position nearly four hours. When I asked why I couldn't be put into a bed the nurse told me to quit bothering her so much."

WEST COVINA, CALIFORNIA

"Medical students, interns and nurses should note especially that the morale of women in labor is sometimes shattered by careless remarks. Thus, comments outside the rooms of patients are often overheard to their discomposure. Laughter in the environs of the patient (about some entirely different matter) is inevitably interpreted by the patient in the light that it is she who is being laughed at. For some fifteen years the famous lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes have had a prominent place on the wall of the doctors' office on our delivery floor. Medical students and interns would do well to memorize these words and take them to heart:

"'The woman about to become a mother, or with her newborn infant upon her bosom, should be the object of trembling care and sympathy, wherever she bears her tender burden or stretches her aching limbs. God forbid that a member of the profession to which she trusts her life, doubly precious at that period, should hazard it negligently, unadvisedly or selfishly.'"

DR. NICHOLSON J. EASTMAN,
PROFESSOR OF OBSTETRICS, JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY,
AND OBSTETRICIAN-IN-CHIEF
TO THE JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL

HOW TO MAKE CHILDBIRTH A NIGHTMARE

"I have had three children and three different doctors who delivered my children in three different hospitals.

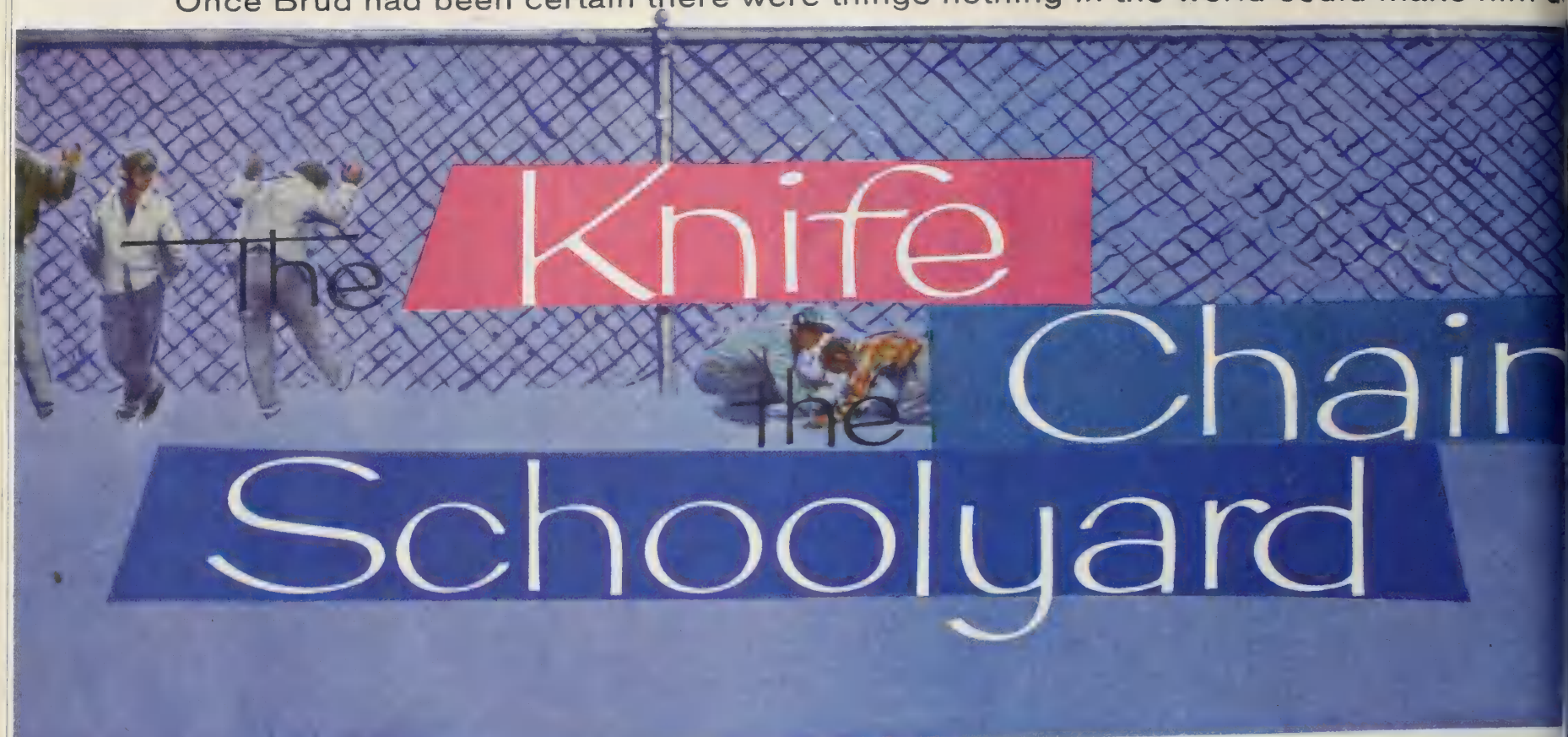
"The practice of obstetrics is the most modern and medieval, the kindest to mothers and the cruelest. I know of many instances of cruelty, stupidity and harm done to mothers by obstetricians who are callous or completely indifferent to the welfare of their patients. Women are herded like sheep through an obstetrical assembly line, are drugged and strapped on tables while their babies are forceps-delivered. Obstetricians today are businessmen who run baby factories. Modern painkillers and methods are used for the convenience of the doctor, not to spare the mother. There is so much that can be done to make childbirth the easy natural thing it should be, but most of the time the mother is terrified, unhappy, and foiled in every attempt to follow her own wishes about having the baby or breast feeding (most hospitals consider this an unusual quirk on the part of the mother which should be squelched at once)."

COLUMBUS, OHIO

"If I have another baby, I would rather have my husband with me than any specialist. A loving husband's hand in yours is by far the best sedative in the world."

MARIETTA, GEORGIA

Once Brud had been certain there were things nothing in the world could make him d



The Knife the Chair the Schoolyard

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

It took a long time for dad to build that dam. All the time from when I was in the second grade until I was twelve years old and in the sixth grade. It was high there, and all mountains, with the air clear and fine in the morning when the big yellow bus would come and take me and Bingo miles away to the central school. Bingo is three years behind me. I can remember a little bit about the road job dad was super on before he got to build the dam.

During the last part of the sixth grade, when the dam was almost done, I would hear dad and mom talking about where we might go next. Dad knew what jobs the company was bidding on, and I could tell that he was most interested in how tough the job would be, while mom wondered about whether it would be a nice place to live.

Bingo was pretty stupid about it. He couldn't understand why we had to leave the mountains. He liked it there. We all did. But when the job is done you go to a new job and build something else. That's the way it is when you're a super.

Anyway, just before school was over, one of the company planes picked dad up and he was gone four days and when he came back he had a big roll of prints with him, and he would sit up late in the kitchen, drinking coffee and smoking his pipe and using his slide rule and making big long columns of figures. Mom acted kind of low about the whole thing. Dad showed me the job. It was a map of a big city named Athenia more than a thousand miles away.

"This is the new job, Brud." My right name is Lyle Baker, but it got to be Brud when Bingo first started to talk because he called me that, and I don't mind it. "These people got themselves all choked up with too many cars and too narrow streets. So I have to build them six miles of highway. It starts here and goes to here. Three miles of it will be up in the air, and then we bridge the railroad yards and the river and come out at a traffic interchange at this turnpike."

So we went to Athenia, and it was a kind of a funny lonesome summer. Mom found us a house on a narrow shady street not far from downtown. The house was old and, because of the trees and because the other houses were so close, it was always kind of gloomy in the house. And it had a stale smell that never went away. And it was an awful hot sticky summer. Dad would come home kind of cross, and mom looked wilted like.

Where we used to live Bingo had his crowd and I had mine, but we were back to playing together that summer in Athenia. There was a funny bunch of kids around that neighborhood. They went around in gangs dressed alike, and even the little bits of ones smoked. They had names, like the Sportsters—they were one of the clubs that used brass chains for belts on their blue jeans—and the Playboys with red baseball hats, and so on. They didn't have time for anybody. A few blocks away there were foreign kids and beyond them there were colored kids and they had their own gangs too. At night you could nearly always hear sirens.

Bingo likes to wander around by himself, but he gave that up the first week when he came back to the house so mad he couldn't talk, and so pale his freckles stood out. And all bloody. Somebody had chunked a rock at him and it took three stitches to close up his forehead and the scar is still there. He'd seen some kids down a street playing a game where they whanged a tin can around with sticks and he'd gone down there and they'd chunked rocks at him, so many he couldn't duck them all, and hit him a couple of times in the back end when he was running. It was the running that made him so mad. I was for going back there after he was sewed up so he could show me the street and the kids. He didn't know the name of the street. But mom said no, wait until your father comes home.

When he came home she talked to him and then he talked to us. And he made it sound pretty stupid to go looking for trouble. We agreed to stick pretty close to the street we lived on. Dad is a big man, and there's nothing chicken about him. I remember one time when he let me come out on the job with him when he was building the dam. And a man driving a Euclid talked nasty to him. The driver was big. My dad jumped up onto the bracket thing you step on to climb into the cab and grabbed the man and pulled him out and down onto the ground and picked him up by one leg and the back of his neck and heaved him all the way up onto his own load of fill. The man decided he would rather lie still up there than climb down. Dad acted real calm, but when he loaded his pipe I saw how bad his hands were shaking. It was a thing they talked about on that job a long time. So when dad said it would be stupid to try to go after those kids, it made it all right for us not to.

There wasn't any trouble during the summer, but I felt kind of uneasy about how school would be. Then school started and it was ten times as bad as I could have imagined. Bingo went to the grade school about ten blocks away, and, being in the seventh grade, I had to go to the junior high, about seven blocks in the other direction. It was a great big brick building, and the schoolyard was fenced with wire and paved with bricks, and there were a lot of broken swings. The classes were real big, with extra chairs along the sides and in the back so that there could be forty or fifty kids. Half the time you couldn't hardly hear the teacher. Kids threw stuff and made weird noises and nobody seemed to be able to do anything about it. The whole school had a funny smell, like acid and sweat and something perfumy, and after classes it had the loudest bells I ever heard.

Back home—I mean back in the mountains—they'd called me Brud in school, but here the teachers CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

But in this new world were the Black Dukes and the Sportsters.

and the

Finally I said,
"Don't be hard on Bingo.
he'd been just a little older. . . .
The thing is . . .
we've got to get out of here."

TOM LOVELL

EDNA FERBER'S ICE

SYNOPSIS OF PART I Aboard the morning plane from Seattle were influential businessman and politician Dave Husack, with his son Bayard, his "shadow" Sid Kleet, his secretary Dina Drake; Wilbur K. Distelhorst, of the Department of the Interior; a retired general now head of the National Fish Pack Company. Ordinarily, distinguished visitors were met at the Baranof, Alaska, airport by Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce Ott Decker, and his self-appointed helper, Bridie Ballantyne. But today the welcoming committee included Mayor Bogard, legendary Czar Kennedy and dazzling Chris Storm. Born in Alaska, tragically orphaned in infancy, and brought up by her powerful and mutually antagonistic grandfathers, Czar Kennedy and Thor Storm, Chris was as beloved in Baranof as the fantastic Ice Palace, built by Kennedy as a symbol of the city's great future. It was said Chris had broken many hearts—her own belonged to Alaska.

Young Bayard Husack, though supposedly engaged to Dina Drake, still loved Chris. Hoping to see her, he had fallen in with his father's ambitious plan of grooming him for the governorship of Alaska. He did not know that his father and Czar Kennedy also conspired to further their political ambitions by marrying him to Chris. They had insisted that Dina accompany Bayard on his tour of Alaska in the hopes of rousing Chris' jealousy—and had paid her well for her role. But Dina had plans of her own. She intended to marry Bayard—and, eventually, to be First Lady of the United States.

PART II

From the beginning no two men could have been more unlike than Thor Storm and Czar Kennedy. Together they had come to this weird, wild land. They had planned and worked and fought together, each had been left wifeless and childless in young manhood, neither had remarried, each waged a silent persistent battle for the welfare—as they saw it—of the girl Christine. Each loved Alaska in his own way.

Thor Storm still lived in a log cabin as he had in his twenties. It boasted electricity and plumbing of a sort now, but structurally it was basically unchanged. Baranof and the whole territory respected him, admired him, were baffled by his way of life.

But Czar Kennedy—there was a man they could understand. A picturesque and romantic figure, he had a quiet word and a smile for everyone. You sometimes saw him eating his breakfast at the drugstore soda counter; you'd never know he owned the building, lived in the best house in town. Sometimes he secretly paid for the breakfast of a boy or girl there at the counter, and he would vanish before they had finished their meal.

"No charge," the counterman would say to this one.

"What do you mean, no charge!"

"Party paid for your breakfast. Told me to say you're his guest this morning."

This pleased and impressed some, but it rather annoyed others. One morning at eight o'clock Addie Barnett caught him at the coffee counter. It was Northern Light weekly press day, and she had been at the office since five A.M. In a spirit of pure mischief she had quietly paid the counterman for Czar's breakfast and slipped away to station herself, unseen, behind the revolving bookrack. The counterman rather enjoyed going into the customary routine. In reverse, this time.

"No charge, Mr. Kennedy."

"How's that?" sharply.

"Party paid for your breakfast. Said you're their guest this morning."

Rarely caught off guard, Czar now was in a temper. "You can't do that. I don't like it, understand!"

"Oh? Well, *you* do it."

"That's different."

Addie Barnett ran the story in next week's Northern Light.

Shuttled back and forth from the cushioned comfort of Czar's house to Thor's neat little log cabin—three months with Czar, three months with Thor—even an adult might have been shredded by this split existence. That Chris survived as a whole human being, though scarred, was miraculous. Oddly, she was happier in the three-room shack at the water's edge than in Czar's ample house with its bouncy mattresses, its thick carpets, its plate-glass windows. Through the protective panes she could see the splendid panorama of sky and water and mountains, yet here the child never had the feeling of security, of belonging. The world looked unreal and distant, somehow, viewed through all that glass. At Thor's cabin the mountains and the water and the land were part of her daily life.

Together she and Thor trudged the hills, fished the waters, slogged through the tundra gathering the delicate low-growing wild flowers, picking the low-bush wild cranberries for jelly. There were blueberries, too, and salmonberries. Thor held forth in terms of philosophy and economics and history. She was too young to understand it all, but much of this must have stuck in her memory and been preserved in her emotional storehouse. Years later she brought it forth, undimmed, like golden coins retrieved from a buried treasure chest. Not only Thor, but often Czar and Bridie, spoke to her in adult terms, and though she often was confused by this she thrived on their competitive affection.

With Czar Kennedy she lived in the finest house in Baranof, she wore dresses bought in Seattle, she ate the best the town afforded. On one of his rare trips to Seattle, Czar even took Christine with him.

Most Alaskans did not dream of staying at the Olympic Hotel when they visited Seattle. It was too grand, too costly. With or without Christine, Czar stayed at the Olympic.

This glimpse of the Northwest metropolis had dazzled the child, and puzzled her. Like an Alice in Wonderland she stared, confused and sometimes unbelieving, at the hotel's luxurious appointments, at the wide streets, the shopwindows, the handsome houses.

"Baranof doesn't look like this," the child said. "Why doesn't it?"

"No money."

"Then why doesn't Seattle give them some money?"

He stared at her, startled. He had been hearing this question lately, from other sources. Then he laughed. "No, that wouldn't do. That's the wrong way round."

Not wishing to leave her alone in the hotel, he took her with him when he had a business conference with Dave Husack or Sid Kleet or any one of a half dozen other Northwest nabobs.

Sunk in the depths of a vast armchair, a book in her lap, the child was so quiet that the men actually forgot her presence. She heard every word the men said. It did not interest her, she understood none of it, she merely retained it. They CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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This was a part of Alaska she had never seen;

a side to Ross's character she had not guessed.

PALACE

"I've made up my mind
I'm going to show you Oogruk today,"
Ross said.
"I'll do it if it costs me my job."

HIGH SCHOOL TO COLLEGE:

TIME TO REPAIR THE BRIDGE

By A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD,
PRESIDENT OF YALE UNIVERSITY

It is now generally recognized throughout the United States that our high schools are not performing adequately one of the two main functions they are supposed to perform in our educational system. This is the function of a bridge between elementary school and college. Whatever they may be accomplishing in the preparation for citizenship of students who do not go on to college—and there is widespread dissatisfaction with that, too—as bridges to higher education they are buckling in the middle.

Less than half of the top quarter of our high-school graduates, the group best qualified for college education, move on into it. The rest drop out of the procession largely for sheer lack of motive: they fail to see the purpose of an education commensurate with their native talents and ability. Others of the same academic potential follow lines of least resistance and do not make their way to the top of their high-school classes. Still others, of less ability and lower potential, drift into public institutions obliged to admit them, only to fall by the wayside as soon as they encounter bona fide university standards. Even among the top quarter of high-school graduates there are too many instances of ground lost to inadequate preparation in particular subjects that has to be made up in the freshman year of college at the cost of more valuable educational opportunities.

Sometimes this ground is not regained until much later, if ever. Witness the recent recommendation of the Association of Graduate Schools that an examination in basic command of the English language be required for admission to those schools. That the graduate schools of our universities should find such a requirement necessary for candidates for the Ph.D., the highest earned academic degree awarded in the United States, is striking evidence of shortcomings farther down the educational line. The foundations of basic command of our native language, the essential tool for all learning, should be laid in grammar school and completed in high school. The time for this test is at the beginning of college, not the end of it.

All this constitutes a waste of the most precious of all our natural resources—our human resources—and this at a time when we are wondering how, or even whether, we can keep up with the Russians and are calling for "talent hunts" and "brain-power quests" to assist us. Meanwhile we are informed by such authorities as the United States Office of Education and the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association and the American Association of School Administrators that ***the Russians are investing substantially more time, money and energy in grammar and high schools as a preparation for college education than we are. Their students complete in ten years what ours do in twelve*** (***spending an average of 1234 hours in school in each of their last four years, compared with our average of 895***). ***A considerably larger proportion of them are enrolled in the academic curriculum than is the case with us; and what is more to the point, within their academic curriculum, such basic subjects as language, literature, mathematics and the natural sciences receive much greater emphasis and attention than they do in our own.*** Russian language and literature occupy 28 per cent of that curriculum; history, nearly 7 per cent; geography, 5 per cent; foreign language, 7 per cent; mathematics, 20 per cent; biology, physics and chemistry together, 13 per cent.

"The emphasis on science in Soviet schools contrasts sharply with the situation in the United States," says the United States Office of Education in its report, Education in the U.S.S.R.

"Whereas the Soviet students graduating from secondary schools in June 1955 had taken courses in physics for five years, astronomy for one year, chemistry for four years, biology for five years and mathematics, algebra, geometry and trigonometry for ten years, less than a third of the American high-school graduates had taken a year of chemistry, about a fourth had had a year of physics, and less than a seventh had taken advanced mathematics."

Although the Russian science courses are not, in all cases, full-year courses, it is nevertheless true that every Russian ten-year-school graduate will have had 4.4 full years of mathematics and 5.9 full years of science. The Office of Education also reports that in Russia all students in the ten-year schools (whose last three years roughly equate with our four-year high schools) are required to study foreign languages for six years, in the last two of which instruction is conducted in the foreign language; whereas less than 15 per cent of our high-school students study any foreign language and most of these for not more than a year.

We may draw various conclusions from the Russian system of grammar- and high-school education. The almost complete repression of freedom that accompanies it undoubtedly limits the ultimate benefits it might confer upon Russian society, especially in the fields of the humanities and the social sciences, where freedom of thought is of the essence. We may question the distribution of emphasis in the curriculum and ask whether such a stiff dose of science in secondary school will yield all the results that are expected of it. Nevertheless, we may safely conclude two things. The first is that any student who completes satisfactorily as much mathematics and foreign-language study as the Russian academic curriculum requires should have a better-disciplined mind than his American counterpart, whatever he may do with it. The second is that any student who has completed as much foreign-language study together with the study of his own language and literature as the Russian curriculum requires should have a better mastery of both than does his American counterpart. These facts, added to the obviously stronger foundation for proficiency in science and technology afforded by the Russian curriculum, make the weaknesses in our own curriculum seem all the more glaring.

For more than a decade critics of American education have been trying in vain to open our eyes to the existence of these weaknesses. The Russian deus ex machina has succeeded in accomplishing what they could not accomplish. Like the great depression that shocked us out of the illusions we held with respect to our economy in 1930, and the bombing of Pearl Harbor that shocked us out of illusions regarding our military security and our position in world affairs in 1941, the sudden revelation of Russia's scientific advance has at last shocked us out of our educational illusions. Though scarcely visible to the human eye, the two Sputniks have bathed our high-school curriculum in a flood of light and magnified the voice of its critics into a national chorus.

This is not a wholly unmixed blessing. To be sure, the first step toward correcting any fault is to recognize it. But there is now so much criticism of our high schools from so many points of view, surcharged with so much wounded pride, that there is danger that constructive criticism may be drowned out and the initiative necessary to put things to rights lost in the shuffle. ***No citizen has***

look very far to discover evidence of trouble our high schools. If he is fortunate enough find none in his own school he need look farther than Little Rock or New York, here the mere preservation of law and der has required the occupation of schools the Army and the police. If these are ex-me cases, representing social more than ucational problems, they are nonetheless mbolic of cases in many other com-unities, where amid classrooms crowded suffocation and double—sometimes triple—sions, overworked teachers exhaust them-ves trying to maintain elementary disci-ne. Some of this trouble is symptomatic a teen-age bravado and defiance of au-ority which, though apparently world-de in scope, seems to have reached its peak der the auspices of permissive parenthood the United States. It is symptomatic, , of teacher shortages, cramped quarters d lack of essential equipment caused by oring our population curve and failing to id its plain educational implications.

Economic reports of these conditions have been en almost continuous publicity, but they have t produced a remedy, for these are not economic enomena. A nation's schools are part of its ture, and the indifference with which ours have n treated bespeaks a cultural rather than an nomic failing. We have always had the money provide for their needs and provide for them erally. We have it today. Last year we spent re on tobacco and liquor; more on new and d cars; more on recreation than we spent on r entire system of education, including all our mentary and secondary schools as well as our leges and universities, public and private. Once need for more intensive research in intercon-ental and space missiles, costly as it is, is borne upon us we have little difficulty in providing the ds for it. Our failure to support our schools in ilar fashion is fundamentally a failure to see ir purpose in our civilization.

Such a failure could lead to disaster. The pages history are full of instances of the collapse of tions and the decline and disappearance of ilizations that began with cultural decay and re accompanied and hastened by it. Failure of United States today to live up to the ideals d fulfill the promise of its own civilization could ve similar results. We are engaged in something re than a race into space. The prospect is that, hough we may soon go voyaging among the nets, we shall have to return from our travels d continue to dwell upon the earth. Our ability do so successfully—that is to say, more success-ly than other animals and civilizations that have come extinct—will depend upon two things. We all have to produce not only a scientific com-tence but also a political and a social compe-nce equal to the task. Both of these responsi-ities devolve upon our educational system, par-ularly upon our high schools. Their capacity to charge them depends, in turn, upon what value attach to our way of life.

One thing is certain. We shall not achieve the nimum military security essential to the con-uance and further development of that way of unless we improve upon one particular kind education. This is the kind that culminates in stery of the basic sciences, the humanities d the social sciences, that produces through its llowers the scientific discoveries upon which our chnology is founded and so much of our physi-l welfare and our military security depends; the owledge and wisdom that shape our laws and cial institutions CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

HOW ONE SCHOOL SYSTEM IS MEETING

THE CHALLENGE OF THIS CENTURY

By GLENN MATTHEW WHITE

When one considers in its length and in its breadth the importance of this question of the education of a nation's young, the broken lives, the defeated hopes, the national failures which result from the frivolous inertia with which it is treated, it is difficult to restrain within oneself a savage rage.

In the conditions of modern life the rule is absolute, the race which does not value trained intelligence is doomed. Not all your heroism, not all your social charm, not all your wit, not all your victories on land or at sea, can move back the finger of fate. Today we maintain ourselves. Tomorrow science will have moved forward yet one more step, and there will be no appeal from the judgment which will then be pronounced on the uneducated.

—ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD
Presidential address to the Mathematical Association in England, 1916

I feel very strongly that we need to gain acceptance in this country of the importance of differentiation by intellectual standards throughout our whole educational system. . . . To recognize the comprehensive tasks of the high schools and in addition to give adequate opportunity to the gifted—this is the big problem. This is where the next great push ought to be, to provide for this quality group.

—JAMES R. KILLIAN, JR.,
"*Are High School Standards Too Low?*",
Ladies' Home Journal, September, 1956

The danger that confronts this country . . . lies in the cult of mediocrity. No country has a stronger tradition of faith in education than the United States; in no country is there more information available on differences of ability than in the United States; and yet with all the faith and with all the knowledge less is being done than elsewhere to give the best education to those who might do the most with it. A fallacious interpretation of democracy has tended to reduce equality of opportunity to identity of education. . . .

—I. L. KANDEL,
"*Leadership and Education in Other Times and Other Lands*,"
Teachers College Record, (April, 1939).

"What am I to do with Johnny?" a teacher asked. "All he wants to do is read the college textbooks his father wrote." "Should Sally spend all her time reading Shakespeare?" another wanted to know. "She's only nine!"

What to do with unusually intelligent children in public-school classrooms has always been a puzzle for teachers. They are not always the best-behaved, nor do they do consistently superior work. There is a legend among teachers of gifted children that one bright child on his very first day in school turned on his teacher and snarled, "Get away from me with that pusillanimous primer!" Probably no child ever said it in quite that way, but every teacher knows a book that might hold the interest of average children in a classroom is a bore to some and impenetrable to others in the same classroom. What is one to do with the child who can read well but is just too bored to do so?

In 1953, Lucille Nixon, a consultant in elementary education for the Palo Alto (California) public schools, found herself swamped with such questions. She took them to the superintendent, Dr. Henry M. Gunn. "We should have a program," she said, "for exceptionally able children throughout our entire school system." He agreed. He appointed a committee to plan such a program; two years later it was approved by the school board and put into action. Since its inception, every possible evaluation, study and test of the Palo Alto program shows that—

▶ The creation of a "snob" or "elite" group of children—a fear often mentioned when any proposal is made to single out those with high I.Q.'s for special attention—did not occur in practice. Children can be grouped in special classes for a portion of the day, or offered special opportunities in other ways, without the slightest damage to their relationships with others.

▶ Children not included in the program are generally not jealous or envious of those who are. (This finding is based not merely upon expressed opinions, but upon special "social distance" tests.)

▶ Many more children than previously supposed can profitably skip a grade in elementary school. They compete successfully with older children without developing social or emotional problems.

▶ When exceptionally able children are grouped in a special class for only one subject, their work improves, not only in that class but in all their regular classes as well.

▶ The community generally approves of special provisions for CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

Universal suit (left) is lightweight pale beige
tweed for planes, cool-weather cities, taking
on summer personality with a water-color printed
silk blouse, soft straw cloche, red calfskin bag.
The skirt becomes a separate combined with sweaters,
knitted overblouses. By Philippe Tournay.
The hat by Francis Nelkin, blouse by Lloyd.
The ravishing, pink-of-fashion coat (below)
knocks convention into a cocked hat
but is positively earthbound and purposeful.
What could be better over black, white or beige,
linen, tweed or chiffon? By George Carmel.
The white low-waisted dress in Arnel crepe,
an extra or alternate, by Julia Richards.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN





SEVEN WONDERS OF WORLD TRAVEL

Universal suit, a coat in color, a black dress, one jacket dress, a casual globe-trotter, something beige or white, one "divine" for evening.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN *Fashion Editor*

Defining a fashion travel wonder, we say it means: vitally current but enduring as the Sphinx, basic and beautiful in the same breath, and a pure phenomenon of adaptability. The total seven must include something wool to face the facts of weather, summer silks, linens and prints, a gadabout dress easy as a slip, a printed chiffon for evening, intensely feminine, with the grace to look lovely at the very last stop. Any woman well tuned in will travel as weightlessly as possible—hence the strict selectivity. She will take black, white and beige—simple as one, two, three. Then add smashing color—the new pink of fashion or her own favorite shade, both for the sake of fashion and her own pleasure. Accessories that point up tomorrow and give simplicity the spark it needs: printed cotton hats and bags for plain-color dresses, brilliant collapsible silk turbans, bright polka-dot bags or slippers, crystal beads in rainbow colors.

Beginning with the gadabout (right): the chemise has made its reputation on two continents (let it be no shorter than looks well sitting as well as standing), a nothing of a dress that can mean everything in comfort and usefulness. This one is black silk-and-rayon shantung with brass buttons by Robert Crystal, worn with a young, young breton of glossy black straw by Adolfo of Emme, white gloves; patent leathers by Jean Bandler.





WILHELA CUSHMAN

SEVEN WONDERS OF WORLD TRAVEL



The dress with a jacket is a convincing fashion witness to the fact that the best world travelers are also many times the best for any cosmopolite at home. The pink tweedy silk-and-cotton (above) is prepared for town with a soft lattice-top cloche from Mr. John's Junior collection, and a leather bag. Slip off the jacket as the Fahrenheit rises. By Andrew Arkin. The pink-and-red silky cotton print by Leonard Arkin (right) has the endearing kind of dress underneath that you can snatch out of the suitcase for dinner in split seconds. A bit of veiling and roses by Francis Nelkin. Basic red pumps by Rangoni.

The quiet, mannerly little beige shantung chemise dress (below), 100-carat strong for pure usefulness and for any spike of color you like. By Robert Crystal. A polka-dot silk bag to match red pumps is a good thought, plus a bow-veil. Proof that a fashion that travels as effortlessly as your lingerie can be cause for ovation is the printed chiffon evening dress with the jeweled midriff at the right by Frank Starr. Fresh flowers around the chignon.

NATURALLY . . . THERE WILL BE ALTERNATES: These seven costumes are cosmopolitan world travelers. Depending on your timetables and destinations, you will add and take away. Museum lovers need the comfort and the rightness of a little shirtwaist dress and low heels, whereas more for evening is indicated for the music festivals. Seashore and shipboard call for play clothes, mountains for more casual wools. The forever rule: take one thing that leads to the where-did-you-get-it questions—a dress in a crazy color, a silhouette that you but not everyone could wear.





The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.

Capsule Wardrobes...

IN SYNTHETIC FABRICS

This capsule wardrobe started with a crisp white Arnel sharkskin. We combined a sleeveless blouse and a skirt with unpressed pleats. The printed long skirt in the same fabric combines with the original blouse. The blue Orlon-and-wool jersey overblouse goes with the white skirt as well as with the red Dacron-and-linen slacks. The sweater is white ribbed Orlon with an all-over flower print in shades of blue.

The blouse, Vogue Design No. 9505.
The long skirt. Design No. 9504.
The overblouse and skirt. Design No. 9503.
The slacks. Design No. 9494.

SHOES—JEAN BANDLER
SWEATER—HANS BOEPPLE
CHALK BEADS—DOROTHY ADAMS



CRISP WHITE SHARKSKIN + BLUE JERSEY OVERBLOUSE + RED SLACKS AND A SWEATER = A SUMMER'S WEEKE

A TWO-PIECE PLAID DRESS + A TWO-PIECE BUTTON-FRONT GREEN RAYON LINEN = FOUR COMPLETE COSTUMES.



This gay Dacron-and-cotton plai shades of pinks, yellows and gree a cool summer fabric that washes ease and needs little ironing. The piece shirtwaist dress has a cummerbund. The shirt combines the green rayon-linen skirt for s wear. The plaid skirt combines wit green sleeveless top, for dressier sions. With the two-piece green we have added accents of turqu

Plaid dress,
Vogue Design No. 9490.
Green dress,
Vogue Design No. 9502.

COLORED BEADS—EDGAR ROEDELHEIMER
GOLD CLIP BRACELETS—STEVE CADORO
STRAW HAT—GOBBI

SUMMER USUALLY MEANS A SERIES OF EXCITING WEEKENDS — SHORT WEEKENDS WHEN YOU WANT TO TRAVEL LIGHT BUT DRESS PRETTILY. WE HAVE WORKED OUT FOUR COMBINATIONS THAT COULD TAKE YOU TO THE COUNTRY, TO THE CITY OR TO THE BEACH. WITH ANY ONE GROUP, YOU WILL HAVE AT LEAST FOUR COSTUMES . . . IN SOME CASES EVEN MORE.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI



A print coat is one of the gayest summer fashions. Ours, an all-over rose print on Arnel sharkskin. The red Dacron-and-cotton linen-weave sheath is the basic part of this wardrobe and looks equally well with a printed overblouse or the short pink jacket. The pink jacket matches a pair of shorts (to wear only if you are young and slim; otherwise, make a matching pink skirt) and is Chinese in effect, fastening with braid frogs. Another combination would be the pink shorts with the overblouse.

Printed coat, Vogue Design No. S-4871.
Red sheath, Design No. 9382.
Pink jacket and shorts, No. 9494.
Printed overblouse, No. 9506.

RED AND WHITE CHAIN BAGS—RICHARD KORET
PINK BEADS—BRIAN BISHOP

A PRINT COAT + A SHEATH + A PINK SHORTS COSTUME AND AN OVERBLOUSE = A "GO ANYWHERE" WARDROBE.

A TURQUOISE SHEATH + NYLON-CHIFFON SEPARATES + A GLEN-PLAID TWOSOME = A YOUNG, PRETTY LOOK.



Turquoise, a favorite summer color (so pretty with a tan), is the key color in this wardrobe. The nylon-chiffon separates combine to look like a one-piece dress, but the skirt can also be worn over a turquoise rayon-linen sheath for dancing. The two-piece glen-plaid acetate-and-rayon costume is a true "go everywhere" dress and the top does double duty worn over the sheath dress.

Nylon blouse, Vogue Design No. 9506.
Nylon-chiffon skirt, Design No. 9210.
Two-piece plaid, Design No. S-4878.
Turquoise sheath, Design No. 9429.

© Vogue

BLUE SATIN BELT—BEN KING
YELLOW BAG—ELIZABETH STRAUSS

For back and other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns, see page 149.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER



Mrs. Stroud thinks a bright coat both a luxury and a necessity. Brilliant example — this red rajah-textured many-season style worn over a perfect little black dress is for important luncheons or a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Dallas Museum of Contemporary Art.



Early spring in Texas. A short silk-and-wool coat over a matching dress.



"I like this white dinner dress b
cause I can wear it so many places



Mrs. Ethan B. Stroud II, of Dallas, Texas, is a blond, blue-eyed, soft-spoken native Texan of many interests. Color is her first thought in planning her clothes. "I love and wear almost every color. . . . I never like anything that is too much of a fashion, but I do like soft, feminine things that last a long time." She looks for new ideas but always prefers the "modified version" to any exaggerated fashion. She narrows down essentials to a "bright coat, black dress, pretty sweaters and skirts, evening clothes." At home she enjoys slacks combined with sweaters and blouses. Her days are filled with variety—from driving the children to school to civic activities as director of the Dallas Council of World Affairs.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN *Fashion Editor*



JOHN ENGSTEAD

Sweater and skirt for busy mornings. Mrs. Stroud drives off to school with daughter Joyce and son Ethan, gathering up neighbor children on the way. Her skirt is felt, the sweater plaid cashmere. Her shoes, low-heeled red leather pumps.



"A suit with a soft easy look." The pleats are made for walking. The intense blue, a color she adores.



Cotton print, young and simple—"the kind of dress I wear so much all summer."



Left—fabulous white organdy with embroidered appliquéd pink roses for the most beautiful ball, worn with her favorite necklace.

"I practically live in slacks at home with a fun sweater or blouse." Mrs. Stroud loves to combine colors—violet mohair sweater and lemon-yellow cotton at-home slacks.

High-school graduation day. I was 18 years old and weighed 225 pounds. All the other members of the school band wore ready-made uniforms. Yards and yards of extra material had to be bought so that mine could be made to order. I'll never forget our senior-year band contest. Proudly we marched onto the stage in front of teachers, judges and audience and sat down to play. Suddenly there was a thunderous crash — and there was old Marge in a heap on the floor, chair splintered under her! Even the drums couldn't drown out the sound of the laughter. Another time I was equally chagrined was the Sunday I led a line of folks into a pew of our church. I came to a pillar I couldn't squeeze past. The only solution was for all the people behind me to back out to the tune of the organ music so that I could sit elsewhere. Telephone booths were a problem too. And driving. As a fatty, I'd have to push the car seat back as far as it would go. Later, as I dieted, I'd slip the seat forward a notch. Since my stomach seemed always to be pushing the wheel, it took quite a while before fellow passengers discovered I was losing weight.





You'd think a girl wearing a cap and gown could manage to hide a figure problem—but not a girl weighing over 275 pounds! Here I am with my mother, niece, brother and father on the day I graduated from college. As you can see, I was the only fatty in the family. This was the year I was asked to sing comedy songs in our senior-class show. One of the songs was called, When Francis Dances With Me. Was I a hit when I came to the line "I fit in his arms like a motorman's glove!"



This was considered a very flattering picture of me in 1952 at 275 pounds plus. Even though the photographer kindly retouched away my extra chins (left), you can compare these pictures and see that I am now less than half the woman I once was. It's no wonder some of my long-time acquaintances have failed to recognize me. At our college-class reunion last year I caused a near riot showing up in a slinky sheath dress (size 14). I actually had to introduce myself to girls I had known for four years!

"I lost

Here is Marjorie Tubbs' photo albur

to diet and reduce from a mountainous 294 pound

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	BUST	WAIST	HIPS	UPPER ARM	THIGHS	DRESS SIZE
BEFORE	5'8"	294 pounds	50"	44"	59"	19½"	30"	42 pattern size. (With inches addec
AFTER	5'8"	148 pounds	35"	27"	39"	11½"	20½"	14 or 16



Look again—it isn't a trick of the camera that makes me appear twice the size of my friend. I was more than twice her size. By now there were doorways I couldn't squeeze through, store aisles I had to walk along sideways, stairs I had to huff and puff to climb. But I could always make it out to the kitchen to while away the afternoon with sandwiches, cookies and hot chocolate until dinner was ready. Next to eating, I was best at cooking. Even won a county baking contest.

Here I look like the original model for "They laughed when I sat down at the piano!" This was taken in 1953 during my first year of teaching. Weight: approximately 290 pounds! In those days the only compliments I ever received centered on a new scarf or bracelet. Nowadays friends exclaim enthusiastically over my pretty dresses or my figure. When I was whistled at as a fatty, I wanted to sink into the sidewalk, knowing it was my hideous appearance that prompted the attention. Today I am secretly thrilled that the occasional whistles and "Wow!"s are meant to compliment instead of condemn.





Me in my very first sports outfit which I got just last spring. I've always loved sports, but until I reduced, my enjoyment of them was limited. I did make the high-school tumbling team. As "low man," that is, sometimes supporting as many as nine of my classmates piled on top of me to build a pyramid. During my diet I did daily exercises—fifteen minutes each morning and afternoon. There were times when my folks thought our house might fall apart—but those exercises, which I still do, keep my body firm.

146 pounds"

with notes telling what it looks and feels like

o a trim-figured 148.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor

"As a youngster my weight was normal, but when I reached my teens I developed an enormous appetite and proceeded to accumulate the pounds that went with it," says Marjorie Tubbs, Chenoa, Illinois, high-school music teacher. "When my family and friends tried to persuade me to reduce, I'd pause in eating long enough to answer, 'Tomorrow.' When I was teased about my weight, I'd laugh it off—the teasing, that is. When I wasn't invited to dances, I went to them anyway—as saxophonist in my family's orchestra. It wasn't until the fall of 1954, when I got tonsillitis, that I came to my senses. My doctor looked at me in dismay and warned. 'It isn't the size of your *tonsils* I'm worried about.' I started dieting that day and in two years I lost 146 pounds. I had two short giving-up periods when I regained some weight, but otherwise it was approximately 1000 calories a day for me. Happily, I had very few hungry days. I ate three well-balanced meals each day, cut out between-meal eating and substituted fruit desserts for the rich, fattening things I had been eating. Though I often yearned for a hot-fudge sundae or chocolate cake, I never really felt starved; never felt weak with hunger. I've maintained my reduced weight of 148 pounds for a year and a half now and continue to feel as marvelous as friends say I look. This spring one of my fourteen-year-old students confided in a boyish, blushing stammer, 'Miss Tubbs—er—ah, you'll make some man a pretty nice wife; I mean a nice *pretty* wife.' And one of my young girl students exclaimed at our senior prom, 'Gosh, you're as glamorous as Marilyn Monroe!' Maybe some women would fluff off such compliments as teen-age nonsense, but to this ex-fatty those words are music (and I know music) to my ears!"

Marjorie's diet outline and tips on how to diet while eating out appear on page 148.



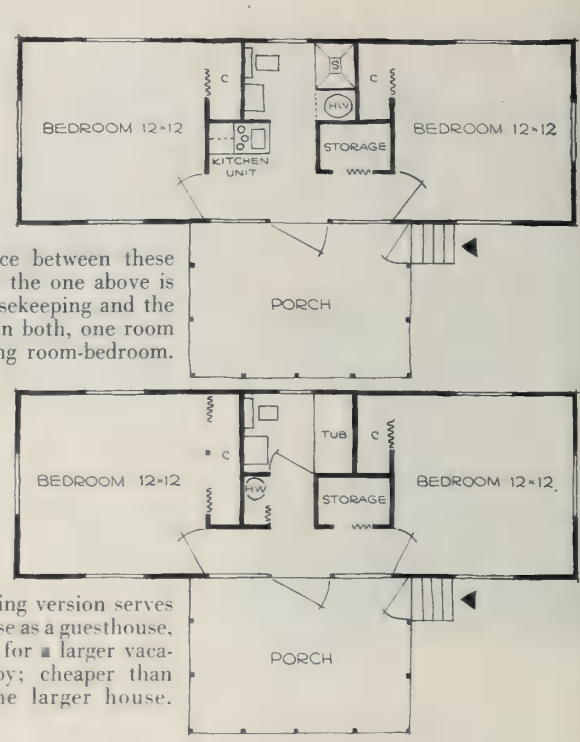
ROGER PRIGENT

Isn't this a grand finale—a really happy ending to a fatty's story? Imagine me in a flower print, size 14! Until I dieted I never had a chance to dress in bright colors. When the JOURNAL *took this picture of me I felt as glamorous as a model. The photographer told me I moved as gracefully as a model too. All members of the Beauty Department just kept ooh-ing and ah-ing and saying, "Readers will find this hard to believe—we can hardly believe it ourselves." I'm thrilled. Cinderella has nothing on me!*



STOLLER

Here you see the version with the low-pitched gable roof and the screened-in flat-roof porch. Note the textured attractiveness of the solid wall panels of plywood with vertical grooves; window panels of a plain-surface plywood with sash openings cut out for chosen type of window—in this case, adjustable jalousie glass-louver sash with aluminum frame and fitted screens. As in all versions, this cottage is supported off the ground on posts, thus preserving the site.



The main difference between these two layouts is that the one above is fitted for light housekeeping and the one below is not. In both, one room can double as living room-bedroom.

The nonhousekeeping version serves a very useful purpose as a guesthouse, or overflow house, for a larger vacation home close by; cheaper than an addition to the larger house.

VACATION COTTAGES THAT COST FROM $2300 TO $3900

And with more strength and style than most everyday houses, these JOURNAL holiday homes go up in two weeks or less, depending on how you do them.

By RICHARD PRATT

I think you will agree that comfortable, attractive and inexpensive vacation cottages are relatively rare. And I'm sure it's not because people don't want them to be better, but because really good vacation cottages are deceptively difficult to design. So small, so simple, so unassuming, you say—why, anybody should be able to do one! I used to think so myself; but I know differently now.

A good stock vacation-cottage design that anybody can build from should adapt equally well to a lot of different locales: lake shores, mountaintops, seasides. It should adapt to all different types of terrain: smooth, rough, hilly, flat, hard, soft. It should be safe, sound and dry in all conditions of wind and rain; cool and airy in the heat; cozy on nippy nights and dismal days. In its parts and pieces and the way it is put together, it should take advantage of today's efficiencies and economies. Most of all, it should please a wide variety of likes, and satisfy a wide variety of needs. I'll come later to the question of how little it needs to cost.

The version of our vacation-cottage design pictured here on these first two pages is identical in its dimensions and structural scheme with the version on the third page. Yet observe how unalike are their looks and their layouts. These two cottages happen both to be 12′ wide and 36′ long. Two plan possibilities are illustrated for each cottage. But the pattern from which you build shows still further possibilities, and shows how you may build a longer cottage from the same pattern, or a shorter one. Only the 12′ width must remain fixed; a very human and livable width, as you can see.

The design idea permits the placement of windows, doors and partitions pretty much where you want them, though you will be wise to follow our recommendations. It also CONTINUED ON PAGE 64



FOWLER

A yellow cotton rug, eminently washable, brings the sunlight into this room with its neat, washable corduroy bedspreads and pillow shams. Gay striped curtains made of toweling and pillows which pick up the colors of the curtain stripes add to the general air of carefree brightness. One of the nicest things about the room is the sturdy knock-down chest which takes only minutes to put together.

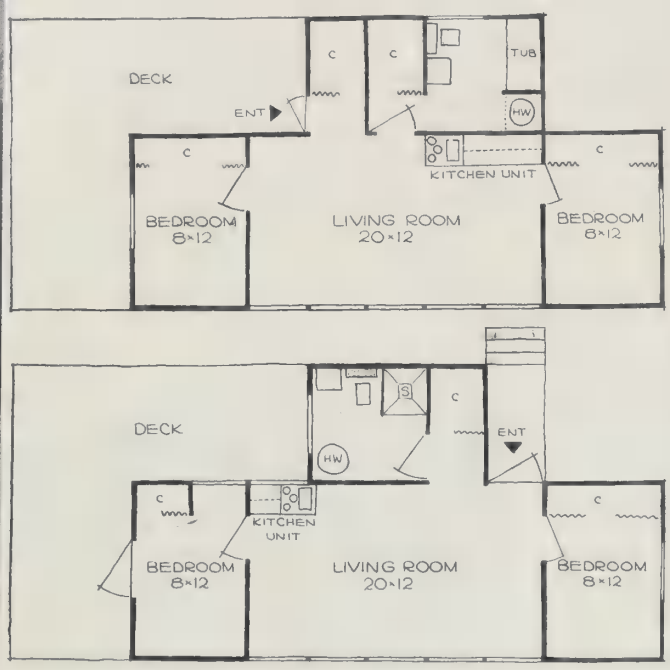
OWLER

INTERIOR DECORATION ON THESE PAGES BY CYNTHIA MCADOO WHEATLAND, INTERIOR DECORATION EDITOR



This porch, open to the sun, sea breezes and sound of pines, might easily become the favorite spot in the house on the strength of the wonderful view alone, but a bright red, white and blue color scheme used with attractive and comfortable rattan and iron furniture—happily resistant to the ill effects of sea air—and gay red-and-white director's chairs set around the table makes this porch, with its screen that cuts the sun, the ideal place for leisurely breakfast, after-swim gatherings, or relaxing at any time.

Here again a pretty bedroom—this time in cool tones of blue and green—takes on a practical nature. Everything in the room is geared to making summer housekeeping as easy as it can possibly be, from the pressed-wood-chip wall panels and towel curtains with rust-proof plastic clip-on rings to the painted floor which makes no problem of sand tracked in from the beach.



The versatility of these JOURNAL vacation cottages is indicated in the two layouts for the version here, which substitutes a bathroom, storage, entrance lean-to in the rear for the covered screened-in front porch of the version on the preceding pages; both plans show two bedrooms fully partitioned from the living room.



The vizor-cap roof projects just far enough over the sunny southern facade to shade the windows from the summer sun; the lower sun of spring, fall and winter shines in, providing pleasant solar warmth. This version demonstrates how easily the steel-post supports adapt to the roughest, rockiest sites without any alterations to the terrain, which would be prohibitive. Another demonstration here is the attractiveness of the exterior walls faced with grooved plywood panels.

VACATION COTTAGES THAT COST FROM $2300 TO $3900

CONTINUED

This interior is the version with the low plastic divider between living room and one bedroom, where the layout is planned primarily for vacationing couples; the great thing here being the twenty feet of windows facing the view. The sash are all fixed in place; a plentiful supply of fresh air being available through screened-louvered openings under two of the sash. The seine-net ceiling creates a cozy effect with overhead airiness.

FOWLER



gives you a choice among various specified types of doors, windows and other fittings, likewise with recommendations. Planned appendages attach easily and optionally. For instance, the first cottage here has a built-on screened-in porch; the second cottage has its bath built *on* instead of built *in*.

The design does even more in this direction. It takes the point of view that a roof is really no more than a hat, and that, as such, you choose the type that suits you best. The first cottage here likes a low gable for the main structure, a flat roof for the porch. The second cottage, with its back to the woods and its face to the view, finds a visor-cap roof a little more to its liking. Practically, roof differences almost don't matter. Their cost differences are likewise inconsequential. The pattern impartially lets you decide which type you want; describing when one might be more desirable than another.

A most important feature of the design is that the cottages are supported off the ground on piers or posts. This means several things, all good: the cottage draws no dampness from the ground; tempts no termites; discourages rodents; but most of all, the cottage keeps dry. Furthermore, the pier or post supports make it possible for the cottage to stand on any site, however uneven, without a lot of costly grading that can create a permanent scar, and be a waste of money. Conventional foundations can be an extravagance in a vacation environment, risk danger of dampness, and be structurally less strong.

The secret of the style, strength, flexibility of layout, and low cost above all, in these cottages, if you can call it a secret, lies in the building materials and building methods involved. The frame is the simplest, the strongest: post-and-beam. The walls, the floor, the roof are plywood panels, 4′ wide and 8′ long, which determine the disciplined modular dimensions of these cottages by making 4′ the unit of measurement. Fortunately for the general attractiveness, there is a fairly new plywood panel with vertical scorings, giving great style to the exterior. This can be stained the color of your choice. The roll roofing has a fine gravelly surface, pure white for heat reflection.

Here's the cost story in a nutshell. The materials to make the complete 12′ x 36′ main structure of four walls, roof, floor, windows, including doors, posts, hardware, roll roofing, nails, screws, bolts, exterior stain, and either the 12′ x 12′ screened-in porch of cottage No. 1 or the closed-in lean-to of No. 2, will cost $1300 at the building-supply yard; a few dollars more or less, depending on local prices and what types of windows and doors you choose. CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

Can this Marriage be Saved?



Many millions of young families have an elderly parent living with them. Only once in each hundred cases is the arrangement completely satisfactory to both generations—so said a sociologist recently. His estimate may be far too pessimistic. The arrangement sometimes works well on a farm, where there is more space and more for old people to do, than in a city apartment or duplex. But at best there is much unnecessary unhappiness. Negotiations between close relatives are often delicate and difficult, and the intermediation of a neutral third party may often be needed. The American Institute of Family Relations, Los Angeles 27, California, is a national nonprofit educational agency which is always ready to put readers in touch with the most reliable help in their own neighborhoods. . . . The case here described originated in our Los Angeles office and the counselor was Dr. William O. Walcott.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *General Director*

SHE: "Dick's callous attitude toward mother is wrecking my nervous system and making me hate him. He and I can no longer discuss the subject sensibly. Whenever I speak of our obligations to her, he stalks out of the room and often leaves the house."

HE: "Joan has made our home, literally, a hospital. I feel like an interloper, somebody whose sole function is to pay the bills. Her mother is jealous and possessive and so demanding that no amount of service will ever satisfy her."



DON ORNITZ

"According to the doctor,
my mother-in-law doesn't need a wheel chair
and shouldn't be dependent on one."

JOAN TELLS HER SIDE: "Last night I had a terrible dream," said thirty-four-year-old Joan, married seventeen years and the mother of three. A tall woman, slender to the point of emaciation, she lighted a cigarette with shaky fingers. "I dreamed I was lying on a bed of smoldering coals in my girlhood home—I was in my mother's old room—and that Dick, my husband, was shoveling fuel to feed the fire. I awoke screaming.

"Dick wasn't in the house. We had quarreled several hours earlier and he'd gone to the apartment of a bachelor crony to watch the late show on TV. My eldest daughter and my mother, who has been visiting us the last three months, heard me scream and came into the bedroom almost immediately.

"Of course mother saw that Dick was gone and probably guessed we had quarreled about her again. Dick doesn't criticize mother in her presence, but I know she is aware of his complaints to me. Yet I've never heard her say a word against him, although there must have been times when the temptation was great. Both Dick and I are indebted to her for assistance in the early years of our marriage.

"Jenny is sixteen years old and at a noticing age, but mother's matter-of-fact manner seemed to convince her there was nothing odd about Dick's absence. Finally the two of them went off to bed. I took a sleeping pill—lately I've suffered dreadfully from insomnia—but I couldn't close an eye. I walked the floor until almost dawn, sick with nerves and worry.

"Dick's callous attitude toward mother is wrecking my nervous system and making me hate him. He and I can no longer discuss the subject sensibly. Whenever I speak of our obligations to her, he stalks out of the room and often leaves the house. Then, more than likely, I burst into tears or have hysterics.

"I'm losing all control of myself, and my health is being undermined; in the past three months my weight has dropped twenty pounds. My doctor has prescribed sedatives for me, but he says I am really in need of psychological advice. All I know is that I'm desperate.

"My mother is sixty-seven years old and a semi-invalid; she is diabetic and her eyesight is failing. Until three months ago she was shuttling back and forth between her ten-acre ranch miles outside the city and my sister Ella's home. But then in April she got an infected finger and telephoned me from the ranch in mortal terror; even a minor infection, as you probably know, can be fatal to diabetics. Fortunately the infection cleared up quickly, but I decided to bring mother in to stay with us. Ella had had her turn. I thought it was mine.

"Mother used to be highly independent, a beautiful and a brilliant woman, but with age and illness she has changed. She is now inclined to be impatient and querulous, and there is no denying she needs a lot of care. She likes to be 'babied,' as she expresses it. Who can blame her? She can't put on her clothes without my assistance. Her hair is long and thick and she refuses to have it cut; it takes me a good half hour to dress it to her satisfaction. It takes considerably longer to prepare her meals. Every ingredient has to be weighed and measured to make sure she gets a well-balanced, nourishing diet with an absolute minimum of sugar. Nor is giving mother her daily insulin injections easy for me.

"However, I don't complain. But I feel that Dick, who escapes the worry and the work, should stand back of me in my trouble instead of adding to my burdens with his nasty temper and his grumbling.

"Dick has always been quick-tempered, but he used to be gentle with our three daughters and me. You would never guess it now. He makes dinner a misery by picking on the two little girls about their table manners and choosy appetites. CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

Boned stuffed leg of lamb, roasted tender and juicy; young shoots of fresh asparagus, creamed wi



ushrooms; a daffodil birthday cake.





The trees are rehearsing their spring colors, the grass has started to grow, the world has an expectant, spacious air.

Appleyard Birthday Party

By ELIZABETH KENT GAY

My mother, Mrs. Appleyard, has her birthday in May. It comes at the end of the month, along with apple blossoms, bluebirds, lilacs, Memorial Day, and all the other signs of New England's slow-stepping spring.

No matter how marvelous a cook she is, no lady should be allowed to prepare her own birthday dinner, so my hazel-eyed daughters and I turn out a dinner fit for a queen—well, anyway, queen of our own Appleyard Center!

Such an important, full-scale birthday dinner must be planned well in advance. We're going to start with a smooth, rich *pâté* of duck, ham and chicken livers (mother's recipe); then we'll have a roast of lamb, boned and stuffed with a savory rice, raisin and bacon dressing. There will be velvety brown gravy, and a big bowl of creamed asparagus and mushrooms. Cynthia, my eldest daughter, being in an experimental mood, has planned a tossed green salad with fresh pear chunks and little sections of bright-colored mandarin orange. The crowning event of any birthday party is, of course, the ice cream and birthday cake. We're having mother's favorites—smooth, delicious strawberry-rhubarb ice cream, and a yellow-and-white daffodil cake with a lemony icing swirling around it.

Mother's *pâté* is an invention of several years back, the aftermath of one of her party suppers of roast spring duckling. She says, however, that one can start from scratch with a seven-pound duckling, and gently simmer it till the meat falls from the bones. Here's how she makes

PÂTÉ MAISON APPLEYARD

Place one 7-pound duck, singed and ready to cook, on a rack in a large Dutch-oven-type kettle. Pour 1½ cups cold water into the pan, cover and simmer gently until the duck is tender (the leg joints will move easily). Remove the duck, cool and then chill well (save stock). Skin the duck, then cut most of the meat from the bones (don't worry about stripping the bones of all the meat—they'll be cooked longer). Set the duck meat aside and keep refrigerated. Now simmer the duck bones in 3 cups water (or use leftover stock and add enough water to make 3 cups). Add 2 peeled onions, 1 stalk celery, 1 carrot, the duck liver and gizzard. Season with 3 whole cloves, 3 small dried red chilies, 1 small bay leaf and ⅛ teaspoon each cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice, orégano, rosemary and marjoram. Cook all together, covered, until the duck meat falls from the bones. Add 3 peppercorns and cook 10 minutes longer. Strain the stock, saving the gizzard, liver and remaining meat. Cool the meat and chill the stock until it jells. Skim the fat from the top. Save some for greasing the pan for baking. Grind together the cooled, cooked gizzard and liver and enough of the duck meat to make 1 cup. Grind also 2 raw chicken livers and mix with the ground duck. Finely dice enough of the refrigerated cooked duck meat to make ½ cup. Meanwhile, dry out about 10 to 12 slices of bread in a very slow, 250° F., oven. Roll to fine crumbs—there should be about 1¼ cups. Now mix together the ground duck meat and chicken livers with 1 pound of your favorite uncooked sausage (it should be lightly seasoned). Add ¾ cup fine bread crumbs, 2 cups jellied stock, 2 eggs, well beaten, and 1 small onion, minced. Mix well. Last, add the ½ cup finely diced duck meat along with ½ cup finely diced, cooked ham. Blend in well. Lightly grease a 1-quart glass loaf pan with a little duck fat and spread ¼ cup fine bread crumbs over the bottom. Put the meat mixture into the pan, packing well into the corners. Top with ¼ cup bread crumbs, cover with heavy aluminum foil and set the loaf pan in a pan of hot water. Bake for 3 hours in a very slow, 250° F., oven. Cool the *pâté* well in the pan, then chill for several hours before serving. Unmold and use as a spread for crackers. Makes 1 loaf.

At the present moment we have three ewes and three lambs munching their way around our property. They CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS from the Journal Kitchen

Salad



A classic with new flavor: greens tossed with anchovies, bacon, garlic-buttered croutons.

STUART

Traditionally, greens make the salad. Certainly they do in Italy, where a caress of dressing leaves each leaf succulent and aromatic.

Not every good salad, however, is a green one. Scandinavians like "fishier" salads. Their favorite is a colorful combination: chopped herring and boiled potatoes with diced beets and dill pickle made tart from a tossing in vinegar dressing. In Indonesia, chilled shrimp nestle in a garland of greens beneath a golden dressing, pungent with curry. Armenians like their salad vegetables cooked, then chilled. Native to Hawaii: fruits. So for a Hawaiian specialty, the islands' bounty, fresh and luscious in a sour-cream dressing.

Whether domestic or foreign, simple or sophisticated, every proper salad has identity in a menu. It is carefully, artfully planned with the whole meal in mind. And so is its dressing.

Perfect for summer-long salad days is this round-the-world collection: unpronounceable salads full of foreign intrigue. Continental classics too. Each a collector's item from the JOURNAL Kitchen and from New York restaurants where dining is excitingly international.

ABBOT MILLS



Salad sampling at East of Suez: Kathy McDonald chats with Carl Henderson and Chef Dick Wu.

To begin with, a Javanese favorite served at East of Suez, a dimly lit brownstone where Oriental rugs drape the walls, tropical plants grow out of elephants' feet and where Mr. and Mrs. Carl Henderson serve Indian and Indonesian dishes collected on their world travels. "It's wonderfully good," said Mr. Henderson, "this shrimp salad topped with our own curry dressing."

Javanese Shrimp Salad: Simmer 1½ pounds fresh shrimp in water with 1 parsley sprig, 1 stalk celery, 1 lemon, sliced, 2 peppercorns and 1 tablespoon salt for 10 minutes. Shuck and devein the shrimp, then cool and chill until salad-making time. For the curry dressing, brown together 1 onion, chopped, 2 celery-stalk tops and ½ green pepper, sliced, in 1 tablespoon salad oil. Add 2 cups water and 2 chicken-bouillon cubes and simmer until vegetables are tender. Remove sauce from the heat and purée. Now add 1½ tablespoons curry powder (less if you don't like "hot" dishes) and simmer the sauce 10 minutes more. Remove from heat and cool. Blend ¼ cup of the curry sauce with ½ cup mayonnaise. Mound chilled shrimp on a bed of greens and top with curry dressing. Makes 4 servings.

Sardi's, eating place of the theatrically famous, has come up with a salad classic for the calorie-conscious. "We call it Hollywood Salad," said Mr. Sardi, Jr. Tossed with crisp bacon, anchovies and croutons in a lemony egg dressing, this green salad (375 calories per hearty serving) is nearly a meal in itself.

Hollywood Salad: Cut up enough day-old bread or rolls to make a cup of 1" cubes. Warm 2 tablespoons each butter and olive oil in a skillet with 1 clove garlic, minced, and brown the croutons. Then dry out in a slow oven, 275°F., and drain on paper toweling. Break 1½ heads romaine into a salad bowl, making sure pieces are bite-sized. Add ½ cup cooked, crumbled bacon and 8 anchovy fillets, diced. For the dressing: Beat 2 eggs well, then blend in 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Add ⅓ cup olive oil, stirring constantly, ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese and ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Dress the salad and toss lightly. For the final touch, top with crumbled garlic croutons. Makes 4 servings.

Down on 14th Street is Luchow's German restaurant. Built 75 years ago when this area was the hub of cultural activity, its mahogany-paneled rooms and hearty food continue to draw famous faces. The specialty is German potato salad. Chilled for summer eating, Chef Emile Zahn's recipe is tartly invigorating.

Specksalat: Wash and boil 7 medium potatoes in their jackets until tender. Peel, cut in half lengthwise and slice while hot. Dissolve 1 chicken-bouillon cube in 1¼ cups boiling water and pour over the potatoes. Add 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion. Mix together 1 beaten egg, ¼ cup white vinegar, 1½ tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon bacon drippings, 1½ teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon white pepper. Pour over potatoes. Finally, add 1 tablespoon each chopped parsley and cooked, crumbled bacon. Mix all together and serve hot or cold. Makes 4 good servings.

In Greenwich Village is a new Armenian restaurant called Sayat Nova. In this cozy basement dining room shish kebabs come sizzling to your table, feathery freshly baked Paklava pastries perfume the air. Popular here among salads is Iman Bayeldi, chilled, baked eggplant stuffed with a mellow mixture of tomato, onion and parsley.

Iman Bayeldi: Wash 1 medium-sized eggplant; remove stem and quarter as you would a melon. Now, make a deep slit on either side of each wedge—cutting down into the flesh. Mix together 2 thinly sliced onions, 2 chopped tomatoes, ½ cup chopped parsley, 4 minced garlic cloves, 2 teaspoons paprika, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Stuff each pocket with the mixture. Put eggplant in a baking pan, add 1 cup olive oil and 1½ cups water. Spoon any leftover stuffing over the top of the eggplant. Cover pan with aluminum foil and bake in a moderate—350° F.—oven for 2½ hours or until eggplant is tender. Baste occasionally with drippings. Before serving, cool and chill eggplant. Serve on lettuce cups. Makes 4 servings.

Uptown and on the East Side is the Gripsholm Swedish restaurant where the long smorgasbord table is jeweled with ice and crowned with flowers. The décor is classical Empire, the food classically Swedish—meat balls, pancakes with lingonberries, herring salad. Beautifully pink with accents of red, this hearty seafood salad makes cool summer lunching.

Swedish Herring Salad: Soak 2 salt-herring fillets overnight in cold water. Drain, rinse and dice, removing all bones. Meanwhile, boil 3 medium potatoes in their jackets until tender. Cool, chill, then peel and dice. Also dice enough pickled beets to make 1 cup; 1 red apple, leaving the skin on; and 1½ dill pickles. Mix together ½ cup vinegar, 1½ tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon each dry mustard and pepper. Combine the herring, potatoes, diced apple, beets and pickle, top with dressing and toss lightly. Chill and serve on lettuce. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

A block east of the Gripsholm is the Luau 400, new Hawaiian room complete with trickling stream and bamboo bridge. Here under the shade of palms you can roast shrimp at your own table. Salads are fragrant garlands of pineapple, mango, bananas, melon. For a salad surprise, try this fruit-ginger sherbet combination topped with Chef Paul Gredig's special sour-cream dressing.

Hawaiian Salad: Combine 1 cup sour cream, ½ eight-ounce can frozen limeade concentrate, 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten, 3 tablespoons each finely grated preserved ginger and syrup from the bottle. Tint pale green, using vegetable coloring, and freeze. Meanwhile, cut up enough fresh fruits to make 4 salads (melon, watermelon, bananas, pineapple, mango, grapes, and so on). Cut melons into slim, peeled slices, the bananas in half lengthwise, and sprinkle with lemon juice. Halve and seed the grapes, cube the pineapple. Make a pin-wheel arrangement—or experiment with design, using alternating slices of fruit. Add an artistic cluster of grapes and pineapple cubes. Sprinkle with toasted chipped coconut. With a ball scoop, make balls of the sherbet and arrange in and around the grapes. The dressing comes to the table in its own dish. Combine ¼ cup mixed fruit juices (any combination), 2 tablespoons each vinegar and sugar and ½ cup salad oil. Now mix ¾ cup fruit dressing with ¾ cup sour cream. Makes 4 servings.

The unexpected element makes these salads collector's items. Each, different from the others, shares a common rule, the secret of successful salads: suit the salad to the menu, handle it lightly, arrange it artfully, dress it in good taste.



Tomato-Ham Loaf. Combine 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup with 1 lb. each ground lean ham and pork. Add 1 cup dry bread crumbs, ½ c. chopped celery, ¼ c. minced onion, 2 beaten eggs, and ▪ dash black pepper. Pack lightly into greased loaf pan. Bake at 350° F. about 1½ hours or until done. For sauce, heat 1 can Tomato Soup with 1 to 2 tbsp. horseradish. 8-10 servings.



Celery-Salmon Loaf. Drain 1 lb. can salmon; keep ¼ c. liquid; mix with 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup, 1 cup dry bread crumbs, 2 beaten eggs, ½ c. chopped onion, 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Pack into greased loaf pan. Bake at 375° F. about 1 hr.; cool 10 min. Turn onto platter. For sauce, heat 1 can Cream of Celery Soup mixed with ½ c. milk, 1 tbsp. minced parsley. 6 servings.





3 SOUPER SUPPER LOAVES

Make it different, make it delicious, make it with Campbell's Soups. Here are three suggestions for souper supper loaves, but why stop here? Try your own creative combinations. Campbell's Soups will make them "something extra," timesaving, too!



Mushroom-Meat Loaf. Combine ½ cup Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup with 1½ lb. ground beef, ½ c. dry bread crumbs, ¼ c. chopped onion, 2 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 beaten egg, ½ tsp. salt, dash black pepper. Shape into loaf or pack lightly in greased pan. Bake at 350° F. about 1 hr. For sauce, blend rest of soup with ¼ c. pan drippings; heat. Serve with loaf. 6-8 servings.



Good cooks cook with
Campbell's Soups



The strange case of the shark's teeth

. . . and some important facts about yours

Had Mother Nature made the same provisions for our teeth as she did for the shark's, good dental health would be no problem at all.

For when a shark loses a tooth, a new one soon grows in its place. Once we lose a tooth, however, it is gone . . . and gone for good.

Yet, the second set of teeth which Mother Nature gives us is strong and durable enough to last a lifetime . . . if given proper care. Unfortunately, too few of us give our teeth the care they need.

Proof of our neglect comes from some of the findings of the American Dental Association. It reports that only 40 percent of all Americans get reasonably adequate and regular dental care.

The rest get emergency care or none. Moreover, one out of 7 adults has never been to a dentist.

There is more to be gained from regular dental care than simply keeping the teeth clean, bright and healthy.

For instance, proper care helps prevent tooth and gum infections which may play a part in arthritis, kidney disorders and other conditions affecting general health.

When teeth are neglected . . . when decay strikes, when gums become diseased, when abscesses form at the roots of teeth . . . a center of infection is established from which germs may enter the blood stream and cause disease in other parts of the body.

Even the smallest break in the enamel can pave the way for infection in the interior of a tooth. In fact, infection may exist at the roots of an apparently healthy tooth. The dentist can usually detect such trouble by X-ray examination and check it before serious damage occurs.

Healthy teeth . . . for children as well as adults . . . depend upon three things:

1. *Diet*—which should supply all the elements for good teeth, especially calcium and vitamins C and D.

2. *Cleanliness*—or proper brushing, which should be done after meals and always before retiring.

3. *Check-ups*—which should be made every six months or as often as your dentist recommends.

If you see your dentist regularly, he will get to know your individual dental requirements and how they can be met to your best advantage. If you cooperate with him, your chances will be far better to keep most of your teeth most of your life.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

ICE PALACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

talked quietly. One would have thought, from their manner, that their subject was, perhaps, philanthropy.

"Thing to do is put pressure on him, give him the screws."

"Lubbock says he wants to see the situation from every angle before he makes his report."

"Lubbock wouldn't know a salmon from a herring if he ate it."

Sid Kleet's dry nasal voice: "Gentlemen, I would like you to give me authority to bypass fisheries commissioners and directors and little stuff like that."

"What have you in mind, Sid?" It was Czar's question. He knew the answer, he wanted it stated in words uttered by the group's legal representative.

"Go over their heads," Kleet barked.

"What'll you do with Lubbock?"

"Same as we did with Diener. Get him."

"Yeh, but how about old Storm?" Dave Husack demanded. His voice, booming from that barrel chest, had the effect of a bellow in the quiet, almost somnolent room. Czar waved a cautioning hand toward the child.

Very early in her childhood Bridie had impressed upon her the vileness of tattling. "Now don't you go tattling to Czar about Thor, or Thor about Czar. You got anything about either of your grampas, just tell me."

"Wouldn't that be tattling?"

"No. I'd be kind of a judge, like Judge Gaylord here. I'd think about it, not leaning to one or the other, and then decide about it and try to fix whatever is wrong. I'd do the best I could for all three."

As Chris' keen mind missed practically nothing, and as she had almost total recall, the plums that fell into Bridie's lap were rich and juicy. This office conference, for example, conveyed quite innocently in Christine's childish terms, sent Bridie scurrying to the office of the Northern Light. She was discreet, she did not give her source, she merely hinted.

"We'll be able to block that plan. We'll merely print it in full," Paul Barnett said. "Each one will think the other blabbed. And they'll all probably blame old Einar."

Thor said, almost sadly, "It's like that old cartoon of Nast's—the famous one—of the circle of political thieves each pointing to the man next him and saying, 'He did it.' They're old-fashioned plunderers, but it still seems to work."

Now, in the big luxurious Seattle office, as Czar cautiously indicated the child at the far end of the room, some atavistic instinct told Christine to shut her eyes. Snuggled in the engulfing depths of the chair by the window, the men saw the golden head touchingly cushioned against the plump tufted leather.

Czar relaxed. "She's asleep."

Dave Husack did not relish this cozy interlude in the battle of big business. "You shouldn't of brought her here in the first place."

Czar's tone was mild, paternal. "I make it a rule never to go anyplace I couldn't bring her if I was so minded." His eyes were cobalt.

"How's that again about who was it?" old Einar Wendt asked. Czar's father-in-law was over eighty now. He cupped his right ear with his hand, he spoke in the high monotonous voice of the deaf.

"Storm!" Husack bellowed. "Thor Storm, the old crackpot who runs that paper."

"What about him?"

"He's raising a stink, that's what. Papers outside are copying his stuff, he's been running articles and editorials and so on, he's got a column full of snide remarks about me and Kleet and the whole cannery crowd. He cor right out with names in Washington, it's lit we could sue him for a million dollars only poor old moosehead ——".

"No libel suits," Sid Kleet snapped. "T much publicity. There's other ways."

"Such as what?" Mort Caswell demand

"When the lifeblood stops flowing to y heart, what happens?" Kleet asked.

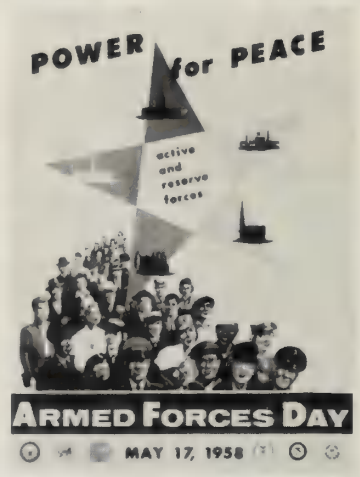
"I bite," young Mort said. "And I'll s time by answering. The heart stops beat and you die. R-r-right?"

Sid Kleet scarcely unclenched his teeth say, "Right. So what is the lifeblood o newspaper? Advertising. And when the adv tising stops, what happens? The newspa dies. So, gentlemen, if we tactfully convey the Baranof businessmen that they'd b ter quit advertising in Storm's Weekly No ern Light, or else their business might fall why, in practically no time that stink y spoke about will kind of evaporate away."

"No," said Czar Kennedy mildly.

"What's the objection?"

"No objection, Sid boy—that is, no ob tion to the plan as a plan. It's workable, say. But I believe in competition. Now, you advertising is the lifeblood of the newspa publishing business, and so it is. But comp tion makes a horse r as the fella says. I've ways been a great liever in competit Thor moves out with weekly, why, some o fella moves in wit weekly, some new cr pot. Now, Thor, know his gait and sp and staying power, you get a dark hors there, he's anybo guess."



"You mean you w go along with thi Dave Husack deman of Czar.

"Not for the p ent," Czar said gen "Not for the pres Dave boy."

Mort Caswell sl fled the papers on desk. He pushed back his chair. "Well, gen men, I don't believe there's anything m just now. We'll be meeting again tomorr I hate to be the one to break this up, b have a luncheon appointment at one ——"

Dave Husack stood up, a towering fig "Anyway, that advertising idea is kid stu Belligerently he turned toward Sid K "Tell Baranof businessmen to take their vertising away from Storm and they'll he's getting a tough deal, they'll stick by that's the way those crazy Alaska people There's other ways, better. When the comes, stop his print-paper supply."

Three now were standing. Only Czar mained seated. "Thor Storm," he said though ruminating, "has got a young there in the Northern Light, working for he's got a little bit of money in the paper Barnett his name is. Paul Barnett. He Harvard boy, but smart, you've got to h it to him. Real smart."

"What's that got to do with it?" Sid K snapped.

"Nothing. Maybe nothing. Only when talk about taking away the Northern Lig advertising and stopping the print paper so on, why, you don't know Thor and don't know Barnett. Boys, Thor would that weekly out if he had to print it on t paper with a lead pencil."

He rose leisurely, and walked the lengt the room to where the child sat. He place hand tenderly on her shoulder. "Christ Christine child."

She opened her eyes, she looked up at h "Grampa Czar, I'm hungry."

"Well, sure. So am I. We'll go back to the h and have a fine lunch. Rock crab and ice crea

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



New deodorant preferred by 7 out of 10 women!

ban® rolls on protection that stays on!

More effective than messy creams*, easier to apply than drippy sprays! Not a crumbly stick!

Stops odor—checks perspiration round the clock!

- ✓ Won't irritate normal skin!
- ✓ Won't harm delicate fabrics!
- ✓ No mess, no drip, no waste!
- ✓ Exclusive patented applicator can't clog or freeze!
- ✓ Rolls on just the right amount!



*IN A SURVEY AGAINST THE LEADING CREAM DEODORANT, 7 OUT OF 10 PREFERRED BAN.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

She jumped from the chair, shook herself like a puppy. "I don't want to have lunch at the hotel. I want to have lunch down by the water at that place where the vegetables are all spread out, like a garden. And the Japanese sprinkle them with watering cans. And we can eat those tiny shrimps out of a paper bag."

She was startled by the whoop of laughter from the men. "Czar, you sure picked yourself a girl won't break you," Dave Husack shouted.

Her hand in Czar's, they walked down to the water front, and to the color and sound and delicious smells of mingled fruits and vegetables and berries and coffee and crullers and cheese and fish and apple pie and flowers of the Farmers' Market.

"I didn't like those men," she said. "Where we were."

"Why not?"

Something warned her not to reveal what she had heard. "They aren't like the people in Baranof."

Triumphantly he said, "That's just it. That's why I brought you with me to Seattle. I want you to get used to the way people act Outside. When you get older you're going to school Outside. Here, maybe. Listen to me, Christine. You're going to come into money someday. Big money. People are going to try to take it away from you, but you'll be too smart for them. I want you to know what it's good for and how to handle it."

"I know what it's good for and how to handle it, too," the child announced, with pride. "When I go to the Nugget Drugstore fo chocolate-nut bar I give the man cents and then he gives me a cho late bar."

"Chocolate bars!" But then he flected aloud, cannily, "Well, tha God, everything'll be in trust."

The United States Army ba sprang up, and the crystal Alaska was torn by the screeching and thu dering of fighter and bomber plan Young men wrapped in white pranksters on Halloween stepped f ward to the open doorway of a pl high in the sky, and at a given w they stepped out into nothing, kno ing that life depended on the jerki of a cord that might whimsically fuse to respond to the pull. Like gr snowflakes, they drifted down out the sky. Beneath the white coveri they bore lethal weapons that w no part of a prankster's equipme and in their heads was knowledge how one might survive for a br time on a terrain which ordinarily c not warrant human survival.

One would have thought that e perience such as this would ha bred in these men a deep distaste f the wild, relentless north country. curious thing happened. Scores them who had frozen and sweated the numbing cold and the clam heat of the Arctic mountains a tundras and forests and waters n with their G.I. college rights in th pockets, elected to come back to g an education at Baranof College.

They added fresh life to the town Baranof. Some of them stayed a became Alaskans. Army bases ring the town. Gay-hued private cars a drab Army cars and trucks swarm the pavements and pretty you mothers and vigorous young men a perambulators and strollers and to dlers imparted to Gold Street a virili that hit you with the impact of a blo

Girls began to arrive from ever where. Again they were following t men into Alaska, but they were not all like those girls who had come the turn of the century. They look terribly young as they stepped off t plane into the icy airport in the i adequate pale blue coat and the litt high-heeled pumps, hatless, the pret dress belling out over the bouffa nylon petticoat.

No one in Baranof quite knew ho Bridie Ballantyne had become u official welcomer, chaperon, witne arranger and matron of honor for these girls. Perhaps, in the beginnin one of the Air Force men or one the construction workers had sa "Uh, Mrs. Ballantyne, I'm going be married day after tomorrow, thought you'd like to know, you be mighty nice to me getting me a quainted round. I'm having son trouble getting her a place to st overnight, she's coming in on t noon plane from Seattle tomorrow.

The girl on the plane had kept h hair in pins until the last possib moment and had then rushed to t lavatory to unpin the curls that spra in lovely tendrils to frame the flushe or pale face, the heart hammering s that it was hard to tell which w heartbeat and which the throbbing the great plane's engines. She put h hand to her breast where his A Force ring hung suspended by a sle der gold chain. Her face was presse against the window; as the pla taxied in, her eyes searched the figur at the airport gate. There he was, an beside him a white-haired woman wh looked a little like her mother, onl more smartly dressed.

There had arrived dozens—scores- hundreds of these in Baranof in th past few years. Now Bridie met th

PETER LAWFORD, STAR OF NBC-TV's "THE THIN MAN"



"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today—with pure, sparkling Halo.



HALO *glorifies as it cleans*

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ne whenever asked. It became one of her ny projects and, urged by Thor Storm and Barnetts, the town finally voted her a tiny ury for the work.

Now she had an impromptu sort of office a remote corner of the Ice Palace lobby. desk was a ramshackle affair salvaged en the Miners' National Bank next door nt in for modern decoration. Daily Bridie at this desk for hours, while over its time-rred top passed such tales of romance, fail-, nostalgia, love unrequited, love fulfilled, es, despair as would have staggered any pient less sturdy than Bridie.

nevitably Chris Storm was drawn into this hazard project. She found herself repeat-y acting the role of bridesmaid at the wed-g of two people she never before had laid s on. Chris' first wedding was that of Paul nett and Addie. Addie was twenty-six en she arrived in Baranof for her wedding, to the seventeen-year-old Christine she med middle-aged, or almost. A college . Majored in journalism, had run the col-paper, and had even had a year of gen-l reporting on a Boston daily.

t was at the Barnett wedding that Chris-Storm met Ross Guildenstern for the t time. It might have been considered a ner odd little wedding party in any place Alaska. Besides the bridegroom there e Bridie Ballantyne, matron of honor; or Storm, Barnett's boss; Christine Storm, desmaid; Ross Guildenstern, groomsman. Chris looked at the young half-breed Es-o without designating him as a young half-ed Eskimo. She merely thought that he was rmously attractive and that this might be only in contrast with the other males of the wedding party. Paul Barnett, tall, loose-jointed. Grampa Thor Storm, impressive but an ancient in the eyes of the girl of seventeen.

When the energetic, red-haired Addie descended the plane steps Chris thought her rather plain and old for a bride. Then Addie had smiled and called out, "I never saw anything so dazzling in my life!"

"Who? Me?" Paul Barnett asked.

"Certainly not. The scenery between Juneau and here."

She stood looking up at him a moment, he down at her, with a sudden terrible shyness. Then she stood on tiptoe, he bent to her, his arms went round her.

"Scenery!" Bridie said. "Well, that's more like it."

The young bride seemed to find nothing extraordinary in the wedding attendants: the elderly man and woman, the girl of seventeen, the handsome olive-skinned young man. An hour later she was Mrs. Paul Barnett, properly married in church by the Reverend (Flying Missionary) Mead Haskell. The little group had scarcely reached the vestibule when Addie said, "I'd like to see the Northern Light office."

"Not now, for the love of heaven, girl!" Bridie, the romantic, was outraged. "We're having the wedding lunch at Nick's Caribou. Thor here is giving it, wine and all."

"Afterward then?"

Gently Thor said, "Perhaps lunch first would be the thing. And then the office. Don't expect anything like your Boston plant."

Christine thought this was not at all the way a new bride should behave, but the bridegroom was grinning and shaking his head waggishly.

"Remember what I told you yesterday, Thor? I said you and I would be lucky if we could keep our jobs after Addie came in."

It was not that Addie Barnett lacked the qualities of warmth and affection. Paul Barnett knew this and the others soon learned it. She became a fond and capable wife and mother, but she was a born newspaperwoman. Before the day was finished Addie knew almost as much about Baranof as many others who had lived a full year there. The red hair seemed to send out sparks, the face, plain in repose, was brilliant with animation.

On the drive from the church to the restaurant she sat between her husband and the Reverend Mead Haskell.

"Just Mr. Haskell," he said, in answer to her first question. "Or Mead. We don't do much about titles and forms and ceremony in Alaska. I suppose it's because everybody's working so hard."

Nick had arranged a corner in the vast private banquet room. "It looks like a barn in here, one table. But you don't want 'em all crowding in on you, day like this."

"I'm going to like it here," Addie said. She looked around the table. "I like it already."

"Wait," Ross Guildenstern said, "until the Eskimos boil you in seal oil, and the polar bears gobble you up, and the snow is over the rooftop, and there's nothing to eat but caviar and champagne and Persian melon and tenderloin of beef."

"Are all Eskimo men as handsome as you are?" Addie asked.

"My bride," Paul Barnett said plaintively, "on her wedding day."

The others laughed, but Ross said gravely, "Wait till you see me in my pilot's uniform. Kill you."

It was then that Chris, delighted, said, "I didn't know you were a pilot, Mr. Guildenstern." Suddenly she felt very adult.

"I only fly a freight crate. Maybe someday they'll give me a passenger plane."

"Why not now?" Addie demanded.

He shrugged. "Eskimo, I guess."

"But Guildenstern?" Addie pressed on.

"My father was Danish. But no relation to the gentleman you've met in the book."

On Ross Guildenstern's left temple, just below the hairline, there was a scar. It showed a thin white tracing against the darker skin. Chris looked at it, fascinated. She must ask her grandfather or perhaps Paul Barnett about that scar.

Addie Barnett saved her the trouble. "Is that scar on your temple a war memento?"

"Not really."

Mead Haskell took over. "He's war shy." He glanced round the table. "Tell them the story, Ross."

But he would not. Christine heard it later and remembered it always. So did the others, including Addie. But by that time World War stories were not even back-page news.

It looked almost like a toy, a silver-and-scarlet toy, standing there on the runway, if any unknowing eye had seen it. But it was Alaska winter night. There in the tiny cockpit Ross Guildenstern took it up thirty-two thousand feet, at which point the plastic top blew off as completely as you would chip the top off a soft-boiled egg. With it went his oxygen headpiece and that was his only connection with the mechanical reception of the world below him. But almost before that thought could form he had lost consciousness in the rarefied atmosphere. Consciousness returned as the plane nose-dived toward the earth. Instinctively he knew he must pull the ship up again. The toy was not planned for cruising in a low altitude, the fuel would not last down there. He was safe as long as he could stay high, high.

He pulled the plane up. There. Twenty-five thousand. Now again he lost consciousness. Again he awoke as the plane dived. Now, miraculously, below him in the darkness was the almost imperceptible suggestion of what might be Kinkaid Field. No headphone. No connection. Helpless, he looked down at what might be Kinkaid Field, no gas; helpless, the

NEXT MONTH

HOW TO BECOME A BEAUTY—IN EASY LESSONS

Five young women—career girls and mothers—blossomed from demureness to radiance. Dawn Crowell Norman tells you how, with make-up used correctly, a new hairdo and flattering colors near the face, it was done. "Beauty Workshop Lessons in Make-up."

WHAT DOES QUEEN ELIZABETH SEEK FOR HER SON?

The noisy little nine-year-old who is heir to the British throne has learned to make his own bed, shares a room with eight other boys at Cheam School. He gets 30 cents (2 shillings) spending money weekly and last winter had Asian flu. The queen, never allowed to go to school, wants Prince Charles' education to be quite different from her own. James Brough tells about opposition—within the palace and outside—which she is facing: "Can Queen Elizabeth Protect Her Son's Happiness?"

HOLLYWOOD ISN'T THE WAY YOU THINK IT IS

. . . not for the Beaumonts, at least. Hugh ("Leave It to Beaver") and Kathy, his wife, have three children. Starlet Kathy gave up acting when the first child was born. Hugh, a minister for four years, sometimes substitutes in local pulpits. He starred in 25 films before his current TV role. Meet them at home in "How America Lives."

WHEN MOTHERS HURT A DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE

Is it interference or helpfulness when mothers listen to their married daughters' problems and give advice? Dr. Clifford Adams offers fourteen questions which will tell you, if you have a married daughter, whether you rate as menace or aid in her life. "Making Marriage Work."

ON DIET? DON'T DREAM OF HEARTY DESSERTS. YOU CAN ENJOY THEM.

Actresses, singers, models know how to lose weight but not their dispositions. Peggy Lee, Diana Lynn, Jayne Meadows and others share recipes for delicious beef Stroganoff, Nesselrode parfait and more prize dishes in "Low-Calorie Collector's Items."

THE NIGHT WAS HOLDING ITS BREATH . . .

They walked rapidly. This, Lou realized, was how she had been intended to feel—stared at, recognized, recoiled from. "You're Louise Royce," Sam Ingalls said. "Yes." She looked directly into his grayish eyes. "Is it all coming back to you, Mr. Ingalls?" The new mystery-love story, "The Face of the Tiger," by Ursula Curtis, is complete, condensed, in this issue.

Also "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"; the prettiest dresses and accessories for the summer wardrobe; Dr. Spock's page for mothers; recipes for delicious party dishes to cook, freeze and then serve, and many, many other features, all coming

IN THE JUNE JOURNAL



Because a woman's constipation problems are different

Here's a special laxative for women that regulates without "forcing"

Now, try a new type of laxative! Try Correctol...developed especially for you and your delicate, sensitive system!

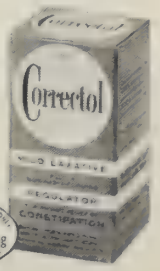
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unseen faces must be turned up toward him, up there dead or alive in the little silver-and-scarlet toy that was dropping so swiftly toward the earth.

In the small hut near the runway, Ground Approval Control repeated, "You're too low! You're too low!" though Ross could not hear him. Ground Control forced himself to resist the impulse to crouch and hug the floor as the toy seemed to skim the hair of his head.

Ross came down almost gently, he put the plane down on the field in the darkness and they came running toward him. He was a bundle, limp but living, as they lifted his body in the clumsy straps and trappings, the face battered and bloody. "Nice work," they said to the unconscious form. "Nothing like a little fresh air while you're working," they said. A month later he was out of the hospital and flying another dainty silver-and-scarlet toy.

Now the real battle for Christine began. She was seventeen; no longer a child, not yet a woman.

"Washington State University is the place for her," Czar said. "I don't want her to go east to school, the way my—the way her mother did."

"What's wrong with Baranof College?" Thor argued.

Bridie, distracted as a hen whose lone chick is being swooped upon by hawks, entered the fray. "Why don't you let the child decide for herself?"

"She hasn't had the experience to decide a thing as important as this," Czar said.

"But she's experienced enough to live in Seattle alone?"

"She won't be alone. Mrs. Husack and Dave and the Caswells and Kleet will be looking after her. By the time she's finished she'll be twenty-one, a woman grown, she'll know how to behave in decent society."

Thor stood up now, the towering frame seemed to take on even greater dimensions, the blue eyes turned strangely dark, but the rosy face was mild, the tone reasoning.

"I'm as much Christine's guardian as you are. You know that. Until she comes of age."

"She's going to Seattle and civilization. She's going around with a lot of mongrels here. And people too old for her. That Guildenstern I hear he's been taking some G.I. course at Baranof, and flying a bush crate."

"That young man," Thor said, "could make a plane singlehanded if he had to, out of oil drums and a T-model Ford."

"They're all natural-born mechanics, I'll say that for them. But that's not saying I'm going to allow my granddaughter to run around with one of them."

Cheerfully Thor chided him. "Are you pretending you've forgotten Christine is part Eskimo herself?"

Always ivory pale, Czar's skin now took on a curious clay color like the waxen skin of the dead. "I know that my daughter married your son. I suppose he was your son. I wish she had died first."

Bridie flung out her arm as though she had been physically struck. "You can't say that in front of me, Czar Kennedy. You're wishing Chris herself dead when you say that, or never born at all. Shame to you!"

Czar ignored her. He was looking at Thor. "I don't know who you are. Fifty years, and I don't know anything about you. Nobody in Alaska does."

"There's nothing to know, Czar."

"Uh-huh. That's why you've kept your life a secret. I'll tell you what I think. You're a criminal. No man hides out unless he's got a good reason for not wanting his face where it can be seen and traced."

"Let me tell you," Thor remarked cheerfully, "hiding is a difficult feat for a man who is six feet four."

A grayish film seemed to come down over Czar Kennedy's eyes. "I'll get detectives. Private detectives. They'll trace you right back if it takes years."

God is love; and the love of husband and wife brings us nearer to the heart of reality, the knowledge of God, than any other experience.

DEAN WILLIAM RALPH INGE

The ruddy giant shook his head sadly. wish I could make you understand why y want to destroy me. I know. Your hatred understandable to me."

"I don't hate you. Though I know, if wasn't for you, my wife would likely be al today and my daughter, too, and I'd proba have other grandchildren. Now listen. I'm ing to make it impossible for you to have a thing to say about my daughter's child. N week I've a man going over to Norway, h track you, fifty years is nothing to him."

Bridie looked at him and saw danger in face, now flushed, that habitually was so c orless. "Now Czar, you'll be sick, a man your age. A stroke, if you're not careful."

He glared at her. "Get out of this, Bric This is between the two of us."

Thor had been silent, his clear blue e fixed on Czar speculatively. Thor said, "Y win, Czar. I'll make a bargain with you. I tell the truth about myself—and you prove it easily—will you credit ten thousa dollars to Christine's account in the Min National Bank?"

"Take me for a fool?"

"It costs money to send men to Cop hagen and Stockholm and Oslo. Cheaper give it to Christine and let me tell you."

"How will I know you're telling the truth

"You will know. From past experience. I will warn you it will sound ridiculous."

"How do you mean—ridiculous?"

"I'll make it brief as possible. You'll w a check now, made out to Christine for thousand dollars. Bridie will hold the ch until I've said what I have to say. If eithe you feels that I'r possible disgrace Christine ——"

"—— then I'll sole guardian," C finished for him.

Thor considered a moment in siler "Yes. With this sec provision: neither you will ever speak what I'm going to you, to Christine, to anyone else." He sm at Bridie. "That's going to be harder for than for Czar here."

"I promise." She raised her right hand.

Czar had taken a checkbook from an in pocket, his pen from another. He wr swiftly. He looked at Thor. "I'll promise, it's for Christine."

Thor said, "The truth is, Czar, I come stock and class that would be called old-fa ioned now, here in modern American Alas I come of the Scandinavian nobility—N wegian as you know; but the Norwegian r family is all mixed up in its history and politics with the Swedish nobility, and Danish especially."

"Nobility?" Czar repeated the word though not quite hearing.

"I was nowhere in line for the crow don't mean that. But I was a studen wanted only to study and know. Every knew that Oscar would resign in time ——"

"Oscar?"

"The king. But of course he wasn't a N wegian, he was a Dane, and then when he up the crown, Haakon came in—anot Dane—and his wife, Queen Maud, was E lish, the youngest daughter of Edward of E land. By that time I had gone, and well ou it. I was to have married a Danish ——"

"—— princess!" Bridie yelped.

"I don't believe a word of it," Czar s

Thor said, "My papers are in the bank in Seattle. They've been there for years years. You can see them. I want you t Smiling, he turned to Bridie. "No, Bridie dear, she wasn't a princess, though she princess now, if she's still alive, which I th she isn't."

Almost—but not quite—defeated, C put a last question. "If it's true—and I d swallow it—what do you want here? W are you doing here?"

"I've lived the life I wanted to live. earned my living as you know, fishing in summer season, trapping in the winter; read and learned. And I've written. I've pu

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

all down, year after year. Maybe no one will ever read it. The history of this Alaska."

Czar stood up, his hands in his pockets, he began to pace the room. Suddenly: "Christine know this? Any of it?"

"No, no! I told you that. That's the bargain."

"What would her—uh—her title be?"

"Nothing."

"She's the daughter of a fella whose father is supposed to be a—well, anyway, was ——"

"You see how foolish it sounds! Counts are passé and barons and kings and queens and princesses."

But Czar was not listening. Almost wistfully he mused aloud, "I'd have liked Christine to be a—what was it?—a ——"

"She isn't. If you repeat any of this I'll deny it. What a snob you are, Czar! You pretend to be plain and simple. You love power and position."

"You two," Bridie commanded, "stop calling each other names and get practical. It was Chris' schooling started this, so let's go back to it. I'm holding this check for ten thousand, Czar. I guess you don't think what Thor's been telling us is a disgrace, exactly. Well, then?"

"Let's have her in," Thor said. "It's her education, it's her life."

When the girl came in she looked from one to the other. "I decided long ago. I'm going to Baranof two years and then to the University of Washington two years. I put in my application long ago, Ross told me you have to, with all those G.I. rights ——"

"Learn you, I hope," Bridie said to the two silent men. "She's grown up."

She was seventeen. It was June. Three months of Arctic summer, three months of daylight twenty-four hours around the clock before the wintry autumn came; the autumn of her freshman year at Baranof College. The rapier rays of the constant sun forced every growing thing into fabulous maturity. month ago there was ice on the rivers a lakes and inlets. Now they were merry with t shouts of swimmers. The cabbages, the ros the rhubarb, the delphinium seemed to spri overnight (or overday) from seed or bulb full-grown product. Christine Storm, too, those blindingly brilliant months, emerg from the chrysalis of girlhood into woma hood.

"In a way," Thor had said that first week June, "these next two years belong to me, far as Chris' education is concerned. In way."

A strange pair—the massive old man a the lovely young girl—as they traveled t next two years up and down this glittering most mythical world of the Arctic. Sometim Bridie joined them, a vivacious and galla third in her modish clothes that defied col discomfort and occasional danger.

Chris was as stuffed with Alaska lore as Strasbourg goose is with grain. They travel by plane—single-, twin- and four-engi planes. They traveled by dog sled. They ev used trains once or twice.

At the close of the first college year h friends said, "What are you going to do th summer, Chris?" They had plans for a sur mer at the lake cottage, a trip to McKinl Park, a job at Cramer's Curio Mart.

"I'm going salmon fishing with my Gram Storm."

"Just you and your grandfather?" th asked incredulously. They felt sorry for her.

Out with Thor on his boat, she felt so for them. Here she was, gay and yet relax She could not account for it, she did not t She would turn on the radio and now a then something would come through- squawk of news, a crooner's whine. She was and out, buffeted by the cold wind, soothed the cabin's coffee-scented warmth.

"I feel as if I were floating in a vacuum she said.

"You're afloat all right," Thor said. hope."

"Are we going to Oogruk this summer?"

"Depends."

"Ross Guildenstern said that if he knew th date ahead of time he might wangle things as to pilot us."

He looked at her thoughtfully. "Perha we'll put it off until next year."

"Oh, no!"

"Why are you so crazy about Oogruk all a sudden?"

"I've always wanted to see it. It sounds fa cinating." Then, naïvely, "Ross Guildenste was born there. He knows everybody Oogruk."

"That would make it more interesting," I said rather flatly. "Of course I know Oogr pretty well." He was silent. She waite "We'll see."

Seattle said that Bayard Husack hadn't a justed. They did not phrase it that way. Seattle put it, "That young Husack—Ba they call him—hasn't taken hold since he ca home."

He had returned from the war in late 194 handsomer than ever, feminine Seattle agree And not a scratch on him, male Seattle adde But six years had gone by, he was thirty-or and whatever it was that he had been su posed to take hold of had eluded him.

Bay's mother said to Dave Husack, in d fense of their son, "He'll take hold in time."

Louise Husack loved her son blindly, a believed this. Dave Husack loved his son, wi reservations, and rejected this.

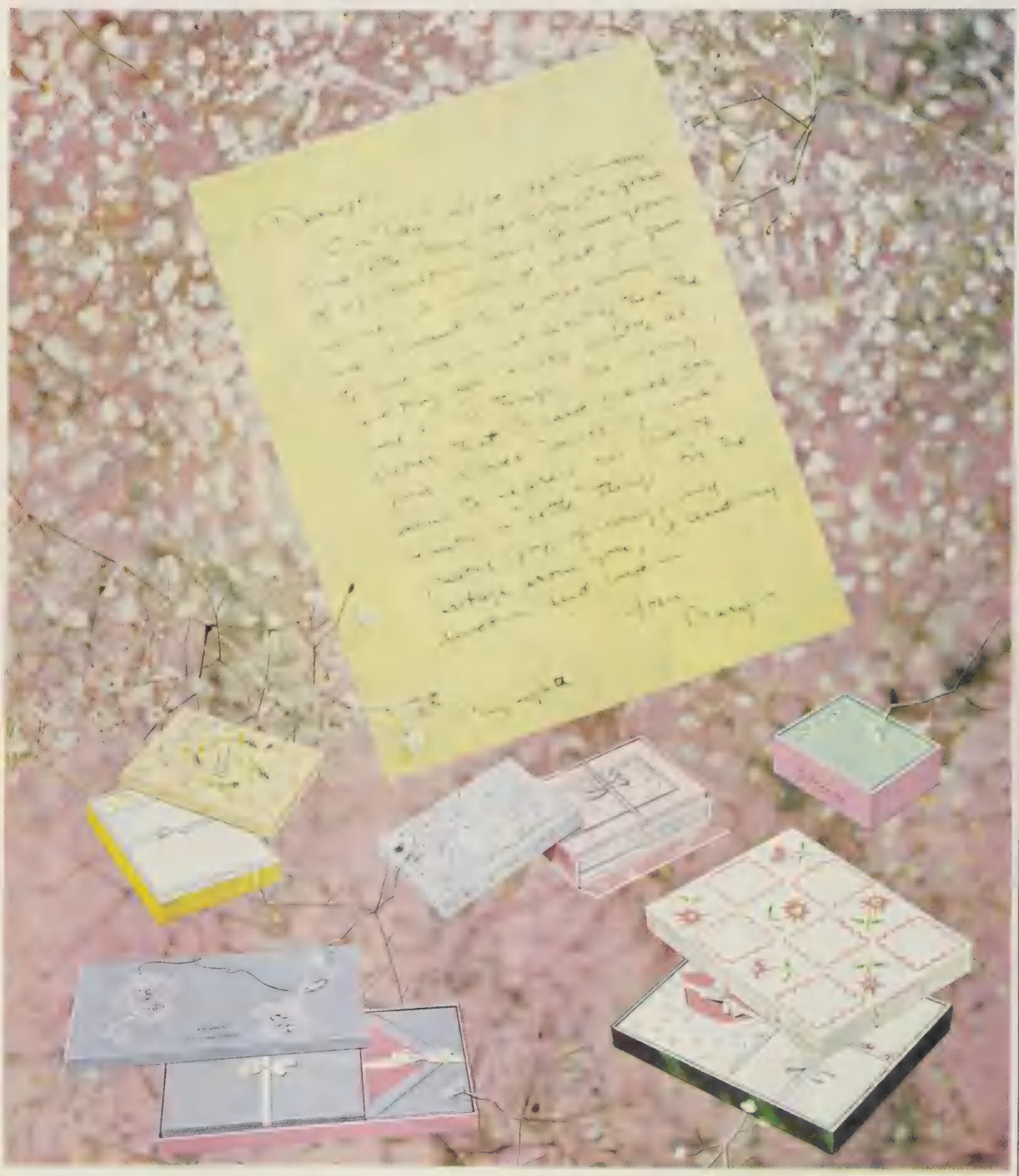
"Time! He's been playing around for s years now."

"He's at the office every day."

"Two hours for lunch. When I say I wa him to go to Alaska for a few weeks, lea something about where all that dough com from he spends on cars and boats and stuff, says, 'No, thank you very much,' as if I made a joke."

Whenever Dave took these matters up wi his son, Bay listened in a polite but detach way which infuriated the older man. Dav seated at his office desk, at the end of the d glared at his son.

"What do you want, anyway?"



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t a thing, dad."
u ought to be married by now and
vo or three kids and be in shape to run
siness—if necessary. Which," he added
, glancing down at himself, "it isn't. But
loesn't interest you, as a job, what does?
it. What would you like to do?"
handsome head did not turn away from
ndow. "I just told you. Not a thing. I
ought to say I've been wanting to write
, or go into politics, or take up ranch-
his business is all right; it's legitimate
ccessful, but there's no gamble in it, no
for error. It's like a bullfight. No mat-
v much he paws the ground and bellows,
dead bull before he sets foot in the ring.
s all that fish and timber and metal
uff in Alaska, but no matter how much
ing and the rest of them roar, it's all
I guess I'm just not interested in being
ghter. I'm more the audience type."
e Husack's face was dangerously em-
d. "If you don't like money ——"
o. I haven't said I didn't. I think it's
I'm just not interested in the art of get-
. I don't even feel guilty about it, the
lot of rich men's sons do. I'm no second
d generation Rockefeller or Lamont or
all Field. I think money's fine."
e Husack's voice started low because
as if he were choking, but it rose triumph-
y in volume. "Why, you skunk, I've a
otion to sock you, big as you are. You
contemptible ——"
re was a sharp rap at the door. It
d.
me in," Bay called.
y out!" Dave yelled. The door opened
now, and Dina
entered.
ey can hear you
as far as the
floor. There's
a crowd in the
standing there
the elevators
"
u keep out of
ill you!" Dave
.
ignored this. "Will one of you battlers
ne home? I mean home to your house.
r is busted and I promised Aunt Louise
the place cards and the flowers for the
party."
e's face was contorted with inner con-
Dinner party. I'm not going to any din-
rty."
s you are, Uncle Dave." She placed a
of papers on his desk. "And sign these."
aced a pen beside the papers. He seated
f heavily, he began to scrawl his signa-
s she picked up each sheet. "Drive me
Bay?"
hy not?" Bay said.
n't gush," she retorted.
e Husack did not look up as his hand
l jerkily across paper after paper. "I'll go
with you. Call Emilio and tell him not
e for me."
minutes later the three were seated side
le in Bay's car. Any casual observer
have seen three extraordinarily hand-
people, relaxed, pleasure-bound. The
at between the two men, her knee
d Bay's lightly, Dave's knee pressed
eavily, the three had in common one
Seething frustration.

a Drake was the Husacks' official pro-
everyone in Seattle knew this. "She's
daughter to them," they had said in the
ning, because this was Louise Husack's
ted phrase. "She's like a daughter to us,
ouldn't be dearer if she was our own. Of
e her mother and I were brought up al-
like sisters in Kansas City. She married
enenhauer and they stayed right there in
as City to the day they died in that awful
. Dina was in Hollywood—her real name
Dorothy Bienenhauer but she changed it
na Drake when she wanted to get into
es. They didn't appreciate her in pic-
I don't know why, with her lovely looks
ll, but I guess it's all having pull, or
. We kept in touch after the tragedy, she
's called me Aunt Louise when she wrote.
when she kept writing how tired she was,
and lonely, I asked her to come here and pay us a visit. And now I don't know what we'd do without her. We fixed her up with a little apartment of her own and Dave got her to take a kind of secretarial course, and then after my little illness—it wasn't really a stroke—Dina began to kind of help out—pinch hitting, Dave calls it—for me as hostess here at the house. She's like a social secretary and a business secretary and a daughter all rolled into one. She's always there ready to pitch in and help. Dina's close-mouthed too. Sometimes I think maybe too close-mouthed. She never told me she'd been married in Hollywood, it only came out when the fellow was killed in a car crash just like her mother and father's, it's as if she was haunted by tragedy. I hope not. She doesn't complain. Dina's no relation, but I always say she's like a daughter to us."

In the past year Louise Husack had ceased to repeat this oft-told tale. In the past year or two Seattle's eyebrows had gone higher and higher until they threatened the very hairline. Bay Husack was the most eligible bachelor in Seattle. Dina Drake may have been sweetness and light to the Husack household, but she rather antagonized the matrons and daughters and even the sons of the Husacks' social set.

She was, they admitted, lovely-looking. She had enormous natural style. She did not make an effort to be more than barely polite to them. For this she had two reasons. She was concentrating with all her charm, energy, intelligence and ambition on Bay Husack. And she was scared to death of the memory of those months in Hollywood when she had known such insecurity and fear and cruelty as to mark her for life.

So now she spent some hours weekly at the Husack offices. She was on hand to take visiting big-business wives shopping or touring the city. She supervised Louise Husack's dinner and luncheon parties. Sometimes Dina even accompanied Dave on his business trips, now that Louise was more or less incapacitated. No one but Dina and Dave knew how pure in deed, at least, these business trips were. Dina was completely determined and relentless. Security was what she wanted and would have; she wanted no frolic in a big, uninquisitive, luxurious chain-hotel suite.

If Dina, in her secretarial capacity, accompanied Dave on one of these west-east business trips, Dave always returned with a lavish gift for his semi-invalid wife.

"Brought you a little trinket, Lou," he would say. "Dina helped me pick it out. I'm scared of those saleswomen; they could sell me anything, but not Dina. She knows."

The gift might be jewelry, a mink wrap, a cashmere coat soft as cream, lingerie, even occasionally a dress.

"Why, Dave!" Louise would exclaim as she lifted the treasure from its velvet or satin or tissue cocoon. "It's lovely, just perfectly exquisite!" A week, two weeks, perhaps a month would go by. There would be a secret session between Louise and her protégée. "Dina dear, I don't want to hurt Mr. Husack's feelings," she said then, "or yours either, goodness knows, because you helped him pick it out, but I've got no use for these things. White mink." She held it up, she shook it smartly so that the glistening hairs sprang to still more luxuriant profusion. "How would I look in a white mink cape!"

"Why, Aunt Louise, that fur looks lovely against your skin."

She was not altogether without humor, Louise. "Thanks, dear, but the important thing is, how does my skin look against that fur?" She laughed ruefully at her own joke.

In another week or thereabouts, Louise would venture, tentatively, to shift the gift to a more vernal background.

"David, I just love that mink stole"—or sapphire-and-diamond clip, or alligator bag or French lingerie—"but honestly, maybe it's my imagination, but I think it isn't right for me, beautiful as it is. Maybe Dina could wear them or exchange them . . . white mink with her black hair . . . all that jewelry in the bank vault. I don't wear half of it, it just stays there . . . Dina wears those slinky black dresses so much, a good clip just sets the whole thing off."

To her friends Louise would say, "David brings me the craziest extravagant presents, I can't make him stop. . . . Dina dear, show Mrs. Ballinger the new fur piece. . . . There, doesn't she look lovely! I tell David he can imagine I'm wearing it, kind of by proxy."

"And what does he say?" Mrs. Ballinger asked with awful composure.

"Oh, he laughs."

"I bet," said Mrs. Ballinger, biting off the two words, with a look at Dina.

It was the growing opinion that somebody ought to wise up Louise. No one cared to assume this delicate mission.

"Hard as nails, that girl," they said. "But Joe says there's absolutely nothing between her and old Dave. Joe as good as put it to him. Not in so many words, I don't mean. But roundabout, and Dave told him confidentially that Bay and the girl were practically engaged. He said nothing could make him and Louise happier, Dina was like a daughter to them and had been ever since she came. Well, figure it out. I can't."

Too much idleness, I have observed, fills up a man's time much more completely, and leaves him less his own master, than any sort of employment whatsoever. EDMUND BURKE







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PERFUME BY
LENTHÉRIC

Sometimes the quietly cynical and observant Bayard Husack thought he, too, could not figure it out. Dina pursued him with the relentlessness of a prey-stalking tigress. Her little apartment was the convenient background for their occasional love-making, but Bay never had said to her, "I love you."

Now Dave Husack and Bayard, his son, and Dina Drake sat in the oversized sports car. The Husacks had stayed up on the Hill overlooking the bay and Puget Sound. Family after family moved to outlying districts, but Dave's house had been his first substantial proof of stupendous financial success. It was a beloved symbol necessary to his self-sustenance. Of its ugly old-fashioned, comfortable and overstuffed kind, it was perfection.

Louise Husack came toward them as the three entered the hallway that had the dimensions of an assembly room. Her face was alight and eager like that of a child or a lonely woman.

"Well, I didn't know what had happened to you. I want to show you something, David; you too, Bay. Guess who's coming here to school at Washington U. next autumn: Czar Kennedy's granddaughter! Here's his letter. I'd like to write him I'd just as soon she'd come and stay right here with us. It certainly would be lovely to have a young girl around the house."

"Hey, mom," Bay said. "Just hold everything. We don't want a kid around the house."

"He sent a picture of her. Look. She isn't a kid. She's grown up."

Dina Drake, on her way to the dining room, turned and joined the three. "In a parka, I'll bet."

But she wasn't. "Say!" Bay exclaimed.

"I remember," Dave said. "Nice little kid. I saw her once when Czar brought her along for a meeting or something. Bright yellow hair. And the blackest eyes."

Dina said, "Do you think she'll stay with you?"

Louise Husack referred again to the letter in her hand. "It says here, no. Czar's letter says in the college dormitory—college rules—and she likes to be independent."

As she and Thor stood at the Baranof airport awaiting their plane's flight announcement, Chris saw him as he swiftly crossed the strip and ran up the loading stairway.

"There's Ross," she exclaimed. "He did get the run." She turned to Bridie, who had just bustled up to join them. "Ross is going to pilot us as far as Oogruk. Isn't it wonderful!"

Bridie Ballantyne jerked her hat forward and settled her shoulders. "Maybe, if he keeps on flying. When I'm on a plane I don't want any pilot to be giving a floor show, visiting around and explaining the scenery. Let them fly the plane and I'll find my own scenery."

The twin-engine plane was an ancient but respectable DC-3. As Thor and Bridie and Chris entered they saw, without thinking it at all remarkable, that the seats had been removed along one entire side. This space was packed with the frozen skinned carcasses of moose mingling affably with the chilled passengers across the aisle.

To offset this slight informality, the old plane asserted her social position by equipping herself with the young and pretty stewardess Gerda Lindstrom, garnished with a manicure, a recent coiffure and a figure-following blue uniform; a pilot and a copilot; snacks served at practically all hours; somewhat cracked loud-speaker dissertations on the weather.

It was too early for the tourist tide. The plane was less than half filled. There were a handful of construction workers, a half dozen young men in Army uniform, and a middle-aged couple with apprehensive faces.

"I'm going to help Gerda with the coffee," Bridie announced and bustled off. "She never gets it hot enough, anyway."

Two of the young Army men were already asleep. While the plane soared over the wastes of this incredible landscape their faces in repose under the pitiless scrutiny of the brilliant Arctic light were as unmarked, as defenseless as the faces of children.

The middle-aged man in the eyeglasses and the Basque beret had been padding up and down the aisle peering through every window except that which belonged to his own seat. He now stopped beside Chris and Thor.

"How do you do, sir," he said.

Thor cheerfully returned the greeting as one who, for fifty years, has been addressed by strangers.

"You made this trip before?" the man asked.

"Yes. Many times."

"Is that right!" He seemed relieved. He raised his voice to address the woman of the flowered hat. "Irma, this gentleman has made this trip a lot of times." He turned again to Thor. "All right, is it? I mean, this plane——"

"You can relax and enjoy every minute of the trip," Thor assured him. "The record of this line is just about perfect. And the land around here is what they call permafrost ground. It's frozen all the year round. You can put a plane down on it anywhere, any time."

"Say! I wouldn't want to do that." Uneasily he looked out at the formidable landscape. "You live around here?"

"I live in Baranof."

The man extended his hand. "Polar is my name. Alwin Polar. My wife Irma back of you there."

"Storm. Thor Storm. This is my granddaughter, Christine Storm."

"Happy to make your acquaintance," the man said. "We played Juneau, Anchorage and Baranof, so that makes us old sourdoughs, I tell Irma. The Roller Polars, our act is called. We do an act on roller skates, so the title isn't only catchy, it describes the act."

"No!" Thor exclaimed, stunned.

"We've toned it down a little the last few years. I don't whirl Irma by the heels any more like I used to; you could do that those days when you had a real stage you could work on. Nowadays those night-club little stages, they're like a postage stamp."

Bridie minced precariously up the aisle, a laden paper plate in either hand. Thor stood up. "Bridie, give one of those to Mrs. Polar there, will you? And you keep the other and sit down beside her. She's never taken this trip before. Mr. Polar and I are going to have a chat in one of those vacant seats."

For the first time in her life, perhaps, Christine felt deserted. She stared out the window at the blue-and-crystal universe. Bridie's voice chattering through the beat of the engines was like a piccolo note through drumbeats. C tine closed her eyes. She must have slept a Someone sat in the seat beside her, she op her eyes instantly. It was only Bridie.

"Those two," she confided. "They've the most interesting life. They're thea people, would you think to look at t They used to be in vaudeville."

The forward door opened, Ross Gui stern came through. "Hi, Mr. Storm, hi, Ballantyne." He looked at Christine. want to come up front, take over the co for a while?"

"No, she don't!" Bridie trumpeted. "I off if she does." They laughed agreeab this timeworn joke. Bridie went on. "You to chat with us, wait till we all get to Oogr

"That's what I wanted to know." He wa looking at Chris. "Where you going to

"The Trading Post," Chris said. "Is right, grampa?"

"Yes," Thor said. "Raffsky's Tra Post."

"It sounds rough," Chris said hap "and like old sourdough days."

Thor and Ross broke into shouts of la ter.

"What's so funny?" Chris demanded.

"You'll see," Ross said. "Look. Aft drop you people at Oogruk I have to these boys on up. I'll be back tomorrow n ing, or maybe even late tonight. I've wa it so I can stay a day and another night a you up to Barrow on the Wednesday ru love to show you Oogruk and Barrow I've got cousins all over the place, my g mother lives in Oogruk. Of course if y got other plans——"

"I just want Christine to see somethi this part of Alaska," Thor was saying. tember will be the end of it for two yea Christine."

Bridie began to fidget, she tucked blanket tighter and, leaning back, shut eyes.

Ross grinned. "I'm going, Mrs. Ballant But everything's under control, really. copilot's up front."

Bridie's eyes flashed open a second, cl again. "If he was as good as you are he' pilot. Nobody ever sold me a substitute. I at those peaks; we just missed that one.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81



"Fifteen years we've been married and suddenly I realize I don't know you at all."



Maybe that's how you know it's real...

I was in and out of love a couple of times before I met Jim . . . at least I thought I was.

But this time everything is different. Poems about love don't seem silly anymore, and songs I've known and sung all my life suddenly have new meaning for me.

From the moment I met Jim, I found myself wanting to make *him* happy...to do the things *he* enjoyed. Then, before we knew it, we were adding up our dreams of what a home should be like.

Oh, we didn't always agree on little things. But on important things we saw eye to eye. Nothing second best. A few good pieces of furniture. Real, solid silver—International Sterling, because we believe every home should start with a possession that is precious and imperishable.

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Send for your double-duty beach bag! A waterproof bag to carry your suit, towel and talc! And you can blow it up to make a pillow for lazing in the sun. A fabulous value at only 50¢ (incl. Fed. excise tax) plus sales slip from your purchase of Cashmere Bouquet talcum powder. Send to Pillow Bag, P. O. Box 888, New York 17, N. Y.



It's like climbing right into a bouquet, when you feel the cool, petal-soft touch of Cashmere Bouquet talc! Smooth it all over—and there you are—all pampered and perfumed with a Spring-fresh fragrance! Use it after every bath.



Give your face powder a luminous look! Sprinkle a little Cashmere Bouquet talc right into your powder. The imported talc in Cashmere Bouquet is extra-silky and has a lovely luminosity—gives your powder a sparkling lift!



Cashmere Bouquet TALCUM POWDER

The fragrance men love

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

Watch for the sea," he said. He was off, he slt the cockpit door, disappeared.

he interior of the plane was colder now. T cold seemed to cut through the closed dor, the windows, the floor boards. "Might a vell be flying in a sieve," Bridie said.

Gerda Lindstrom was entertaining the n nt-club entertainers. "—— and the word E imo means Man Who Eats Sea Animals, tly say. . . . Oh, yes, they still go whaling in sn boats, but things have changed, nowadays s metimes they just step into a little bush p ne, set it down on an ice floe, harpoon a w le and fly back the same day. . . . No, we d n't fly over the North Pole ——"

Christine touched Bridie's arm. "Bridie, I th k we're beginning to come down. My ea s."

Gerda Lindstrom ceased being the hostess. H voice took on the tone of stewardess authority: "Fasten your seat belts, please, we be in Oogruk in about ten minutes. Fasten ur seat belts, please."

There were a few young Eskimo loungers at airstrip waiting to see the plane from Baranof come in. Oogruk did not boast an airt building. The little one-street Eskimo lage squatted on the shores of Bering Strait. Oogruk never had seen a train. Oogruk boasted automobile only. Oogruk traveled by dog l or by airplane.

n the clear air the little wooden houses a e distant were dark dots on the gray of ice l land. A station wagon awaited the passengers.

Standing apart with two local airplane-mpany employees, Ross Guildenstern was cking his papers. Luggage was being unded. A slim young man stepped out of the repit station wagon.

Ross, glancing up, saw him. "Hi, Norman! re, let me help with those." Wordless, the ng man lifted a palm in greeting. "Mrs. llantyne, this is Norman Raffsky—Mrs. idie Ballantyne . . . Miss Christine Storm." Thor Storm joined the group. "Hello, Norn, my boy. There are two more passengers; y're not staying at your place, they're going the Airline House."

Norman transferred himself to the driver's t. The Roller Polars, breathless, scrambled o the back. Bridie and Christine already re seated. Thor climbed in beside Norman ffsky.

Ross stuck his head in at the window which Chris sat. "I'll be back tomorrow, e, and maybe late today if I push it."

The car started with a series of convulsive ks, then they were off in a roar that subed into a succession of snorts.

They were nearing the huddle of houses and acks, they skirted the shore. "Say," Alwin lar quavered from the rear seat, "this sure oks like the end of the world."

"Wait till you see Barrow," Thor shouted ck, "you'll think this is Chicago."

But the others were not listening. Their es were stamped with a look of bewilderent. The station wagon seemed to be standg still. The world was rushing by. "Wait a nute!" Bridie yelled. "What's happening?" Gently Thor said, "Stop a minute, Norman, ll you?" The station wagon shivered to a ndstill. The world rushed by even faster n before. They were on the beach path, d Thor pointed toward the ice-packed ter.

"Why, Bridie! And you, too, Chris. You ght to know. You've seen the spring eakup often enough. Here it's later and bigr and swifter. That's the ice going out. It's shing down from the Arctic to the Bering a. Did you ever see a current like that? If u were to hop one of those big ice plateaus hirling past us there, you'd get a free ride to ome in no time—if you stayed on."

Norman Raffsky started the car again, it aped into the air like a bronco spurred. The r rounded a slight curve and stopped before neat white-painted two-story building. In rge black letters the sign on the front read:

RAFFSKY'S HOTEL
AND
TRADING POST

"But it isn't a trading post at all!" Chris protested. "It's as big as the Pole Star Hotel back home and better-looking."

"You sound like a tourist, Christine," Thor said almost crossly.

Bridie stepped out into the blinding late-June sunshine, the icy late-June air. She straightened her hat, wrapped her coat more firmly about her.

The Roller Polars peered through the car window. "I wish we were staying here at this place. We'd rather stay here with you folks."

Norman threw the car into gear. "No room." Then, over his shoulder to Thor, "Back with your bags in a minute." He drove on.

In the doorway of his vast store stood Isador Raffsky, trapper, fur trader, merchant. He had come from his native Poland at seventeen. He knew every infinitesimal Eskimo village in the Arctic. His credit was sound from Point Barrow to New York.

"Thor, my boy!" He, not Thor, the older man, became the patriarch. "Mrs. Ballantyne! After all these years you are here."

Thor spoke with serious formality. "Christine, this is my old friend Isador Raffsky. . . . My granddaughter, Christine Storm. I've brought her up here at last."

Isador Raffsky clasped his hands behind his back, he stood looking at Christine as one would survey critically a painting in a gallery.

Bridie had had enough of this drama. "Now Isador, this isn't the Fourth of July. I want Chris to meet Mrs. Raffsky." She raised her voice to reach a woman who was standing behind the counter in a corner across the store. "Leah, you being high and mighty with me?"

The common people—the toilers, the men of uncommon sense—these have been responsible for nearly all the social-reform measures which the world accepts today. W. E. GLADSTONE

Mrs. Isador Raffsky was wrapping a hunk of Cheddar cheese, two cans of cream-of-mushroom soup, a pound of hamburger and a cellophane sack of hard candies. An Eskimo woman in a red calico baglike garment over her long fur parka picked up the paper sack. An infant was pouched on her back, inside the parka. A boy of two or three walked at her side, another child was palpably on the way. Mrs. Raffsky manipulated the cash register, nodded to the woman with as much manner as she now displayed in greeting Bridie. Bridie seemed more voluble than ever, in contrast.

"My, you haven't changed a bit, Leah. . . . Chris, here's Mrs. Raffsky, wants to say hello to you."

Christine stared, unaware that she was staring. By some inexplicable alchemy of the centuries Leah Raffsky's luminous slanting eyes, her high cheekbones curving down to the delicately sensuous mouth, the carriage, the manner all might have been copied complete from ancient Egyptian royalty. Mrs. Raffsky was totally unaware of this resemblance. Amidst the cheeses, the canned goods, the housewares Mrs. Raffsky was wearing a short boxy lemon-yellow jacket with a small standing collar—it was cut with reticent elegance like a Chinese woman's coat—fine black wool trousers and tiny black flat slippers. Her skin was somewhat warmer than ivory, her black hair was pulled back tightly in a knot at the nape of the neck.

Now she inclined her head and smiled in acknowledgment of the introduction. Christine, to her own discomfiture, found herself babbling a bit. "Mrs. Raffsky, what a wonderful store! I thought it would be wolfskins and mukluks and bacon."

With a gesture Leah Raffsky indicated that they were to follow her. As they ascended the stairs their bags awaited them in a neat row on the landing.

Christine had visualized bunks, prickly gray blankets and oil lamps. The walls of this upper hall, wide and bright, were painted pink. On either side the open doors revealed the neat bedrooms furnished in modern light wood, you glimpsed bedside lamps and pale blue coverlets and flowered chintz.

Leah Raffsky made a little gesture toward this room and that. Bridie took over. "Now, Chris, if you want to take this one—it's the cutest—I'll take that one on the other side. Thor, which one you having?"

Thor was enjoying the look of incredulity on Chris' face. "Any one. They're all too luxurious for me, I'm not used to all this roughing it in the wilds of Alaska." He swung the bags into the bedrooms and clumped down the stairs. When Bridie and Chris turned to speak to Leah Raffsky she had disappeared.

"What goes on here?" Chris demanded.

From the far end of the long bright hall came giggles and high young voices.

"It's the Raffsky girls!" Bridie said. "Come along, Chris." She rushed down the hall; Chris, following, saw her throw her arms about two girls in the doorway at the far end. "Chris, meet the two Raffsky girls, this one's Elinor and this one's Nancy. Whyn't you girls meet us at the airport?"

The Raffsky girls, in features, manner and deportment, were like two nice plump upper Bronx girls you might see having an ice-cream soda at Schrafft's.

"Mamma doesn't like us to go down in the store much, except to help out, of course, when they're busy." Elinor's tone made plain that this arrangement was family battleground. "Or the airport either."

"Something smells elegant!" Bridie called out. She had sauntered into the dining room and then vanished into the kitchen.

"Come on," the two Raffskys said happily, and linked arms with Chris. Friendly, outgoing as they were, Chris decided for a question or two even on such short acquaintance.

"Were you born here—I mean, have you always lived here? . . . Where do you go to school?"

The Misses Raffsky had no secrets from the world. "We're going to school in Baranof next year. . . . I love your dress, did you get it in Baranof or send to Seattle? . . . We've invited some people for dinner tonight to meet you, we love company."

"Tonight!" Chris said doubtfully.

"Ross can't make it back by dinnertime," Nancy said with the aplomb of a mind reader.

"How did you know he had planned to get back?" Startled.

"Oh, everybody in Oogruk knows everything about everybody, it's the mukluk grapevine. There's two girls here from Philadelphia, they're coming for dinner, and their husbands are schoolteachers here. Lowell Aragrook is coming, too, he and his wife. He's in charge of all the Alaska reindeer herds, but he's been fishing for beluga ——"

"Chris!" Bridie called from the kitchen. "Come and see this."

The Raffsky girls propelled her into the kitchen—a kitchen that was modern, metallic and pastel as a Ladies' Home Journal double-page ad.

"Just throw your eye over that, would you," Bridie said. Her gesture, as she indicated a mammoth cake—a Mount McKinley of a cake—amounted to a formal introduction. Iced in pink, with chocolate arabesques and pink flutings, it bore a message, "Welcome Thor and Christine."

"There wasn't room for another name," Nancy explained. "We'll bake another cake tomorrow just for you."

"Tomorrow! There's food enough here to last fifty people a week. You must have every room filled and everybody coming for dinner."

"Roomers! We don't cook for roomers. This is a dinner party for our friends to meet you," Elinor said.

Nancy said, "If there's anything you want, just ask Elinor or me, but now I've got to go and set the table."

Chris said, "Let me help you—that is, I'd like to in just a minute, but first I want to say something to grampa."

She was off down the hall to the stairway. The Tanagralike figure of Leah Raffsky was there at the store counter. She was wrapping a large club of bologna sausage for a waiting Eskimo boy. Male voices and the scent of cigars led Chris to the open door of Isador

Any way she turns...



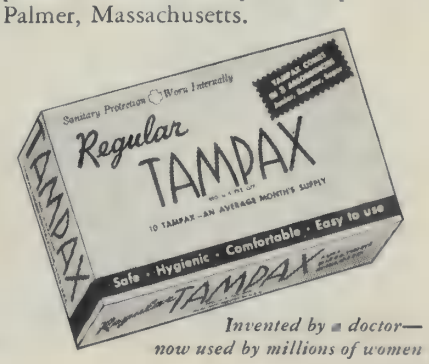
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POISE

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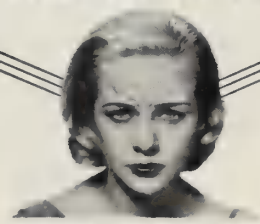
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Raffsky's office. The two men sat smoking, talking.

Thor looked at the girl's puzzled face. "Something you want to know, Christine?"

"Well, you're busy—I thought maybe you'd be just walking around ——"

"If it's about the Raffskys, just ask. Isador'll tell you anything you want to know."

Chris was genuinely embarrassed. "Another time will do."

"Sit down, sit down." Isador indicated a chair by throwing its burden of papers to the floor. "So what you want to know? I came a boy here from Poland, I didn't have a zloty. I ran around on a dog sled, buying the stinking skins from the Eskimos. When I think what I paid them—well, those days it was different in Alaska. But it's over now. My children are going to get an education because it's going to be different. Not like me and Leah had it."

Chris made up her mind to stop this foray into the future. "Mrs. Raffsky?" she ventured.

"What you want to know about Leah?"

"I mean—she's so lovely-looking and—and young—and kind of—well—mysterious."

"Sure she's young. Leah was twenty years younger than me when we were married. Leah's mother was half Eskimo, her father was a missionary. And what do you think he was? A rabbi! Did you ever hear before of such a thing! From Russia. It's a story."

"I've always wondered why they didn't do more proselytizing," Thor mused. "They're so stiff-necked about their religion. Leah's father is the only Jewish missionary I've heard of since Jesus."

Ross Guildenstern had not appeared at dinner. The evening lengthened to nine, to ten o'clock. Dinner finished, the women sat in the big pink sitting room. The men had remained in the dining room.

Chris drifted over to Bridie on the couch. She pitched her voice low for Bridie's ear, but not so low as to be drowned by the constant music of the phonograph.

"What do you suppose they're talking about in there?"

"Alaska."

"Such old-fashioned behavior. I feel like a harem inmate."

Lowell Aragrook, the reindeer herder, was speaking as she glanced again toward the quietly conversational dining room. He was wearing a good navy-blue suit and a bow tie. On entering before dinner Chris had seen his parka just before he took it off. It was of finest seal, bordered with an intricate design in white ermine. She knew the value of these things, the time and labor that went into their making. This was, she knew, a museum piece. Mrs. Aragrook, in the sitting room, was taking absolutely no part in the women's conversation. Amiable, half smiling, she simply sat like a good-natured bronze idol in a good black crepe dress and a good gold brooch and pince-nez.

Oh, dear, what are they talking about in there? Chris wondered. Impulsively she walked into the dining room, pulled up a vacant chair and sat there.

The men stopped talking. "Something you want, Christine?" Thor asked.

"Yes. I want to know what you're talking about."

Only Thor appeared not to be startled by this statement. Bob Shelikov, territorial senator up from Wolverene, became jocular in the political tradition. "You fixing to run for territorial congresswoman, Miss Christine?"

"Not just yet," Chris said, as determinedly jocular as he. "But maybe by the time I'm old enough and know enough it'll be United States congresswoman I can try for."

Bob Shelikov was one of the conservatives who contended that Alaska wasn't ready for statehood. "M'm-m, pretty girl like you will get married and have a family long before that, Miss Christine."

She sensed that Thor was displeased with her. But he answered her question briefly.

"We were talking about something that wouldn't interest women. You've heard it all a hundred times." He turned to the men. "You know Christine was raised by newspaper-publishing grandfathers. So political talk and territorial arguments were her Mother Goose. Uh, let's see. We were talking about Outside labor—you know, you've heard it all. From way up here, Seattle and San Francisco seem far away and not very important. Up here, if you can get a whale or a seal or two, or enough moose or reindeer meat, you're set for the winter. Or it used to be true. So it didn't matter if the big union heads in Seattle wouldn't allow Alaska labor to do Alaska work, and brought in seasonal Outside labor instead, boatloads of them and now planeloads of them. Thousands. And paid them in one lump after they got back Outside at the end of the season. But now it has begun to matter, even up here, and it's going to be more and more important. I've been trying to tell these young men here"—he indicated the two schoolteachers—"that maybe the time has come for a Boston Tea Party right here in Alaska."

A hubbub in the sitting room. "Ross!" shouted the Raffsky girls. He stood in the doorway, he was still in his pilot's uniform.

"Anybody want to see the Eskimo dances?"

Bridie had had enough of the pink sitting room. "Sure do. Where?"

"At the Company Hall down the beach. In about half an hour. I brought some passengers down from Barrow. Look, I've got to change, I'll see you there." He was off down the hall.

EASY DOES IT... OR DOES IT?

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Housekeeping is, say many men,
A snap. There's nothing to it!
They mean, of course,
housekeeping when
Some woman's there to do it.

Half the company decided against joining in this festivity. Bob Shelikov wrapped it up neatly for the negative side when he said, "Anyway, if you've seen one Eskimo dance you've seen 'em all."

Certainly Bridie and Thor had seen these ceremonies countless times.

Thor said now, "Doctor Kramer's showing us through the hospital tomorrow, and you'll want to see the schools, and Father Gilhooley has some magnificent ivory and wood carvings and altar pieces. Then there's the dental clinic too."

"Oh, grampa, let's not be so worthy tomorrow. First thing in the morning, I mean."

"What do you want to do?"

"Just wander around and look at things and talk to people on the beach."

"She means, I suppose," Bridie explained, "that Ross Guildenstern's got some plan to show her around Oogruk. I can't see that it's any different from other Eskimo villages, only bigger."

"He was born here," Chris said defensively. "His grandmother lives here and the aunt and uncle who brought him up after his parents died. He said he wants to show us around tomorrow morning. I don't know why he made such a point of it."

"I do," Bridie said grimly.

"Evidently you two are carrying on some kind of woman warfare that I don't understand. We'll see about half an hour of the dancing. You do exactly what you want to do in the morning."

They were walking down the beach path. They could hear the Eskimo drums now. The door of the Company Hall was open. A group whose ages ranged from six to sixty clustered there. Periodically they were shooed away by someone inside.

"Why don't they let them come in?" Chris wondered.

"Costs a dollar," Thor said, "each. Eskimos don't dance for nothing in the tourist season. They've caught on to civilization, right enough. After the dance has really started they'll let these neighbors slip in free."

Arctic daylight at night streaming through the unshaded windows, combined with the artificial glare of electric bulbs overhead, gave to the room an effect half eerie, half sordid. At the far end of the long room the Eskimo drummers sat cross-legged on the floor, the great flat circles of their walrus-tissue drums spread before them. Their voices rose and fell in a chant timed to the beat of the drums. In the center of the floor a group of men and women—twelve or more—were moving together in a slow mystic dance which each individual dancer seemed, nevertheless, to be performing solo. Though the air of the room was close, the dancers wore fur and hooded parkas ornamented with intricate designs, and only their shifting feet were mukluks. The dancers were not, for the most part, young. A few perhaps were thirty or forty. Others looked seventy or more. Now and then a child would step into the rhythmically moving group.

"Hi!" There to greet them was Ross Guildenstern. He had changed from his pilot's uniform to khaki pants and leather jacket. "How about these seats? All right?"

"Well, say!" boomed a familiar voice. "This is great! How you making out?" It was Alwin Polar of the Roller Polars, with his partner, still in the beflowered hat. She and Bridie greeted each other like long-lost sisters.

Thor took up the impromptu explanation. "Eskimos never used to dance for money. It started as a ceremony, they danced to express themselves. These dances act out a story. Every gesture follows the story the drummers are chanting."

"You mean they're saying something—those men there with the drums?" Polar turned to Ross. "You understand what they're saying? What's it mean?"

Ross was silent a moment. His attention concentrated on the drummers and on the women's chorus seated on the floor behind them; on the stylized postures of the dancers.

Now Ross turned back to the tourists. "It sounds kind of foolish when you tell it, a literal translation. Well, this hunter went out to get food for his wife and his children, they had had no food for days because the man had been pierced weeks before by the tusks of a walrus when the man was on the sea in his kayak. And now as he walked toward the sea he saw a wolf, but as he prepared to kill the wolf the wolf turned into a caribou with antlers and it sped toward the water and as it ran the hunter saw that the antlers were turning into tusks like those of a walrus and he knew then ——" Ross broke off, his smile a little rueful. "Well, you get the idea. Tribal stories never are very interesting."

One of the group from Barrow touched Ross on the shoulder. "Cap, you know how to do those dances? Yourself, I mean."

"Yes, some of them. I used to try to do them when I was a kid. You just follow the story as the singers tell it. This means wolf, see. And this means caribou. And this ——"

He stepped forward then and in a moment he had mingled with the dancers and was indistinguishable from them as they moved and turned and gestured.

The next moment, to Bridie's horror and to her own surprise, Chris, too, stepped forward and joined the dancers. She kept her eyes on the dancer just in front of her, she raised her arm thus, she turned her head thus, she shifted her foot this way, that way. She, too, was almost indistinguishable among the shifting dancers except, perhaps, for the shining gold mass of her hair as her parka hood slipped back to her shoulders and the brilliant shaft of the midnight sun pierced the weather-beaten windows of the little Arctic-village Eskimo hall.

Ross Guildenstern came down the beach path on the run. Nine-thirty in the morning. He had said nine. As he ran, the small fry of Oogruk trailed him like the tail of a meteor.

Bridie and Chris, too, were trailed by a like following. A swarm of black-eyed brown

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

It's a SHORT summer...
make it a BRIGHT one!

SPORTSWEAR BY Jantzen

Surf adds brightness

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yes, even to perfect whiteness)

You'll be seeing yourself so many bright ways this summer, in versatile Jamaica-length shorts with camisole tops, gay overblouses and T-shirts. And now it's so easy to *keep* those whites and colors looking beach-bright. Do it the way that's so wonderful for everything you wash—with Surf, the quality detergent that actually makes white whiter, bright brighter than new! Remember, Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees that Surf will give you the finest results you've ever had from any detergent, or your money back. Watch for savings on Surf at your favorite store.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

skinned boys and girls had somehow sprung out of the earth as the two women had turned into the beach path.

"Hi!" they yelled, as they ran alongside, as they ran ahead, backward, as they trailed. "Hi!" They stared at Christine and Bridie with the embarrassing, inescapable gaze of children. As they ran they pointed and said something that sounded like "Booga."

"What do they mean?" Bridie said.

"Ross could tell us."

"Ross." Bridie rolled the *r* and hissed the double *s*. "He said nine, it's nine-thirty or more now, and he hasn't showed up."

"Booga! Booga!" chanted the children. One of them even tugged at Christine's parka.

Chris bent over. "What do you mean, booga?"

"Hi!" shouted an adult male voice from a distance. Ross came on the run up the beach with a stream of merry impish black-eyed children trailing him.

"I'm sorry. I got an A.C.S. message. I had to go out to the airport. Are the kids bothering you? They're not supposed to do this."

"But they didn't do anything," Chris said. "They were just saying something we didn't understand. Booga, or something like that."

His face cleared. "Beluga. Lowell Aragrook is beaching a couple of big ones. Come on. Come on, kids."

"You're upset about something. There was something in the A.C.S. message."

"Look, Chris, do you think yo could go to Barrow late today inste of starting tomorrow?"

Bridie addressed herself to the wor in general. "He's gone daft."

"I mean you, too, Bridie, of cours And Thor! I wish you would. Othe wise I can't fly you up. I just got g ders. I have to pick up a bunch Nome. You weren't going to st more than a night and a day in Ba row anyway. Then I'd fly you bac here—that is, if you want more tin here in Oogruk."

The two were alone in the midst a ludicrous company. Bridie marchin ahead in the splendor of velvet ar fur and gloves like a parade com mander. Eddying all around them th raggle-taggle sprites.

"Of course I'd love to have yo show us around Oogruk. But if yo can't, you can't. I don't see why you so grim about it."

He laughed then, his face clearin like a child's. "I've made up my mir I'm going to show you Oogruk toda And then Barrow if I can. I'll do it it costs me my job."

"I honestly don't know what's th matter with you, Ross Guildenstern."

"Yes you do."

In the half shelter of a single str of raised canvas on the windy beach pretty girl was bent over a mysterio task. A young Eskimo girl. S glanced up as the little processi came by. "Hi!" she called to them.

"Hi!" Ross called in return. "Brid Stop a minute, will you? Come down here, Chris. I want you to me somebody."

The girl squatting on her heels the beach was wearing modish bla slacks and a tailored red shirt, neat tucked into her belt. On her small fe were white socks and stitched loafe of red leather.

She was expertly cutting up a dea seal with an ulu.

"Joan," Ross said, "this is Mr Ballantyne, up from Baranof. An Christine Storm. . . . My cousin, Joa Kungok."

"I'm happy to meet you," Joa said, and indicated the sharp blood implement in her hand. "Excuse m won't you, for not getting up," sh said politely to the older woman.

"Well, for land's sakes," Bridie ex claimed inadequately.

"How—how wonderful!" Chri said, and meant it. "Do you mind if watch you a minute?"

"Of course not," the girl said. "I'm not very good at it. I've just learne how, really. You ought to see m mother do it, or my grandmother

The instrument in her hand w shaped like an old-fashioned me chopper. Its blade was curved, h hand grasped the handle. With m raculous deftness she held the carca with her left hand while she sliced th thick layer of blubber from the ski It rolled down inside the skin as yo would separate the meat of a melo from the rind.

"What are you going to do wit that?" Bridie demanded.

"Eat it," Joan Kungok said blithely "Next winter. I don't like it any mor but the old people and some of th grownups do. There are lots of way of cooking seal meat. You can eat fresh or salted or dried. The old peopl like to eat the blubber. Maybe that why they didn't die of tuberculos years and years ago, the way so man of us young people do now."

"Hold it, Joan." Smiling down a her, Ross raised an arresting palm "These ladies are Alaskans. The know the score. Mrs. Ballantyne use to be a nurse. Tell her what you'r studying for."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

Right now, Barbara J. contemplates a fashion to wear . . .

Spring...and all Summer Long

The forecast: warmer days and more carefree ones with vacation and weekends away. This to Barbara J. means freedom from wardrobe cares as well. She looks for a fashion with complete simplicity and ease (no intricate washing and ironing problems for her!) . . . a dress to live in and love for every day of the week. The excitement might be in the color, the change of mood in an addition to make or buy.

But that's not all. Barbara wants a whole wardrobe complete, accomplished by one investment alone. Impossible? Not at all. The simplest solution of all: a slim slip of a dress. The additions are small dollar-wise, large fashion-wise, and make it a wardrobe to wear all summer long!

By BET HART

DIANE AND ALLEN ARBUS



Dress	$ 9.95
White jacket	6.95
Drawstring blouse	2.98
Print jacket	3.28
Total	$23.16

Besides a multitude of changes for neckline and waist, Barbara likes "cover-ups" for her new investment. These might end at almost any length. . . .

The tiniest top of all, but not short on importance. A white ribbed cotton matching the fabric of the dress. (It is available with the dress, but sold separately for all of $6.95.) The jacket buttons at the back, the bottom is edged with lace and has a tiny bow at the front.

DRESS AND JACKET, MONA ROSET



Just to the waist, the blouse is shirred and tied there. This one in cotton, a red plaid over white. Sleeveless and a convertible neckline; pretty over Barbara's new red dress. She might also wear the new addition with shorts, a summer skirt. The price to buy, only $2.98.

BLOUSE, JOHN NETZKY



*A jacket to make—and easy to sew. It comes just to the hipline. For it Barbara chooses a gaily printed cotton in pink and red carnations. Pretty enough for a city street, casual enough for a country weekend worn with slacks or a skirt. Vogue "Easy to Make" Design No. 9263.**

DRAWINGS, MARIBETH

At the office, Barbara wears her new dress. She likes the accent of chalk-white jewelry, jet-black patent against the bright red cotton cord. Her black bag and red-and-pink print beret bought in March are also pretty accents for coming and going. The dress, Barbara thinks, could go on for after-work dates as well. She may add a jewel or tie a chiffon scarf at the waistline for a more romantic touch.

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*For back view, sizes and price, see page 87.



Dress by Lanz

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For crisper freshness,
wash to wash!

Into your life for the first time come . . .

Fems

FEMININE NAPKINS





FEMS IS A TRADEMARK OF KIMBERLY-CLARK CORP

For new comfort even when you're active

FEMS are a completely different kind of napkin. They were made to put more comfort into your active, busy days.

FEMS fit better because they're *longer* napkins. They're designed so as not to shift, pull or bind . . . to stay in place no matter how active you are.

FEMS are exquisitely soft. Touch the comfort sheer covering to the inside of your wrist, where your skin is extra sensitive, and you'll realize why FEMS give welcome freedom from chafing, rubbing and other discomforts.

FEMS assure you greater protection than other napkins. Their exclusive safety-cushion guard against bottom and side stains, whether you're sitting, walking or sleeping. Every inch of the napkin . . . covering, as well as inner material . . . is specially constructed to keep surfaces comfortably dry, even during the heaviest menstrual flow.

FEMS cost a little more . . . give you far more comfort and security. FEMS let you feel your best . . . always poised, at ease, sure.

For new comfort in action, switch to FEMS Feminine Napkins.

- **You'll see the difference.** *FEMS' extra length means FEMS fit better, fasten easily, stay comfortably in place.*
- **FEMS' exclusive safety-cushion** *virtually eliminates stains that show through.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

The girl's serious young face became sud-enly brilliant as she smiled up at Bridie. "I'm training at the hospital here."

"Look at that, now! Bless you, child."

One of the small boys who had been peering to the open mouth of the seal now touched e jagged brown teeth with one plump fore-nger. Then he wagged the finger chidingly, Eat too much candy."

Christine's laugh rang out, and Ross', and ridie's. "You darling!" Christine said, and ooped to kiss the top of the child's head.

"Come on, come on, girls." Ross waved em up the beach.

Joan called to them as they left, "I hear owell brought in the first belugas."

The town seemed to be streaming toward e beach. Men, women, children, dogs. The ectricity of excitement was in the air. Ross egan to run, then he remembered and opped back with the two women. Word-ssly he and Chris each thrust an arm through ridie's. They whisked her, laughing, protest-g, along the rutted stony path toward the owd gathered around the objects in the wa-r below the sloping beach.

"Hello there!" the Roller Polars called to em. "Say, this is worth the trip."

Lowell Aragrook was standing hip deep in e water. With him were two men. The three ere lashing ropes around the circumference three white incredible objects that floated the sluggish surge of the icy waters.

Lowell Aragrook called, "Hey, Ross, give a hand," and flung at him the end of a long ick rope. The men at work in the water ung another rope and another and another, rling toward other strong deft hands on ore. And now the three weirdly beautiful jects that lay so dreamily on the water were cured at last.

They lay gleaming white as ermine, the male nd the female great white whales. The third as pale gray; it was an infant, it still wore its aby fur. Half submerged in the shallow water ey were eerie, spectral.

"Take hold here and pull," Ross said. A zen—twenty—thirty hands were at the pes now. A final tug and the three were ached, high and dry.

Lowell Aragrook had waded ashore, he ood looking down at his Herculean catch. 'm sorry about the little one. But it was too all to make out by itself." He glanced sually down at his dripping mukluks. His tle bow to Bridie, to Chris was both in greet-g and farewell, for now he strode briskly up e beach to the path. The crowd, too, dis-rsed like an audience when the show is nished. Puzzled, Chris realized that there re-ained besides herself and Bridie and Ross nly the swarm of children, the two Polars, and ne stout middle-aged woman in a bright red ulico slip over her parka. The metal object in r hand glinted in the sun and Chris recog-ized it as an ulu somewhat larger than the ne with which Joan Kungok had so deftly iced the seal. The woman was Mrs. Aragrook, e Raffskys' dinner guest of the night before.

"Why did he go away?" Chris asked. Lowell, I mean."

"His work is done," Ross said. "The rest is oman's work. In a half hour she'll have the hole beluga cut and skinned. Come on. Let's ."

The Polars glanced up, glanced down the eak little beach path. "Where you folks oing now?" Alwin Polar inquired.

With candor and sweetness Ross said, "I n taking these friends to my grandmother's ouse. I am sorry that I can't ask you to come ith us."

"Well, sure, you wouldn't want strangers arging in," Alwin Polar agreed cheerfully. We'll just ramble around."

Chris said, very low, "Let the poor lambs me with us, they're lost."

"No," Ross said. "No."

A strangely quiet species of panic possessed ridie as she teetered along the rough beach ath with Ross and Chris. She conducted a mewhat frantic conversation with herself: *his isn't just boy-and-girl stuff any more. He's ally in love with her, he's ten years older than e is, well, that's all right but she isn't going to ke him seriously if I can help it. He's up to something. Czar was right, I guess. It's time Chris got away, saw something besides Alaska.*

They stopped at a one-room shack connected by a ramshackle passageway with a frame house. The door of the little dwelling was open and inside and outside small children and big dogs were playing. They became quiet as Ross stopped at the doorway. The children's faces were upturned with the mute adoration that had been reflected in the faces of the children on the beach.

From his pocket Ross took a little sack of candy, he opened it and counted out a handful of hard bright balls. "One for each of you, that's all, because sugar is good for you but too much is bad for your teeth. The rest of it is for my grandmother."

"No teeth," one of the boys said quickly.

"That's right. Now out, kids, stay outside until we leave. I'm bringing visitors to see my grandmother."

"Tourists?"

"No." He looked directly at Christine. "Grandmother lives alone because that's what she wants to do, and she works because that makes her feel she isn't a burden. My uncle and his wife live next door here, and they look after her. She's almost blind, but she wants to be as independent as—well, as you want to be, I suppose, Chris."

BACK VIEW, SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE PATTERN ON PAGE 84

Vogue Design No. 9263. "Easy to Make" jacket; 12–20 (32–40). 60c.



Ross Guildenstern's ancient grandmother looked up brightly as they entered. Her withered yellow face creased into a smile of a hundred wrinkles as she recognized his voice. She spoke his name.

The old woman sat on a board bed that was like a shelf in the wall. It was supported by wooden blocks and stood perhaps eighteen inches above the floor. Her head was thrust a little upward and her chin a little forward, and her face wore the uncertain half-smile of the sightless or nearly sightless. The young man spoke to her in the language of her people and she nodded and smiled. She raised one hand in greeting. Then the hands resumed the work on which she had been engaged.

"God bless her, look at the cut of her, would you!" Bridie said. "Working, mind you."

She was making thread for the sewing of skins. The threads would hold together forever the wolfskins, the wolverine skins, the sealskins, the otter, the fox. Fur parkas for the men and women and children. Mukluks. Hoods. Gloves. The thread was made of moose or caribou sinew, and it was the old woman's proud task to roll the strands so expertly that they made the unbreakable thread.

Ross Guildenstern leaned over and touched her cheek with his strong brown hand that bore the Air Force ring, and murmured something. The grotesque old mask lighted so that for one moment between the young man and the indomitable old blind woman a curious resemblance sprang into being.

"Oh, Ross!" Chris said, as they called good-by to the children and walked down the road. "It's dark in there, and it can't be healthy. Shouldn't she be in a comfortable place, and not working? She's so old and feeble."

"Grandma isn't really that old and she's as tough as that thread she's making. She's doing what she wants to do, she loves it. If you took it away from her she would die."

Caution told Bridie that there now had been enough of Ross Guildenstern's family. "Now what? I'm beginning to be hungry. Your grandpa'll be looking for us, Chris."

"No he won't," Chris said calmly, "and besides, how lost can you be in Oogruk?"

"I like to know where I'm going," Bridie snapped, "before I go."

Ross pointed to a turn in the rough path. "Right there. That hammering sound you hear is what we're headed for."

"I suppose that's your aunt, building a house," Chris said.

"Not quite. But you're warm."

Ross' uncle and aunt were working in the cluttered yard of their weather-beaten house. Six or eight sled dogs yapped and snarled in their compound. Ross threw more charm than was absolutely necessary, Chris thought, into the introduction.

"Hi, Aunt Angeline! . . . This is my aunt, Mrs. Asakluk. . . . Over there working on the boat, Frank Asakluk. Hiyuh, Frank! . . . Mrs. Ballantyne . . . Christine Storm, they're up from Baranof to see the sights."

Frank Asakluk waved a hammer at them gaily. He went on building his boat. Angeline Asakluk did not rise or offer her hand because both her hands were dripping with blood and grease. Her friendly smile beamed above the headless carcass of a seal suspended on a rack in front of her.

"I'm making a seal poke," she said.

A protective feeling surged warmly over Chris for the second time. Ross' eyes were on her. Her natural curiosity overcame her repugnance to the blood, the decapitated cadaver.

"Tell me, I'm so interested in what you're doing. I know it isn't the same—we were watching Ross' Cousin Joan cutting up a seal—but what's a seal poke?"

"It's the Eskimo freezer," Ross said. "Tell Chris how you do it, Angie."

"I'm taking out the insides. I reach through this hole where the head used to be and cut everything away and take it out. You have to be careful not to cut the skin. Then we turn the whole skin inside out and clean it and we blow it up for drying and we rub it with ashes so that it will dry better. And when it's dry we fill it with meats or berries or green-leaf plants for storing all through the winter. It makes the best freezer you ever saw."

"Now," Bridie observed, "I've seen everything."

"Angeline can do anything," Ross announced cheerfully. "What a girl! She isn't really my aunt, you know. Frank's my uncle; Angeline's his second wife. Angeline used to teach at the Native Service school." He glanced across the yard at the open door of the house, he looked up and down the road. "Where's Rolf? I thought he'd be here."

"He was here a minute ago. Rolf! Rolf!" Angeline called, but not loudly.

"Rolf!" Ross shouted.

Angeline laughed aloud then, and pointed to where her husband stood, busy with his boat. Over the rim of the trestled boat's edge a red sombrero rose above a pair of black eyes.

"Hi, Rolf!" Ross shouted. "Come here."

Over the boat's side there clambered a boy of perhaps six. He dropped agilely to the ground and ran toward Ross, a handsome compact child. He was in full movie-cowboy regalia—sombrero, plaid shirt, chaps, boots. He carried two guns in a holster and as he ran toward the group he pulled out the guns.

"Why, it's Hopalong Asakluk!" Chris said, falling into the spirit of the thing.

"Stick 'em up!" yelled the boy, a gun in either hand. Obligingly feigning terror, they raised their hands high over their heads.

"I don't think he ought to play with guns, Angie," Ross said. "I hate to see kids play with guns." Then he stooped, picked up the boy and held him high, but the small booted feet beat a tattoo in remonstrance and Ross set him down.

"Sorry, old boy," Ross said. He laid a hand gently on the child's shoulder. "Chris, this is my son Rolf. He was named after my father."

(To be Concluded)



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Leaves hair silky-soft, easy to comb.



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THE CHALLENGE OF THIS CENTURY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

the most able when it is informed and aware of what is at stake in public education.

The Palo Alto plan is comprehensive, involving all the schools in the system—twenty elementary, two junior and two senior high schools. It directly involves about 1000 children in the secondary schools and 500 in the elementary. From the start, care was taken to avoid creating a "little snob" class, although actually, as assistant superintendent Jack Rand points out, the danger of good students' becoming a clique of snobs is not very great. The opposite extreme is more likely—and more common. In most schools smart youngsters assume the attitude expressed by their less able classmates—"Don't be a D. A. R.," meaning "Don't be a damned average-raiser!" Those who violate this edict are called "queers." Palo Alto's "cradle to college" program for exceptionally able children is an additional effort to raise academic standards in a university town where the standards are already comparatively high.

At Stanford Elementary School, for example, fourth, fifth and sixth graders are getting a taste of such heady subjects as physics, chemistry, geology, philology and logic. A tape recording of nine-, ten- and eleven-year-olds discussing their "interest groups" seems the more incredible for an occasional lisp among the childish voices: "Well, in chemistry we made this model of a *battwy* . . . we filled it with a solution of sulphuric acid." . . . "Sulphuric acid is *very* dangerous—the formula is H_2FO_4." . . . "Then we used an elec-electron pump and charged it for three or four minutes." . . . "Susan's hair was supposed to stand on end, but it didn't because hair is not a very good *conducer* of electricity." . . . "Our teacher brought in an electroscope. Besides telling us what an electroscope was he showed us how to make our own."

The nonscientists are also vocal. In philology (word study): "We had lots of fun. We learned a lot of Latin and Greek—prefixes, roots and suffixes. It was lots of fun." . . . "You felt kinda like you've got something, kinda secure." In art: "We learned a lot of words we didn't know too. We went to a stable and drew a horse." . . . "We also had a real kitten for a model." . . . "I didn't know you started with shapes—I thought it was faces." In modern dance: "I had never seen it and never taken any part in it. What I liked best was the composition, making up dances just as you felt like to music." In storytelling: "You can tell stories to younger children—and that's good." . . . "Storytelling is a lot like acting." . . . "Most people don't think it takes much to tell a story—but it does!"

As this last child said, it takes something—probably the glow of bright young faces and sparkling eyes—to tell the story of Palo Alto's gifted-child program. The interest groups, which in most of the elementary schools meet twice a week for twelve weeks during the winter months, are led by teachers who themselves have special interest and training in a particular subject, or by other adults in the community who volunteer.

Some of the group leaders are from the faculty of Stanford University or are employed by research or engineering firms located in Palo Alto. These experts, many of them renowned in their fields, share with very young children knowledge most people assume belongs only in higher education. Parents with years of practical experience in less erudite occupations also lead interest groups.

The children love it. "I hardly knew *anything* about physics before I started," one blue-eyed nine-year-old girl confided. "It's fun—you get out of schoolwork and you learn things you didn't know before," said another. The purpose of the interest groups is to give direction to a child's natural curiosity and, incidentally, to help him understand why reading, writing and arithmetic are so important. Without mastery of these tools, he soon discovers, he can't find out what he wants to know. "The idea," said one boy, "is not to teach a great deal about a certain subject but to open new doors."

Group leaders are equally enthusiastic. Albert Robinson, a "semiretired" electronics engineer and father of five children under twelve, led a group in the study of electricity at Barron Park Elementary School. He entertained the children by constructing motors and other devices out of bits of tin, wire and nails. "I wanted to see how simple I could make things to show some of the fundamental and universal concepts of physics," he said. He made a small car powered by a battery and the starter motor from a junked automobile in which each child could have a ride when he was able to explain how an electric motor works. One boy brought his father to the Robinson home and asked him to repeat the experiments he had performed in class "so dad can understand them." The rudiments of physics, Mr. Robinson believes, can be taught to children "as soon as they can talk."

Elena Greene, a young mother who speaks Spanish, conducted a group in the study of that language at Green Gables Elementary School. She used no textbook—"Most Spanish textbooks have not been revised since the year one." She began by teaching her group to sing simple Spanish folk songs while she accompanied them on her guitar. She had no discipline problems and feels the children got a basic feeling for the Spanish language during the short time she had with them. "Children listen with their whole selves, even when they appear not to be," she said, "and that is the way to learn a foreign language—to give yourself to it without thinking about it. Very young children are able to do this best."

The success of such a program depends largely upon the support of parents. "Without the help of men and women in the community who volunteered their services, our interest-group program would have been impossible," said John Bracken, principal of the Barron Park School. In the support of parents, the Palo Alto school system is fortunate. The town has more than a normal share of well-educated, able and energetic citizens—people who value learning highly. Parent-Teacher Association meetings are invariably packed and the discussion more often deals with fundamental matters of education than how to get new equipment. At the school administration offices there is a card file of more than 500 community "resource persons" who have indicated a willingness to appear before school groups. The topics cover a wide range of human activities: business and industry, cattle raising ("will show a small group branding at my ranch"), community and government service, dance, drama, electronics (thirty cards under this heading), health, hobbies and collections, travel, transportation, music (one card, that of a former symphony conductor, noted, "will describe the evolution of symphonic music"), the United Nations, vocations—and many others. The Palo Alto Times publishes a daily column of the writing of school children called "Youth Said It."

The Gifted Child Committee, made up of seventeen teachers, principals, parents and special consultants, met for the first time in the fall of 1953 and spent two years in study and discussion. Preceding this the California Congress of Parents and Teachers had sponsored a study of the education of gifted children and published a report. A large section of the Palo Alto chapter of the American Association of University Women devoted all its meetings to the topic in 1954.

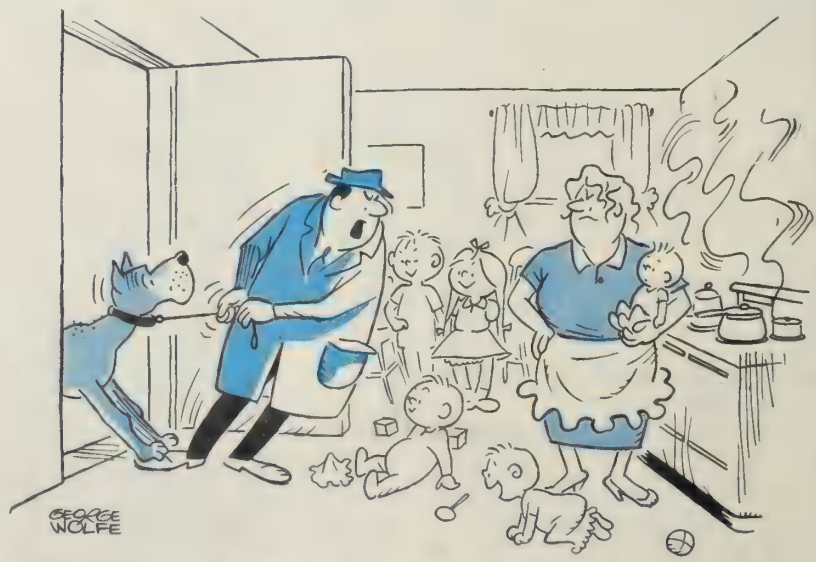
"There was some danger," one member of the committee noted, "that the program would be expected out of existence by those who looked for miracles before it even got started." Nevertheless, when the school board approved the formation of a gifted-child program and an expenditure of $20,000 for the first year of its existence, it came as a surprise to almost no one. Dr. Kenneth Martyn, now associate dean of Los Angeles City College, was appointed director of research.

The Gifted Child Committee set as its goal the grade acceleration of at least 25 per cent of the students with I.Q.'s of 140 or above. Screening to identify the gifted child, on the basis of tests and teacher evaluations, was established as a continuing process beginning with the third grade. (Some 6 per cent of the children in Palo Alto were found to have such high I.Q.'s, as compared with about one in 400 in the general population.)

Contrary to the myth that "bright kids don't need help—they'll find their way," many children with high intelligence quotients do not do especially well in their schoolwork. They are often bored and literally shut their minds to unchallenging material. To undiscerning teachers, some of them might appear to be stupid.

There are two types of specially grouped classes in the Palo Alto junior and senior high schools. The so-called Research Classes, of which there are ten, are for children with I.Q.'s of 140 or above, even though some of them did not do outstanding work in their regular classes. These students get a broader, deeper presentation of the same material given ordinary classes. There are twenty-five Advanced Standing Classes for students who have done superior work even though their ability may be only slightly above average. Candidates for the Advanced Standing Classes are selected on the basis of ability, achievement and aptitude, as determined by tests and consultation with teachers and parents. These students proceed with advanced work in one

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



"But I did consult you—you said last night a great Dane was all we needed around here!"



WHETHER you're at your favorite neighborhood theatre . . . or a drive-in . . . you'll agree today's modern people are feature attractions. Their trim, slender figures are the happy result of the modern trend toward lighter, less-filling food and drink.

Pepsi-Cola heartily supports this sensible diet plan. For today's Pepsi, reduced in calories, is never heavy, never too sweet. It's the modern, the *light* refreshment. Say "Pepsi, please"!

PEPSI-COLA

The Light refreshment

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

or two subjects usually at least a year ahead of their normal age group. Both Research and Advanced Standing students attend other classes with the normal assortment of good, bad and indifferent students their age. They are not "cut off from the crowd" and many of them are leaders in student government, athletics, dramatics and other extracurricular activities.

Most of the Research and Advanced Standing classes are small, ranging from seventeen to twenty-five students, although one biology class at Jordan Junior High has more than thirty. At Cubberly High School there is one eleventh-grade Advanced Standing English class of twenty-five students which has two full-time teachers. They alternate in the classroom and both keep busy because of the amount of preparation needed. The head of the department, Wade Robinson, looks forward to the day when he will have at least three teachers for every two classes. This arrangement he can show is most efficient, although for most high-school department heads it must remain only a dream.

Jean White, teacher of a ninth-grade Research class in English at Jordan Junior High, said, "Small classes give the teacher a chance to move around, to have various students working on different projects at the same time. We had book discussions and it turned out that we had two space-fiction addicts. They were always talking about space fiction in terms none of us could understand. Other members of the class pinned them down, and it turned out they weren't sure what they were talking about either. No student can get away with much when the rest of the class is right up with him. It was a great chance for me to show how important it is to know how to write, say, think what you mean, without hiding behind blurry jargon."

"When you first have a class like this," Robert Leon said (he has a Research class in tenth-grade English at Palo Alto Senior High), "you think the kids are somehow different from others, special—but they're not. You soon find they behave about like the rest. They are often challenging and, of course, alert, but as a group it's just like any other class."

Even a casual observer will note some differences, however. The exceptionally able youngsters tend to drift into the classroom early—and, like normal groups, they talk. But then they linger after class and talk some more, the chief difference being they talk *about* something. They seem to be thinking and, blessing of blessings, they have others to talk *to*.

For example, in Clyde Parrish's senior science seminar, an Advanced Standing class at Cubberly High School, class began long before he entered the room. One boy had drawn a design for a perpetual-motion machine on the blackboard and was challenging others to tell him why it wouldn't run forever. "I know it won't," he was saying, "but *why* won't it?"

"Because 'forever' is too long a time!" another boy informed him.

By the time the teacher arrived the small group was warmed up for an avid discussion of friction, the perpetual motion of a pendulum, forms of energy and why some machines will run forever—if it is not too long. Mr. Parrish concluded the discussion by suggesting that the boy actually try to build a perpetual-motion machine instead of endlessly theorizing about it. "One of the things I've learned," he said, "is that—in science, at least—some of the highest I.Q.'s don't like actual work. It may be that they haven't had a chance before and never got into the habit."

In Henry Martin's science seminar at the Palo Alto Senior High, students choose whatever excites their interest and explore it to the fullest. His students are engaged in individual research projects dealing with such matters as rocket fuel, rare earth elements and automation. One boy is working on a plan for a computer which he hopes will be able to calculate the possible matchings of biological characteristics in parents and give the odds on their having a "made-to-order" offspring. Two boys took a day off to visit an elementary school and explain to a second-grade class, with appropriate demonstrations, why and how Sputnik stays up there.

Much of their work is directed toward competition in various science contests such as the Westinghouse Scholarship Contest and the National Science Fair. (A local science fair is the first step to the final which is held in Washington, D.C., and the prizes include money and college scholarships.) Five of the gifted students from Palo Alto High School have spent the summer at the University of Nevada for an intensive program called "The Junior Engineers' and Scientists' Summer Institute." Eight students have been placed during the summer in research laboratories at Stanford and nearby research firms.

Mr. Martin pointed out that colleges are overloaded with information that did not exist ten or twenty years ago and that high schools have got to provide more of the fundamentals in each science. To accomplish this, some subjects must be "stepped down" to the earlier grades. He laments the lockstep in secondary science teaching. "Many students can learn the fundamentals much earli than they do now," he insisted. "Instead how to cook and social adjustment, youn sters need to meet the vistas of knowled much earlier.

"I'm also interested in seeing that they g a sense of the history of science. In this ag it's easy for students to get the idea that a l of things—telephone, radio, TV, and fl great industrial and medical advances—gre on trees, because they have been around all their short lives. I keep trying to show th sacrifices, the years of defeat and plain ha work, that went into them."

Since Advanced Standing classes are ha work and take much of a student's time, n all who are selected as eligible choose to tal them. Some already have a heavy schedule activities; others prefer not to work so har They are not required to do so and may pr ceed with their regular classes. Those who c so, however, may complete during their seni year in high school as much as a year of co lege English, mathematics, science or soci science. If they pass standardized tests and me requirements, many colleges will give the advanced standing and credit for the wor

According to Robert Shutes, co-ordinat for the Palo Alto program, the "little snol question seldom rears its ugly head. He r called an incident of one little girl who we home from school in tears because she thoug she was not eligible to take a difficult ma ematics test. But it turned out she was eligib and along with seventy other junior-high s dents who completed seventh-grade math the sixth grade, she is n happily at work on alget in the eighth grade.

At the end of the day flattery and censure never know which has done the most harm.

HENRY S. HASKINS
Meditations in Wall Street
William Morrow and Company

Most students in special classes are too bu keeping up with the oth to feel boastful about th accomplishments; studer in the ordinary classes ha little reason to envy th labors. Since the plan cove all schools in town, fro the early grades throu high school, it is accepted by most as mere another aspect of busy school life. Evaluatio based upon the Classroom Social Distan Scale—a kind of opinion survey among st dents in a class to determine how they rate o another as persons—show that the students lected for the special classes remain as friend and are chosen as friends as widely as befo

Parents agree. The comment of Mrs. Thatcher, whose daughter has been in seve English Research classes, is typical: "The was some worry it might make for a bad a titude, but it certainly hasn't. Members of t class do not have any feeling of superiori because they have to work so hard to keep with the others." Mrs. Arthur Ellis, whose s Hugh, has been in Research classes in jun and senior high school, said: "At the st people worried about the kids' becoming sn bish, but in actual practice nothing like t has happened. I think that it has done a gr deal of good for children who seemed to lone wolves."

The cost of such a program is hard separate from general school expenses. T biggest investment is probably in the time teachers and that of the psychological test service. The total budget allotted specifica to the project in Palo Alto last year w $52,050. The budget for the program for mentally retarded was $57,530. The progra for the mentally retarded directly affects o seventy-five children. The gifted-child p gram, exclusive of the interest groups wh are for all, directly affects 1500 children of total school enrollment of about 10,000.

Superintendent Gunn is satisfied that program has demonstrated its worth in three years in which it has been operati "Tests show that children in the program achieving more," he said.

Even so, according to Lucille Nixon, administrative consultant whose suggestio started the program, it is far from a co pleted accomplishment at the present tim "Don't tell people we have all the answer she begged. "They'll write and ask us how i done—and we don't know!"

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A $3.50 retail value—
yours for only $1 plus a tab
from Armour Star Lard carton

You'll get compliments for this handsome stainless steel Food Server by Carvel Hall . . . and for pie with perfect pie crust made in just five minutes the Armour Star Lard way.

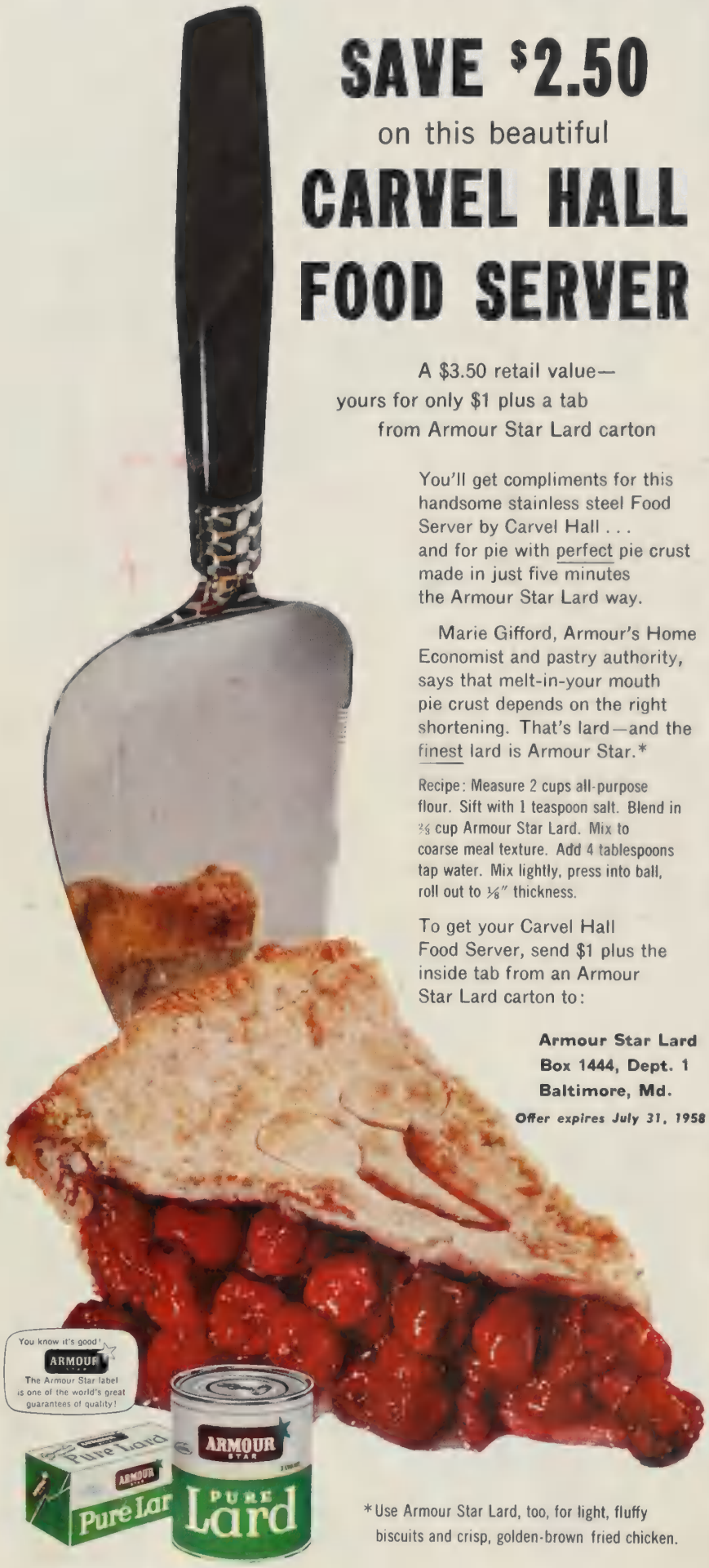
Marie Gifford, Armour's Home Economist and pastry authority, says that melt-in-your mouth pie crust depends on the right shortening. That's lard—and the finest lard is Armour Star.*

Recipe: Measure 2 cups all-purpose flour. Sift with 1 teaspoon salt. Blend in ⅔ cup Armour Star Lard. Mix to coarse meal texture. Add 4 tablespoons tap water. Mix lightly, press into ball, roll out to ⅛" thickness.

To get your Carvel Hall Food Server, send $1 plus the inside tab from an Armour Star Lard carton to:

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Offer expires July 31, 1958



*Use Armour Star Lard, too, for light, fluffy biscuits and crisp, golden-brown fried chicken.

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making dozens of dishes quicker and easier

they're ready-seasoned with onion, celery, green pepper



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You'll fix this gourmet vegetable in minutes when you start with DEL MONTE *Stewed* Tomatoes. Serve them piping hot, with crunchy, garlic-salted croutons.



Everybody has a favorite macaroni dish that calls for tomatoes, onion and green pepper—don't *you?* Save time and work by using DEL MONTE *Stewed* Tomatoes.



It's so easy to give rich flavor to pork or veal chops, chicken, lamb shanks. Brown the meat, add DEL MONTE Brand *Stewed* Tomatoes, simmer to tenderness.



Making a whole-meal soup like Shrimp or Crab Gumbo, Minestrone, Manhattan-type chowders? Just think, here are four of your ingredients all in one can, ready to add!



Time and time again, you need tomatoes with onion and green pepper for hamburger recipes: meat balls, one-dish meals, spaghetti sauce. Shortcut: *Stewed* Tomatoes.



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You don't have to cut 'em up! And they're made a new way—so they *stay soft.*

Sprinkle them over sliced bananas in glasses and fill with apricot nectar for Marshmallow Golden Cocktail; measure them by the cup for molded gelatin treats like Banana Cherry Regal Salad above; broil them as the clever meringue for a luscious pie . . .

Banana Marshmallow Pie:

Slice 2 or 3 bananas into an 8- or 9-inch cooled baked pastry shell. Prepare 1 package instant vanilla pudding and pie filling according to package directions for pie. Pour over bananas. Let stand about 5 minutes. Sprinkle 2 cups Kraft Miniature Marshmallows over top. Place pie under broiler until the marshmallows are lightly browned. Chill for 30 minutes.

Free Recipe Booklet! Write to: Kraft Miniature Marshmallows, Box 1513, Dept. L5, Chicago 77, Ill.



10 miniatures equal 1 regular size marshmallow

The only kind that stay soft!

"When I entertain"

Mrs. Howard Phipps

tells her philosophy of entertaining

to Nancy Crawford Wood



STUART

A tureen of luscious chicken-and-ham gumbo is often the center of attraction on the buffet table. Serve with rice, and an unusual salad—artichoke bottoms filled with mixed vegetables which have been marinated in French dressing. Corn sticks and a vanilla-cream pudding with orange-and-strawberry sauce complete the menu.



DI PIETRO

Mrs. Phipps' favorite menus are based on recipes collected over the years by her mother, Mrs. Theodore Price. (Mrs. Phipps became interested in scouting through her mother's friendship with Juliette Low, founder of the Girl Scouts.)

"My idea of a party is a *small* party," says Mrs. Howard Phipps. "Whenever it's possible, I like to keep the number of people at a dinner party at a maximum of eight or ten—with lots of delicious food and interesting conversation—that's my ideal! I was fortunate in inheriting a collection of wonderful recipes from my mother, which I rely on for our entertaining; my mother had a sweet tooth, and so dessert at our house is apt to be something glamorous—like a creamy vanilla pudding with a delicious orange-and-strawberry sauce. Or *crème brûlée*, served with raspberries or strawberries."

Harriet Phipps is a serene and charming person, enormously energetic; a busy hostess who also works tirelessly as president of the Girl Scout Council of Greater New York—a full-time job in itself.

"When I entertain for the Girl Scouts," says Mrs. Phipps, "it's never less than fifty people at a luncheon or tea, so I'm not inexperienced in entertaining large groups—it's just that for dinner parties I think a small number makes the best party.

"One of our favorite menus for a small dinner goes this way: a first course of steaming hot consommé, then hot sliced tongue, served with a delicious mushroom-and-raisin sauce (my mother's recipe), a casserole of creamed spinach, green salad, and individual baked caramel custards.

"My two favorite hors d'oeuvres," says Mrs. Phipps, "are special little open-faced mushroom sandwiches, and something my mother called 'cheese blisters'—thin, delicate strips of pastry, light as a feather, with lots of cheese worked into the dough." The mushroom sandwiches are deliciously flavored with chicken *pâté*, mayonnaise and lemon juice.

"Another menu of ours which works beautifully at a buffet party has as its main course hot sweetbread timbales, served on rounds of ham, a salad of tomato aspic, made in a ring mold, the center filled with cucumber chunks which have been marinated in French dressing. Hot buttered baking-powder biscuits go with the main course, and there's pineapple sherbet for dessert.

"An alternate main dish for this meal, equally delicious, is a CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

He bullies Jenny for using the telephone too much. Since Jenny was obliged to move in with the younger girls to make room for her grandmother, I believe she should be shown extra consideration. Not that Jenny is appreciative of my efforts. She complains to me that her little sisters, who are six and nine, use her lipstick and perfume and meddle in her things. The three of them argue and bicker all the time. If Dick is around he mixes in and there is a battle royal, involving everybody except poor mother, who does her best to keep away from the firing line.

"Dick complains that I'm neglecting him and the girls. It isn't true. Just last month I threw a surprise birthday party for Jenny. A dozen youngsters celebrated with a barbecue in our back yard and then went dancing. When Jenny was late getting home, Dick blamed me; we wrangled for hours. Next morning I woke with a blinding headache. I could hardly stay on my feet, but I managed to keep up with the housework and look after mother too. I'm a better-than-average housekeeper and cook and I intend to maintain my standards. The children and Dick are fond of pies and cake; I bake every day. Mother pays for her high-priced medicines. Nevertheless, our grocery bills have skyrocketed because I'm cooking more expensive foods for her. I make strenuous efforts to economize. Last Saturday I drove twenty miles to a downtown sale to buy Dick a supply of bargain shirts, leaving a neighbor to handle the insulin injections. The neighbor was clumsy with the hypodermic needle and mother's arm hurt so much that for two days I carried her meals to her on trays.

"Dick wasn't sympathetic. He views m mother's presence in our house as a perso affront. After the first few weeks, he prevail on our physician to recommend that she hospitalized or sent to a sanitarium. Whe refused, he urged that she go to Ella aga Now he is arguing that she and Aunt Ma mother's youngest sister, should be set up t gether at the ranch. Aunt Mary is a widow her fifties and isn't strong. It's useless for to try to talk to him about my duty as a daug ter. These days I can think of nothing else.

"I was born in Texas, where my father w a small-town banker. I don't know mu about him. My parents were divorced whe was eight years old. Mother brought my t sisters and me—my sister Anne is dead now out here to California, where she had relativ There must have been some sort of settleme because she was able to buy the small ran where Ella and Anne and I grew up. S wanted us to have a nice place to live and the advantages—pretty clothes, music lesso dancing lessons. It wasn't her fault we did get them. The alimony sent by my father w not adequate; she had to go to work in a estate office to support us.

"She had several chances to remarry; h first boss was crazy about her and she w very fond of him. My sisters and I spoiled th romance for her. On the night her boss pr posed, mother tentatively accepted him. In t morning she asked what we thought of t idea. All three of us objected—selfishly, I n realize—to having a stepfather. She gave in us. She told her boss good-by, quit her job a put any thought of remarriage from her mi

"She tried to make a success in a number different jobs. She finally opened a real-est office of her own. She worked from dawn dusk; days passed when my sisters and scarcely saw her. Even so, her earnings w modest. Occasionally my father sent a che but it was never large enough. To add to t income, mother took paying guests at t ranch. Few of our friends ever knew it. Moth was too proud to tell them and she taught to be equally proud. I can remember the stra of pretending to classmates that our payi guests were family friends or relatives.

"Mother wouldn't hear of our taking jo to help financially. I wanted a job. I w haunted by being such a burden to her. The too, I guess I may have wanted to earn a f pretty dresses. Whenever there was money f clothes, mother usually had to spend it on h self for things to wear to business.

"The only way my sisters and I were allow to help was with the bedmaking and cleanin the dishwashing and sweeping and launderi that went on interminably at the ranch. Moth was too busy to do these jobs. She couldn't p decent wages to servants, and those we g were incompetent and always quitting. F quently I would come in from a date and wa or iron or scrub the kitchen pots before I we to bed.

"I remember the night of our junior pro it was my second date with Dick. We did get home until three A.M. My sister Ella h promised to vacuum the rugs and wash the a trays, but she hadn't done it. The vacu cleaner was in the middle of the living room must have been already half in love with Dic Anyhow, I told him about the paying gue and our precarious finances. He and I did hurry at the chores. We finished the vacuumi and washed the last ash tray at five o'clock the morning. We then had scrambled eggs a coffee and tiptoed up the stairs and left vacuum bottle of coffee at mother's door. I odd, but I can still remember wishing I had t courage to wake her and introduce her Dick. He dared me to knock, but somehow couldn't.

"I wasn't quite seventeen when Dick an ran away and were married. We intended keep our marriage secret. It wasn't possib In no time I was pregnant. Our first daught Jenny, was born before we celebrated our fi anniversary.

"Mother couldn't have been more wonde ful. She forgave us for eloping much mo readily than I forgave myself for deceiving h She hid her disappointment at my cutti short my education and welcomed Dick as son. Dick was twenty-one and in college at t



However you "cream" your coffee now—

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OVER THE COFFEE CUPS

by Sally Ross

"Coffee-Break" Dept.: Next time the girls come over for coffee, give them a variety of doughnuts. In separate paper bags, shake plain doughnuts in powdered sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg . . . delicious!

And if they like their coffee "with" . . . they'll *love* it with Pream! Its fresh flavor makes a good cup of coffee taste even better. (That goes for tea and cocoa, too.)

Extra creaminess! New Instant Pream® is made entirely from fresh, sweet cream and other milk products, by the exclusive Pream process. *Naturally*—it's delicious!

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PREAM-Y CHOCOLATE FROSTING
So-o-o good and so fast!

Combine 3 tbsp. of fresh-tasting Pream (Pream is a blend of pure country cream and natural milk products) with ¼ tsp. salt and 1-lb. pkg. of confectioners' sugar. Add 3 tbsp. of soft butter or margarine, 2 squares of melted baking chocolate, 1 tsp. vanilla and 3½ tbsp. of hot water. *No sifting, no fuss.* Just blend until thoroughly mixed and Pream-y smooth.

FREE! For more delicious recipes to add to your collection, write for my "Quick Modern Recipe Folder." Address: Sally Ross, PREAM, Box 447, Columbus 16, Ohio.

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ıe, but a year short of receiving his degree.)ther insisted we occupy a guest cottage on ranch and she wouldn't take a penny of t.

'Our intention was to find a place of our n when Dick was graduated. A month be- e he got his degree my sister Anne was ied in an automobile accident. My mother nt into shock. As I look back I don't believe ever quite recovered from Anne's death. moved into the big house to be closer to and then it was awfully hard to get away. ne after time we postponed moving.

'In the end, we stayed at the ranch for rly five years. Dick should be thinking of se years now. He should remind himself of many things mother has done for us. If I ıld support mother and my daughters— ich I can't—I would leave him.

'My mother has sacrificed her life for me. ely it is up to me to do a little sacrificing for

TWO VOICES

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

HE

When we were young,
Old talk pleased best:
Immortality, fate,
The will or the state—
And the high-thinking rest.

Now all that's past
And I ponder late
One theme: how young
Are the wild apples hung
High on time's breast!

SHE

Sir, those long walks
When we two strayed
Deep in the briers
Of philosophy's glade,
To rest at last
On sweet-moss stone—
Those talks were abstract
For you alone:
My words were curved,
And all my wit
Sprang from your heart
And aimed at it.

. I don't know how Dick can be so cruel t he won't admit it."

ck tells his side:

'My wife considers me a brute and maybe I ," thirty-eight-year-old Dick said with a ture of belligerence and defensiveness. "On other hand, I should tell you that I've ked with the doctor at length—he sent me e—and he says in some ways Joan is as as her mother.

'Our present living conditions are impossi- . My daughters and I are, literally, eating sleeping in a hospital. If my mother-in- 's stay with us had even a tentative termina- n date, if Joan were willing to discuss any ctical plan in regard to her future care, per- os I could hang onto my patience. But Joan s hysterics every time I offer a suggestion. e attacks me as though my desire to pre- ve her health and our happiness was minal.

'I love Joan. My family means more to me, sure, than it means to the average man. As oy I never felt I had a real home. I was ought up by grandparents while my mother nt traipsing around the country with my her, an oil prospector who very rarely uck oil.

'My grandparents were kind and gentle but y old and it wasn't the same as having par- s. They did not discipline me in any way. I would shout and yell and defy them and they never once called my bluff or tried to make me control my nasty temper. This may sound funny, but I used to wish I had rules and regulations to follow like the other guys. I could stay out all night if I chose. Sometimes, fooling around downtown wondering whether to go home or shoot another game of pool, I felt as though I'd been thrown into deep, cold water and left to sink or swim with nobody much caring which. It was a lonesome feeling.

"Joan has forgotten it was our lonesomeness that drew us together. She, too, could stay out all hours with no questions asked. Joan was a high-school kid, just a baby, when we met on a blind date; I was in college aiming toward an engineering degree. We went steady for a year before Joan managed to introduce me to her mother; her mother was asleep when we came in at night and was never there in the daytime. But I got a pretty good idea of what was happening. A guest ranch has a lot of custodial and menial work; Joan and her sisters were doing it, cleaning the cabins, laundering the sheets and towels, mopping the floors. Their mother was wearing stylish clothes and working in town. Had she wanted to stay home and bring up the girls, I'm sure her ex-husband would have provided sufficient alimony to support the family.

"I hadn't an extra dime when I married Joan and I had my senior year at college ahead. When Joan's mother offered us the free use of a guest cottage, I was glad to accept. Just before I was graduated from U.C.L.A. the bad luck hit. Joan's younger sister was killed and their mother went into a tailspin. For months she would hardly allow Joan out of her sight. We moved into the big house on the ranch because I felt obligated, and were trapped for five years. I worked around the clock superintending the ranch operation, hating every minute. In what spare time I had I tried to set up my own business.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

THE TRADING STAMP:



It helps curb inflation by holding food prices down

In a study of the effects of trading stamps on food prices in supermarkets conducted by marketing experts of a large state university, they found no evidence that stamp stores as a group charge higher prices than non-stamp stores. On the contrary, they found that stamps work to hold prices down in two ways:

1. Stamps have an active competitive effect on non-stamp stores. This may result in the non-stamp merchant cutting some prices and offering give-aways or other inducements to gain customers.

2. Stamp stores, on the other hand, must also keep their prices competitive if they are to gain the increased business volume that stamps can provide.

The outcome is that whether a supermarket gives stamps or doesn't give stamps, the stamps help hold prices down in either case. In these inflationary times, our economy needs every competitive tool, like the trading stamp, that it can get, because competition is the greatest single anti-inflationary force at work.

★ ★ ★

REFERENCE: "Trading Stamp Practice and Pricing Policy." Dr. Albert Haring and Dr. Wallace O. Yoder, Marketing Department, School of Business, Indiana University.

This message is one of a series presented for your information by

THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

S&H pioneered 62 years ago in the movement to give trading stamps to consumers as a discount for paying cash.

S&H GREEN STAMPS *are currently being saved by millions of consumers.*

TOASTMASTER



This automatic fry pan gives exact control over the *full range* of temperatures

Even a husband who doesn't know a fry pan from a salt shaker will know you did something wonderful with the dinner. But you know the secret. Dinner comes out just as you intended, because you get *exact* heat control over the *full range* of temperatures with your Toastmaster Fry Pan.

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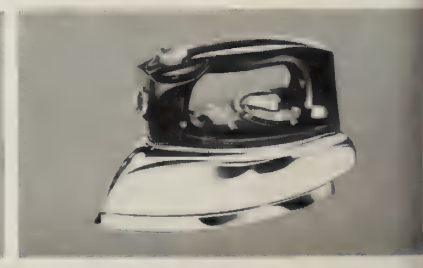
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

That's enough about the past. I am now a y successful sales engineer; for a long e Joan and I have been comfortable and ng on fine in our own house. But now we trapped again. Nobody in my family is by, not my wife, not my daughters, and inly not myself.

t wouldn't hurt my daughter Jenny to give er room to her grandmother on a tem- ry basis, but 'temporary' is a word she and ven't heard mentioned. Jenny is becoming ated from Joan and me. At sixteen she been forced to look for her major fun and eation outside her home. Joan won't ad- it. When I object to her daughter's late s and remind her of her own neglected ood, she gets furious and denounces me. far from perfect. I know I shouldn't shout nny and the little girls the way I do, but pressures I live with are almost too much ne. My temper is always teetering on the of an explosion and my only recourse s to be to leave home in a hurry. I now like an interloper there, somebody whose function is to pay the bills. Every evening er the house on tiptoe for fear my mother- w may be taking a nap. If her door is d and I want to listen to TV, I remind my- o keep the volume low. Nowadays I find er and easier on my nerves to listen to TV where. I'm wearing out the neighbors' sets. Not long ago I woke my mother-in-law by bling over her wheel chair, a fixture in our living room. Joan glowered at me until I left the house and drove to a neighborhood movie and sat through a double feature all by myself.

"According to the doctor, my mother-in-law doesn't need a wheel chair and shouldn't be dependent on one. She should be employing this particular time to learn Braille and train herself to get about under her own steam. Instead, she expects Joan to read aloud to her by the hour, button on her clothes and even guide her from room to room. This kind of thing isn't good for her and is ruinous for Joan.

"Joan has become a combination personal maid and nurse; she also runs a diet kitchen on the side. My mother-in-law has always liked to dominate and possibly she doesn't realize what a tyrant she is. Joan doesn't protest at her most ridiculous demands but screams at me for dropping ashes on the floor. By nightfall Joan is dead-beat but too keyed up to sleep. When she goes to bed she takes sleeping pills and in the morning she takes other pills to wake her up. She wanders around in such a fog that half the time she hardly knows what she is saying or doing.

"One day she shampooed her mother's hair and dressed it twice; on the first go-around she forgot to put in a rinse. That same day she let our six-year-old Alice go to school with her hair uncombed and wearing a dirty dress, something that had never happened before. She is struggling to help her mother with Braille, although she isn't qualified in that field and her efforts meet with no enthusiasm. When our nine-year-old wanted assistance with a spelling lesson, Joan fell asleep in the middle of the lesson and the youngster came crying to me.

"Last week Joan drove miles to buy me some bargain shirts, although I had plenty of shirts. She was outraged when I failed to thank her. I'm sorry my mother-in-law is sick and, within reason, I want to help her. But Joan's welfare comes first with me. Her mother is jealous and possessive and so demanding that no amount of service from Joan will ever satisfy her.

"She has always been devious. She pretends I'm great stuff, but even when she praises me she somehow manages to convey the impression that, like all men, I'm a selfish, inconsiderate oaf. I don't know what was behind her divorce, but I'm confident her ex-husband wasn't at fault. When she is around, anything I do invariably puts me in the wrong.

"Last Thursday evening was typical. Before I left the office I tried to get hold of Joan by telephone to ask her to look up a customer's address in my files at home. For half an hour our phone was steadily busy; I supposed Jenny was jabbering with some of her teen-age pals. The supervisor refused to break in on the conversation. I needed the address before the close of the business day. On the fifteen-mile



By POLLY TOLAND

William knows that Cowboys never cry, and are always very polite to their mothers; and they're not afraid—even of the dark.

William wonders if the Cowboys really know as much as he does about what's terrible, and snarl-ly, and crouching-all-ready-to-pounce in the dark; because, if they do and are not afraid, then William, who's a Cowboy, too, cannot be afraid.

"All right, I'm going," says William, "almost right now."

"Now!" I say meaningfully.

William goes. We say his prayers. He climbs into bed. He gets out of bed and finds Bear. He gets into bed. He has forgotten a drink of water. Finally, I turn out the light.

"Mummy!"

(Heavy sigh.) "Yes, William?"

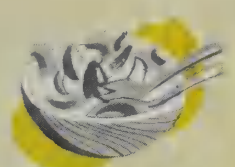
"You forgot to say you love me."

"But you know I love you, darling."

"I know," says William. "I know," says the Cowboy, "but I like to hear you say it, again and again. It makes it so very much safe."

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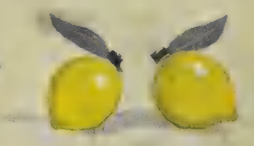
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drive home I pulled out of heavy traffic five different times, no simple trick, and tried to get through on our line. It remained busy an hour and a half by actual clocking. When I finally got home I burst through the front door yelling like a maniac and threatening to cancel Jenny's allowance for a month.

"Jenny was still at school. My mother-in-law hung up the telephone, looked at me with a stricken expression and explained she'd been talking to her daughter Ella. She begged for my forgiveness and I felt about two inches high. I apologized profusely. These days Joan and I are always apologizing for some darn thing or another. My mother-in-law forgave me. I detest to be forgiven when I've done nothing.

"Our dinner conversation, as usual, began with a discussion of medicines, digestive processes and the exact ingredients of my mother-in-law's food. As a result of this kind of talk, both of our little girls have become problem eaters. They pick at food as though Joan had sprinkled it with arsenic. My mother-in-law was served an elaborate individual casserole. Six-year-old Alice whined for some of her grandmother's dinner. I ordered her to eat what was on her plate. I then noticed that she and the other girls and I had been served a hasty delicatessen dinner of ham and beans. Ordinarily we fare better than that. I should have had the wit to hold my tongue. I didn't. I cracked to Joan about housewives whose cooking consists of unwrapping other people's cooking. If her mother hadn't been there, all ears, Joan might have come back with a snappy retort. She should have smacked me down. Instead she apologized and in a wavering voice offered to heat up something else for me. She sounded both martyred and insincere.

"Her mother sighed deeply at Joan's forbearance and gave her a sympathetic look. I hung onto my temper. But then I noticed that little Alice had been slipped a portion of the casserole against my express orders. I took away the young lady's plate and told her she'd get no supper. Alice began to cry. Her grandmother patted her hand under the table when she thought I wasn't looking. Alice cheered up. In fact, she sassed me and I sent her to her room, a punishment she didn't deserve.

"At that point my mother-in-law dolefully told me that Joan had worked her fingers to the bone baking a lemon pie for dessert. For the ten thousandth time everybody at the table was favored with a detailed list of the sweets—including lemon pie—that diabetics aren't allowed to eat. Some time ago I stopped eating desserts in my mother-in-law's presence; when she hungrily watches, pies and cake stick in my throat.

"Possibly I should be able to brush aside such trifles. But trifles add up. Our home is a place of ever-growing tensions and unless I take a stand I see no end in sight.

"I'm willing to share financially in supporting Joan's mother. For that matter, she isn't penniless and her other daughter is prosperous. I see no reason why Joan and I and Ella and Ella's husband can't get together and figure out some solution that is fair for everybody. I see every reason why we should.

"At present Joan is sacrificing her children and me to her mother, and the arrangement isn't fair to anybody. The sacrifice is making a nervous wreck of her, and as things now stand the two of us have no marriage at all. I cannot comprehend why Joan's affection for her mother should cause her to reject and hate me."

Kind words don't wear out the tongue. DANISH PROVERB

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"This was a complicated and long-drawn-out case that covered a period of many months. From the beginning it was clear that a great deal of time and effort would be required to find any solution to the complex problem. It was clear, too, that Joan required psychological help to save herself as well as to save her marriage. Dick could escape from the dissatisfactions of his personal life into his business—he worked very hard—and by taking refuge with friends and neighbors.

"Joan had no such escape. Important as was to decide how best to care for her mother, I purposely avoided discussing that matter with Joan at first. She was quite incapable of making a rational decision or even of talking calmly to me.

"When our consultations began, she spent nearly all the time berating Dick. She blamed him for everything—the unhappiness of the marriage, her troubles with the children, her chronic weariness, her headaches, her nerves. She painted him as a monster of villainy; by contrast her ailing mother was almost a saint. At the conclusion of our third or fourth interview she left my office in tears. Later in the evening she telephoned and abruptly cancelled further counseling, saying she still badly wanted help but that Dick objected to the expense.

"Within a month she returned to the office but again, before we accomplished much, she broke off the counseling with the same excuse. Dick was miserly and indifferent to her welfare, she said. I didn't believe it.

"Dick hadn't struck me as an ungenerous man financially and his concern for his wife had been very apparent. I felt sure he was not responsible for Joan's unwillingness to proceed. She was breaking off our consultations by her own choice. Why? The answer I decided, was that she was running away from some unpleasant truth. There must be something she was afraid to face, something she was hiding from the world and perhaps from herself. The hidden factor, I surmised, might explain a large part of the emotional turmoil that manifested itself in hysteria, headaches, insomnia.

"My surmise turned out correct. Once more Joan resumed her counseling and the



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ne, slowly and painfully, the truth emerged. r years Joan had fancied and had been tell- everybody, including herself, that she was natically devoted to her mother. This was t true. For years, long before disease and old e clouded the picture, Joan had harbored a conscious but very strong animosity to- rd her mother. During her overworked girl- od, she had stored up resentments she could ow herself neither to admit nor to remem- r. In her code it was unthinkable to feel hos- toward her mother. She suppressed the stility. She was carrying this secret burden guilt when her mother joined the household. urred by guilt, she exhausted herself in ching and carrying and in attempting to mpel every member of her family to yield to slightest whims of their ailing guest.

"Moreover, she turned her latent hostility l force on Dick. Nothing he could do was ht in her eyes. If her mother was especially reasonable and querulous during the day, vitably Joan flared up at Dick that evening.

'Technically, this psychological phenome- n is often called 'displacement.' Once Joan derstood her mixed-up feelings, she under- od how those feelings related to her be- vior. She perceived that she had been fight- Dick when inwardly she had desired to arrel with her mother about present irrita- ns and about grievances accumulated years ore. In recognizing the truth, Joan's inner nflict was eased. Her headaches, insomnia d other emotional ailments gradually less- ed. She became able to view the practi- ities of her situation with greatly increased m and considerable fortitude.

'None of this happened overnight. Joan's t reaction to the unearthing of her hidden res of hostility was to swing to the opposite reme and blame her mother for all her cur- nt woes. This reaction is not unusual, but it sn't of any long-range assistance to Joan. entually she saw the futility and indeed the possibility of assessing and placing blame.

'Nobody was to blame for the fact that her ther was old and ill and needed to be looked er, which was the practical problem con- nting her. It was of some comfort to Joan reflect that her problem was not unique; in se days it is a problem which perplexes wing numbers of people. In a large sense, course, no solution to the problem of age d infirmity exists. Compromise and patience n't remedies, but palliatives. Joan steeled rself in advance to the knowledge that she st settle for less than a perfect answer.

'It was at this juncture that she became able convert her bitterness and hostility into re normal feelings and, at last, to see and l with the realities of her situation. She ac- owledged that her mother was neither a nt nor a villain but, by temperament, a ssy, overly possessive person difficult to live with. In seeing the older woman realistically, Joan developed some genuine affection for her. This affection was mature and compassionate, real, not something put on and phony.

"With the aid of her hard-won insight, Joan tried to analyze and understand her mother's foibles. She and I speculated that perhaps the older woman, too, might be the victim of secret guilt. It was possible, Joan thought, that her mother clung more tightly to her surviving daughters because she blamed herself for neglecting the daughter she had lost. I have no way of knowing whether this judgment was correct, but Joan told me this particular speculation led her to feel a true bond of kinship with her mother for the first time in her life.

"As she came to closer understanding, Joan acknowledged that her own irritations at being nagged and ordered around, at the extra work of caring for an invalid, were human and natural. Although her mother was entitled to sympathy and aid, there were others to be considered. Nothing was to be gained by driving Dick out of the house and very probably in the end into the divorce court.

"Joan admitted that Dick and her children had abundant cause for dissatisfaction. Dick, in particular, had reason to feel put upon. He had never hit it off especially well with his mother-in-law. Dick was inclined, as Joan pointed out to me, to equate his mother-in-law with his own mother, whom he actively disliked. It was improbable that he would change or even that he *could* change. Joan accepted this reality. The tensions between her and Dick relaxed.

"Joan set about changing the entire atmosphere of her home, a rugged assignment. She told her mother frankly she intended to give more of her time to her family in the future and less to nursing duties. Her mother, long accustomed to dominance, sulked and resisted. She entered into a struggle with Joan that continued for a long while. But changes were accomplished.

"The wheel chair was banished from the living room. There were no more boring discussions of dietary restrictions at the dinner table. Joan's mother had her hair shampooed and the proper rinse applied at the neighborhood beauty parlor. In my opinion both Joan and Dick were perhaps unduly disturbed about their sixteen-year-old daughter. Most adolescents pull away from their parents. But at Joan's suggestion Dick dipped into his savings and they remodeled their garage into a recreation room where Jenny could entertain her friends.

"Fortunately money was not a primary consideration in the case. Joan and Ella and the two husbands got together and worked out an arrangement that has proved to be feasible. Their mother now divides the cold months of the year between her daughters' homes and spends the summer at the ranch, companioned by her widowed sister. She enjoys the novelty of moving about.

"A part of the ranch acreage was sold and the proceeds are now being spent on paid services for Joan's mother. A practical nurse comes in three times a week, a physiotherapist, trained in teaching skills to the blind, comes in twice weekly. The invalid now leans less on her daughters. Her progress toward independence hasn't been remarkable, but Joan tries not to be discouraged and does keep her discouragement to herself. She doesn't lay the blame for her blue moods on her mother, her husband or her children.

"Joan completed her counseling about two years ago, but I still see her from time to time. She now speaks with patience of her mother and in praise of Dick.

"Dick, on his part, realizes that she is making an intelligent effort to meet her responsibilities and in turn has words of praise and appreciation for her. Their living conditions are not ideal, but they can talk together as adults about their worries. They now share each other's burdens and their marriage is on a firm footing."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

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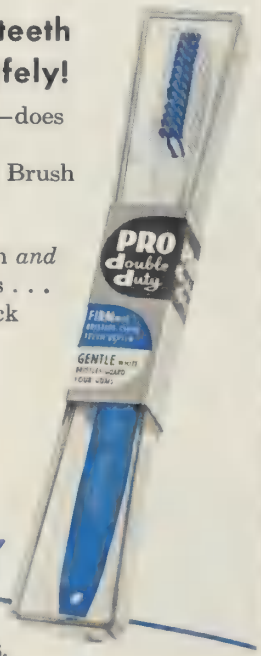
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JONATHAN FOUND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

It was while they were turning away from that door that they caught sight of Mr. Ho running up the lane toward them. In spite of being an old man, he was coming very fast. As he ran, he clutched his shoulder, where it was red and wet.

Mr. Ho began to stumble so badly that Mrs. Ho could hardly get him as far as the kitchen and into the chair by the table.

Sala locked the door after they had come through it. While Mrs. Ho unbuttoned her husband's shirt, and then soaked a clean white cloth in cold water at the sink, Mr. Ho talked in Chinese. Though Jonathan did not know what was being said, he suddenly heard the names of his father and mother.

"When are they coming home, Mr. Ho?" he asked.

For a moment Mr. Ho looked directly at Jonathan and shook his head. He did not say any words in English. He did not even say any words in Chinese.

Something about it was terrible and frightening, even more frightening than the wet, red shirt on the floor, and the dreadful quiet moaning Mrs. Ho was doing as she dipped the cloth in the water again.

"We go now, Jonny," Sala said suddenly. "Not safe stay any more. Come!"

"Where are we going?"

Sala looked fearfully and strangely at him. "Not ask questions," she said. "No time ask questions."

There was the firecracker sound again. Sala reached out a hand and pulled him down the narrow corridor into her own room.

"Stand there at door," she said. "Stand very still."

He stood there, very small and still, beneath the bright wall calendar that the missionary society had sent out to them last Christmas. Sala snatched blankets off the bed and folded them. Then she took some trinkets out of a little drawer, and some pieces of money. These she put in a faded leather bag, and the bag she hung around her neck.

She tucked the blankets under her arm, and rushed him along to his own room. She threw the blankets on the bed and took his own blanket off it, and put on top of them all another shirt, and the old blue sweater his mother had been mending yesterday . . . while he had been lying on the grass in the sunshine, drawing with his new red pen.

The thought of the red pen made him look quickly to see if he could find it. It was the most precious thing he had.

He saw it on the top of his dressing table, and got it. It was a fine, red, ball-point pen that his mother had read about in an advertisement, and sent money away for. It had taken nearly two months.

"Come," said Sala, and stretched out a hand again. The blankets were rolled into a bundle now, and tied with an old black belt. As she went past the window she suddenly put her hand on his shoulder and pushed him down, and crouched down herself.

"Keep head down!" she ordered, and led him, still crouching, into the corridor again—but not before he had had a chance to see something out the window.

What he saw was a string of strange men yellow uniforms, coming up along the hed toward the mission. They were in a hurry, t and they had guns. He knew that it was shooting of their guns he had been hearing.

"Quick!" said Sala. She half led, h pushed him along the corridor, and open the door that led out into the garden.

"Why are the soldiers coming, Sala?"

"Hush!" said Sala. "Not make a sou now. Hold tight with Sala. Run!"

A hundred questions came to him, but S had said he must not make a sound, and e since he could remember, Sala had kno what was good to do, and what was not go He kept his mouth obediently closed, a only when they were at the bottom of garden did he look back at the house.

As he did so, he heard the voice of Mrs. H

"Sala!" she called, and then "Sala!" aga Only the second time she screamed it, and was a horrible, high, long scream that he never heard before.

For a moment Sala stopped. She looked if she would run back again, but glanced do at Jonathan and shook her head quickly, a she were saying "no" to herself.

Then she made for the broken part of fence. He pushed the bushes away for her, a helped to lift the big bundle through to other side. It was while he was doing this t the loud sound happened right behind th in the house. It was a dark, choking kind scream. It sounded as if it were Mr. Ho.

Sala moaned through her teeth, but she not stop running, even though she star coughing, great, noisy coughs. Down the fi they ran, and under the shadow of the Jonathan gripped the thin hand of S tighter and ran breathlessly onward.

"It's very dark now, Sala. It must be getti late."

"Late? Yes, very late for small boy. dark is a good thing. White boy safer wh dark come."

"Is it dangerous here—to be white l me?"

"Now it is. Not always. Just now."

"Why?"

She shook her head as if she were wond ing how to answer. "Many bad men abo Jonny, who hate *all* white people."

"Do they hate mother and father?"

She nodded. "Even mother and fath When we get place to sleep I tell you son thing your mother told yesterday."

Presently, when they were walking through the dust at the side of the road, "Y see those lights, Jonny?"

He looked in the direction toward wh she was nodding, and saw what looked l the beginning of another village. There w more solid shapes in the night out there n They must be houses, and in many of th lights were showing—warm, yellow lights.

"Yes. Is it another town, Sala?"

"It is Foochang. It is where we will co to the road that goes all the way to Yungk where is the sea. That where we go."

"Tonight?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

HOW TO PREVENT TUBERCULOSIS

By PETER BRIGGS

■ Stories about new miracle cures for tuberculosis obscure the fact that the dreaded "white plague," with over 400,000 active cases, is still a serious menace in this country. Now, however, with the blessing of the American Medical Association and the U.S. Public Health Service, a vaccine is available against TB that is every bit as effective as the vaccines against diphtheria, tetanus and smallpox. Nicknamed BCG, developed in France, it is safe and nontoxic. In many countries, such as France, Norway, Denmark, Japan and Brazil, BCG vaccination has become mandatory by law. In the United States its use is strongly recommended by health authorities for individuals who are likely to be exposed to TB (such as hospital staffs), for individuals thought to have a poor resistance to it, and for residents of areas where TB mortality is unusually high.

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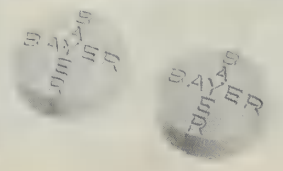


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EEL BETTER FAST_with BAYER® ASPIRIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

"No. Tonight we sleep here in Foochang, if God bless."

They plodded on together. He tried to walk on the outside edges of his feet, because they ached so much. They had never ached so badly in all his life.

Some of the houses were quite close now. Soon they were walking between them.

Long ago he had felt hungry, and then, after a while, he had strangely ceased to be hungry. Now the smell of cooking came out to them from a lighted doorway. Sala smelled the cooking, too, and stopped and put the bundle on the ground. She went to the lighted doorway. He followed, pulling the bundle after him.

He caught a glimpse of low floor tables in the lighted room, with people sitting at them. Sala went up to a strange square hole in the wall through which plates of food were being passed. She spoke in Chinese to a man on the other side. At length Sala gave the man some of the coins and he passed across to her two steamy dishes of food.

She gave Jonathan one of the plates to carry. Round the other people they went, to a shadowy corner.

"Eat up all you can, Jonny. Not like food at home. But not much money."

When they had finished eating, Sala took him out into the night again, and into a place that was like a wooden shed, but also like a barn, for there was hay in it.

He helped Sala to unroll the bundle. She coughed quite a lot, but at last the coughing ceased and she smiled and spoke again.

"No money for real bed, Jonny. But the man say sleep in here, and in the morning we go early on road for Yungkia."

"Won't mother be wondering why we haven't gone back yet?"

He sat cross-legged in the hay, just as Sala was doing. She rocked to and fro for a moment.

"Your father and mother very brave people," she said at length. "Mission people all love them."

Jonathan nodded and listened quietly, saying nothing.

"But not everyone like father and mother," she went on, "because they not understand. Some of them very angry because your father refuse to put on schoolroom wall picture that government in Peiping sent him. Also they think he find out too much about China and send these things back to England."

"You mean like a spy?"

"That what they say."

He opened his eyes excitedly. He did not know what a real-life spy did, but it would be wonderful to have a spy right in his own family! It probably wasn't true, though. It couldn't *really* be true, for what could his father ever find out from the mission people—who did little else but learn their lessons, and pray and sing hymns?

"So there come a time," Sala was saying, "when some of the soldiers are told in Peiping to find your father and mother and take them away. Yesterday a friend come running to speak with your father and warn him. That why your father and mother went away to Taishun."

"Why?"

"I hear your mother say to keep them away from *you*, Jonny. In town the soldiers find them quick."

"And take them away?"

"Soldiers not always obey what they told. Sometimes they get angry and hurt people. Like Mr. Ho."

The memory of the last few minutes in Taishun came rushing back at him. He closed his eyes.

Sala said, "I hear your mother say if they took Bozzy, he not be here to bark or bite, and make soldiers angry, and do worse things."

"*Did* they take them away?" he asked. "*Where* did they take them?"

"Nobody know, Jonny. But Sala care over you!" She reached out her thin yellow hand and patted his own hand. "Sala take you to other white people in Hong Kong, like your mother say. In Yungkia is sea. And I explain to captain of junk that he must take you Hong Kong in a big hurry. And if we not enough money, Sala give him . . . well, look!"

She looked about her to make sure they were alone, then fumbled with the leather bag about her neck. She took some small green things from it, and also a small red one.

"These belong Sala!" she said proudly. "Belong Sala all her life. And mother before that. These are jade, and very precious thing. This one is ruby, most precious still. If the man not take jade, offer him ruby!"

She looked at it, but shook her head and slid her treasures back into the leather bag, and slipped it round her neck.

"Come," she said. "I show you where pump is for washing hands and face."

Sala was sleeping now. Perhaps the up-and-down movement of the waves made it easier to sleep, for she seemed happier now.

As Jonathan stood not very far from the rug they had spread out on the deck for her, he gripped one of the sail ropes tightly, and looked over the edge of the junk to where the mountain was coming nearer.

At the foot of the mountain was a town. Its name, Sala had said, was Hong Kong. It was becoming so clear—all the spread-out, glittering new world of it—that he wished she were awake and looking at it with him.

The day was almost ended now. Some time ago it had been raining, but the rain had cleared before the sunset, and now the red light of the sky was coming over the evening mist. The junk grew more pink, and gold, and purple as he stood there, watching.

He turned his eyes away from the alluring lights of the town and looked at Sala again. These last three days she had hardly talked to him.

Suddenly he saw that she was not sleeping, as he had thought. She was looking at him.

"We're nearly there," he said.

She took no notice, and it occurred to him that if he said it again, a little louder, the words might reach into her ears.

"We're nearly there!" he said again, quite loudly this time.

A fine big sparkle came into her eyes. "Good!" she said, but she started coughing.

She tried to lean on one elbow, so that she could spit into the white cloth they had given her. He tried to help her, but she shook her head, as if she were telling him to move away. He looked about him, but the sailors were busy doing other things.

You will find poetry nowhere unless you bring some with you. JOUBERT

Some of them were starting to unwrap the cargo hampers farther along the deck—and two were quarreling. Another sailor, a Siamese one, was doing something to one of the sails.

Sala stopped coughing and leaned back again, dropping her head on the rug.

The Siamese sailor came up the ladder and along the high poop deck, looking at the sky. He had an incense stick in his hand, and as Jonathan watched he fitted it into its holder before the small spirit house in the stern, and struck a match to light it. He knelt, then, and spoke soft words to the one whose image sat so quietly there. As sailors are supposed to do, he probably asked, Jonathan thought, for a good anchoring . . . for good pleasure ashore, and fine food to eat.

The town was almost upon them. It was a much bigger place than Yungkia. Now that it was beginning to be night, the lights and the shapes of it seemed to go on forever—to the right and to the left, clear up the mountain that soared behind it. And the sounds and the smells stretched out forever too.

Over all these sounds rippled the thin, high, up-and-down voices of the Chinese people. They were different from the voices he had known at home. He did not understand any of them.

The Siamese sailor jerked the rope out of his hands—not roughly, but in the way a man does when there is a sail to furl and a wharf in sight.

Jonathan looked down over the side as the other sailors nuzzled the junk along the dock wall. They were talking and laughing. Mr. Wong, the fat little master of the vessel, was noisier than any of them.

Yet suddenly it seemed as if there were a pause in all the noises. The voices did not actually seem to stop talking, but just where he was there was an odd, quick quietness.

"Jonny!"

It was Sala's voice. He turned sharply toward her.

"Yes, Sala?"

She did not reply. He knelt down to ask her what she wanted, and saw that she had managed to take off the little leather bag that hung about her neck. For a long time there had been only the ruby left in it.

She was trying to hold out her hand to him, and she said "Take!"

He saw that what she had in her hand was the red ruby. He took it. And then, as he looked at her, something funny happened to the smile. It stayed there, but went away, all at the same time. And although her eyes were turned to him, they did not look at him any more.

"We've got here, Sala!"

She took no notice at all, and suddenly with a frightening new emptiness, he felt terribly alone.

He put the little red thing back in its leather bag, and slipped it into the pocket of his shorts—along with his other treasure, the red pen. Then he stood up and shouted:

"Mr. Wong! Come, quick, Mr. Wong!"

But the master of the junk was behind the light in his cabin, and probably did not hear. It was the Siamese sailor who heard and saw. He stepped forward to look. After that he gently closed his hand over Jonathan's, and spoke some words in the Thai tongue. Jonathan did not understand them, but he knew because of the way in which the sailor nodded toward the lighted window, that they mean something about going to talk to Mr. Wong.

Mr. Wong was coming out of his cabin as they reached it. He was a round little man with a large, shiny face and small, bright eyes. He seemed very happy as he straightened the blue silk shirt that he had put on over his black silk trousers for the special occasion of going ashore.

The Siamese sailor spoke loudly. Then Mr. Wong spoke loudly also. They started to go on the deck again, but as Jonathan moved to follow, Mr. Wong turned back and, opening his cabin door, pushed Jonathan gently inside. He spoke some of the very few words of English that he knew—"Very sad small boy, wait! Soon I am back again." And this time the door was closed from the other side, and Jonathan knew that he was locked inside.

They had gone back to Sala. He knew that because of the way they had spoken her name. He wanted to run back there to look after her, but even as he wanted to do this, he knew that it was useless.

He heard strange voices out on the deck, and also Mr. Wong's voice. As he stood listening, the voices went farther and farther away. Then after a while Jonathan heard Mr. Wong's key in the lock. The door swung open, and there was another Chinese face over the shoulder of Mr. Wong.

"Where did they take Sala?" Jonathan asked in English.

Mr. Wong came in. Although he had a very loud voice he now spoke quietly.

"She is dead, small boy."

He did not say any more than that, and Jonathan felt that even if Mr. Wong had known more words in English, it would have been needless for him to use them.

"Dead" meant not hearing or saying anything any more, until they put you in a hole in the ground, and took out a prayer book and read words out of it, as he had once or twice heard his father do. He did not know what the words meant, but reading words did not make people come back again.

He wanted very much to make Sala come back. She would tell him what to say and do without her. All of a sudden his throat ached so much with wanting to ask her these things that he thought he was going to cry, but he remembered that he must try not to do this. Not where people could see him. He bit his lips, and although Mr. Wong and the strangers were watching, he did not utter any sound.

"You know, small boy?"

"Yes, Mr. Wong."

"Come, then. We go to place they care over you."

The streets were full of people. Most of them were in a hurry, and they all seemed to be talking.

Mr. Wong took Jonathan's hand, to make sure that he did not get lost. He did not like to be taken by the hand like this. That was for babies. But he let himself be pulled and edged through the crowd without protest.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

t was the tall friend of Mr. Wong who did guiding. Presently they came to part of the vn where there were not so many people, d where the streets were wider.

The stranger said something very loud now, d waved his hand toward a low, white ilding.

Mr. Wong bowed and thanked him, and the l man hurried away. Then just the two of m, Mr. Wong and Jonathan, went through gate and up three steps to a door which od open.

There was a clean, rather nice kind of smell the room beyond the door. It was a bare t of place, with a few people sitting on a d seat which ran around the wall.

Jonathan looked curiously about him as . Wong led him to a high counter. Behind s counter a Chinese girl was sitting.

Mr. Wong spoke to her in Chinese, and she ned over the counter and smiled down on nathan. She said a number of words in inese to Mr. Wong; then to him, in Eng-h, "You'll have to wait here for a few min-s. Then you can go in to see Nurse Fowler."

Mr. Wong took him back to the wall, and people in the black clothes moved so that y could sit down. The seat was very hard, Jonathan closed his eyes and leaned inst the shoulder of Mr. Wong. He was y sleepy.

Nurse Fowler sat in a white uniform behind ig desk. She had fair hair, and the same d of soft, pale, pinkish-brown face as his ther.

Mr. Wong sat on the edge of a green leather air, speaking a great deal of Chinese. Nurse wler listened, nodding from time to time, asionally looking at Jonathan and occa-nally writing something on paper.

Presently Mr. Wong rose and bowed, and ked at Jonathan. "I go now, small boy," said. "This lady care over you until ——"

He did not say any more than "until ——" bbably, Jonathan thought, that was because did not know the words.

Jonathan clung fiercely to Mr. Wong's nd, as if he never wanted to let it go. But rse Fowler came round from her desk, and a hand on Jonathan's shoulder and said, verything's going to be quite all right. ally it is."

Jonathan watched Mr. Wong going out of room. And he listened to the sound of Mr. ng's feet fading frighteningly away down long corridor.

"Mr. Wong's been very kind to you," said rse Fowler. "But he didn't even remember ur name."

"I'm Jonathan."

"That's a fine name. Jonathan what?"

"Jonathan Adams."

"Jonathan Adams," she repeated, and wrote nething down on the paper in front of her. "What's *your* name?" he asked.

"I'm Nurse Fowler."

e already knew this. He had meant her *er* name, but he was too shy to try to make s clear.

"Is this a hospital?" he asked instead.

"Only *partly* a hospital. It's really the head-arters of some people who look after . . . ll, we call it the I.C.A."

"I.C.A.? What does that mean?"

"It stands for International Children's Aid."

The telephone bell rang, and she went to r desk, picking up the receiver. She started conversation with somebody called Bill. nathan pushed his hand into the pocket of shorts to make sure that his treasures were ll there. They were there all right, hard and ooth and friendly. He pulled the pen out to ok at it.

Suddenly he heard his own name mentioned the telephone conversation.

"—— with a small boy called Jonathan. nathan Adams, I think he said. . . . Yes—a ite boy! . . . The skipper of the junk be-ves they made their way from some mission in the interior. . . . No—I haven't asked m yet. I think he's pretty tired."

There was a pause after that. Nurse Fowler rted speaking again, and there was some-ng in her voice which seemed to tell Jon-han that she was very fond of the person called Bill. But she was shaking her head as she talked. "Couldn't say, Bill. . . . Yes, of course. Why don't you bring him along to-morrow afternoon?"

She listened a while longer. Then she said good-by, and hung up the receiver.

"*Two* new friends for you!" she exclaimed. "They want to come and talk to you tomor-row afternoon."

"From a ship?"

"One of them lives here in Hong Kong. The other is due to arrive tonight."

"Like me."

Nurse Fowler gave him the kind of smile that made him decide he liked her. He even felt comfortable enough to say, "I'm hungry."

Nurse Fowler rose quickly. "What's the matter with me? I never even asked if you'd had anything to eat. They've stopped serving meals tonight, but I think we could fix you some good soup—real, tasty soup. Does that sound all right?"

"It sounds fine, thank you!"

She was pressing a bell on the side of the desk, then glanced at the door as a rather short, fat, bald-headed white man came in. He was also wearing a white uniform.

"Let's find this young man some soup, Glover. Then we'll get him into that empty cot in Upper Three."

"Yes, ma'am."

She turned to Jonathan—"I want you to go with the orderly now. Run along and have that soup."

It was not until the following afternoon that the strange and terrible and wonderful thing happened about meeting Mr. Angus.

All sorts of new faces had come into the day. There was, for instance, the face of the

As long as a woman can look ten years younger than her own daughter, she is perfectly satisfied. OSCAR WILDE

strange nurse who had looked in on him just after he woke up—the one who had given him a clean shirt.

There had been breakfast with an egg in it. After that there had been a pleasant, bald-headed man who smelled of carbolic soap and wore a white coat. He had done something called a medical examination.

More food after that, with Mr. Glover in the big kitchen, and then what Mr. Glover called forty winks, though he had not in the least been sleepy.

It was after his forty winks that Jonathan had made a curious discovery about himself. He was something called a "refugee."

Because he was white, and everybody else except the staff was Chinese, he had been permitted to play in a place called Staff Common Room. It had a row of four windows looking down onto a cobbled yard, where pale brown people in dark clothes, with big bundles, were standing in a line.

A woman in the Staff Common Room told him they were "refugees." He asked her what refugees were, and she seemed to think very hard before saying that they were people who had lost their homes and sought refuge in Hong Kong until they could find new ones to go to.

"Like me," said Jonathan.

"Yes. Like you. Only you're different."

He pressed his face against the windowpane. The refugees all looked very tired, and they did not talk much.

Jonathan was busy looking at these people when a pale young man, who also wore a white suit, tapped him on the shoulder and said that he had come to take him to Nurse Fowler again.

When they got downstairs, the young man knocked on the door of Nurse Fowler's room, then opened the door and gently pushed Jonathan inside.

Nurse Fowler spoke reassuringly, "Come in, Jonathan. I hope you had a good nap."

Jonathan nodded. Since there did not seem to be anything to say to her remark, he just stood there, staring at the strangers.

One was a big man with square shoulders and fair hair—so fair that it came out in eyebrows that you could scarcely see.

"This is Mr. Marlowe," said Nurse Fowler.

The big man thrust out a hand. Jonathan took a step nearer and shook the hand held out to him.

"And this," said Nurse Fowler, "is Mr. Angus."

Mr. Angus was a tall man, dark-haired and sunburned, with broad shoulders. He was looking very cool and neat, in a cream-colored suit and a brown tie. A quick smile came into his eyes, and he said, "Hi, Jonathan!" He said it in a warm friendly way.

"Mr. Angus," said Nurse Fowler, "comes all the way from New York, Jonathan. He traveled across his own country, and then across the Pacific in order to get here. And now he's going home the other way."

"Right round the world?"

Mr. Angus nodded solemnly. "Right around the world. You must have been quite a good way around the world yourself in order to get to China."

"I don't remember much about it. I came when I was very young."

"Really? How old are you now?"

"Seven. Are you a cowboy, Mr. Angus?"

Mr. Angus shook his head. "The best I can say is that I sometimes *talk* to cowboys. I run a travel business. I fix people up with cruises and ——"

"What are cruises?"

Mr. Marlowe said, "When people want to go on long journeys, there's a big organization all over the world called the Robert Angus Company. It sees that they have ships to go in."

Nurse Fowler rose from her chair and said, "Bill, I think it's better not to wait any longer. Perhaps you'd like to come with me and leave them alone for a while?"

"Of course," said Mr. Marlowe.

Nurse Fowler came quite close to Jonathan. "Mr. Angus has something to tell you. It's something I should be telling you, but he asked me if *he* could. He has a very good reason."

Mr. Angus moved across from his chair and put his hand on Jonathan's shoulder. They watched Mr. Marlowe hold open the door for Nurse Fowler, then follow her through it.

"Let's sit down, Jonny." The short name brought a spark to Jonathan's eyes: it was the way his father said his name. He sat facing Mr. Angus.

"When a boy's seven years old," suggested Mr. Angus, "he can be very understanding, can't he?"

"Yes, sir." Jonathan nodded.

"Now and then, Jonny, there comes a time when we have to find out about something very sad. And when it's necessary to do that it's a good thing for people to stick together and talk it over, so they can find out just what's best for them to do about it."

Jonathan sat there waiting, but something inside him began to feel frighteningly lost.

"It's about your father and mother," Mr. Angus said. "Nurse Fowler's been making a lot of inquiries through the Red Cross."

"Do you know if the soldiers are going to let them go home now?"

Mr. Angus leaned forward and spoke very softly. "I'm afraid they won't *be* going home any more, Jonny."

Jonathan sat terribly still, and the frightened feeling inside him became so dizzily real that he wanted to be sick because of it.

"They won't be coming home any more because they're dead, Mr. Angus. Is that what it is about them?"

Mr. Angus got up and sat on the edge of the desk. "Yes, Jonny. They died in an effort to make things safe for *you*. Someday you can find out all that's been discovered about what happened." He waited for a moment. "I asked Nurse Fowler's permission to tell you this because I've got something special to *ask* you."

Jonathan sat on the chair, looking up at Mr. Angus, but he didn't really seem to see him any more. He saw, instead, his father and mother, and Bozzy, in the car, setting out for Taishun that morning. And his mother was smiling out of the window and saying that he was to be sure to help Sala and Mrs. Ho if they needed him. And good-by now, Jonny darling, and God bless you!

The pain inside him became a lump in his throat, and the lump hurt so much that he wanted to cry because of it.

"All over the world," Mr. Angus was saying, "there are other fathers and mothers who will be very proud, someday, to know the story of *your* father and mother."

Jonathan stared very hard, and really *saw* Mr. Angus again, but he couldn't stop the tears from coming out of his eyes, and it did not seem to matter any more.

"So it's time," Mr. Angus was saying, "to tell you about another father and mother—

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who would like to try and make a new home for you."

Jonathan shook his head.

"We're not your own parents, Jonny, and nobody could ever take their place. But we need a son in our family pretty badly. Maybe, over in America ——"

Jonathan did not want to hear any more. All he wanted—more than anything he had ever wanted—was to be alone. He slid quietly off the cold leather seat, and turned and ran out the door. On down the corridor he ran, and past all the Chinese people who turned to look at him on the stairs, and along the landing to Upper Three, and in through the door.

He fell wearily and achingly on the narrow white bed. And he cried for his mother just as he used to in the days when he was a very small boy.

It was not until next day that things began to be all right again. Even by midmorning he was sorry that he had run away from Mr. Angus, and he was terribly ashamed of crying in front of him.

Nurse Fowler had not been even the slightest bit cross—in fact, she had been kinder than ever. There were things to finish saying, however. And since Mr. Angus was to leave Hong Kong next morning, Nurse Fowler had planned another chance for them to be together.

It was she who had given Jonathan permission to be taken out to supper. As he walked out of the hospital between Mr. Angus and Mr. Marlowe, Jonathan felt both small and big at the same time. He felt even smaller and bigger when he was sitting between them in Mr. Marlowe's shiny blue car, which was open to the sky.

This was the time when it was neither day nor night. There were happenings like lanterns being lit, and drifts of smoke with wondrous smells in them, and gongs that boomed and quivered in the distance.

Along the road up the Peak they went, and the wind was cooler up there, but the wonderful smells of cooking faded away beneath the scent of the frangipani blossoms. They were on their way to something called a floating fish restaurant on the other side of the Peak. Here, said Mr. Marlowe, there was the best fried fish in the world.

By the time they got to the fishing village the sea was silvery black and green, and the moon had grown so bright that the light of it was like a shoal of eels on the water.

Just as Jonathan was wondering how the moonlight looked to the fishes beneath the water, his mind was brought back to things that were happening on dry land. A small Chinese woman came shuffling out of the shadows beside the fishing boats to lead the way toward a little sampan tied at the water's edge.

There were dim, round blobs of orange-yellow light along the wharf, and as they walked Jonathan saw how very old the woman was. However, when they were all in the sampan, she rowed it quickly across the water. The place they made for was a lighted staircase. It belonged to a houseboat, anchored a little way off the land.

The man who was waiting for them on top of the steps was Chinese too. He took them out to the top deck—which was the strangest kind of restaurant Jonathan had ever seen.

A smiling yellow-faced boy brought scented towels with which to wipe their faces and hands. After that, they were led to a small round table at the edge of the deck. Once you sat down there, you could look straight down through the rails into the water.

Not that there was much point in wasting time by looking at the water when there were such wonderful lists of food in front of you to choose from.

"Whatever kind of appetite you have," said Mr. Angus, "there seem to be things here especially cooked for it. Crabs and lobsters, all kinds of prawns, soles, and something called *garoupa* ——"

"*Garoupa!*" said Jonathan. "May I have *garoupa*, please?"

"Sure you may—all the *garoupa* you can eat. Perhaps Bill will tell me what we're talking about."

"A kind of sea bass," said Mr. Marlowe. "And the way they cook it here is something out of heaven!"

"Then let's *both* have *garoupa*, Jonny," said Mr. Angus.

Mr. Marlowe gave the order. And after that, Mr. Angus and Mr. Marlowe started talking about Chinese cooking.

The waiter came with a tray, and set a plate of sizzling *garoupa* in front of them. Then came a sauce, and other fascinating things that smelled so good it would have been impossible for Jonathan not to have remembered that he was hungry.

As he was accustomed to do at the mission, he bowed his head and waited for Mr. Angus to say grace.

The sound of knives and forks on plates made him open his eyes again, and he saw that Mr. Angus and Mr. Marlowe had started eating. It seemed unbelievable to start dinner without thanking God about it.

Jonathan looked from one to the other of them, and slowly picked up his fork.

"*Now* what's up?" asked Mr. Marlowe.

"Nobody said grace," replied Jonathan.

Mr. Marlowe gave a slight cough and looked about the restaurant. Mr. Angus gazed solemnly at Jonathan and suddenly laid down his knife and fork again. "Why, Jonny!" he said. "Forgive me! That's what comes of being in a hurry!" And then he bowed his head and said quietly, "Bless this food to our use, O Lord, and us to Thy service."

"Amen," said Jonathan.

All the other people in the restaurant were eating, too, and there were four at one of the tables who were laughing almost all the time. Mr. Marlowe quietly drew the attention of Mr. Angus to these people, and said, "In these houseboat restaurants, high spirits are catching. As far as I know, your all-in tourists wouldn't find anything like them anywhere else in the world."

"All-in tourists?" repeated Jonathan.

Mr. Marlowe looked vaguely troubled. "All-in tourists," he explained, "means all-*inclusive* tourists. You see—I'm the agent for Angus Tours in Hong Kong, and when I talk to Mr. Angus like this—he's the boss of the show—I mean people who are taking the all-inclusive tours."

Mr. Marlowe went on talking business with Mr. Angus, and for a while Jonathan paid more attention to the *garoupa* on his plate. Eating did not prevent him, however, from listening now and then.

"We mustn't forget that the Group A tours out of New York, can usually spend more than ——" Mr. Angus was saying, but paused as he saw that Jonathan was looking at him.

Jonathan smiled. "New York is where you come from, isn't it, sir?"

"Yes, Jonny," Mr. Angus told him.

"Do you live in a bungalow?"

"No, Jonny. It's quite a house."

"What's it like?"

"Much too big for us—and very old. It was my grandfather who built it—way back at the turn of the century."

"Are your father and mother good to you?"

Mr. Marlowe laughed quite loudly, and even Mr. Angus laughed a little. "My father and mother aren't alive any more," he said.

"Like mine," said Jonathan, and nobody said anything at all for a few seconds. Then he asked, "Do you live there alone, Mr. Angus?"

Mr. Angus seemed to be suddenly very much in earnest. "No, Jonny. You see, there's Vivien—Mrs. Angus. My wife."

"Is *she* good to you?"

Instead of answering the question, Mr. Angus said, "Sometimes she's lonely, too, Jonny. That's one reason why I'm looking for someone to come and live with us and be part of the family. How does America sound to you?"

"Could I have a dog there—like Bozzy?"

"Towns aren't too good for dogs, Jonny—but I imagine something could be done about that, because we live right across the street from the park. But why 'Bozzy'?"

"That was the name of *our* dog—in Taishun. He was a bulldog—a patchy kind of dog, but very proud. He had no pedigree, though."

"I can let you into a secret about that. Dogs are privately happier without them."

Jonathan thought about the matter solemnly. "I wish *you* could have seen him."

"So do I."

Jonathan turned his head away thoughtfully. He was just in time to glimpse, through the rails, a big, wide sampan gliding along the side of the restaurant.

There were lanterns on the sampan, and under the lanterns was a great array of round baskets without lids, containing all kinds of bright-colored foods.

Jonathan got to his feet to peer over the rails. He walked a little distance away, until the loaded sampan was directly beneath him. He could make out quite clearly the voices of Mr. Angus and Mr. Marlowe. "Nobody's saying you can't offer him a good home," Mr. Marlowe was saying. "But aren't you rather taking a chance, with Vivien so upset and so-so different? I wish I could think it was the one Vivien he'd be going home to—the girl we both knew in those old days in Jamaica."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

Jonathan did not look round, but he listened very hard. Mr. Angus replied—"Perhaps she hasn't changed as much as you think, Bill."

Again a little silence, then Mr. Marlowe's voice, gentler now. "It won't help, John—blinking the facts away. That boy needs a home as badly as any child ever did. That great house on Fifth Avenue and a flock of servants don't constitute a home. And you know it."

There was yet another wait—then Mr. Angus' voice again, much quieter. "*I* need him."

"Good! That's what I've been waiting for. Now we're being straight about it. I promise to do all I can for you at this end, John. Jane'll have to go through all the usual I.C.A. red tape, but let's hope it works out."

"Thanks, Bill. And another thing—I don't want him to go short of anything while they're checking on us. I don't suppose he has anything in the world except what he has on."

Jonathan, at the deck rail, understood these last words very well. An eagerness came over him to show them that he really *did* have something. Two things.

He slipped a hand into the pocket of his shorts and clutched the two treasures. He took them out and held them tightly in his hands, running back to the table.

"I own *these!*" he said clearly. "That one is a real ruby! Sala gave it to me. And mother gave me this one. It is a very good pen. It came from your country."

Mr. Angus picked up the ruby and admired it. "I don't know any boy who's lucky enough to own a gem like that!" he said. He gently put it down again, and took up the pen. "And that's about the finest pen I've seen! Do you do a lot of writing with that pen?"

"Not much, sir. I like to draw with it."

"You do?" It was Mr. Marlowe this time, and he took a white envelope from his pocket. He pushed the envelope across the table. "What about drawing something for us?"

Jonathan looked from one to the other them and considered the idea carefully. started to draw some parallel lines t stretched almost from the bottom of the velope to the top of it. As he drew, he conc trated so hard that he stuck the tip of tongue out, quite unconsciously, and furiou licked the corner of his upper lip.

After considerable lip licking, he added between the parallel lines, a series of w looked like square dots. And when these w finished, he put a line across the bottom.

He studied the drawing critically. Then, w some misgiving, he held it across the table

Mr. Angus raised one of his eyebrows with a nod passed it to Mr. Marlowe.

"A row of telegraph posts," said Mr. M lowe, and passed it back again. "Very goo

Jonathan shook his head. He bit his bott lip and hoped very hard that this time M Angus would *know* what it was.

Mr. Angus' wrinkled brow became s denly clear and smooth again. "It's a s scraper!" he said. "What else could it be?"

Jonathan, with a triumphant smile, s proudly, "Skyscrapers are what people h in America. I thought perhaps it would m you feel at home."

"Remarkable!"

"Is it like your home?"

"Well—it's like a building *near* my hom

Exuberantly Jonathan took the envel and drew some people going along the str On top of their heads, Jonathan drew a lo wide-brimmed hats.

"Those are the people," Jonathan explain handing the envelope back to Mr. Angus

"But why the funny-looking hats?"

"They are the cowboys," said Jonathan

At first it was like the sound of a bee. it did not buzz, then pause awhile, buzz pause, as bees usually did.

It was so insistent that the sound came i Jonathan's sleep and woke him. For a seco or so he listened uncomprehendingly. Then a flash he was out of bed and at the windo

It was the noise of an airliner.

Jonathan did not know whether there w other airliners departing from or arriving Hong Kong at daybreak, but he *did* know t the one with Mr. Angus in it would be starti now. This was just what he had wanted do—wake up in time to see him off. M Angus had said last night that perhaps qu soon they would be together again. But Jon than had discovered that when people s good-by to you, you could never tell for s whether you would really see them again. I hoped so. Beyond any doubt at all, now, M Angus was a necessary friend to have.

Jonathan peered through the window, into the sky. The airliner was a long one, w four engines, and it had a row of windows t glittered in the sunrise. It was a wonderf golden thing.

Soon the airliner was just a speck in the d tance. And then, no matter how hard screwed up his eyes, Jonathan could see it longer.

Tuesday was purple. It was all very well Nurse Fowler to tell him to be patient as t days went by, but there seemed to be so ma of them. They were all so much alike that Jonathan had not had his own ways of disti guishing between them, it would have be hard to keep track of them.

Monday was blue, Tuesday was purp Wednesday was green, and Thursday was a ki of pinkish brown. Fridays, Saturdays a Sundays were not so permanently fixed.

The day the first big piece of news ca through was a Tuesday. And it began just all the other days had. There had been t usual waking up and washing and scrubbi of teeth, and rushing into clothes, and eati breakfast with Mr. Glover in the big kitche

On this particular morning Mr. Glov seemed to be hurrying even more than usu Perhaps, Jonathan thought, he had some re son of his own to be counting the days als

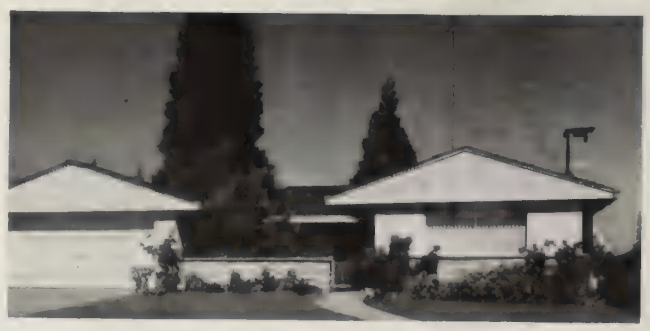
"*Are* you counting the days?" he ask while he sat waiting at the big table.

"What on earth for? Here's another cup tea. Please put the rest of that milk in it befo Pok gets it."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

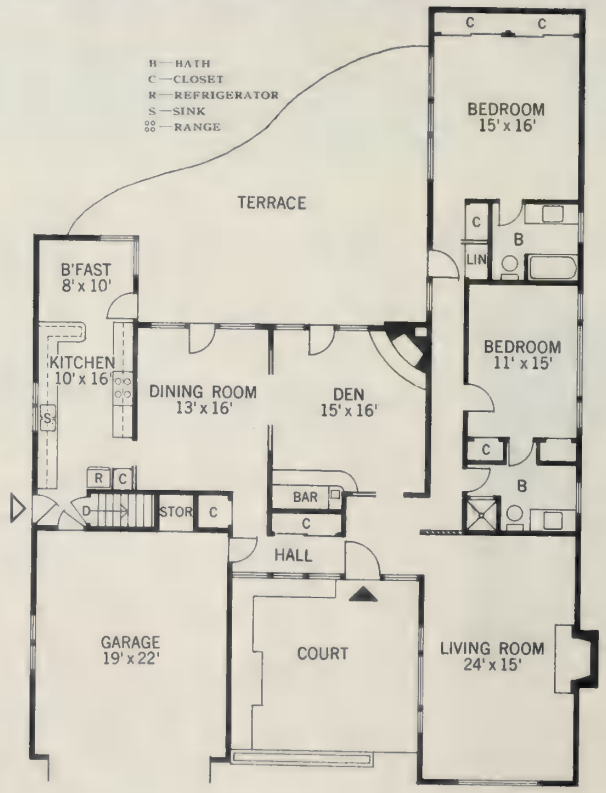
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This house in the region of Seattle is replete with mouth-watering features that start as you step into the entrance patio off the street. Right away the beauties of the H plan begin to unfold, as you find yourself embraced by the two forward wings appearing in the small inset picture above: the garage on the left, living-room wing on the right. You pardon the picture window facing the street when you see the view it frames! Whereas around back the two rearward wings of breakfast room and master bedroom embrace a paradise of a patio, looking out over one of the luxuriant lawns for which the locality is famous. Part of this terrace is roofed over with translucent plastic, the rest open to the sky. Consider the outlook of the lucky rooms that open out upon this particular pleasance. And before we step inside, note the roof of rough-hewn cedar shakes and the skin-smooth walls of cedar siding, both weathering to rose and silver set off by snow-white trim.

Inside, the house confirms the fact that it was designed for the entertainment of its owners, who have earned it, and whose pleasure is the entertainment of their married children's families and friends. Just picture yourself at a party here, or spending a weekend. It is a fascinating plan to follow through with the point of your pencil and fun to follow through by yourself. You'll see the layout has desirable details which many a big family might borrow. H in this case is the shape of a happy house, and, for what you can get, economical to build. About $25,000.

R. P.



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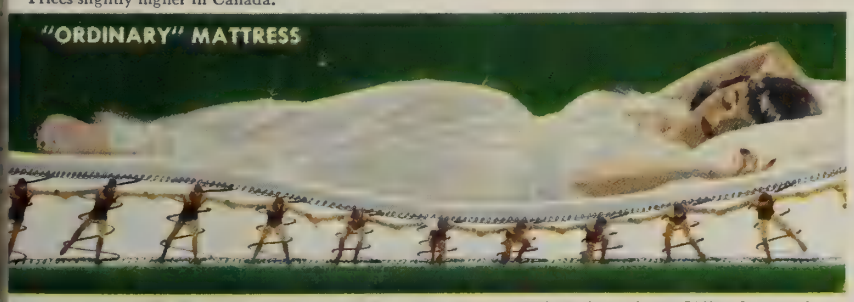
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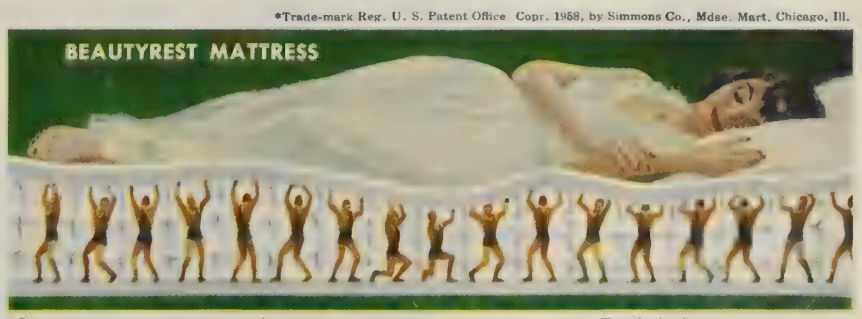
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

Jonathan looked over the edge of the table and saw the pale blue eyes of Pok eying the milk jug crossly. Pok was a Siamese cat that looked as if he had buried his face in a full tin of coffee that nobody had ever been able to wash off.

Pok made a sound of exasperation.

"He doesn't like waiting either," said Jonathan.

Mr. Glover was about to reply when the house phone rang, and he went to answer it. "Yes, ma'am," he said, and hung the receiver on its hook and turned to Jonathan. "Nurse Fowler wants to see you."

Jonathan slid off the bench and went down the long corridor to Nurse Fowler's office.

She was pinker than ever this morning, and there was the smell of a nice kind of soap that he had known back home in Taishun. "Good morning, Jonny. Come over here and sit down in this chair, will you? I have something to talk to you about."

He did as she told him. She sat on the edge of the desk and tilted her head a little on one side, as if she were studying him.

"We've been trying to trace relatives in your grandmother's family in Yorkshire," she said. "Since the I.C.A. office in England has not been able to find any relatives for you, Jonny, your father's *church* has offered to find a good home for you."

Something about the words struck a sudden, awful panic into Jonathan's heart. Back in Taishun he had heard exactly the same words used about one of the new white kittens. Nobody *had* found a good home for it, however. It had been drowned.

He screwed up his eyes at the dreadful memory, and put his tightly clenched hands into them, shaking his head to try and make the picture go away.

"But I don't think it's going to be necessary for them to start finding a home, Jonny—because I also have a *good* piece of news."

He lowered his fists from his face. "About Mr. Angus?" he asked.

"Yes. I dare say it's seemed a long time to you, but the I.C.A. people in New York had a lot of questions to ask. Getting a new son into a family isn't as easy as you might think. Do you really want to go and live with them, Jonny?"

"Yes, please."

"You know, it's about as important for you to want to go to *them* as it is for them to want *you!*"

"Does Mrs. Angus want me too?"

"Yes, of course she does! The I.C.A. people in New York found out all sorts of wonderful things about her—in fact, she's been quite a help to the I.C.A. in years past. But I think she was quite ill a little time ago, Jonny—so you'll have to be very kind to her, won't you?"

He nodded happily. "Perhaps you could tell her I won't bang the piano if she wants me to be quiet. It sometimes used to make father very cross—me playing the piano. I can play with both hands at the same time, now."

"That's very clever. I can't even play with one!"

He shook his head. "I could show you sometime," he offered, "if you wanted me to."

"Someday before you go that would be lovely."

"Will I go by myself?"

"I don't think so. There's a lady called Miss Lunt who looks after a part of our work in New York. She's on her way around the world, visiting our different centers. If your papers get here by the time she does, then perhaps there'll be a way for you to go back to New York together."

When she said it like that, it all sounded so certain that he became suddenly too restless to sit in the chair any more. He slid off it, and came to the edge of the desk.

He stood there and stared at Nurse Fowler and then blushed, remembering something. (Sala had said, "White boys not stare at people, Jonny. Very rude to stare.")

He wondered what Sala would think if *she* knew about these new and exciting things. He suddenly wanted to tell her about it so badly that his throat ached. *I'm going to America, Sala! I'm getting a new father and mother! I'm going to live with a lot of cowboys in a skyscraper! I'm going to have a dog like Bozzy again.*

This was the day of days.

Jonathan stood at the door of the I.C.A. building with Mr. Glover, and Miss Lunt's two suitcases, and his own—waiting for the taxi that was to take them to the ship in which they were to leave for America.

He had never owned any luggage before. Now there was a small blue suitcase that definitely and assuredly belonged to *him*. Mr. Marlowe and Nurse Fowler had taken him out one afternoon and bought him two flannel suits, some new shirts, new underwear, and three ties that he had helped to choose—a red one that looked bright and happy, a green one with gray stripes on it, and a blue one with white spots. Mr. Marlowe had also helped to buy some socks and two pairs of shoes.

While Jonathan was looking lovingly at this luggage, the coffee-colored face of Pok appeared abruptly from behind it.

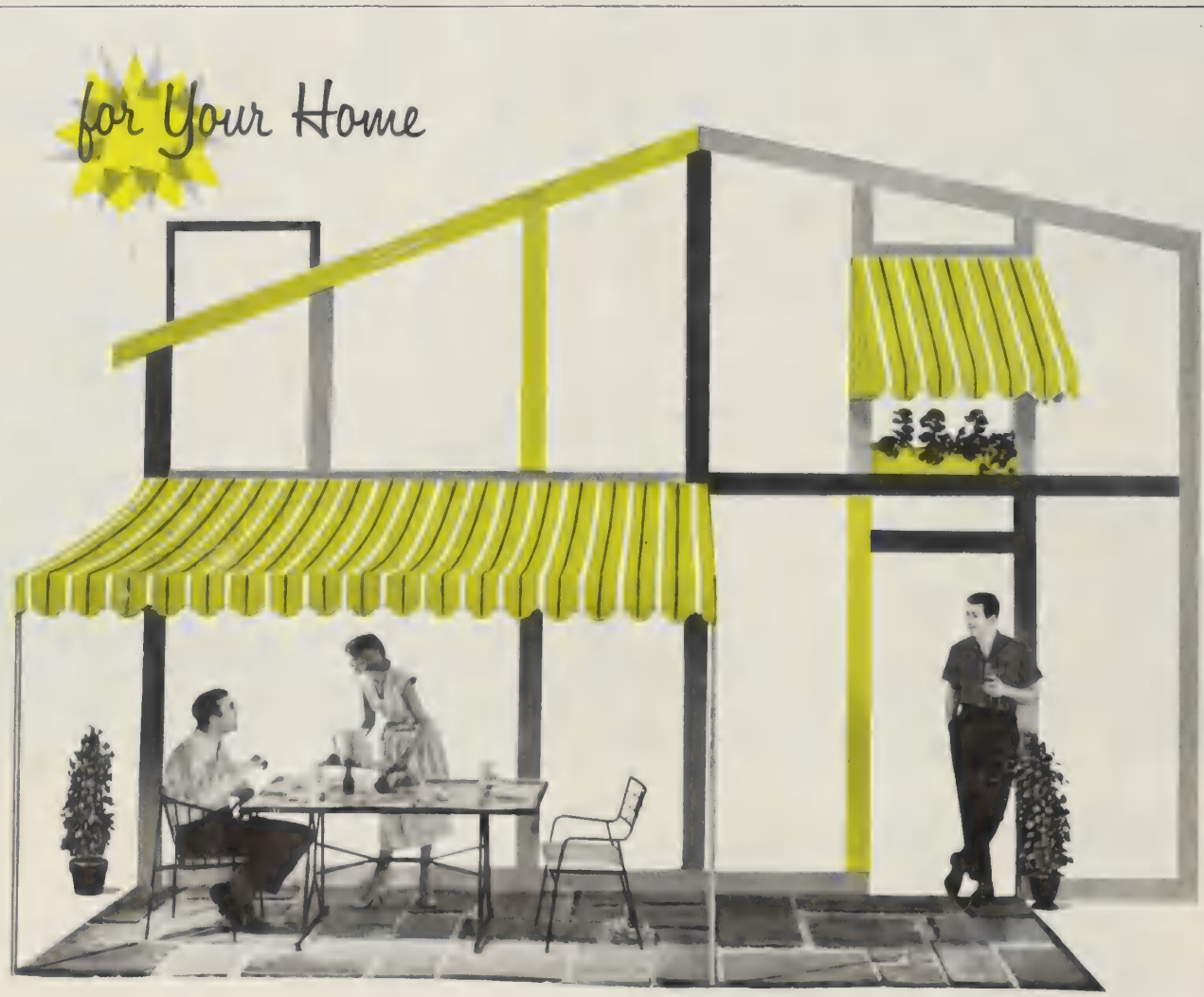
Mr. Glover, who had been helping with the luggage, saw the cat and looked crossly at him. "Do you want to cost me my job?" he asked. Whereupon Mr. Glover whisked him away, and Pok set up a wail that must have been heard all over the I.C.A. building. The last Jonathan saw of him was an angry tail lashing about under Mr. Glover's arm as he was rushed back to the kitchen.

It was then that the taxi came—and Nurse Fowler and Miss Lunt also appeared.

The driver gathered up all three suitcases and put them in the taxi. Miss Lunt said good-by to Nurse Fowler, and then helped Jonathan inside the cab.

Nurse Fowler continued to stand and wave at the top of the hospital steps until Jonathan could see her no more.

He sat in the back of the taxi then, and looked up at Miss Lunt at his side. She had arrived only two days ago. Instead of being pink and white, like Nurse Fowler, she was mostly navy blue. Miss Lunt had a big croco-



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TOGETHER

dile-leather bag on her lap. She snapped it open, and poked about inside it. Then she snapped it shut again—with the kind of satisfied click that made Jonathan feel she rather liked snapping it open and shut.

"Well, young man," asked Miss Lunt, "how does it feel to be setting out for the other side of the world?" She looked down at him, peering through the top of her spectacles.

"Very well, thank you," he replied. He could not even begin to tell her what he was really thinking.

She did not ask him any more, but gave a cheerful little chuckle, and let him look out the taxicab window at the things that went whirling by outside.

They came suddenly out of the narrow streets into a wider one, and now there were people everywhere. Jonathan wondered that some of them did not get run over.

Down at the harbor there were even more people, and even larger numbers of taxicabs.

"Look!" said Miss Lunt. "Over there between that building and the side of the shed."

Jonathan looked, and gave a quick gasp of astonishment.

"That's the ship, Jonathan. It's going to be our home right over the Indian Ocean—and on through the Mediterranean, and then over the Atlantic."

It was a fine sight. The ship had a wide squat funnel with a white eagle on a band of red, and blue stripes above and beneath it—all of them gleaming in the sunshine.

Miss Lunt looked as if she were going to say some more, but at that moment a rush of white steam gushed up at the side of the funnel, and the vast sound of the ship's siren filled

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTAL HEALTH
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the air. The noise was frightening, yet it was exciting. It was louder and longer than any gong he had ever heard—and he edged a little closer to Miss Lunt until it stopped.

Perhaps the ship was excited too. Perhaps the ship was shouting with impatience—to be away out of the harbor and off home. Far away in the distance the horizon was shimmering and sparkling in the sunlight. On the other side of it, Jonathan supposed, lay all the rest of the world. The world and Mr. Angus.

The sounds of this strange new world were already close beside him, but beyond the ship's rail he could see nothing but the drift and swirl of the fog. The great ship's engines were silent now. All the throbbing, all the deep-down, faraway clanking that had been with them across the ocean, had ceased.

Miss Lunt had explained that this was because they were off the port—though she could not see this, any more than could any of the other passengers. She had been given the news by one of the ship's officers.

There were sounds that called out of the fog to him. As Jonathan stood at the rail, his coat collar turned up against the cold, he heard these sounds quite clearly—the deep, long calling back and forth of other liners, or the quick, sharp tooting of little tugs. He was not really supposed to be out here on the deck. He was supposed to be within sight of Miss Lunt, who was sitting with a lot of other people just inside the door of the lounge. He fancied, however, that she had done something she called "dozing off." This was a thing she did frequently.

Just as Jonathan was thinking of going back to Miss Lunt, he became aware that two of the passengers farther along the ship's rail were talking excitedly, and one of them was pointing at something out in the fog.

Jonathan ran along the deck toward them, and looked in the direction in which the man was pointing.

"There she is, the old girl!" the man was saying. "Haven't seen her for ten years."

The other man saw Jonathan. He was a gray-haired man who had come with them all the way from Manila. His name was Colonel Sutter.

"Look, my boy!" he said. "What d'you think of *that*, now?"

Jonathan looked, then opened his eyes as wide as they would go.

The fog was beginning to clear, and through the middle of the gap came a giant. A lady giant she was—a great, towering one, with a crown on her head and a torch held high in her hand.

"The Statue of Liberty," said Colonel Sutter proudly.

Jonathan ran quickly back along the deck and into the lounge. "Come quick, Miss Lunt!" he said. "Come quick and see!"

She gave a startled blink. "See what?"

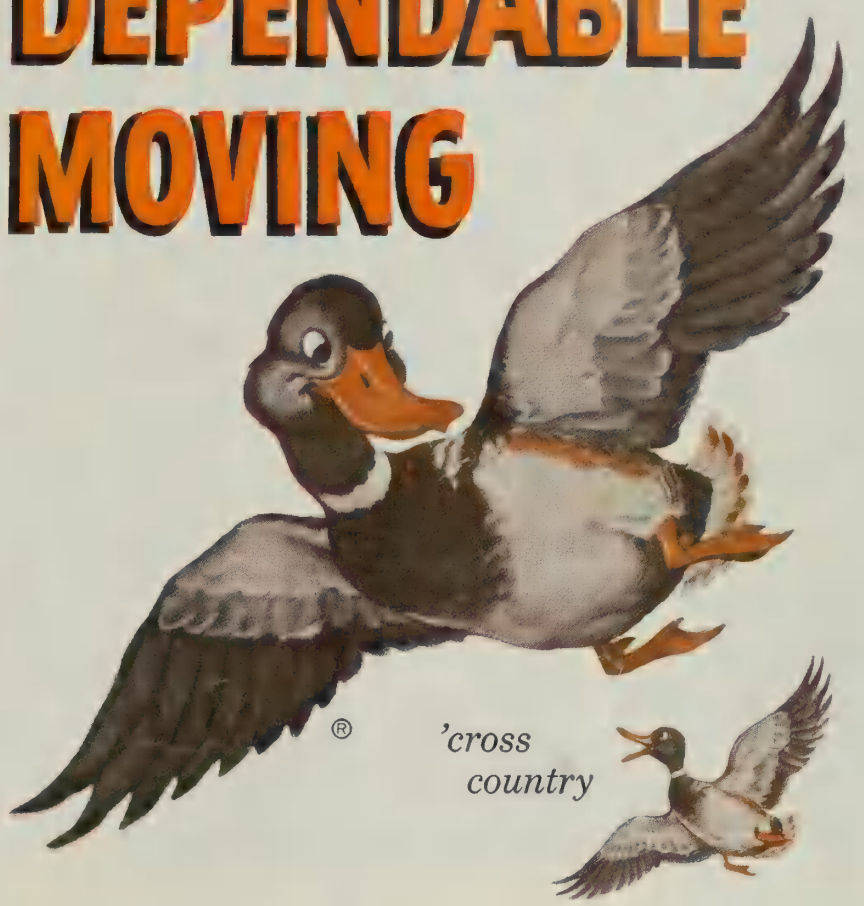
"Statue of Liberty! Quick, please!"

"She'll wait," said Miss Lunt with a smile, but came back with him to the deck.

Other people had heard of the lifting of the fog, too, and there were quite a number of them at the rail. Jonathan led Miss Lunt to an empty space. He had no sooner done so than he realized that the ship was beginning to move again.

He pointed this out to Miss Lunt. "That means we'll be moving into the dock," she

DEPENDABLE MOVING



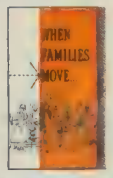
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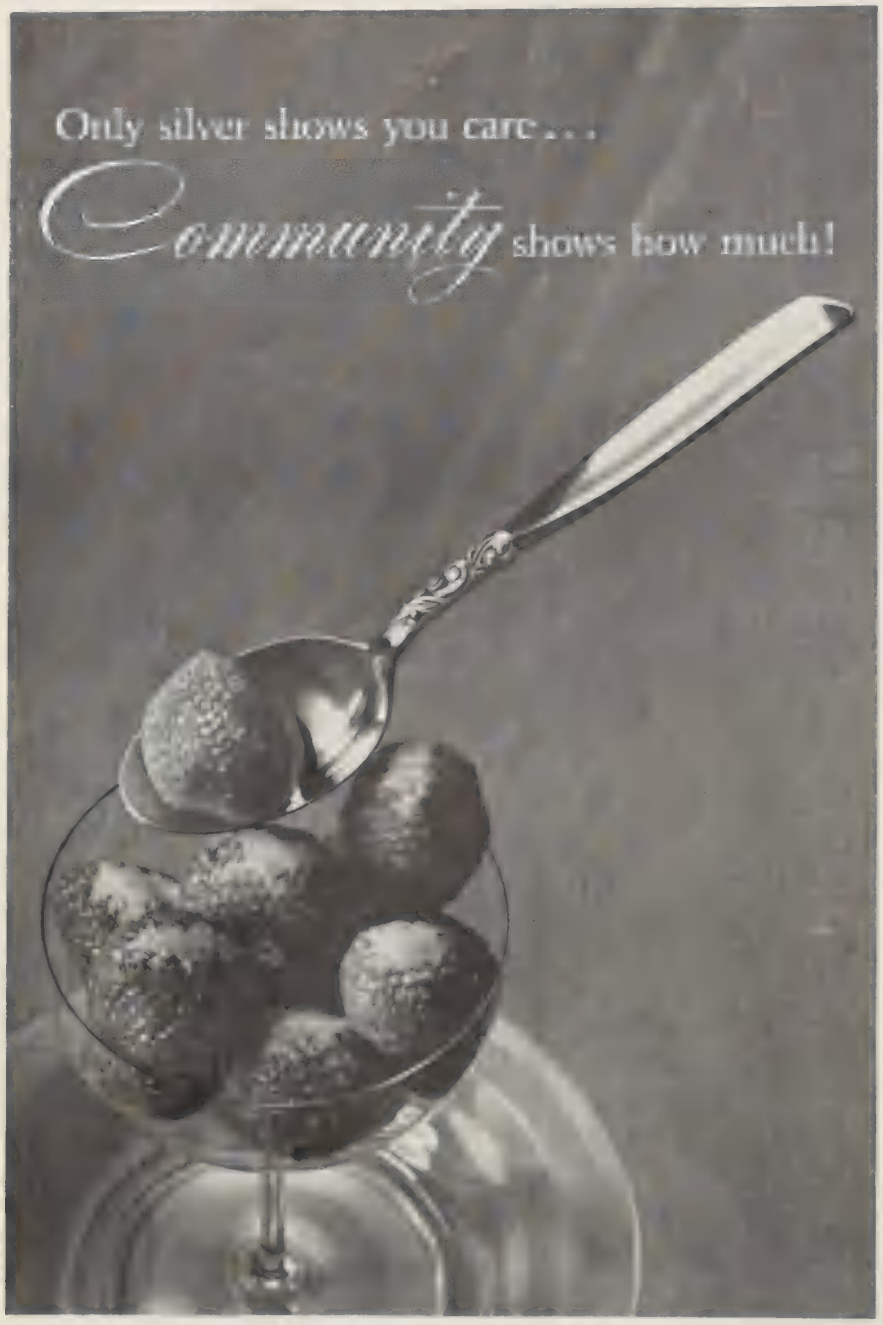
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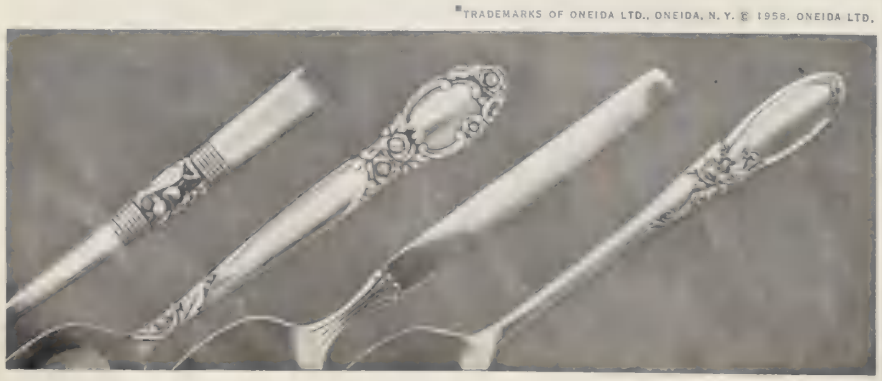
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said. "We'll have to go back into the lounge to get our papers cleared. But before we go, there's something I can show *you*, Jonny. There are your first skyscrapers!"

He blinked and stared with wondering eyes. It looked as if there were hundreds of them, all shapes, sizes and colors, with millions of bright windows, glinting in the late afternoon sunshine.

"That's Manhattan," said Miss Lunt, "and that means home."

"Do *you* live in one of those skyscrapers, Miss Lunt?"

"No, dear. I live in a small apartment not far from the United Nations."

He looked long and hard at the view. He was still doing this when a voice came through an odd-looking box at the top of the wall.

"Passengers not in the lounge" said the voice, "are requested to assemble there at once for United States Customs and Immigration inspection."

"That means us," said Miss Lunt, and she shepherded him round the end of the deck again, and into the lounge.

The ship was already nosing into the dock when they came out into the fresh air again. Jonathan ran to the rail and looked down, seeing that already two of the big cables had been thrown from ship to shore, and there were men carrying them to posts at the dock's edge.

There was an upper level along the dock shed, too, and there was a gap in it, with more men waiting to take in the ship's gangway.

Beyond this gap, behind a wooden barrier, were many people.

With a quick new excitement, Jonathan stared eagerly along the faces over the barrier—faces of young people and old people, fat faces and thin ones. Head and shoulders over a group a man in a greatcoat was standing, his hat off and the sun on his face. Jonathan saw him, and called out, "Mr. Angus! Mr. Angus!" He raised his arm and waved. Then because all the other people around him were waving too (and they were all so much bigger) he waved *both* arms.

Mr. Angus saw him. He smiled and waved his hat quite high and hard.

The towering, unfamiliar world became suddenly a friendly one. And there was another thing. All the people out there had come to meet somebody special. Jonathan realized, with a strange new certainty, that for the first time *he* was the somebody special someone had come to meet! He turned to Miss Lunt and wanted to explain this miracle, but at the very moment she led him up to the head of the gangway, and helped him up on it.

It was an exciting, gay tunnel of a gangplank—a tunnel that led from the ship to America! And when he stepped off at the other end, there right in front of him was Mr. Angus.

Jonathan ran across the small intervening space, and Mr. Angus swept him up in two big, strong arms. "Welcome home, Jonny!" he said. "We finally made it!"

Jonathan nodded vigorously, and as Mr. Angus set him down again, turned proudly to Miss Lunt. She seemed very pleased too.

Miss Lunt stretched out her hand to Mr. Angus. "I'm so glad to meet you at last."

They talked a little more—about the journey, and about the papers that had to be signed, and presently they all went into the Customs shed where the luggage was waiting.

"Here, Jonny!" said Miss Lunt, opening the big crocodile bag. "Here's a box of those green peppermints—the kind you like. Don't eat them all at once, now."

"Thank you, Miss Lunt."

"Good-by, Jonny," she said. "I have to go down to where it says L-M-N. Be good to your new father, now!"

"Yes, Miss Lunt."

He watched as she went away and was lost among the many moving people.

QUESTION

By ANNE C. CULBERT

It took but little skill to make
My special brand of hell.
Why won't my heaven shape itself
As easily and well?

"I think by now you'll have your suitcas waiting for you, Jonny. It'll be under the A's. How does it feel to have Angus and Adam with the same initial? You'll be *Jonatha Angus* from now on, you know."

"Jonathan Angus," said Jonathan unbe lievingly. The words had a strange sounc "Jonathan Angus," he said again, and rathe liked the sound.

The lions had no eyes. That was almost th first thing Jonathan noticed as the taxi drive held open the door and he jumped out ont the pavement.

While Mr. Angus was getting out behin him, and the driver was taking out the blu suitcase, Jonathan stared up at the house an into the unseeing eyes of the stone lions. The were smooth and gray, standing on pillars o either side of the entrance.

There was no time to think about the lion though. Almost before Jonathan could tur his eyes away from them, the big front doo was opened and in the doorway was a ta black man in a white jacket.

Jonathan could not remember meeting an other black people. He had seen pictures an read stories about them. Most of them wer cannibals, but this one did not look like cannibal. He had a high, shiny forehead, an fuzzy gray hair that was white above th ears.

"Whitton, here's our new son at last—Maste Jonathan." Mr. Angus sounded very happy

The tall man looke down at Jonathan, the bowed and smile "Welcome home, Ma ter Jonathan," he sai

Jonathan smiled bac Politely he said, "Goo evening."

The dark man turne to Mr. Angus. "You coat, sir?"

"Don't bother jus now. Is Mrs. Angus i the music room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. We'll go i just as we are. Will yo take that suitcase up stairs?"

"Yes, sir."

Jonathan watched the dark man pick u the suitcase and walk away with it toward th bottom of a great flight of stairs.

They were wonderful stairs. They swept i a wide curve from the bottom of the hallwa up and up to the floors above. He caught glimpse of a tremendous shimmering thing: thing with many lights on it, like a kind upside-down fountain, hanging from the cei ing over the hallway. He stared at it in wide eyed wonder, but Mr. Angus began to lea him toward a door on the right.

There was a glow of firelight as the doo opened, and a deep, soft carpet that stoppe your feet from making any noise. There we tall mirrors and high windows, and mar flowers. And Jonathan suddenly realized th there was a big piano in front of him. Despi the thrill of the piano, however, his eyes we quickly and wonderingly to the lady who ro from a silver-green chair to come toward hi She put down on a crystal ash tray a cigaret she had been smoking.

It was queer that for a little moment noboc said anything—not even Mr. Angus. Jonatha wished that somebody would speak. H wanted to say something himself, but th silence seemed too solid for talking.

Mrs. Angus knelt on the carpet in front c him and put both hands on his shoulders. Sh was in a black dress with a little strip moonlike yellow round the top. He decide that she was the most beautiful lady he ha ever been so close to. She had gleaming, dar red hair that shone and glinted in the firelig And she had a smooth, still face with larg brown eyes. She gave him a slow and searc ing look.

"So you're home at last!" she said. And sh smiled, and drew him close to her. For moment she held him very tightly.

Something inside him made him want te ribly hard to say kind things to her. He di not know how you could want so much t

comfort somebody and be afraid, at the same time.

"Come on, Jonny!" It was the reassuring voice of Mr. Angus, and he was laughing now. "What are you looking so scared for?"

Mrs. Angus let go of him and stood up. When she spoke to Mr. Angus her voice was curiously crumbly at the edges.

"It's all so new to him," she said, "but he'll soon get used to us. Won't you, Jonny?" She looked down at him, then away, and round the room. "This is a very lovely house," she said, "for a boy who can get used to things."

"Yes, Mrs. Angus," he said.

She looked across at Mr. Angus, but it sounded as if she were really talking to herself. "He isn't quite as tall," she said.

She said it as if it were some kind of mistake that Jonathan had made. He did not know who he was not as tall as.

"I'm very sorry," he said.

Mrs. Angus' eyes filled with tears, but Mr. Angus smiled down at him. "There's nothing to be sorry for, Jonny! Let's take this heavy coat off and come and get warm by the fire."

Mr. Angus helped him off with his coat—but he still clutched the box of peppermints Miss Lunt had given him. He remembered that Miss Lunt had said he must be grateful, and he wanted very much to do what Miss Lunt had said.

He walked over to Mrs. Angus and held out the box of peppermints. "They're green ones, Mrs. Angus," he said encouragingly. "They're not really as hard as they look."

"Thank you, Jonny." She took one of the peppermints, but held it for a moment between her thumb and finger. "Now that you're going to live with us, we'll have to do something about that, won't we?"

He did not know what she meant.

"About me being Mrs. Angus," she said with a smile.

Mr. Angus wrinkled his forehead, but all the same said quite gently, "Not so fast, Vivien. Let's take it as it comes, shall we? After all, he's only just . . . well, isn't it a little early to rush him, don't you think?"

Mrs. Angus turned to her husband, and although her smile did not alter, her voice seemed different, as if he, too, had now said something that was a mistake. "If we don't get things right from the first, John, it'll be just that much harder—later."

Mr. Angus looked at her for a still, long moment, then drew her attention to the peppermint in her hand. "Aren't you going to eat it, darling? They're very good ones."

She put the peppermint in her mouth and sat down on a big, shiny hassock.

For a few minutes Jonathan sat on the edge of the settee by the fireside. It was warm and comfortable there, and it was nice to have Mr. Angus beside him.

"It wouldn't surprise me," said Mr. Angus, "if he's getting hungry."

"I was not forgetting, John," said Mrs. Angus. "I thought you wanted him to sit by the fire for a while." She tapped her cigarette into another small ash tray. "Come with me, Jonny," she said. "Let's go upstairs and look at your bedroom. Everything's ready for you, dear. And there'll be a nice warm bath for you before you change your suit for dinner."

She held out her hand to him. He allowed himself to be led across the room toward the door, and wondered if he would ever be able to say aloud, in this big house, that he did not like to be led by the hand. He glanced around at Mr. Angus, hoping that he was coming too.

At the foot of the staircase Mrs. Angus released his hand, and he followed her up the soft, purple carpet that led around the wide sweep of the staircase. Along the wall were large paintings of angry-looking men, mostly with side whiskers on their faces, and kilts that showed their knees. There was also a picture of a lady in a wide, pale dress, with white hair done up into a high shape with flowers on top.

As they came up to the top of the staircase, they came level with the vast crystal thing with lights on it. It hung from the ceiling over the hallway below, and it sparkled like millions of diamonds. Near to the top of the stairs Jonathan glanced down to look at it—because the sparkles changed with every step he made. He became so fascinated that he walked backward a few steps down the stairs, and then forward again.

"Jonathan! What on earth are you doing that for?" Mrs. Angus' voice came loudly into the game he was playing.

He could not possibly explain the things he had been seeing, so he said nothing at all. She gave an odd little laugh. Then she led the way down a wide corridor.

There were several doors and just as they were getting to one it opened and a dark-colored girl with a black dress and a white apron came out.

"I've just turned down Master Jonathan's bed, ma'am," she said, "I thought perhaps he'd be going to bed early tonight—after coming all that way."

"Thank you, Frankie," said Mrs. Angus. She looked down at Jonathan. "This is Frankie, Jonathan. She takes care of the upstairs rooms, and does a lot of other useful things."

Jonathan smiled and Mrs. Angus ushered him into the big, high room beyond the door.

Once again it was a room into which he could not hear himself walk. It had a brownish carpet on the floor, and a great big bed. There were long curtains in a kind of pale orange velvet. The bed was a four-poster. He had seen pictures of such beds, but never before had he actually set eyes on one. The room had two other doors. Both were closed.

It was a beautifully warm room. It had a fireplace with a real fire in it. While he was looking at the fire, he saw that Mrs. Angus was standing very still. She was looking at something above the mantelpiece.

It was a picture—the painting of a boy about his own age. But the boy in the picture had dark hair, and looked altogether different. He was wearing a kind of brown leather jacket, and was holding a bow and arrow. He seemed to be laughing.



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Mrs. Angus' voice came across the quietness so suddenly that he was a little startled—"Perhaps you're wondering about the boy in the picture."

"He has a terrific bow and arrow," said Jonathan.

"His name was Robin. He was my son—a wonderful boy, Jonathan."

"Did Robin die, too, Mrs. Angus?" Jonathan asked.

Mrs. Angus turned to him, and for a moment she did not speak. When she did reply, her voice had a quivery sort of sound.

"He was drowned in an accident in a swimming pool . . . at a little school he went to." She drew in her breath and then spoke quickly. "Why did you say 'Did Robin die *too?*' " she asked.

"In China people die all the time," he replied. "My father said they go to heaven."

"I see," she said.

"You don't really *see* heaven, Mrs. Angus. But sometimes, if you try very hard before you go to bed, you can dream about it."

He thought that perhaps this was something she would like to know, but she turned away from the painting and said no more about it. Instead, she walked over to the bed, and said, in a colder, faraway voice, "Whitton has unpacked your suitcase, dear, and he's put your other suit out. You can manage everything for yourself, I suppose?"

He nodded vigorously.

She walked away from the bed and opened one of the other doors. "Here's your bathroom, Jonny. Your very own one. Robin used to love it. Look—I'll turn on the water for you, and you can have a bath before you put your suit on."

She turned on the tap. "I'm going to leave you to change, now, dear," Mrs. Angus said. "Don't be long, will you? This other door leads into *my* bedroom, and your father's room is just beyond that. We're all quite near each other."

She gave him a quick pat on the shoulder, and smiled. Then she went out of the room and closed the door after her.

Suddenly, when she had gone, the room was bigger than ever, and it was full of echoes.

He took off his jacket and started getting undressed. He remembered that he must turn off the water in the bathroom before the bath got too full. And he must turn on the cold water so that it would not be too hot to sit in.

Presently he pulled his gray shorts off. He put his two great treasures on a table by the side of his bed. He put his handkerchief there, and beside it he laid the ball-point pen. And the small red ruby beside that. The ruby did not have much light in it today, and the pen was curiously shabby.

He picked the pen up lovingly, though, and remembering precious things about it, he went into the bathroom to turn off the water.

Perhaps it was not a real sound at all. Perhaps he had dreamed it. Certainly he had been asleep. There was no light in his room—at least, none but the moonlight making a silvery-yellow crisscross on the carpet . . . that crept up and over the edge of the bed.

It was the highest bed that Jonathan had ever known, and also the softest. The sheets had a faint, sweet smell as if they had just been carried through a clover field. He thought the wood of the bedposts smelled good too.

To all these sights and smells he woke again now, but it was not the sights or the smells he thought of. What he thought of was the *sound.*

The sound was coming from the other side of the closed door that led to Mrs. Angus' room. He sat up in bed and listened. It was a pitiful kind of noise, and Jonathan remembered that it was the sound Sala had made the first night they had run away from Taishun. It was the sound of somebody crying.

He did not know what Mrs. Angus was crying about, but as he sat there, small and still in the great bed, he began to believe that in some way she was crying about *him.* The fear of her that he had felt before came back, only much more strongly.

At length he heard another door open. Almost immediately the crying sound stopped and Jonathan heard the voice of Mr. Angus.

"Viv—please—what's the trouble, darling?"

Jonathan listened sharply. It seemed a long time before Mrs. Angus replied. "I didn't think you could hear me."

"I'm still within earshot, darling. When you insisted on moving in here, at least you stayed within *sound* of me. Isn't it some comfort to know I'm in there if you need me?"

"If you should hear me . . . crying, John, it doesn't mean that I . . . that I need anyone."

"This was supposed to be a *happy* night, Viv. Are you very—are you terribly disappointed?"

"Do we have to do all this probing——"

"In the old days, darling, you used to curl up in bed at times like these and put your head on my shoulder and tell me all about it. Why go on keeping things back like this? Why go on making comparisons with the past when there's such a fine future again—right in the room next door?"

"A future for me—or for him?"

"I hoped for both of you—for all of us, Vivien. Ever since we discovered you couldn't have any more of your own, you've been longing for a boy like Jonathan!"

For a second or two Jonathan heard only the silence. When Mrs. Angus spoke, her voice was far away.

"You still don't really understand, do you, John? For years you haven't."

"I may be a fool when it comes to understanding your wish to do things so much on your own, these days. But having a new son is something altogether different. It can mean a new start for both of us, as well as for him."

"I promised you I'd do my best. He'll have everything he needs—the *best* of everything."

"Including love?"

There was a pause again. Then Mrs. Angus spoke so much in a whisper—a kind of fierce, quick whisper—that Jonathan could hardly hear at all.

"Isn't he the second chance I've been waiting so long for? Isn't he a chance to put things back as they were again? If that's true, the



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don't you see that I've still got all the love that's been locked away inside me since Robin died? That's why—where Jonathan's concerned—I'm going to have to be so terribly careful. I can't afford, not a second time, to take any chances, John. I can't risk ——" Mrs. Angus' voice stopped there, or rather it broke off.

"Can't risk *what*, Vivien?"

"Risk failing him, as I failed Robin."

"That's a terrible thing to go on thinking. He'll need a lot of love, Vivien, but he has a lot to give. Everything here must seem very strange to him. I think as soon as he starts meeting some boys of his own age ——"

"I—I'm glad you mentioned that, John. It's something we've got to understand each other about."

"What do you mean?"

"You've only got to look at him to see how wrong it would be to expose him to the average group of American boys. I think that for a while it would be better for us to have a tutor for him."

"A tutor?" Mr. Angus sounded startled. Jonathan listened and wondered. He did not know what a tutor was.

"Vivien—will you be absolutely straight with me about this? Is this *really* why you want a tutor for Jonny? Or is it that you're scared of his going to a school because of what happened to Robin?"

Jonathan heard a small, sharp gasp. Then there was the sound of Mrs. Angus crying again. Yet in spite of the crying she said, "If Robin hadn't been in school that day it couldn't have happened! Nearly all the rest of the school was on holiday. And it was *my* fault Robin was there—just because it was more convenient for him to be out of the house that week. More convenient!"

A bookie is just a pick-pocket who lets you use your own hands.

HENRY MORGAN
Braude's Second Encyclopedia
© 1957, Prentice-Hall Inc.

"Darling, you really mustn't get hysterical like this. Listen—you've got to get a grip on yourself, Vivien. You've let the thought of school, and everything to do with school, scare the life out of you."

"*Please* ——"

"Oh, I know that Jonathan's been living in a pretty abnormal background. But that's just one big reason for him to have a normal home, and a normal education with other boys. We've got to behave like rational people, darling, when we decide things like this."

"Are you trying to tell me I'm neurotic again?"

"For pity's sake, Viv!"

There was another silence. Then Mr. Angus said, "If you really feel we'll be protecting Jonathan best for a week or two by having a tutor here ——"

When Mrs. Angus spoke again she spoke more calmly. "There's a man called Philip Wade, John. He tutored those two boys of Barbara Simmons'. I telephoned and asked him to call tomorrow afternoon."

"Did you fix this appointment even before you'd *seen* Jonny?"

"It's better to be prepared. Will you be here tomorrow afternoon?"

"Of course I'll be here, Vivien. But let's not commit ourselves about this tutor until we've seen what kind of man he is. And until we feel sure they'll get along well together."

"They will, John. He sounds like the kind of man Robin would have liked."

There was a long hush again, then the sound of a door closing.

Jonathan did not understand the meaning of the things that had been spoken in there. Mr. and Mrs. Angus had a way of talking that was not at all like the talk he had listened to at home in Taishun. His father and mother always said what they liked and disliked in simple, easy words.

Either in Mrs. Angus' room or in his own, he heard a clock strike. It struck two. Jonathan looked about him to see if the clock was in his own room. He could not see it. But his eyes did see, once again, the face of the boy in the painting. The room grew bigger and lonelier. It was as if the pattern of the words that he had heard went running up and down the walls of the room. But they always came back to the painting of Robin Angus. And the arrow was pointing straight toward him.

Jonathan was glad that there was only Mr. Angus to have breakfast with. It had been Mr. Angus who had come into his room to make sure he was awake, and to help him get out the clothes he should wear. He had shown Mr. Angus the splendid ties that Mr. Marlowe and Nurse Fowler had bought for him in Hong Kong—especially the green-and-gray one that they decided was the one for this particular day. He was glad Mr. Angus liked it.

When it was time for breakfast, it seemed that Mrs. Angus was still asleep upstairs. It was important for her, Mr. Angus explained, to stay asleep until Frankie took a tray of breakfast to her.

Breakfast was not in the dining room. This was called the brown room, and it was a small, cozy back room that had bright curtains. It was a wonderful breakfast. And the sun was shining brightly even though it was too cold yet, Mr. Angus said, for the windows to be opened.

There were many books along the walls, and as Jonathan sat facing Mr. Angus across the round, polished table, he could see them over the tops of some white flowers. It was while he was staring wonderingly at the books that Jonathan caught a glimpse of Mr. Angus looking very keenly at him—and at the bowl of oatmeal that remained untouched in front of him.

"Better eat your cereal," said Mr. Angus. "Just the thing for . . . Jonathan Angus."

"Jonathan Angus," repeated Jonathan. He decided he liked his new name. He nodded his head. "Does that make me stop being a refugee?"

"Yes. And do you know something?"

Jonathan shook his head.

"We've got a job to do," said Mr. Angus.

Jonathan ate his cereal and watched Mr. Angus expectantly.

"We've got to prove something, Jonny. We've got to prove it *was* a good idea to adopt each other. We've got to prove that I'm the right kind of father and you're the right kind of son. We want Viv—we want Mrs. Angus to be sure of all this, don't we?"

"She doesn't like me."

Mr. Angus put down the cup of coffee he was lifting from the table. "What on earth makes you think that?"

"I think she'd like to change me."

"What a fantastic notion!"

"Wouldn't she?"

"Of course not. She may not want you to do all the things you'd like to do, but . . . between you and me, she's been wanting a son like you pretty badly."

Jonathan picked up the spoon beside the plate. "Please," he asked suddenly, "what is a tutor?"

Mr. Angus looked startled. "Were you awake in bed last night?" he asked.

Jonathan stared for a moment uncomfortably, then he pressed the spoon in his hand very hard down on the plate. "Yes, sir."

"I don't know how much you heard, Jonny—or how much you understood of what you heard. But you've got to realize that everybody's trying to work out just exactly what's best for you. You've got to trust us about that, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, a tutor is a teacher. Only instead of you going to school to *him*, he comes to *you*. Tutors have a way of knowing just what you need to find out about."

"Will he let me draw things?"

"He might even help."

"What's he like?"

Suddenly it was the voice of Mrs. Angus that Jonathan heard. He swung round in his chair to find her standing in the doorway.

"We'll be able to answer that better this afternoon, dear," she said.

She had a hat on, and a little brown fur coat. He realized that he had been right in deciding that she was the most beautiful lady in the world. She came over to him and leaned down to kiss him on the cheek.

"Good morning, Jonny," she said.

"Good morning," he replied shyly. Then he watched her walk over to Mr. Angus and kiss him on the cheek also.

Mr. Angus, who stood up when she came in, put both his hands on her shoulders and said, "Why so early, darling? I thought you were still sleeping."

"I suddenly remembered I'd promised to call for Janet and take her to a committee meeting," she told him. "We've only a short time until the Silver Slipper Ball—and we've hardly done a thing."

"'Silver Slipper Ball'? I'd forgotten about it. What's the good cause this time?"

"The crippled children again—the same as last year," she said, and then, "Can I tell you something, Jonathan?"

She hesitated, and he looked at her expectantly.

"That green tie doesn't really look very right with that suit," she said. "I have a little drawer upstairs that's just about full of ties, Jonny. I haven't time now, but when I come back we'll go through them together and pick out something more suitable, shall we?"

He merely looked at her. Perhaps it was very rude of him not to say anything like this.



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United Van Lines

Mrs. Angus said, "I want you to promise me something, dear. I have to be out until early this afternoon. I want you to promise me not to step outside the house—not until you know the neighborhood a little better. Very soon—maybe tomorrow—I'll take you out and we'll start getting to know it. In the meantime, there's lots to keep you interested right here. You've all sorts of picture magazines to look at, and Whitton will turn on the television in the music room if you wish. If you want Whitton, just push this little bell. You understand?"

"Yes, thank you. What is television?"

"D'you mean to say you haven't even heard of it?"

Jonathan nodded his head. He was ashamed that he had not heard of television. "There wasn't anything that sounded like that in Taishun," he said.

Mr. Angus was smiling. "I didn't think there was a boy left in the world who'd escaped it!"

"What is it like?"

"Like radio with pictures. If you've finished that egg, come with me and I'll show you."

He ate the last spoonful of egg and wiped his mouth. He was getting up out of his chair when he saw that Mrs. Angus was walking away from them toward the door.

"You'll both have to excuse me," she said. "I think Lynch has the car ready. I'll be back after lunch. Cook's going to fix you something very nice, Jonny."

Mrs. Angus came back and kissed Mr. Angus very lightly on the cheek again. "Don't forget Mr. Wade's coming at three, dear," she said. "Try to make it."

"Sure I will. Good-by, Viv."

Mrs. Angus hurried out of the room. For some reason Jonathan felt happier again. He looked around him excitedly as Mr. Angus took him into the music room.

The thing to which Mr. Angus led him was a large brown piece of furniture with a window in it. Mr. Angus turned a little knob and after a moment there was a lady's voice talking, and presently there was the lady herself, making cakes.

"I don't suppose you want a cooking lesson," Mr. Angus said. "But I'm afraid there isn't much choice at this time of morning. Get Whitton to try it for you later."

He turned the knob again, and the woman vanished, cake and all. Jonathan wanted to ask questions about her, but he could see that Mr. Angus was in a hurry.

"Don't start feeling lonely, Jonny. If only you were going to school ——" He did not finish what he was going to say, but went out into the front hallway to put his coat and hat on. Jonathan followed, and Mr. Angus stretched out his hand and ruffled his hair a little. "I'm sorry to leave you like this—right on your first morning—but we're awfully busy these days."

"All-in tourists," said Jonathan with a smile.

"For heaven's sake! You remembered that from Hong Kong!"

"I'm one, too, aren't I?"

"You're what?"

"All-in tourist."

"Indeed you are! Even a kind of explorer. You can get on with your exploring right now if you like. Don't be scared about feeling at home here. It *is* your home, you know."

Jonathan smiled. He stood quietly in the hall as Mr. Angus went out.

The hallway seemed higher than ever when there was nobody in it. He went into the music room. He saw the big piano and realized, with a shiver of excitement, that there was nobody, now, to say that he must not play it. He sat on the piano stool and, using two fingers, played some of the black notes, then some of the white ones. Then he played one of the black notes and one of the white ones together. In the middle of a pause, among the fascinating noises he was making on the piano, Jonathan became aware of another sound. It came from the direction of the window.

It was the soft, exciting sputter of new rain. He slithered off the piano stool and ran over to the window. There was no sunlight any more, and although many of the trees were bare, there were some dark ones that were waving in the wind. The sidewalk was so bright and wet that he could see the trees upside down, and he wondered what it was like to climb up a *reflected* tree. He was just deciding that this must certainly be the *quickest* way of getting to the top, when he heard someone coming into the room behind him. He turned to see Whitton looking anxiously up at the windows above him.

"Mrs. Angus doesn't like the rain to get inside," said Whitton. "Sure is blowing up a gale!"

"Sure is," echoed Jonathan.

Whitton went out of the room again, and there was nothing left to watch but things that did not move, and nothing left to listen to but silence.

He got tired, at length, of looking at the objects in the room, and remembered the glittering thing that hung over the hallway. He went tiptoeing over the deep carpet as if going out there were something he should not be doing. Perhaps it was silly to go on tiptoe, but it seemed the only thing to do.

He went slowly up the staircase and sat on the top stair. He clasped his hands round his bare knees and put his head down on them, and looked with determination into the shining thing in front of him.

Just now it was not really shining very much. The countless little shapes of glass that had been so full of fire were just pale and bluey white. He held his head hopefully on one side to see if that would make it any better. He was still in the middle of holding his head on one side when the maid with the white apron came up the stairs.

"Good morning, Master Jonathan."

He remembered both his manners and the name Mrs. Angus had told him. "Good morning, Frankie," he said, and straightened his head up.

Let's go to that house, for the linen looks white and smells of lavender, and I love to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. IZAAK WALTON

She had a large thing in her hand like a long black drum. It had a pipe attached to it—a kind of wide, bendy pipe with a nozzle at the end of it.

"I wondered what you were looking at," she said, "with your head down like that."

"I was looking at *that*," he said, "with all those bits of glass in it."

"The chandelier," said Frankie.

"Chandelier," he repeated. He liked the sound of it.

"I thought maybe they didn't have things like that where you came from," she said.

"Not glass ones," he said. "But lanterns. Very big lanterns made of rice paper, in all kinds of colors, with lights in them. They wave in the wind and blink. They have crinkles on them."

"Chinese lanterns," said Frankie. "One time I saw lanterns like them at the Mardi gras, in New Orleans." She looked over his shoulder. "But talking about Chinese lanterns won't get my work done," she added.

It had been nice to have someone to talk to. He watched her walk as far as one of the bedroom doors. Then he suddenly called, "Did Robin have a dog?"

Frankie turned to stare back at him. "I wasn't here in those days," she said, "but I shouldn't think so. She wouldn't like a dog around."

"Do you mean Mrs. Angus?" Jonathan asked her.

She nodded, then disappeared into the bedroom, but she left the door open.

Jonathan stood near the edge of the stairs, and the corridor was wide and empty again. It was sad that Mrs. Angus did not like dogs. Perhaps, someday, if he could find the right kind of dog —— As he thought of the possibility he got a bright new idea, and ran to the door that Frankie had left open.

She was standing in there with the thing that had been in her hand making a great swooshing sound, and she was stroking the carpet with it.

"Please can you tell me," he asked, "where there is a bit of paper—paper to draw on?"

Frankie flicked a little switch on the thing she carried, and the swooshing suddenly stopped. "I know where there are some *little* bits of papers," she said, and he watched her go to a bedside table. She tore some pages off a message pad and handed them to him.

"Why don't you go downstairs to the brown room?" she suggested. "You could sit at the desk and draw. It's nice and warm down there."

"You don't think Mrs. Angus will be cross?"

Frankie pondered the question. "Why should she be?"

Jonathan did not know why. He only knew that it seemed a likely thing to happen.

"You too?" asked Frankie, with an odd little laugh. "You never know, with Mrs. Angus," she said. "You just have to remember that when she sets her mind on doing something *her* way there ain't never going to be anything that changes her mind. Nothing!"

"Oh!" said Jonathan.

"She's been a very sick woman," said Frankie, "and you just have to pray she's in the right mood when you ask her for something, or you sure will never get it!"

Jonathan looked at her gravely. She stared at him a moment, then turned on the swooshing sound and went on stroking the carpet.

He ran down the stairs and into the brown room. He pulled out the chair at the desk and spread the paper in front of him, and carefully took out of his pocket the ball-point pen. Then he started to draw.

What he drew was Bozzy. Perhaps, even if Mrs. Angus didn't want a dog of her own in the house, she might like *other* people's dogs. And maybe, if someday he drew a great many pictures of another dog as brave as Bozzy, Mrs. Angus might think it would be nice to have the picture turned into a real, live dog. The new dog could be called Bozzy too.

"Hello, Jonny. Sorry you were left alone nearly all day!"

He had been so absorbed in what he was doing that he had not even heard Mrs. Angus opening the door.

He gathered together the little bits of paper on which he had been drawing, and held them tightly as he slid off the seat.

He had started his drawing in the brown room, but after Whitton had brought his lunch in there, and left him, he had got tired of the room and come back to finish his drawing in the music room.

It was through the open top of the piano that he saw Mrs. Angus, smiling at him, and holding a big brown paper package.

She set the package on the floor. Something made him want to show her the drawings. But instead of moving, he stood there, a sudden shyness making him slip his hand with the drawings in it behind his back.

"What were you writing so busily?"

"I wasn't writing anything, Mrs. Angus."

"Then what were you doing?" She slipped off the brown fur jacket and the pretty hat.

"Drawing pictures," he said.

She held out her hand. "Can't I see them?"

He brought his hand round from behind his back with a sudden agony of hoping that she would understand what the drawings were all about. "They're pictures of Bozzy," he said, looking over her elbow at them.

"I heard you mention him before," said Mrs. Angus. "But I didn't realize Bozzy was a dog. What kind of dog was he?"

It was sad that the pictures were not good enough for her to have seen this for herself.

"A bulldog," he explained, and added, "Did *you* ever have a dog?"

She looked over the top of the drawings, and out into the room, but it was as if she did not really *see* the room. "Yes, once when I was a little girl I had a dog, but now that I have a home of my own I really couldn't do with one. You can't keep a house clean when you have a dog in it."

"Bozzy was clean, Mrs. Angus. He licked his dish and he was neat about *everything*."

She had no comment to make about that. He looked back at the drawings in her hands.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118



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SIMONIZ MAKES IT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

"Did Robin draw too?" he asked.

She glanced at him in quite a different kind of way, as if she had become mysteriously cross with him.

"No," she said. "It was one of the things he didn't care to do very much. He used to think it rather a waste of time."

"Didn't he like to draw *anything?*"

"Robin preferred to build things. His father bought him some small building tools and some special wooden things. You'll have to learn to build things, too, Jonny. It's a fine, manly thing to do."

Slowly he nodded his head.

Without seeming to realize what she was doing, she folded up the pictures of Bozzy right in the middle, and then over again, tightly and very firmly. While he stared at the wad of folded paper she got to her feet and walked over to the fire and dropped it into the flames. It unfolded a little, as if the dogs were trying desperately to scramble off the pieces of paper and get out of the fireplace and back to him.

He clenched his fists for them, and turned away from the terrible little extra brightness in the flames, and as he turned he saw that Mrs. Angus had gone back to the chair where the brown paper package was.

She picked it up and smiled just as if the pictures of Bozzy had never been burned.

"I was forgetting all about *this*, Jonny. It's a surprise for you."

He looked at it, and said, "Thank you, Mrs. Angus," but he did not take it from her.

"Aren't you going to open it?"

He nodded, and stretched out his hands for the package.

"You don't seem very happy about it, Jonny. I thought it might be quite a thrill to get a surprise like *this*."

He took the paper off the box and opened it. Inside was a great big cowboy hat, and a red shirt, and chaps with twisty white fur on them. It was a cowboy suit.

It was so wonderful that he forgot the thing he was thinking about and grew excited. "Is it all for *me?*" he asked, and timidly, then quite boldly, *put* the wide-brimmed hat on, and felt very grand in it. He smiled and said, "Thank you, Mrs. Angus."

She leaned over the box and took something else out of the wrappings. "It even has *this!*" she exclaimed, and pulled out a shiny holster with an even shinier gun.

He sat instantly still and stared at it.

"It really works," Mrs. Angus said. "Just listen!" She slipped the gun out of its holster and pressed the trigger.

There was a short, sharp *crack*—and she laughed at the sound. "Isn't it wonderful!"

He closed his eyes and tried not to think of the terrible Taishun sounds that came crackling back at him as he sat there.

He put his hands over his ears, and realized that his fingers were trembling again. He hoped terribly hard that she did not notice this. He hoped, too, that something would happen so that he would not have to talk about it. And something *did* happen.

While his hands were still over his ears, Whitton appeared at the door, saying, "A Mr. Wade to see you, madam."

Mrs. Angus rose to her feet again. For a moment she seemed very angry. She put the gun back in the box and looked at Jonathan sharply and disapprovingly. Then she turned to the door and said, "Show him in, Whitton."

Jonathan watched Whitton open the door and usher Mr. Wade into the room. Mr. Wade was not so tall as Mr. Angus, but he was thicker. He looked a strong kind of man, and wore a browny-gray suit, and had lion-colored hair that was scribbly at the edges.

Mrs. Angus did not get up from her chair, and Mr. Wade came across the room to shake hands with her. Jonathan was looking at him so intently that he did not hear all Mrs. Angus was saying. But suddenly five of the words seemed louder than all the others.

"This is our son, Jonathan."

"Glad to meet you, Jonathan," said Mr. Wade.

Jonathan shook hands with him, and Mr. Wade's hand was so hard that it hurt a bit. But it was a friendly kind of hand.

Mrs. Angus waved toward a chair, and Mr. Wade sat down in it. "So this is the young man who's ready to start his lessons?" he said. "Have you been to school at all, Jonathan?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. My father had a school at the mission."

"I understood that Mr. Angus ——" Mr. Wade began.

"He doesn't mean my husband," Mrs. Angus explained. "He means his . . . *other* father. His father was a missionary in China. I'd rather we talked about that some other time if you don't mind."

"Naturally."

"My mother used to teach me things, too," said Jonathan. He said it quite loudly. He wanted them to be sure that he was not a boy who had never learned anything. "My mother used to sit under the cherry tree and spell words out of a blue book. I can read long sentences. I can even read words in Chinese."

"That's something I can't do," said Mr. Wade with a smile.

There was the sound of the front door being opened, and then the voice of Mr. Angus in the hall. Mr. Angus came into the room, and went over to shake hands with Mr. Wade.

"Mr. Wade's only just arrived, darling," said Mrs. Angus. "He was getting acquainted with Jonny. I think they're going to get along beautifully."

Mr. Wade said, "We were just finding out about any previous education."

"I don't think there can have been very much of that."

Jonathan glanced between the two men and saw that Mrs. Angus was looking at him with a faint little smile again. She said, "There are things we have to arrange, Jonny. Suppose you run and play in the brown room for a few minutes. You can come and say good-by to Mr. Wade when he leaves."

He got to his feet and said, "Yes, Mrs. Angus." Then he looked gravely at Mr. Angus

Kitchen Corners

Four families inventively solve space riddles in the kitchen.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor

RIDDLE No. 1: How to get the laundry under the counter.

SOLUTION: At the Richard Mack home, the laundry devices fit in a divider between kitchen and dining room. For repairs and service, doors on the dining side open so connections at back are easily accessible (as shown below). Knotty pine encloses the whole length, and with hidden hinges and magnetic catches the paneling looks continuous and unbroken.





● The same divider is now seen (above right) from the kitchen side, where shutter doors are used. The dining room can be glimpsed, mellow with antiques and traditional fabrics. It was once a garage! Now it gives extra space for dinners, homework and even family projects, such as the current one of gluing seeds of different colors and textures into handsome mosaic patterns to be framed.

● The same view has doors open ready for action. Ironer, at far left, rolls out into the room, but the washer and dryer are used where they are. Serving counter is 39″ high over the appliances. Someday the Macks may add folding or sliding doors to close off the kitchen at mealtime. But these days, while the children are so young and active, the open plan works best.



an went over the thick carpet, knowing that
evi though he turned his back on them, they
we all closely watching him.
e stood outside in the hallway for a mo-
me. He knew very well that the people he
ha just left were thinking and talking and
de ling about him.
e liked Mr. Wade, so far, but he had
ea ed that people could be very kind at
in s, and yet be very angry even a few min-
te afterward. He became aware that Mr.
Ar us had raised his voice on the other side
f e door.
Ve can't expect so much of him so
qu kly, Vivien," Mr. Angus was saying.

"But he has a lot of ground to make up—and the sooner he does it, the better," Mrs. Angus said. "Robin used to be very quick at these things—especially mathematics. I see no reason why Jonny shouldn't have the same sort of lessons."

"If you'll excuse me"—it was the voice of Mr. Wade now—"you hardly ever find two boys responding in quite the same way to these things, Mrs. Angus—especially at Jonathan's age. Some take to arithmetic like ducks to water; some of them find it quite an ordeal."

"It was never like that with Robin."

There was a pause. Mr. Wade's voice spoke next, and he sounded a bit louder this time. "As you explained to me earlier, Mrs. Angus, Robin had advantages that this boy could hardly have been expected to have: your beautiful home, here; a fine school; the privilege of having the best of everything he needed."

"And Jonathan will have exactly the same advantages. That's why, from now on, I shall expect the very best of him."

"Viv, as I keep on saying, darling," Mr. Angus said, "we mustn't be too demanding! After all, a great deal depends on Jonathan himself. We don't know how quickly he can adjust to things."

Again there was a little silence. The realization that he should not be standing there, listening to grown-up people talking about him, made Jonathan's cheeks hot with a quick, new guilt. He wanted to hear what was being said, but, thinking of Mr. Angus, he also wanted to be obedient.

He ran through the hallway into the brown room, as he had been told to do. He ran across to where he could kneel on the window seat and look out into the street again.

The rain had stopped and the pavements were not shining any more. Somewhere beyond the tall buildings far over to his left the sun must be setting, although he could not see it. All he could see was a patch of orange sky with a fierce wall of black clouds across it. There seemed to be more people walking about, and more buses and more taxicabs in the street. There was a big, pale dog on a chain that was held by a fat young man with bright buttons down his coat. Jonathan watched the dog pull the young man over the sidewalk and along by the park railings.

Perhaps it was soon after that—he did not really know how long—that the terrible thing happened.

It began somewhere far away in the distance, but it seemed to grow and grow, until it filled the world itself. It was a kind of scream as if someone were terribly hurt. The scream was not just a sound that came and died. It went on screaming up and down, up and down, getting louder and shriller.

Jonathan clutched the edge of the seat. He was trembling now, and he shut his eyes to see if that would make the screaming go away.

It only grew worse. It grew so much louder that he fancied he saw again the day on which Sala and he had run away. And he fancied he heard again the terrible scream of Mrs. Ho. Jonathan could suddenly bear it no longer, he ran out of the room and across the hallway and into the music room.

They were still talking in there, but all three faces turned as one toward him.

Mrs. Angus stopped in the middle of a sentence. Jonathan ran past her and clung to Mr. Angus, burying his face in the cloth of his suit.

"Why, Jonny —— What on earth —— Listen, son, you're *safe* here, you know." Mr. Angus knelt down, with one knee on the carpet, and swung Jonathan round to him.

Still burying his face in the suit of Mr. Angus, Jonathan tried to tell them. "It's the screaming! They'll shoot them! That's what they do when they shoot them!"

Mrs. Angus came closer, too, and also knelt at his side. "Jonathan—it's only an ambulance, darling! It's a car that takes sick people to the hospital. It makes that noise so that other cars won't get in the way."

Jonathan shook his head unbelievingly. He did not dare turn and look at Mrs. Angus, for now he was crying, and was already ashamed of himself.

He heard Mrs. Angus say, "You see, Mr. Wade. This is *exactly* what I've been meaning. School might only make this kind of thing very much worse."

Mr. Angus said, "Listen, Jonny. Let's keep calm, shall we? Mr. Wade's going now, but he's coming back. I think you'll be very happy working together."

Jonathan turned round at last from Mr. Angus, and gave Mr. Wade a slight, wet smile.

"Good night, Jonny," said Mr. Wade.

"Good night, Mr. Wade."

He watched Mrs. Angus leading the tutor to the door. They went out into the hallway together. Mr. Angus looked down at him anxiously, then patted his shoulder. "What say we have a look at a TV program?"

Jonathan looked at him, and nodded. And he did not mind, just for once, that Mr. Angus gripped his hand as they went across the room.

"But I can't get anywhere with him, John. I took him to the park yesterday—and into the zoo. I kept on feeling as if I were walking down one side of a fence, with him on the other side of it."

Jonathan could hear the words quite clearly, even though he was standing on the first landing, looking through the balustrade.

He knew that it was dinnertime, and that they were expecting him down there, but he had begun to hear these words about himself as soon as he opened his bedroom door. And

RIDDLE No. 2: How to make a cramped old dinette into a gay, cozy eating nook.



SOLUTION: The Nathan Sullivans put a 30″ range at right angles to the wall, added a partition that hides clutter, gas connection too. Small range has full-width oven with broiler below. When cooking and serving, counters flanking range are a big help. Plastic-coated wallpaper in new dining space is a lollipop design and wainscoting is prescored pressed wood. Ideal for 2 or 3 is 24″-wide table. Bubble light is a plug-in model.

RIDDLE No. 3: Where to put peelings.



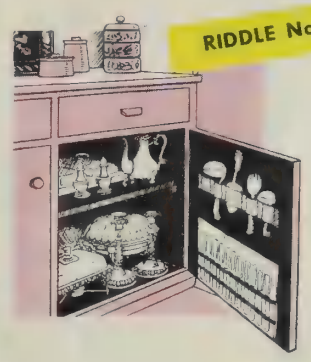
TION: As waste con-
r, a deep-well cooker is
sed into a circular hole
n a counter. It lifts out
isposal and cleaning. In
its own rim supports it.

RIDDLE No. 4: How to plan for all-season barbecuing.



SOLUTION: In the William Matthews house, chimney in the center holds grill and a built-in electric oven on the kitchen side. Same chimney houses fireplace in the living room and conceals heating equipment. Indoor and outdoor views merge happily in this house with treetop-level windows.

RIDDLE No. 5: How to store silver.



SOLUTION: The Milton Fordes keep their silver bright in a cabinet completely lined with fabric that retards tarnish. Silver in the slots, hollow ware on the shelves, serving pieces in drawer above almost never need polishing.

RIDDLE No. 6: Where to fit marble kneading slab.



SOLUTION: A marble slab is held in slots at top of a cupboard. You can slide it out, put it on counter for kneading bread, making pastry or candy. We recommend it to all good cooks who vow no kitchen is complete without such an aid.

GRAPHS BY STUART SKETCHES BY HARICH

he could not make himself go running down there and into the midst of it all.

"After all"—this was the voice of Mr. Angus—"he's only been here a month, Vivien, darling. We've just got to be patient," he added gently.

"Patient? How could anyone be more so? As I was telling you, I took him to the zoo to see the lions. I thought he'd be thrilled. He just stood there with tears in his eyes, and all I could get him to say was that he wanted to open the doors and let them be free. It's getting impossible to know *what* to do to make him happy. Robin used to love going to the zoo with me."

"Darling—Jonathan has an altogether different set of likes and dislikes. I don't suppose he's ever seen a wild animal in a cage."

"But Robin ——"

"Please, Viv. Not again, dear. We'll just go on talking in circles if we do this sort of thing."

There was a painful little quietness down there for a while, but the words of Mrs. Angus went ringing through Jonathan's ears.

Always she talked about Robin. Everything that was said led back to Robin. And he began to see that the only things Mrs. Angus really liked about him were the things that were most like Robin. Where he was not like Robin—where he didn't want to eat the same things, or behave in the same way—that was where Mrs. Angus did not like him.

He knew that he must not put off going down the stairs any longer. When he got there he saw that Mr. Angus was standing with his back to the fire, holding a small glass of something goldeny brown, and Mrs. Angus was sitting in one of the big chairs with a glass of the same thing.

Mr. Angus said, "Well, Jonny, I know you haven't been outside the house today, because I met Mr. Wade, and he said it had been raining too hard. Just the same, I hope you've worked up an appetite. Hungry?"

"Not—not specially, sir," Jonathan said.

Mrs. Angus looked at her watch and frowned. "Either Whitton's asleep again," she said, "or that cook's later with dinner than ever. Why they can't be more punctual when they have so little to do out there I can't imagine. Perhaps it's because I rang home and ordered something different for Jonathan. Some kind of sole."

Mr. Angus was pouring some more of the goldeny-brown liquid into her glass.

"That was very thoughtful of you, darling," he said. "Doesn't he like what we're having? Didn't you say something about roast beef?"

"Yes. But after all, he's only ——"

"Did you think of asking him, dear? I've an idea he wants terribly much to feel like one of the family." He looked across at Jonathan. "D'you like roast beef, Jonny?"

"Yes, please. At home my mother used to have Yorkshire pudding with it. Yorkshire's where mother came from."

"Then, Vivien—don't you think he could have some roast beef with us, after all?"

"Next time, perhaps. The sole would be much better for him. Really it would, John. After Robin had been so ill, don't you remember how we put him back on his feet with fish, and chicken, and all those milk things?"

"Darling—Jonny hasn't been ill. He doesn't want to be treated as if he were an invalid."

Mrs. Angus put her glass down again, and got to her feet. She went over to the fire and stared down into it. Without looking round she said harshly, "Perhaps you'd rather look after his diet yourself, John. But remember, I've made some study of these things."

"There isn't any need to get upset, Viv. But I'm desperately anxious for Jonny not to be set apart. He's got to belong, darling."

Mrs. Angus turned back from the fire to Mr. Angus. "I think I'll have Frankie bring my dinner to my room on a tray. I've had rather a trying day, and I'm tired."

"Vivien, I'm sorry you had a bad day. But . . . now that we have Jonathan here, aren't you rather overdoing this charity business?"

"It's only a little more than a week, now, to the Silver Slipper Ball—and Helga's just beginning to work out those details. It *has* to be a success this year."

"So has . . . Jonny."

Mrs. Angus merely stared at him, then walked toward the door. She reached the door, but turned as she did so. "I can't demoralize the servants by ordering fillet of sole and not having it eaten. Tell Whitton *I'll* have it—upstairs. You can give Jonathan the roast beef."

Mr. Angus watched her go through the door, and gently close it after her. She closed it as if it were not really a door at all, but a deep, thick curtain that she was pulling back over them.

"Come here, Jonny." Mr. Angus sat down in one of the big chairs, and lifted Jonathan onto his knee. He looked earnestly at him. "There's something I've got to try and explain to you."

"Yes, sir?"

"When I first saw you in Hong Kong, and knew that you needed a home pretty badly, I thought the most urgent thing would be to get a roof over your head and some good food inside you. But that wasn't my only thought about it. My wife and I needed a new son too! Well, I thought there just couldn't be any big problems left for *you* to deal with when you got here. And that's where I was wrong."

"Yes, sir."

"Try to tell me your problem . . . in your own words."

Jonathan thought for a long moment about it. Then he said, "Having to make my mind up to do something to make everybody happy about me being here—but not knowing what it is I have to do."

"You figure things out pretty well for your size, don't you?"

"Not as well as you do," said Jonathan. "But a lot better than I did long ago."

Mr. Angus looked as if he were about to say some more about it, but there was a sound at the door, and they both glanced back to see Whitton standing there.

"Dinner is served, sir," Whitton said, and he was just going away again when Mr. Angus stopped him.

"Mrs. Angus will have her dinner upstairs, Whitton. Will you have a tray sent up—fillet of sole. Mrs. Angus will have it instead of Master Jonathan."

Whitton raised his eyebrows. Eventually he said, "Very good, sir," and went out.

"Looks as if it's been a trying day for *everyone*," said Mr. Angus. "Let's not make it worse by being late."

He set Jonathan down, and started walking with him toward the dining room.

Whitton served them, and Jonathan was glad, in spite of the argument there had been about it, that he was having roast beef.

Soon, Whitton was out of the room again, and Jonathan was alone with Mr. Angus.

"What I wanted to say to you was this," Mr. Angus said at last. "If things begin to be too much of a problem for you here, Jonny—at school, why your new mother doesn't like you doing this or that—just remember that she's trying to do what *she* thinks is best for you."

"Yes, sir."

"There's a special reason for me trying to say these things to you today. I have to go away, Jonny. South America, this time. I'll be away for six weeks or so. I want to know you're going to be all right while I'm gone."

"Can I—can't I go, too, please, Mr. Angus?"

He smiled in a comforting kind of way, but shook his head. "I'm afraid that's something we can't manage this time, Jonny. Some time in the future we will, though —— What are you staring at?"

Jonathan did not reply. He just went on looking at the place where Mrs. Angus' chair had been.

"Start again at the top of the page, Jonathan. If you come to another of those long words, have a shot at it. I'll help you out."

"Yes, Mr. Wade."

Jonathan lifted up his schoolbook again and started reading aloud from the paragraph at the top of the page.

"'As an all-round athlete Paul was getting better. Regular practice and system——'"

"Systematic. Systematic training not *methodical* training. That's what made him such a fast runner."

"Fast enough to beat the other boys?"

"That's what the book says."

"I can run pretty fast, too, Mr. Wade. Am *you* good at running?"

"Not too bad. When I was at school we used to have a track meet ——"

"What is a track meet?"

"It's a kind of sports meeting, Jonny. A lot of boys getting together and having races."

Jonathan set the book down and drew his foot up onto the rung of the chair behind him. "Do you think I could go to a track meet, Mr. Wade?"

Mr. Wade looked rather surprised. "Would you like that? Mixing with some other boys, maybe running in some of the races?"

"Yes, please. Can I *really*, Mr. Wade?"

"You haven't met any other American boys of your own age yet, have you?"

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No, sir."

he tutor looked hard at the floor as if he thinking about something. "I've been with you a month now, Jonny. Perhaps time for us to try and do something ut this. I *do* know where there's a track . It's in a school not too far away from , the day after tomorrow. If Mrs. Angus agree ——"

Will you ask her, Mr. Wade? Today?"

r. Wade pushed back his sleeve so that ould see his watch. "Let's wait until we feel pretty sure of her saying 'yes,' shall Suppose we get on with the reading."

nathan picked up the book and began n where he had left off. Before they had hed the end of the short chapter, he heard tton opening the front door, and knew Mrs. Angus had come home.

he did not usually come into the brown n, where he did his lessons—so he asked Wade's permission to go and fetch her.

rs. Angus was standing at the bottom of stairs as Jonathan opened the door.

Hello, Jonny!" she said with a smile. "I a cable from your father today. He's ar- in Rio de Janeiro. That's a city in Brazil. ent his love to you."

e nodded. "Is he coming home now?"

e shook her head. "He's only been away w days, Jonny. So I'm afraid he can't be for quite a time. Aren't you glad you Mr. Wade here, though?"

Yes, thank you. Will you speak to Mr. le, please? He wants to tell you about ething. It's something special!"

e smiled down at him. "What have you cooking up in that strange young head ours now, I wonder?"

was glad to get her inside the brown n and to have Mr. Wade stand up in such endly sort of way and say, "Good evening, . Angus."

Do sit down again, Mr. Wade."

Ir. Wade did as she told him, and Mrs. us sat in the low leather chair facing him. glanced at the schoolbooks on the desk.

"How's he coming along?" she asked.

"He's doing fine, Mrs. Angus. I really begin to feel he's making up for lost time at last."

"I'm very glad to hear it. He says you have something to tell me."

Mr. Wade said, "I've been thinking that perhaps it might be good for Jonny to get a little more exercise. I know it's still winter, and that he does get an occasional stretch of walking in the park. But he really needs more than that. There's a junior track meet coming up at a school I know at Oyster Bay. Jonny says he likes racing. I wondered if you'd let me take him over there for the afternoon."

Mrs. Angus seemed to be studying him, and to be thinking deeply about it, but as she did so the kindness went out of her face, and a pale frightened look came into her eyes. "I know it's only a little thing," she said, "but it could be the beginning of ——"

She stopped there and waited for a moment. Then she spoke more loudly, "I thought we'd been very clear about any sort of school activity just yet. After all, it's only a month since we discussed all this."

"A month of being rather alone in a big house can be a long time for a boy like Jonny. He really does need the companionship of other boys his own age."

For a moment she was silent. Then she spoke in an odd kind of way, as if she were standing in a corner, and could not get out of it. "There must be plenty of other ways of his meeting other boys without having to go to school to do so."

"I'm not suggesting his taking part *regularly* in any school activity."

"Even once might be a mistake under certain circumstances."

Mrs. Angus rose and walked a step or two toward the window. She looked as if she were trying very hard to make up her mind.

Then suddenly she shook her head, as if she were saying a very definite "no" to herself.

"Believe me, Mr. Wade," she said, "I don't want to hurt him. It's *because* I don't want to hurt him that . . . well, I'd like to let this chance go by, and think about it for a week or two. Let *me* take him off somewhere exciting on Wednesday. And perhaps you'd like to take the Wednesday off altogether, and come back on Thursday."

Mr. Wade sat very still. Finally, in a flat voice, he said, "Thank you, Mrs. Angus."

"And I *do* appreciate your motive, Mr. Wade. If any other ideas occur to you along these lines, I hope you won't feel too rebuffed to tell me of them?"

"I'll gladly tell you anything that comes to my mind on the subject, Mrs. Angus."

She gave him a small smile and turned toward the door. Mr. Wade started putting away the schoolbooks from the top of the desk. Jonathan went over to help him.

The door was locked from the other side.

Mrs. Angus had sent a message to him, through Frankie, that she was not feeling very well. It was strange that Mrs. Angus would not even let him go in to say good morning. And this, to make matters worse, was the Wednesday on which she had proposed to take him to see some of the sights of New York—the Wednesday Mr. Wade had taken the day off.

Mrs. Angus had let Frankie into her bedroom, though—taking her breakfast on a tray. Frankie was in there quite a time, and Jonathan was standing just inside the music-room door when she came downstairs again. As she was reaching the bottom, Whitton came across from the brown room.

Frankie saw him, and gave a little jerk of her head in the direction of the upper landing. "It's blowing up a storm in there again. It's too bad Mr. Angus is away, for there sure is trouble coming to this house."

"What trouble?"

"You know what happened last time she had one of these spells? Well—she's got the same look on her face this morning."

"It's a sad business, Frankie." Whitton paused to shake his head, then he disappeared.

She stared after him for a moment, then went off toward the kitchen. Jonathan watched until there was not a sight or a sound of either of them. Then he looked up at the landing, toward the locked door.

It was dark today, and there was no sun. As Jonathan stared out the window, he saw Mr. Wade get off a bus and come striding over the pavement, and up between the stone lions.

Jonathan ran out into the hall to meet him. "Good morning, Mr. Wade," he said in a loud and welcoming voice. Whitton came out, too, and took Mr. Wade's coat and hat.

"Good morning, Jonny . . . 'morning, Whitton. Glad somebody's looking cheerful this cold, gray day!"

"Did you like your day off, Mr. Wade?" Jonathan asked.

Mr. Wade shrugged. "So-so." He walked toward the door of the brown room. "How did you enjoy *yours?*"

"We didn't go out at all—Mrs. Angus wasn't well enough."

"Too bad."

"Perhaps *we* could go and see some of the sights, Mr. Wade—you and me?"

Mr. Wade looked across at him thoughtfully. "Don't know how it might work," he said. "But we could have another shot at it."

"Soon?"

"We'll see about that. Yesterday I was talking to a schoolteacher who'd been taking a group of boys round the U.N. Building—that's the United Nations."

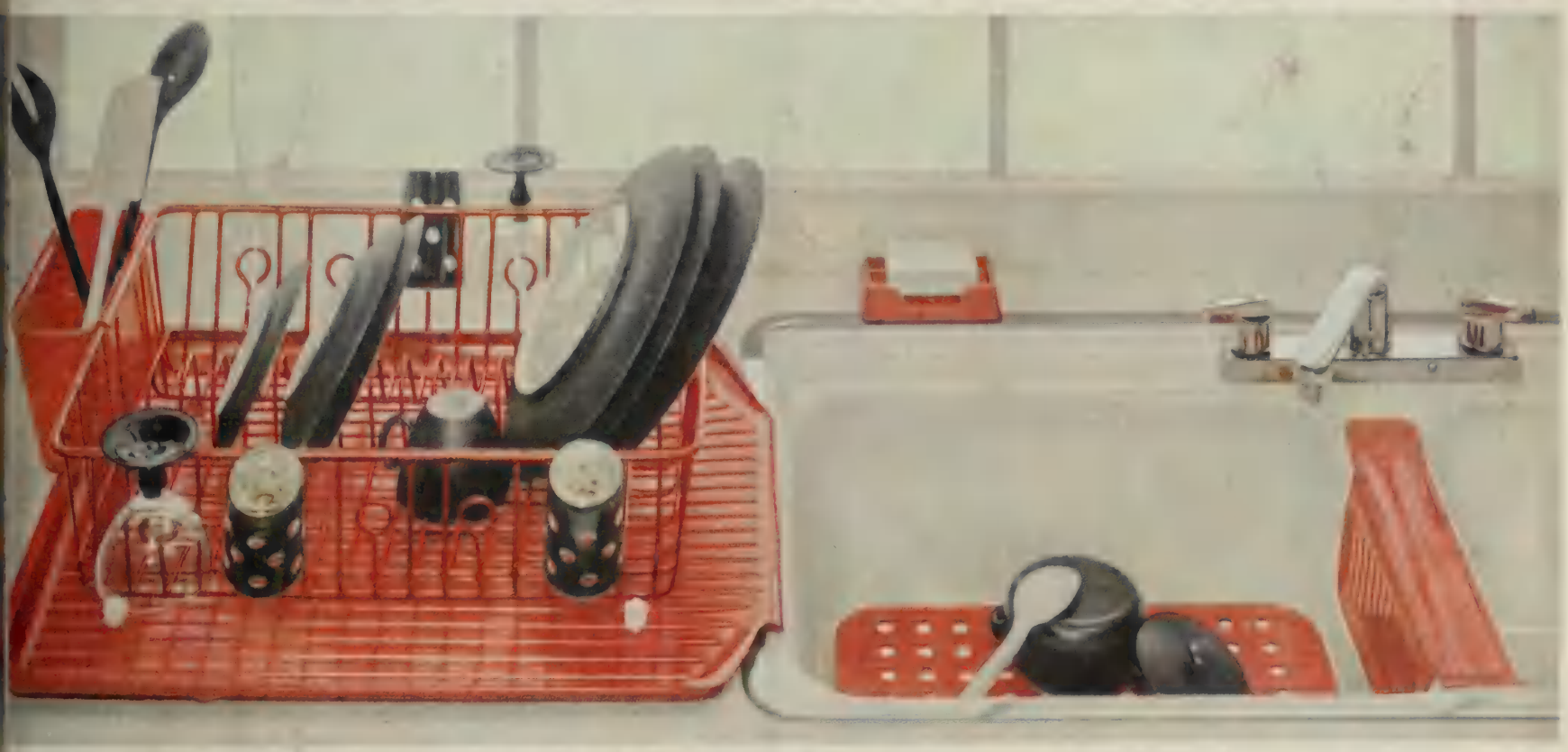
Jonathan remembered. The words brought back to his mind a picture of Miss Lunt and how she had told him she lived near to the United Nations Building.

"Yes, I've heard of it. Miss Lunt told me about it. She's the one who brought me on the ship from China."

"Then how about taking a look?" Mr. Wade suggested.

"I'd like it. I'd like it fine."

"Good!" said Mr. Wade. "If we can get Mrs. Angus to agree, there's no reason why we shouldn't go almost any time. There's no need to wait for any group of other boys, either." He stopped, leaning forward and wrinkling his brow. "*Now* what's wrong?"



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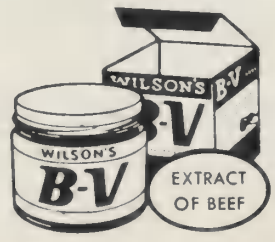
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"I'd *like* to wait and go round with the other boys, please."

"I might have realized that. Of course you would."

"Could we ask Mrs. Angus today, please?"

"I don't see why not."

It was late in the afternoon before they saw a sign of Mrs. Angus. They had finished their schoolwork and were listening to a big band of soldiers marching with loud music on the television set, making such a noise that they did not even hear Mrs. Angus coming into the room.

"I'm sure you'll forgive me, Mr. Wade," she said, and turned the little knob that made the band quieter. "I've rather a headache."

"But of course, Mrs. Angus. Sorry we were making such a racket." He turned the knob and the band disappeared altogether.

Mrs. Angus walked over to a small table with a glass bottle on it. "I thought you'd have left by now, Mr. Wade," she said. "Won't you have a glass of sherry?"

"Thanks. I was waiting to have a word with you about another little plan I've been thinking about, Mrs. Angus."

Mrs. Angus smiled. "What is it this time?"

She handed him the small glass of sherry and poured one for herself. Then she came and sat down, and Mr. Wade sat facing her.

"I'm so sorry," Mr. Wade began, "that you weren't well enough yesterday to go sightseeing with Jonny. I'm wondering if I might steal one of those particular 'sights' off your list and take him there myself."

"Yes?"

"I thought it might interest him to go round the U.N. Building."

"Isn't he a little young to understand these things?"

Mr. Wade gave her a friendly smile. "Oh, I don't deny there's a great deal about the U.N. that would be lost on him. But he'd learn more about it as he grew older. In any case, it would give him a chance to see some other children of his own age."

"What other children?"

"They have a system of guides at the U.N. School parties usually arrive there in buses. The junior grades get together on these things. I thought that if Jonny were to share a little adventure like that ——"

"Can't you take him alone? I'm sure other children go sight-seeing there with just an adult."

"Indeed they do. But his need is to be with other children. A trip like this is just the thing I'd choose for him."

"*You* would choose."

Mr. Wade set down his glass on the edge of the table. "Yes, Mrs. Angus. It's the sort of thing I would choose."

"I see. I thought we'd been through all this before."

"You'll remember saying that if any other ideas of this kind occurred to me ——"

"I know I did. But I have some very clear ideas on what's good and what is not good for a boy like Jonathan."

"Have you stopped to consider that you could possibly be a little too definite about all this?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it can be very dangerous to be too rigid where a little boy like Jonny is concerned . . . or with any other small boy who's not in any position to speak for himself."

Mrs. Angus sat curiously still. "There's no need for you to be insulting, Mr. Wade," she said.

"An honest opinion is hardly an insult. If you don't do something quickly about Jonathan you're going to cause lasting damage. Shutting him up in this house and blocking any normal contact with the world ——"

Mrs. Angus rose to her feet. "I won't listen to this!" she said.

Mr. Wade also stood up. "I think you'll realize that it could be useful to listen to me, Mrs. Angus. Can't you be honest enough to face the facts?"

"What facts?"

Mr. Wade stood perfectly still and l at her. "I think the main one is that you really care about Jonathan's finding a h don't believe *his* need meant a thing to yo you wanted was to get back the *status qu* get even with life for having robbed y your other son!"

"You wouldn't dare to say these thi Mr. Angus ——"

"I sincerely think he'd understand, whether he would or not, somebody's g speak up for Jonny while there's still Other people have tried to revenge them on God, Mrs. Angus—but I've seldom s more heartless way of trying it."

Mrs. Angus stood in silence for a mo Then she gave a sharp, strange little cry did not look at Mr. Wade again. She walked to the door in a quick, stiff kind of

When she had gone, the room was fr silence. While Jonathan watched, Mr. W shoulders drooped, but he suddenly s himself, and came quickly over the carpe put a hand on Jonathan's shoulder.

"It isn't the first time I've talked n out of a job, Jonny—but it had to be d won't be coming back here."

Jonathan closed his eyes very tightly clung to Mr. Wade in a kind of shar loneliness. "Please take me, too, Mr. W

"Can't be done, Jonny. I'd give a lo could take you, but soon your father back again. Everything will be all right won't it?"

Jonathan nodded. He did not say any

Mr. Wade patted him gently on the s der, and then went out of the room. Jon heard him go down the hall to the front

He ran to the window and looked ou the street. It was dark out there now, a could see, in the y patch of light near the lamp, that it was ra He supposed that Mr. was one of the sha hurrying away over shiny pavement.

He turned round to at the room again. The were on, but it looke and dark and stra lonely.

Perhaps it would be to play the piano. The piano was the one in the room that looked friendly and inv He climbed onto the piano stool. He p hands down over the cool, clean keys, started to play.

What he played he did not know, but of the sounds were big and comforting tried to find them again, but although he quite near to them, he did not find them

Suddenly he made a big, grand new so And because it was exciting and differe played it again, and then again.

He did not know how often he playe sound. He became lost in the bigness an noise of it. But in the middle of it some made him look quickly around and there Mrs. Angus, coming through the door.

There was a long, flowing, filmy black that came billowing and sweeping after She almost ran toward him, and there something terrible about the way she ran.

"Didn't you hear me say I had a h ache?" She did not say the words. She sho She swept his hands off the keys with her hard hands—and suddenly, as he shrank from her, she slammed down the lid o piano. The noise was like a gun. It was just *like* the sound of a gun. It *was* the so

He pressed his hands over his ears ducked his head. Out of the corners of his he could see Mrs. Angus staring at him. T he saw her turn sharply and run quickly o the room.

But the noise of the gun went on. Scre were with it now, and the voice of Sala, the voice of his mother.

"Jonny!" they called. "Jonny! C quick, Jonny—hurry . . . *hurry*, Jonny!"

He stood up and clutched the edge o piano. There was nobody behind him, any moment there *would* be somebody th

He ran over the thick carpet and out o door into the hall. He struggled with the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

knob and turned it. Then, without even g to close the door behind him, he ran and down the steps.

here were some who stopped to stare at as he ran by. He saw their faces—pale and k in the light from the street lamps. He no coat on, and soon the rain was drip- through his hair and under his collar and n his back. He was cold all over.

e did not know where he was, and the dings were high and strange. Crying made rder to see, and he knew that he was lost. e stumbled out of the rain into a doorway. as dark but it was dry in there, and he ed against a brick wall and gasped until ould breathe more slowly again.

e came out of the doorway and went on n the street. His legs were tired now, and id not run any more. He just walked, look- at the lighted windows and the people he d glimpse behind them.

he windows looked different now, and so the people on the street. There was not so h traffic here. There were little shops, with s of vegetables and boxes of other things on the pavement.

hen it was that a kind and comforting g began to happen. He saw something looked like home . . . like *real* home, not hing to do with the house on Fifth Ave-

was some words in Chinese, painted in so that they glittered wetly in the lamp- . What the words , Jonathan was not , but there were also e big words in Eng- Two of the words he d read for himself. y said CHENG LIN. The r word spelled LAUN- .

e ran across the street stared inside. Then he t up to the door. It was tly open. He pushed it e enough to walk ugh.

here was a short, high nter in there, with a gap in it, but there did seem to be anybody either on his side of the nter or on the other. A warm and comfort- smell was around him. It, too, seemed to ng to home. It was a happy smell, like m, wet towels, and ginger, and packets of and it made him think for a moment that would pop her head around the back- m door.

ure enough, a second or two afterward, a *did* peer out of the back-room door. A arm came round the corner of the wall, a hand flicked on a switch that made the m full of light.

he face and the arm and the hand belonged small woman with a glossy yellow face white hair pushed tightly back from it. as an old face, like Sala's, full of wrinkles. was looking at him through small, bright s that were full of curiosity.

om somewhere long ago the words e to his lips. "Good evening, old lady," he l in Chinese, and the smile on the yellow became a surprised and wondering laugh. You speak Chinese, small boy!" she said he same tongue.

Only a few words," he said in English.

he took an excited little step toward him. was almost as small as he was. "All very !" she said. "Not stay in these wet clothes. o are you?"

or a moment he did not reply. Then he d, "Jonny."

Jonny who?"

f he said "Angus," they might send him k again. His eyes got hot, and the ache e back into his throat.

Who are *you?*" he asked.

I am Mrs. Lin. Where you come from, ny?"

I ran away."

he old one knelt on the floor and started uttoning the dripping jacket of his suit.

That a bad thing. Perhaps your mother d father look all over for you."

No!" He said it very loudly. "Please don't them come to get me. Don't let them *ever* come. The soldiers will find me and shoot me—like the other people!"

Mrs. Lin took off the wet coat. She seemed suddenly frightened. "Shoot you? What you telling me? You wait. Tell Mr. Lin about this. He back in a few minutes."

Jonathan slowly shook his head again. He was much too tired to try and stop crying, even if white boys did not cry, and the old lady knew it.

She gripped his hand and led him into the room at the back. It was a plain room, but there was a fire in the hearth, and she led him before it.

"Stand there and get warm," she said, and went through a door and came back almost at once with a dry shirt and some gray trousers. She left them on a chair and went back again—to return with a bowl of hot water that had a sponge and some soap in it. She had a big dry towel over her arm.

Soon all the wet clothes were off, and Mrs. Lin rubbed the soap over the sponge, and sponged him, gently and warmly, all over. Nobody had done that since Sala. Soon he was not crying any more.

It was then that Mr. Lin came home. He was a thin, wrinkled man, and quite an old one too. He was holding a number of coats across his arm. He put them down over the end of the sofa.

"Who this boy?" he asked.

"He came in from the rain," said Mrs. Lin. "He very wet—and also very cold. He ran away from home."

Mr. Lin made clicking noises with his tongue. "Maybe bad trouble for us if they know he's here. We should telephone the police."

There was something in the suggestion that made Jonathan clutch the edge of the towel. "Please!" he begged. "Please let me stay here!"

"He very tired," said Mrs. Lin. "No harm let him stay *this* night."

Mr. Lin looked anxiously at her, then at Jonathan, then back at Mrs. Lin again. "If father and mother look for him," he said, "then this night very bad for them also."

"Too wet for him to go out again," said Mrs. Lin. "Please let him stay this night."

Mr. Lin looked at his wife. "Well," he said, "it is long after small boy's bedtime. We will talk about what to do in the morning."

Mrs. Lin gave a sigh and a laugh at the same time. She looked down at the shirt she held. "Now we find something to sleep in. Good to be in laundry, Jonny. Always something dry and clean for when you need!"

It was only beginning to be day when he started to wake up, and the first thing he heard was a sound of long ago. It was the sound of quick, high-up Chinese voices. The people seemed to be working as they talked, for there were loud banging sounds, and a noise like the hiss of steam.

It was through the wall on the other side of the room that he first heard Mrs. Lin again. She was talking to somebody and the somebody had a big voice, and was talking English.

"Small boy very tired," said Mrs. Lin. "So tired he still asleep. But my husband very worried about him. He thought best to telephone you soon as he woke this morning."

"Every police station in town's been looking for the boy. The sooner he comes with me the better."

There was a little pause. Mrs. Lin said, in a helpless kind of voice, "He very afraid of going home."

"Why?"

"He not say."

"Then let's go in and find out."

Jonathan slipped out from under the coverlet and stood by the end of the bed. In the opening door he saw the friendly face of Mrs. Lin, and behind it a much bigger face with red cheeks and a cap with a shiny black peak.

When they were in the room, Jonathan knew that the man was a policeman. "Take it

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easy, son," said the policeman. "What's your name?"

"Jonny."

"Could it be 'Jonny' for short, and 'Jonathan' when your folks are mad at you?"

Jonathan nodded.

"And what's the rest of your name? Could it be 'Jonathan Angus'?"

Jonathan looked right up at the policeman and nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"A house where the park is."

The policeman nodded. "Fifth Avenue?"

Jonathan nodded again. The policeman seemed to know all about him. He supposed he would be taken back there, and that Mrs. Angus would be angrier than ever. He turned and stared helplessly up at Mrs. Lin, and Mrs. Lin appealed to the policeman. "Is there time for me to get him food, please? No matter where he go, he need breakfast."

"O.K.," said the policeman.

Mrs. Lin shuffled off through the door.

"Listen, son—what are you scared of?" asked the policeman.

"Please don't take me back again, sir."

"And why not?"

Jonathan did not know how to explain. But it was terribly important to make the policeman understand. All he said was "Mrs. Angus ——" and looked sharply at the floor.

"You mean your mother?"

He shook his head. "No. Not my mother."

The policeman wrinkled his brow.

"She is my new one," Jonathan explained.

"You mean she adopted you? Where did you come from, son—I mean *before* you got to New York?"

"Taishun. In China."

"Then how did you get here?"

"Mr. Angus did it."

"Did he bring you over?"

"No, sir. Miss Lunt did. She does a lot about boys like me. She gets homes for them."

"You mean she works at that kind of thing? Do you remember the name of the people she works for?"

He thought hard. He went back in his memory to the low white building in Hong Kong. "A place called I.C.A.," he said.

The policeman wrote some words in the book. Presently he looked at Jonathan solemnly. "You're scared to go home, son?" he asked.

Jonathan stared back for a moment. "Yes, sir," he said.

Thinking of I.C.A. and Hong Kong again, an idea came to him that made him take a step or two toward the policeman. "Please can I go to be with Miss Lunt, sir—until Mr. Angus comes back?"

The policeman put two large hands on Jonathan's shoulders, smiling a big, broad smile. "We know a lot about I.C.A. I'll have to put in a report on this. But there's nothing in the book that says I can't take you home by *way* of Miss Lunt—if we can find her."

Jonathan felt very grand and important—sitting in the back seat of a police car with the big policeman at his side. There was a driver in front who looked like a policeman too. His name was Sam, and he had very much surprised Jonathan by picking up a small criss-cross thing with a handle on it, and talking to it. When Sam told the voice where they were going, the voice made a few clucking noises and finally said, "O.K. Call me again when you get there."

Even the voice, however, was not so exciting as being on the way to see Miss Lunt again. Miss Lunt had actually seen the place he came from in Hong Kong, so in a way she was almost like a part of home.

When he got out, the policeman took Jonathan in through the door of such a high skyscraper that even by leaning over backward Jonathan could hardly see the top of it.

Inside the policeman took him into an elevator. He had heard about American elevators. This one started to go up so quickly that he wondered for a moment if part of his stomach actually *had* jumped into his throat. The office of I.C.A. was high up on the forty-seventh floor, and Jonathan had never been so high.

They came to a door that had the letters I.C.A. on it, and a lot of other words. The policeman opened it. There were a lot of girls on the other side of the door—working at desks. One came to the counter and said, "Miss Lunt's waiting for you, officer."

They went across the crowded office and through a door at the end of it.

It was a quiet room, in there, with the sun shining in at the window. And there, getting up from a big shiny desk, was Miss Lunt.

"Well, Jonny!" she said. "How nice of you to come and see me!" Turning to the policeman, she said, "I'm so glad you brought him to me first, officer."

"Sounded like a good idea, ma'am. Perhaps you could answer some questions?" the policeman said.

"Gladly. But I think this youngster has enough on his mind. Would it be all right if he waited in Mrs. Gibbs' room next door? She's out of town, and he can have it to himself."

Miss Lunt walked over and opened a door on the other side of the room. The policeman went across and stared inside. "No chance of him running away again, I suppose?"

"Not unless he bores a hole through the wall."

Miss Lunt put one hand behind Jonathan's shoulder and shepherded him to the door of the other room. "You don't mind waiting a little while, Jonny? Why don't you draw something on this scratch pad? I'll come back for you soon." She went out again, closing the door.

He went round and sat in the swivel chair at the desk, and took his pen out, but he did not immediately start to draw anything. He was too busy wondering if they were making up their minds in there to send him back to Mrs. Angus. He was also wondering what Mrs. Angus was thinking about him, and whether she had written a letter to tell Mr. Angus about it, and what *he* would think.

He started to draw something on the pad at last, but suddenly felt very sleepy. He wanted to make a kind of star, but he did not really finish it. He just put his head down on his elbow and closed his eyes.

"Wake up, Jonathan!" Miss Lunt's voice came rumbling into the middle of his dream.

He opened his eyes, and there *was* Miss Lunt, in front of the desk.

"You've been asleep for nearly two hours! The policeman went long ago—and there's nobody here any longer but you and me. I'm going to take you out in a few minutes to get some lunch, but before that I've some news for you."

He rubbed his eyes and sat up as Miss Lunt sank down into a big brown leather chair.

"To begin with," Miss Lunt said cheerfull "you needn't be afraid of going home today

"Isn't the policeman coming back f me?"

"No, dear. After a lot of telephoning it w decided that it might be a nice change for y to come home with *me* tonight—and stay my apartment."

This was a new and wonderful thing think about. He began to feel excited insid

"Forever and ever?" he asked.

She shook her head with a laugh. "I don expect to be there quite that long myself! N Jonny—just for tonight. Perhaps tomorro night too. Your new father's coming bac from South America to look after you!"

His eyes opened with excitement.

"He's very fond of you, Jonathan. They to him about what had happened on the tel phone last night—all the way down in Braz And he canceled all his plans, to catch a plan and fly back. Mr. Angus is arriving tonight too late to wake you up, I'm afraid. But he coming here first thing in the morning."

Jonathan gazed across the desk and rubbe his hands together with a rush of wonde "When Mr. Angus comes," he began, but sa no more than just the four words, and the again, "When Mr. Angus comes ——"

He had slept on something called a studi couch in Miss Lunt's apartment. After breal fast she had brought him back to the I.C.A offices, and now he was sitting in Mrs. Gibb room again, in the leather chair beside h desk.

At least, he had been sitting in it until he h heard Mr. Angus come into Miss Lunt's offi on the other side of the door.

This time the door was not quite close even though Miss Lunt must have thoug she had closed it. It was open just enou for him to hear what was being said in the And for once he wished that he could hear, for what was being said made his fa hot, and filled him with a kind of prickly co fusion.

"I'd no idea how lonely and disturbed h was becoming, Mr. Angus. I never thought f a moment that you wouldn't give Jonny normal life, with other children of his ow age."

"That question of a school has been ver difficult."

"You didn't mention anything about th when you first applied for Jonny. Have yo stopped to think that the I.C.A. can take hi back again?"

"You—you surely couldn't do that to us!

"If we felt it was for his peace and happ ness we certainly could. We wouldn't hes tate."

"Now . . . please, Miss Lunt ——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



"Here's an interesting article on how the average housewife can earn money in her spare time."



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

"There's something I haven't told you, Mr. Angus. Mr. Wade came here to see me. He'd heard Jonny talk about me and felt that I might be someone who'd help in a crisis."

"I see. I've been wondering how you were so—so informed." There was a little pause, then Mr. Angus went on again. "I don't blame Wade. I'd have done the same thing."

"Then why didn't you? If you were worried, why didn't you tell me how things were before you went away? At least I might have called to see Jonny now and then."

"You don't understand Vivien."

"It's a little late to say that."

"She's quite ill, Miss Lunt, as I told you on the phone. She had an earlier nervous breakdown just after Robin died—neither of us concealed that from you."

"I'm very sorry about her, Mr. Angus—sincerely I am. But what's worrying me most is what's going to happen to Jonny. Do you honestly think it's good for him to be mixed up in this kind of thing?"

It seemed to take a long, long time for Mr. Angus to answer. "I may have been very blind about all this," he said at length. "I suppose a man can love his wife so much that he can't always see what's going on. In Vivien's case she's been going through a hell of her own making, but if you'd known her in the old days—if you knew what she was really like underneath—then you'd believe, as I do, that it *can* come out right. Honestly it can!"

"If Jonny goes back with you—if you can persuade him to want to go back—what do you propose to do?"

"For one thing, I'm going to see about a school for him. I'm going to make sure that some other healthy young minds and bodies come within sight and sound of him."

"Can you promise that?"

"I promise it."

Jonathan waited for them to talk again. It was Miss Lunt who spoke. "That's what I'd do for him myself, Mr. Angus. He needs loving and understanding. He responds to the smallest thing that anybody does for him. But . . . I believe you've begun to see that for yourself, haven't you? Let's not keep him waiting in there any longer."

Jonathan ran back to the big chair—but he did not quite reach it before they came in.

Mr. Angus looked brown and big and friendly, and there was a wonderful smile on his face. He came right over and put his hands on Jonathan's shoulders.

"It's good to see you again, Jonny."

"Yes, sir."

"You—you really started something, didn't you?"

Jonathan stared for a moment, then he looked away, and fixed his eyes on the opposite wall.

"We've got a lot to talk about. What I'd like is for us to go home and get away from everybody and relax, eh?"

Jonathan turned and faced him, his eyes quite wide and anxious.

"There'll only be the two of us, Jonny. Just you and me. How about it?"

Jonathan went on staring. A hundred questions chased one another through his head, but as he looked at Mr. Angus everything felt suddenly safe again.

"Yes, please," he said.

There was a big fire, bright and crackling, in the music room, even though it was still only morning. With Mr. Angus sitting in the chair opposite, it wasn't really very frightening to be home again—even if the questions about Mrs. Angus remained unanswered.

"Know something?" Mr. Angus said.

Jonathan looked up expectantly.

"Families are for sticking together when there's trouble, Jonny—not for running away from."

Jonathan pondered the words. "I'm sorry if I made you come back all the way from South America. I got—I got frightened because ——"

"I know about it," Mr. Angus said quietly. "Your mother tried to tell me what happened. It wasn't very easy for her to talk, because ——"

"Was she very cross with me?"

"Your mother's very ill—in a hospital, Jonny. You see, when people worry very much about something for a long time, and don't do anything about it, they're apt to get more and more upset deep down inside, until . . . well, it sometimes happens that they get what's called a breakdown, and for a little while they're not able to think very clearly, or to do very much for themselves. It was like that with *her*, Jonny—after she discovered that you'd run away."

Jonathan grew troubled. "Was it . . . because of *me*?"

"You mustn't blame yourself. She's not been feeling very well for a long time—since long before you came to us. Now she must stay in the hospital until she's well again. She's realized a lot of things since you last saw her. She wants to think that when she's better, she'll find *you* at home, and discover that we can be a family again."

"If she wants me, sir, why did she ——"

"Somebody who's having a bad dream sometimes does strange things in it. That's really what *she* was doing—having a bad dream. Between us we've got to wake her up out of that dream. If we stick together we can do it. It's certainly something I couldn't tackle alone. It needs *you*. It needs you being bigger than ever."

"Even bigger than . . . the boy in the picture?"

There was a strange, sharp silence.

"So you've been seeing that, too, Jonny," Mr. Angus said softly. "Seems everybody's known how bad things were getting except me. Even Vivien ——" Again Mr. Angus stopped without finishing his sentence.

Jonathan looked up at him. Although he did not fully comprehend what was being said, there was a kind of peace about the words.

"Your mother and I've been talking about something else this morning. We felt that with this house being so close to the park, we didn't really see why you couldn't have a dog."

"Could I? Could I really?"

"Other people around here have them."

"I'd like a fierce dog," said Jonathan. "I'd like a dog that can make the rest of them creep about on their stomachs and tremble! But he won't always be like that. Most of the time he'll just be plain happy—because we'll feed him well, won't we?"

"You bet we will."

"And we can call him Bozzy."

"Indeed we can."

"Golly!" said Jonathan excitedly.

As he thought about the dog, he thought about Mrs. Angus again. "Do you think I could go there, too, please?"

"Where?"

"To the hospital."

Mr. Angus hesitated. "Soon," he said. "Not just yet, Jonny. I'll tell her you'd like to come."

Jonathan nodded. He realized as he did so that he really *did* want to go. He wanted more than anything to show that he would get busy with Mr. Angus at helping the answers to come out right at last. He stood up and put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the small leather bag. Then he opened it and rolled the ruby out of it.

"Perhaps she would like me to send her this?" he said. "I would like *her* to have it."

Mr. Angus stood up also, but as he stretched out his hand for the ruby he suddenly turned sharply and looked hard into the fire.

"Thank you, Jonny. Maybe pretty soon she will be able to say thank you also."

Jonathan smiled. He was glad to see Mr. Angus slip the ruby back into the bag and put it into his pocket.

"There's something your mother asked me to do, Jonny. I guess you'd better come along and watch me."

Mr. Angus went across the room to the door, and Jonathan followed. Over the hall they went, and up under the gleaming chandelier to the landing, and to Jonathan's room.

The sun was shining in there now, and everything seemed clean and strangely bright. Mr. Angus went over to the wall above the fireplace. Jonathan saw him put both hands up to the painting of Robin. Then he lifted it down and stood it beside the bed.

And on the wall where the painting had been, there was only the sunlight now; the clear, clean sunlight of the morning.

NEXT MONTH

■ Lou Fabian was not her real name. She had come to the Coastline Club determined to put tragedy behind her, to forget.

But among the guests there was one who knew her secret, who plotted to involve her in terrible danger. Who was this enemy? Lou had to find out quickly . . . before tragedy struck again.

THE FACE OF THE TIGER

By URSULA CURTISS

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That's why it's so important to be on the watch for ideas or ideologies that could set limits to his independence. The idea, for instance, that government should own and run more and more businesses, services, institutions. Don't forget that when government runs more and more things, the individual has less and less freedom and independence!

Think of your son's first "independence day" when you hear talk like that. Point out that in countries where government *does* control almost everything, the individual is controlled, also. And the loss of *anybody's* independence is a threat to *everybody's* freedom.

Very much aware of this danger are the independent electric light and power companies, because government already runs part of the electric business. And powerful people are pressing to take over more.

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She starts private practice this fall, $4000 in debt, with four children to put through college.

Mother is a Doctor now!

Six years ago the Olsens moved to Philadelphia so mother could study medicine.

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART
Photographs By JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Sometime after five o'clock on weekday afternoons at the Olsen house in Northeast Philadelphia, Hugh Olsen, a balding six-footer, head of household and father of four, turns over the issue of whether he shall or shall not peel the potatoes for the family dinner. He does not have to peel them, for he expects his wife, Frances, in at any minute, but he is apt to resolve the question by spreading out some newspapers on the kitchen table and getting to work. He says, with his kind, bespectacled face looking apologetic, "I told Frances I wouldn't cook any more this year—but I wait around and get fidgety, and think I might as well get them done for her."

He is carrying on a husbandly good deed of five years' standing, during which time he and the children saw his wife and their mother enter medical school at the age of thirty-five, graduate four years later from Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia with a *cum laude* degree, and complete a year of interning at Philadelphia General Hospital. She began this program at a time when her youngest child, Roy, was just entering second grade, when her eight-year-old daughter, Aina Jo, still had pigtails to be braided before school, and her two oldest boys, Toby and Earl, were no more domesticated than most boys of eleven and nine. Furthermore, Hugh's base earnings were $80 a week, and no family money was visible to cover tuition or even housekeeping help.

This year things are easier. Frances is a resident physician at Philadelphia General, in the department of physical medicine and rehabilitation. Her patients are CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

HOW AMERICA LIVES



She decided on one last year of training as a resident physician at Philadelphia General. Also it pays $3400, largely tax-fr

Five extra pairs of hands—her husband's



On her way by 7:30. An hour's drive through traffic. Out of the hospital and home by 5:30. After five years as med student and intern, Fran revels in such "businessman's hours."

Whoever gets home first starts dinner. More often than not that's Hugh, $100-a-week materials writer at Budd Co.



Toby, 17, does family laundry. Pay: $3 a week. He's mechanical whiz, keeps Fran's car in running conditio



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131 long-term victims of accident or the various crippling diseases such as stroke or polio, there are few emergencies, and she is able to keep almost office-worker hours. She usually drives her '52 car (which Toby, now seventeen, slightingly calls "a hunk of junk") up the steep driveway and into the garage before half past five. As she lets herself in the kitchen door, Hugh's cheerful "Hi, Fran," and a comprehensive look around tell her that all is well.

What meets her eye is a typically cozy scene. Hugh is in his shirt sleeves at the kitchen table, Aina Jo is standing by the stove, stirring something in a double boiler. A delicious smell of chocolate fills the room. In the small, mildly shabby living room, the old-fashioned ten-inch television set is flashing a cartoon, and Roy can be seen hanging over the arm of the couch in an outlandish, twelve-year-old posture.

Aina Jo, on the verge of fourteen, has spectacular, ash-blond hair, and her sweet, grave face lights up at the sight of her mother. Frances sniffs appreciatively and asks, "Have you ever made it before?" Aina Jo laughs and says "No." A cookbook she has brought home from school is propped open on the table. Frances turns to find Roy standing quietly at her elbow. She kisses him on the nose and says "Miss me?" Among the Olsen children, Roy, whose hair is merely yellow, is considered practically a brunet.

The kitchen door opens again, and Earl comes in with a cheerful "Hello, ma." Now fifteen, 6′½″ in his socks, and with hair as white as Aina Jo's, Earl wanders the city streets after school, leading an intense and, to his parents, vaguely alarming social life, but by six o'clock he must be home prepared to submit to tame domestic routine, and he knows it. He grins at his father and settles down with Roy before the TV cartoon, stretching out his long legs. From the cellar below comes the comfortable thrum of the washing machine. That indicates that Toby is down there, putting through one of the three weekly loads of towels, sheets and blue jeans he does for his weekly chore. While the machine works, he is usually at the other end of the cellar doing something complicated with the model motors and transformers he scavenges from every possible source.

With deft motions, Frances puts on a white apron over her dark blue skirt and pulls boxes of frozen vegetables from the refrigerator. The sound of the washing machine in her ears (twelve pairs of blue jeans are getting done) is only one small evidence of a family scheme of things. The already peeled potato in her hand is another. This year Earl is getting up early and cooking and serving breakfast for everyone in the family (he is apt to do it clad only in blue jeans, barefoot and bare-chested). When Aina Jo comes home from school, she washes the breakfast things and makes all the beds. Roy scrubs the bathtub and washbasin. Frances herself will cook the dinner and set the table tonight, as every night, but two of the children will do the serving and clearing, and the other two will do the dishwashing. This, her first year as a doctor, is easier than the five preceding years; for one thing, she can afford to pay the children small wages for their help. But the fine art of family co-operation in the face of necessity still goes on.

Frances Adams Olsen is a brown-haired 5′6″, with a high forehead, well-spaced gray



Earl, the family's 15-year-old rock-'n'-roll fan, is such a keen cook he gets up early to prepare breakfasts for the entire family. Allowance: $3.

nd the children's—
enable Frances to complete her training.

Aina Jo, a tomboy till this year, now a grown-up 13, comes straight from school to do beds, breakfast dishes. Pay: $5.



Only 12, Roy's main job is shopping. Working from his parents' list, he picks up the week's food supply every Saturday A.M. *His allowance: $2.*



After visiting "best friends" in the afternoon, Roy and Aina Jo are ready to stay in and study. Toby'd rather tinker with electric gadgets down cellar. Only Earl says life is blighted by having to stay home.

School nights: No TV after dinner. Everybody studies.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

eyes and a wide, generous mouth. She has an immediate air of self-containment, for she has always been pretty sure of what she wanted to do. She also looks attractively young (she has passed her forty-first birthday), for she is doing what she set out to do with considerable enjoyment.

Frances says, "I don't remember *exactly* when I decided I was going to be a doctor, but I know when I was a little girl I used to say I was going to be a nurse, and my father, who has always believed in taking things as far as you were capable, would say, 'Why not be a doctor while you're at it?' By the time I was in high school I was taking Latin with medicine in mind."

Frances grew up in Great Kills, Staten Island, New York, the oldest of three daughters in a close family. Her father, who has had a position in a New York City bank for many years, was able to send her to Barnard College as a day student in spite of the depression. Frances says, "It was probably a struggle, but my father believed in education. He was serious-minded for all of us."

She took a premed course, majoring in chemistry. During her freshman year she was barely aware of Hugh Olsen, a big, very blond Columbia University senior, also commuting from Great Kills. He was five years older than she, and they politely said hello to each other when they found themselves on the same Staten Island ferry.

In Frances' sophomore year, however, Hugh rode her home on the bar of his bicycle after a party, on a dare. It was over three miles to Frances' house, uphill most of the way, and the hour was two in the morning. Hugh tied his feet to his bike pedals, the way racers do, won the dare, and began his courtship.

Hugh Olsen had been a first-team swimmer for Columbia (his blond hair, further bleached with chlorine, had earned him the nickname "Whitey"), but he combined his look of big-boned power with shy friendliness. His parents were Finnish, and his father had been a successful building contractor until the depression brought building

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136



Frances looks forward to a decent home for the children. And a social life—something they've never had in Philadelphia. And, most of all, being a general practitioner. She's grateful to Hugh: "He carried the load at home."

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MOTHER IS A DOCTOR NOW!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

to a standstill in the middle of Hugh's college years. Hugh's interests were in engineering, and it had been planned that he would go on to engineering school. Then all thoughts of graduate training had to be dropped, and Hugh switched to an undergraduate course in business administration. Hugh says now, without bitterness, "It was a crime I wasn't able to finish in engineering. Somehow I've never been the ambitious type since."

Hugh sat on the porch of Frances' house and did the lettering for her zoology drawings between pacing the streets for his first job. When he found it, he was sometimes too busy to help with her homework, and Frances says, "Then I had to spend *hours* living up to the beautiful script he had started me out on." During Frances' college summers she worked as a laboratory technician in a Staten Island hospital, but there were Sunday afternoons when Hugh taught her archery with some of the beautiful bows he and his father made at home. She says of the laboratory work, "That was my first view of the hospital world, and the more I saw it, the more I was sure it was what I wanted. But not to be a technician all my life." In her senior year at Barnard, Frances sent out applications to several medical schools, and at about the same time Hugh gave her a beautiful set of arrows with spliced hardwood tips that he had turned himself.

Frances was graduated in June, 1938, and was accepted by New York Medical College for that fall. However, that summer her mother became ill, and her father asked her to postpone medical school for a year. Frances planned to work during the interval, save some money, and enter in '39, but it took her till January to find a job at the Hudson County Tuberculosis Hospital in New Jersey. Five months later, in June of 1939, she married Hugh.

Frances says, "My father was upset and disappointed—but it wasn't really so surprising. I was young, and I believed in being married young. I didn't think of myself as giving *up* medical school—just postponing it."

In fact, as babies and war years came, medical school grew dimmer on the horizon rather than closer. It was to take an act of sheer self-assertion, thirteen years later, to reverse the trend. Money was short right from the beginning and Frances continued her work at the hospital even after Toby (Hugh, Jr.) was born in February, 1941. They lived in Jersey City, New Jersey, and Hugh commuted to Manhattan while Frances kept a sharp eye on Toby's well-being in addition to her job. "I had a nice seventeen-year-old girl who took care of him. I made the formula myself, before I left for work. In those days I had to have everything just *so*. I'd had chemistry and bacteriology, and when I sterilized things, they were *sterile*."

When she became pregnant again with Earl, however, her well-managed combination of career and housewifery collapsed. She uit her job in May, 1942, and for the next five years devoted herself to having—and caring for—babies. Earl was born that October. In May of 1944 the family daughter, Aina Jo, arrived. Roy was born in August, 1945. Frances says, "I was frustrated sometimes during those non-working years, but I still believed in having children young. I had always wanted four—more than I wanted medical school."

These war years took the family to Newark, New Jersey, where Hugh had found a job with a filter company, and in the manpower shortage he was turned into a cost estimator in the field. He found this fairly congenial. "It gave me my start as a materials writer, which is what I am now. I think actually I was happier there than I've ever been."

But in 1946 they bought a six-room house in Staten Island, a move that turned out to be crucial. Frances says, "Hugh had thought we would be happier out there, near our families. But we hadn't been able to afford much of a house, and it was so run down that it was nothing but work. Hugh had planned to commute to Newark, but then he found that was too much, and took a new job in Manhattan. Even that took two hours of commuting each way." Hugh adds, "It was a big mistake."

To Frances, this Staten Island period is one of wretched memory. "Hugh and his father remodeled the house slowly—but terribly slowly; they never did finish. It had an old coal stove for cooking, with a tank at the side for hot water. Naturally, with all those children and all that laundry, there was never *enough* hot water, and it seemed to me I had to spend all day keeping that stove going. Once I lifted up a stove lid and slammed it so hard it broke in two. Then I was so *ashamed*.

"I'm sure I took it out on Hugh. I blamed him because I didn't think we should have moved to Staten Island in the first place. But it was a general atmosphere of discouragement which we both shared. I was discouraged by the house, he was discouraged by his terrible long, hard commuting."

Frances stuck it out at home for another year, but in the fall of '47 she went back to work as a lab technician in a nearby doctors' clinic. With a housekeeper, Annie, to help, Frances' children became accustomed to seeing their mother hurry off to work, without, Frances insists, their giving it a second thought. "Toby was the only one in school when I began, but they all appeared to take it calmly. They didn't crowd around my knees at the door—*none* of that sort of thing. In fact Toby used to boast that at *our* house everybody got up early. Hugh didn't mind either. He knew it meant a great deal to me, and he wanted me to be happy."

Frances' job helped her face her stove more equably, but it did not really resolve the larger discouragements. Hugh was making about $8 a week base pay. With overtime he often brought home over $100, but the house and the children used every penny. Most of his own $45 a week went for Annie, clothes and transportation. Frances saw a meager future closing in. Hugh's father was a self-made man who, even at the height of his prosperity, had never forgotten how to work with his hands. His mother, never fluent in English, had devoted herself to her husband and son. But Frances' family kept alive a vision of middle-class comfort and the world of the profession. "When mother visited, she couldn't help fussing over all the things we *needed*. I knew they thought their daughter should have a nice house, and not work so hard—that we should be more comfortably fixed."

The feeling that her own abilities could turn the family fortunes was hard to shake off. Gradually her resolve grew, and in the winter of 1951 she sent out several applications to medical schools. Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, distinguished for the quality of medical education it offers to women, wrote back and said they would be willing to give her an interview.

She says, "I realized Woman's Medical wouldn't be *too* anxious to take a woman with four children and no money, out of school for so many years. So I didn't tell them we didn't *have* any money. When they asked me, I told them my husband would pay for it. My plan was to sell the house."

The college told her that she was too late for consideration for '51, but that she might prepare herself for an entrance examination for the following year.

Frances says, "So—I thought it over. I began studying review books of my undergraduate courses on the bus to work. I also took a course in neuroanatomy every Monday night. I took the exam a year later, and I evidently did all right, because they accepted me. I got the letter in March, 1952. They never *did* ask me about that course I took. I used to be so sleepy on the trip home after class."

Frances quit her job that June, and she and Hugh spent the rest of the summer rearranging their lives. She says, "There is nothing I'll more grateful to Hugh for than his willingness to come to Philadelphia. Because I certainly wouldn't have broken up my marriage to move." Hugh says, "Actually, I had a pretty nice setup with my job because of the overtime, but it wasn't anything I wanted to do all my life. To tell you the truth, I was sort of fascinated at coming down to Philadelphia. Eve

ing the children out of the school they were
uited us, because we didn't think it was a
good one. Roy had had a terrible start
a novice kindergarten teacher. I don't
k there was anyone in the family who
n't excited by the move."

hey netted $3000 on the sale of the Staten
nd house, and in her mind Frances allowed
00 for her school expenses ($800 tuition,
lab fee, plus books and transportation),
$1000 for a housekeeper for her first year,
third $1000 to be set aside for her sopho-
re year. Providence would have to see to
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Hugh found a job
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id $30 a week plus $2 for bus fare, and
ances' father, who was happy to see his
ughter going to medical school at last,
eed to chip in the extra $7. Frances de-
ibes the housekeeper as "a little old lady
o was a poor cook, and wouldn't let any-
dy in the kitchen—not even me. We ate
ggy potatoes for dinner and the minute I
me in the door I was met with some horrible
ws about what the dog or Earl had done.
e didn't like Earl, and the lack of esteem was
utual. She kept feeding him oatmeal, know-
g he hated it. One night Earl stuck his finger
the icing of a cake she had made, and she
nounced she wasn't staying any longer."

While these problems were going on at
me, Frances was commuting via three trol-
ys to school—a trip which took an hour and
quarter each way. Classes were from 9 to 5
eekdays, Saturday from 9 to 1. "When I
arted I decided I was going to be a different
kind of student than I'd been at college. I had a nice broad top on my dresser, and I fixed it up with two bright lights. That lasted a month or two, but I found I'd be worrying about the children. I'd hear the boys fighting downstairs, or hear cars in the street and think one of them was being run over. I remember walking into class in the mornings and hearing these young girls swear they had studied for six hours, and I'd know I'd had maybe an hour. I got in a good, solid half hour on the trolley. I studied in the bathtub, in bed, and while I stirred something on the stove."

The first few months were the most upsetting. "I wasn't sure I'd be able to keep going because of the help situation. But if I started to feel sorry for myself in the evenings, I'd be told, 'It's what you wanted, isn't it?' Sometimes I'd start to unfold my troubles to my mother. She would say, 'Are you sorry you started? Do you want to quit?' But right from the beginning I knew I was happier than I had been at Staten Island."

Their next housekeeper turned out to be competent. She arrived in time to give the children breakfast, and fed lunch to all but Toby, whose junior high school had a cafeteria. She left when Hugh came home, and it was Hugh who set the older children to peeling potatoes and had dinner ready by the time Frances arrived. The year finished with Frances in a much steadier frame of mind than when it had begun, and A's or B's in all courses.

For her sophomore year, Frances was down to her bottom $1000. She applied to the American Medical Women's Association for a $500 loan. Her sister loaned her another $500, and a friend $350.

The year was one of "plain, hard work. Medical school is different from college—everybody is older, very serious, and very scared of flunking out. I remember my second year most of the class had D's in pathology. I got an old '49 car just before Christmas, when the Staten Island purchasers made their final payment on the house, and Hugh taught me how to drive. I remember the tension as I started out in the mornings. The rush-hour traffic terrified me. Then I'd have to go right from that into pathology class!

"The car eliminated my study time on the trolley, but I could get to school in half an hour instead of an hour and a quarter, so it was less wear and tear that way. The children were still pretty young, and I'd aim to get them in bed by eight-thirty and study for an hour and a half before I went to bed. Hugh helped with everything—the dinner dishes and putting the children to bed. But now that I was home earlier, getting dinner didn't fall quite so heavily on him."

The last two years of medical school were, to Frances, the most stimulating, for "at last you get to clinical work." This is learning right



Hugh Beaumont dreamed of great movie roles. Hollywood decreed otherwise: he is just "a working actor. This has been hard to accept," he says, "but God doesn't measure us by the stardom we achieve." His wife Kathy, an ex-starlet herself, agrees.

"...Between Jobs"

Story of an Actor's Life

By HUGH BEAUMONT and GLENN MATTHEW WHITE

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the June JOURNAL



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GOES TWICE AS FAR AS BOTTLES TWICE AS BIG

on hospital floors, and she would have to be at a surgery before eight in the morning, or on a maternity floor during the night. "These are the years you get into night work. You end up with more free time and less intensive studying, but it is harder on the family at home. Except for that, I found everything tremendously engrossing."

These were the years, too, that the family really scratched to get along. The A.M.W.A. gave Frances two more $500 loans for her junior and senior years. One of the Staten Island doctors she had worked for had offered help, and she accepted a loan of $350. An aunt sent a present of $150. She and Hugh eked out her senior year by taking out a $300 bank loan, turning in some insurance policies on the three younger children, and borrowing on their own and Toby's. "That was it," says Frances, and it was also the end of a full-time housekeeper.

"Junior and senior year we found a neighbor up the street, Mrs. Miller, who was willing to come part time. The children were getting more capable. Earl went through a phase of baking that was practically the first quiet thing he ever did spontaneously. He would read the cookbook and then turn out lemon-meringue pies, delicious butter cookies, cakes—oh, delightful cakes. Roy could scramble eggs for breakfast, make French toast, or stir up pancake mix. Luckily, the children hardly ever got sick, but in a pinch Mrs. Miller stayed.

"By senior year Hugh would make sure the children were all up by the time he left at seven-thirty, and they would get themselves off to school entirely. Aina Jo had had her hair cut, and that settled the braids problem. They were *supposed* to clean up the kitchen and make their own beds. For lunch, Aina Jo and Roy would let themselves in the back door and fix soup and sandwiches. Earl was in junior high that year and had lunch at school.

"When Hugh came home at five, he would usually find the kitchen a mess, and *he* had the dreariest job of all. He would have to muster the kids, make them wash the breakfast dishes, and get potatoes peeled."

Hugh was now making about $85 a week, and even though Frances was using none of this for her direct education expenses, money at home was a nagging problem. Frances says, "I guess the only way we were able to make ends meet was because my mother kept sending clothes for the children. Toby and Earl were big helps' too. They both had paper routes, and were able to pay for their own bus fares and school lunches and even some of their clothes. Mrs. Miller cleaned up once a week and did our ironing at her house for ten dollars a week—which my father sent. I wore clothes until they were so old I couldn't stand them. I don't think Hugh has bought a new suit since we moved here. I remember the girls talking about hairdressers. Hairdressers! They were talking about Victor of Germantown, and Cecil of Abington, and I said, 'I have mine done by Hugh of Burholme.'"

When Frances was graduated that June she was second from the top of her class. She won a $100 cash prize as the best student in oncology (the study of tumors) and was named to Alpha Omega Alpha, a medical honorary society. Hugh and the children (Frances had written their excuse notes for school herself), her father and mother and father-in-law and an aunt were there to witness her triumph.

Three weeks later, she began a year of internship at Philadelphia's huge city hospital, Philadelphia General. She owed the A.M.W.A. $1500, her sister $500, her friend and the Staten Island doctor $350 each, and the bank $300. This totaled $3000, and there were other smaller but sizable kindnesses from other family members that she wished to repay. And for the coming year she would be receiving the munificent salary of $55 a month.

Frances says, "That year was the hardest of *all* on my family. Interns rotate four-week tours of duty in the different hospital services, and you have to take the hours that come with the service. For example, general surgery required five nights out of the week.

"The children don't like me to be away at night. That they never *have* liked. Or away on holidays. That Thanksgiving Earl made the pies, Toby stuffed the turkey, Roy made the cranberry sauce and Aina Jo made the rolls. Hugh fixed the vegetables. I had got in at ei that morning, and they let me sleep till din was ready. That was a nice day—a good d ner too. Then they waved me off to the h pital at eight that evening."

In July of 1957 the five long, rigorous ye came officially to a close. She took her th days of state-board examinations, and September she received her license to pract medicine in the Commonwealth of Penns vania. After some thought, she settled on c year as a resident physician because, "It wou give me a year of extra training, and a lit space in which to look around and find a sp for myself." It is her firm intention to beco a general practitioner ("We *need* good GP's but the residency in the physical-medicine d partment of her old hospital had some ov riding attractions: regular hours, and sligh higher pay because of Federal subsidies f work in this field. Her salary for the year $3400, free of Federal taxes. She says a lit wanly, "I just couldn't have stood anoth year of being so poor."

Philadelphia General is a mammoth co plex of wings and mustard-colored corrido and in Frances' department traffic is as hea as anywhere, for most of the patients can g about—if not unaided, then by crutches wheel chair. They are off to one of the trea ment rooms, or to the gym, the hydrothera pool, the speech clinic or one of the occup tional workshops, or just visiting in the cor dors, more than they are in one of the t wards. When Frances arrives at 8:30 in t mornings she takes off the jacket of her su slips on a white jacket over her own wh blouse, and begins a busy day. She and a f low resident in the department make t rounds of the wards every morning, and some time in the afternoon she will try to dr in on the ward patients again in the gym or t treatment rooms to see how their therapy going. Besides these, there are the stea stream of patients in the outpatient clinic, r ferrals from other departments, and a fe outpatients whom she sees by special appoin ment. Between patients, there are consult tions with other staffs or with her departme chief, Dr. Albert Martucci, and conferences attend in other fields.

So Frances, too, spends a good deal of tim hurrying down the halls, and she cannot g from second-floor ward to basement gym wit out being hailed half a dozen times. A worrie looking wife visiting her elderly husband dar forward to complain that her husband seem drowsy. Frances finds that an intern has o dered a heavy dose of phenobarbital, and o ders it cut down. She passes a young boy sta ing moodily out the window from his whe chair. He is a new patient who has lost bot legs, so she pauses to say gently, "Hell Arthur. Did your mother get here this afte noon?"

Another visiting wife calls out "Oh, do tor!" and eagerly explains that *she* doesn think her husband's new shoe fits him. H husband, in a wheel chair, the offending fo propped up, grins sheepishly. Frances giv some directions and says reassuringly, "We start that whirlpool treatment Monday." A she goes away, the wife says sternly to her hu band, "You listen to the doctor, now!"

Frances enjoys talking about her patient but her family hardly lets her at home. If sh is bursting with the news that the young, hand some victim of a dreadful automobile accide relearned to articulate his name today, Toby apt to groan and say, "Who wants to hea about such horrible, depressing stuff?" Hug and the children, who did all that they had t do to see her through her medical training rather enjoy giving her affectionate reminder that at home she is "mother," not "doctor."

In fact, when Frances comes home in th evenings, she puts down her doctor's bag an puts on her white apron with the same capa bility with which she once tackled Toby's for mula or sophomore pathology. She says "Lots of times my friends, even professiona people, say 'How can you bear to leave you children!' I think they picture a group of littl cherubs at my knee. Actually, I don't thin they've been *too* badly damaged by my career."

They do not *look* damaged. If Toby an Earl happen into the kitchen at the same time

iny room seems swallowed up by their good looks and good health. Hugh and ces are proud that Aina Jo, who looks a clear blue summer day, does well every- she tries—"from making friends to play- iolin in the school orchestra." Roy, who s the world with speculative eyes, has had reading troubles at school, but Frances Hugh are helping him come out of them, he is taking on baseball and friends with ame zest as his brothers, and Frances con- s him the most demonstrative of her sons. ances and Hugh keep "home" a firm, ing organization for the children, and they are home themselves all their atten- goes to it. The evening meal has never be- a slipshod affair. The table is set attrac- in the dining room, and grace is said.

e Olsen children, including Toby and must be in on school nights by dinner- and they don't go out again. Both ces and Hugh know in any given week what all the children are studying, and they are doing in it, and are apt to have rather strong opinions about it. (Frances scornfully of a "social studies" textbook, all about getting along in a big high ol—how to follow the bells and stay on ight side of the corridors—the kind of *our* teacher used to spend ten minutes on irst day of school!")

by is the mechanical wizard of the family, e is so obsessed by electric motors that he it a nuisance to study anything else. He "I get a couple of good technical books the library, but I don't get a chance to them—I have to read Shakespeare in- ." When he was moved to a new high ol, and found it was unequipped with a , he spent his time repairing his friends' r bikes instead of doing schoolwork.

by knows that he could get a job as a me- ic tomorrow, and Frances and Hugh are d that if left to himself he might throw his future promise and do just that. They ncouraged by the fact that he came back a summer job on Staten Island this last reconciled to repeating a half year of ol. But they have laid down the law—no motor-repair side lines until he is doing r at school—and he likes to claim dra- cally that he has given up all his friends He says morosely, "I'm a hermit this Mother's making me be one."

the three other children, Aina Jo and have each an important "best friend" with n they spend the after-school hours. tall and striking, has had no trouble ming a leader among boys his own age, Frances worries that he has "*too* many ds—a gang of them, and they seem to d most of their time on the streets. As far can tell, boys Earl's age are allowed to the streets after dark until the ten-o'clock curfew. In summertime, even boys Roy's age are out till midnight. I just wonder if their parents even *know* where they are." Earl complains volubly that *none* of the others has to obey such strict family rules as he does, but he obeys them. He affects long hair (his mother once threatened him with bobby pins), and a manner of jaunty poise, but he still will come up to her in the kitchen and ask, "Can I do anything for you?" He towers over her, but when she puts both hands on his shoulders and speaks to him about washing his hands for dinner, there is no question but that he is still a boy, still nourished by his family.

When Frances' residency ends this September, she can start a private practice anywhere she chooses. "We'd like a town that is not too rural, for Hugh's work, but not so big that a general practitioner would be lost. Hugh is making nearly $100 a week now, but prospects of great advancement for a materials writer aren't apt to materialize, so he's willing to move. If there were any question about it, I would be willing to stay here and let his job be the deciding factor. As it is, it will be my career, for the sake of a nicer environment."

With private practice, Frances will set herself to discharging, slowly, one by one, the big responsibilities that she shouldered with her medical career. "Of course there are the debts for my medical education. It's been a real joy to have money enough to save this year. I've been putting away over $100 a month, and hope to have $1000 of the $3000 worth of personal loans repaid. We still have to have Mrs. Miller for part-time housework, and I've taken over her $10 a week from my father. Then I have to figure out the details for the capital I'll need to start. It takes about $2000 to equip an office. Some medical-equipment companies do sell on time, or I may be in group practice, or take out a bank loan. But I have to assume that I'll start out owing something over $4000.

"Then I'd like to have $1000 saved by September of 1959 toward Toby's college education. . . . It's hard to persuade children of the value of education when they have two educated parents who haven't done so well, and they see people without education who sport flashy cars, new kitchens, seem to give their children everything. That's why I'm so anxious for us to move to a decent place—so that while they're still young my children will remember something besides a crummy house."

Frances lingers on this vision of a clean white house set on a well-kept lawn, of Toby in college and family prestige in the community, then turns to her tan doctor's bag that sits on the hand-me-down chest by the kitchen door. "I want my children to be able to go to college, and I want some security for my old age, but the real reason I started all this was that I loved medicine. I don't think anybody could go through it who didn't." END

HOW THE OLSENS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Hugh and Frances' joint monthly income looks like this:

	Hugh	Frances	Total
Income	$419.26	$283.33	$702.59
Tax and Social Security deductions	31.07	4.30	35.37
Net	$388.19	$279.03	$667.22

Frances' only deduction is for city wage tax, but out of her income must come expenses for her car, household help, the children's wages, and $110 a month put aside for repayment of loans for her medical education. Clothes for the children get a big boost from Frances' parents, and the children's substantial allowances take care of their recreation and some school expenses. Frances and Hugh are so busy that the expense for their own recreation is a big zero.

Food	$140.00	Household help	43.33
Rent	75.00	Children's allowances	56.33
Utilities, fuel, telephone	31.50	Church	3.00
Clothing	20.00	School expenses	2.50
Insurance (life, fire, medical)	20.40	Club dues	1.00
Car	60.00	Magazines, newspapers	2.60
Bus	10.00	Bank loan	22.00
Household supplies, dry cleaning, etc.	40.00	Misc.	29.56
		Savings	110.00
		Total	$667.22



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APPLEYARD BIRTHDAY PARTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

ntirely for show—all our family feel that
is something especially appealing about
in a landscape. They seem to belong in
ont, where they used to graze in flocks of
reds. And so on mother's birthday, and
ay, our roast stuffed leg of lamb is strictly
ymous, from the butcher in River Bend.

OAST STUFFED LEG OF LAMB

ve your butcher bone a 7- or 8-pound
lamb, but do not have him roll and tie
eat. Make a rice stuffing as follows, for
the bone cavity in the leg. Cut ½
d bacon into thin strips and sauté until
. Drain on paper toweling. Save the
ings. Sauté 2 cups uncooked rice in 2
spoons bacon drippings till golden, stir-
all the time. Pour in water called for
e package and add ½ teaspoon saffron
½ cup white or seedless raisins. While
rice is cooking, sauté ¾ cup finely
ed onion and 2 cloves garlic, peeled
crushed, in 3 tablespoons bacon drip-
s. When the rice is almost tender, remove
the heat. Add the sautéed onions and
along with the cooked bacon and 2
spoons finely diced pimiento. Season
2 teaspoons each salt and seasoned salt
½ teaspoon pepper. Mix all together
ly so as not to break up the rice. Rub
avity of your meat with a mixture of
pepper and 1½ teaspoons powdered
nary. Now spoon about half of the
ng into the leg cavity. Fold the flap of
from the shank end of the roast over
ole on the inside of the leg and secure
a skewer. Over the opening on the
end of the roast, tie a double thickness
uminum foil with twine, pulling it tight
old the stuffing in (this will be on the
om when the lamb is turned fat side
r roasting). Now turn the leg fat side up
rack, put into an open roaster pan and
t in a moderate oven, 350° F., allowing
t 25 minutes per pound. Use a meat
nometer if you wish, making sure to
t the thermometer in the center of a
lean muscle and making sure that it is
e meat, not in the stuffing. When done,
thermometer should register 180° F. Put
remaining half of the stuffing in a casse-
dish, cover with aluminum foil and set
e. About 30 minutes before serving, heat
rough in the same oven with the lamb.
the lamb with 1 can undiluted beef con-
mé for 20 minutes before the meat is
e. Remove the lamb from the oven. Drain
he drippings from the pan except 6 table-
ns Blend in 6 tablespoons flour and then
ps water. Heat slowly, stirring con-
tly, over a low heat until the gravy is
oth and thickened. Season to taste with
and pepper and serve in a gravy boat. To
e the meat, put the roast on a large plat-
surround with a garland of the extra
fing, garnish with fresh tomato wedges,
n olives and parsley.

ly son Tommy is out gathering the aspara-
from the ancient bed above the garden,
ted by an Appleyard cousin many years
The girls and I start heating the big kettle
ater while Tommy is outdoors, to be sure
e ready when he returns with his basket
of slender jade-green shoots. Here's how
make

CREAMED ASPARAGUS WITH MUSHROOMS

emove stems from 1 pound mushrooms.
e caps with damp cloth and slice. Sauté
tablespoons butter with 1 tablespoon
ced onion in a heavy skillet until the
hrooms are golden. Break off the tough
s of 3 pounds fresh asparagus. Wash the
ks well, trim off little spines and cut into
pieces. Cover with boiling salted water
cook 8–10 minutes until tender. Mean-
le, make a brown *roux* by heating 1 table-
on butter with ½ tablespoon flour in a
let. When lightly browned, add 1 cup
vy cream and heat slowly, stirring con-
tly until thickened. Season with ½ tea-
spoon each salt and pepper and dash of nut-
meg. Add the sautéed mushrooms and onions
and keep warm until serving. When the as-
paragus is tender, drain well and place in a
heated vegetable dish. Top with the mush-
room sauce and a sprinkling of paprika.
Makes 8 servings.

Laura, my eleven-year-old, is washing the
various salad greens that will go in Cynthia's

PEAR-AND-ORANGE SALAD

Place 2 small cans mandarin-orange sec-
tions in the refrigerator to chill. Peel, core
and dice 2 fresh pears. Dip into lemon juice
to prevent discoloration, then chill the pear
cubes. Just before serving, tear into pieces
enough crisp lettuce, romaine and chicory to
make about 2 quarts. Drain the orange sec-
tions. Add the pears and orange sections to
the greens and toss with your favorite French
dressing until all are lightly coated. Makes 8
servings.

The crowning glory of the birthday party,
in the children's minds, is Dessert. The daffodil
cake that the girls and I have concocted for
mother is right in the Appleyard tradition—
pale gold, light-as-a-feather and supremely de-
licious. But here is where I go modern. I use a
packaged angel-food mix. For mother (and
for myself as well), we no longer count the
years, but decorate the cake with as many can-
dles as will comfortably encircle the cake.
"Happy Birthday to you," Camilla starts the
singing, somewhat off-key, but valiantly, and
with great feeling.

DAFFODIL CAKE

Using a packaged mix, make 1 recipe angel-
food-cake batter according to directions given.
Flavor with ½ teaspoon lemon extract. Di-
vide the batter in half. Meanwhile, beat 6
egg yolks until very thick and lemon-colored.
Carefully fold them into half of the cake bat-
ter, a little bit at a time. Place the yellow
batter in the bottom of a 10″ angel-cake pan
and top with the remaining white batter.
Bake according to package directions. Invert
until cool. Then loosen and invert on a cake
plate. Frost with a seven-minute icing.

Seven-Minute Icing: In the top of a double
boiler place the unbeaten whites of 2 eggs,
1½ cups sugar, 5 tablespoons cold water and
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar. Have the water
in the bottom of the double boiler rapidly
boiling. Beat the egg-sugar mixture con-
stantly for 7 minutes with a rotary beater.
Remove from the heat, flavor with ½ tea-
spoon lemon extract, and continue beating
until the icing is the right consistency to
spread. Divide the icing in half, and tint one
half yellow. Leave the rest white.

To ice the daffodil cake: Ice with alternat-
ing yellow and white sections on the top and
sides of the cake. To swirl, insert a spatula
tip into the icing and draw circles in it around
the top and sides of the cake. Decorate the
edges of the cake plate with rosettes (tinted
yellow) of ornamental frosting into which
candles have been inserted.

Ornamental Frosting: Whip 2 egg whites
with a fork until frothy. With a spoon, fold
in enough sifted confectioners' sugar to make
the frosting the consistency to use in a pastry
tube. Tint yellow. Then, using a pastry tube,
make rosettes around the edge of the cake
platter. Insert white candles into the rosettes
while icing is still soft.

For the first time this spring, all the win-
dows are open looking out over the porch, and
the candles round the edge of the cake flicker
in the breeze that blows across the brook. The
shining faces across the table show candle
flames reflected in brown and hazel eyes. On
the dessert plates are lavish helpings of

STRAWBERRY-RHUBARB ICE CREAM

Place the contents of 2 packages frozen
cut rhubarb in a glass baking dish. Sprinkle
⅔ cup sugar over the rhubarb and bake in a
slow, 300° F., oven for about 35–45 minutes,
stirring occasionally, until the rhubarb is soft
and the juice is quite syrupy. Cool. Rub the
rhubarb and syrup through a food mill. You
will have about 2 cups rhubarb purée. Wash
and hull 3 cups fresh strawberries. Buzz in an
electric blender or force through a food mill.
Stir in 1 cup sugar. Then add 2 cups heavy
cream and the rhubarb purée. Mix well.
Freeze to a mush in 2 refrigerator trays. Re-
move from refrigerator, whip until light and
fluffy but still thick. Return to the trays and
freeze until firm. If you like, you can make
strawberry-rhubarb ice cream in a hand-
churned or electric freezer according to its
directions. Makes 8 servings.

When the last fine-grained slice of cake with
its scallop of white and yellow layers has been
eaten, and the last of the smooth, rosy ice
cream has disappeared, we bring on the final
item on the birthday menu: a low crystal dish
of violets candied by Camilla and Laura in
honor of the season.

CANDIED VIOLETS

Our lawn runs riot with violets—deep pur-
ple, white starred with purple centers, even a
few rare pink ones. Camilla and Laura choose
perfect violets of every shade, picking them
while the sun is on them. They beat 2 egg
whites lightly, just so that they are broken
up. I have sifted confectioners' sugar ready
for them in a saucer. They dip each violet in
the dish of egg whites, then in the sugar,
shake off the excess sugar, and dry in a
strainer in a warm place, or in the oven at the
lowest possible temperature.

Mrs. Appleyard is opening her presents.
Tommy has made her a bluebird palace from
silvery weathered boards. "Hope the tree swal-
lows will keep out this year," he says as he
hands it over. Camilla has embroidered a rural
scene on a piece of green felt. The smoke from
the chimney is blowing in the opposite direc-
tion from the wind-blown trees. "It's your
house, grandma," she says, "and that's the
elm tree and the pond."

"Everything is lovely," says Mrs. Apple-
yard. "I'll keep these always." The children
sigh happily. They know she will. "Let's sing
Happy Birthday all over again," suggests Ca-
milla, never one to let an occasion be cut
short. So, against the serenade of the frogs in
the pond, we do just that! END

THROUGH-OTHER

My English-born mother sometimes used a word which I never heard from anyone else, and never saw in American print — *through-other* — a word that amused me when I was young, and intrigued me as I grew interested in the beginnings of our language. When mother became *enmeshed, entangled* or *embroiled* in recurring domestic crises, she would allow she was through-other; and so saying, she would sidestep sophisticated, Latin-rooted words, like confused or perplexed, to take a harsh and simple one. *Confuse*, which comes from the Latin word *fundere*, to pour, plus the prefix *con* (together), gives a picture of things being mixed or mingled together beyond the power of separation. The word *perplex* has an even more amusing significance, coming from the word *plectere*, meaning to plait, to interweave, to braid, to twine, to fold. So my poor mother, when her affairs got completely snarled and out of hand, just reached for a good old sturdy, awkward Anglo-Saxon word which said it all.

MARY K. BLACKMAR



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"WHEN I ENTERTAIN"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

s role of sole and oysters, baked with
ce."

re are recipes for some of Mrs. Phipps'
favorites.

SWEETBREAD TIMBALES IN SAUCE

oil 2 large pairs sweetbreads in water to
a little vinegar or lemon juice has been
d. Plunge into ice water for a few minutes
remove the membranes and tubes. Put
gh a food chopper and measure about 4
Mix with 4 slightly beaten eggs and 2
heavy cream. Season with 2 teaspoons
1½ teaspoons monosodium glutamate,
easpoon Worcestershire sauce, and ¼
oon each hot red-pepper sauce, thyme
narjoram. Sauté ½ cup finely minced
in 4 tablespoons bacon drippings. Add
long with ½ cup crumbled crisp bacon,
easpoon paprika and dash of pepper.
into 8 individual buttered custard cups.
in a hot-water bath in a moderate oven,
F., for 45 minutes or until set. While
imbales are baking, prepare the sauce.
two 13¾-ounce cans condensed chicken
with ½ teaspoon saffron. Thin 4 table-
ns cornstarch with a little cold water.
to broth. Cook, stirring constantly, un-
ickened. When sauce is thick and clear,
the saffron out. Just before serving,
cup toasted slivered almonds and ⅛
oon almond flavoring. Serve timbales
lices of frizzled ham with hot sauce
ed over all. Makes 8 servings.

FILLET-OF-SOLE CASSEROLE

large skillet heat together 1 cup chicken
, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 3
spoons butter long enough to melt the
r. Lay 2 pounds fillet of sole in the
and simmer until just tender, about 3
tes. (Overcooking the fish at this point
make it difficult to remove from the
to the casserole without breaking.) If
can't get all the fillets in at one time,
them separately in the broth. Layer the
illets in the bottom of a shallow, but-
, 3-quart casserole. Next add 2 quarts
fresh mushrooms to the broth. Cover
simmer until tender, about 15 minutes.
n them well, saving the broth, and ar-
on top of the fish. Add 2 dozen oysters
cup oyster liquor to the broth and sim-
just long enough for the oysters' edges
rl. Remove the oysters from the broth.
n well and arrange them on top of the
rooms. Measure the broth—you should
1¾ cups. If you have more, reduce by
ering. Melt 5 tablespoons butter. Add
p flour. Gradually stir in 1¾ cups fish
mixed with 1 cup light cream. Season
6 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese,
lespoons minced parsley, 1 tablespoon
d onion, ¾ teaspoon salt and ⅛ tea-
n pepper. Pour the sauce over the fish.
kle with 1 cup buttered soft bread
bs. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F.,
0 minutes or until the sauce is bubbling
the crumbs are brown. Serve with but-
wild rice. Makes 8 servings.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET

n 1 No. 2½ can pineapple chunks. Heat
yrup with 1 cup sugar until the sugar is
lved. Cool. Pour into a freezing tray and
e in the refrigerator until mushy. Sep-
6 eggs. Slightly beat the yolks and add
p heavy cream and 2 cups milk. Heat,
ng constantly, until thickened. Cool.
into a refrigerator tray and freeze until
y. This will take about 2 hours. Buzz
ineapple chunks in an electric blender,
urée in a food mill. Scrape contents of
trays into a cold bowl and beat rapidly
end. Add the puréed pineapple, 2 table-
ns lemon juice and 1 tablespoon grated
n rind. Return to the two trays and
e again until mushy (about 2 hours).
the 6 egg whites until they will hold
peaks. Reheat the sherbet and fold in
egg whites. Pour quickly into 3 freezer
s and continue freezing until ready to
serve. Makes 3 quarts sherbet. Frozen peaches are delicious served with this.

TONGUE SAUCE

Heat 3 cups beef consommé or broth. Mix 2 tablespoons cornstarch with a little cold water and add slowly to the consommé, stirring constantly. Cook until thickened. In a saucepan, melt ½ cup red currant jelly and add to the hot mixture, along with ¼ cup black seedless raisins. Stir in 1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon vinegar and 1 tablespoon each chopped citron and chopped truffles or cooked mushrooms. Makes about 3 cups sauce.

Things Like This I Do Not Understand.
Is it Mere Coincidence,
Do You Suppose?
The Other Night
I Was Reading in My Bed
Just Around Midnight.
Before I Turned Off My Light
I Looked at the Clock and it Said
Twelve O'Clock;
Both the Minute and the
Hour Hands Stood Straight Up.

By MERRILL MOORE

I set the alarm for six; turned
out the light.
But just then for no reason in
the world
I thought of the stonemason,
Charlie Sands,
Who helped me build my sea
wall strong and tight
Last summer. I had not
thought of him for months.

I remembered that I still owed
him ten dollars
For extra work, so I made a
note of it
On the usual pad I keep beside
my bed:
Pay Charlie Sands the ten
dollars that I owe him
And went to sleep.
Next morning I woke up
And came downstairs for
breakfast, where my wife
Said to me, "It's too bad about
Charlie Sands—
The milkman says he died at
midnight last night."

BAKED CARAMEL CUSTARD

Put 1 cup sugar into a skillet and heat slowly, stirring occasionally, until the sugar is browned and liquefied. As soon as the last grains of sugar have dissolved, add 1 cup boiling water, stir briskly and cook until a thick brown syrup is formed. Butter 8 custard cups and put 2 teaspoons of the syrup into each. Scald together 2 cups each milk and heavy cream. Then add the remaining syrup along with 2 tablespoons sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Beat 6 eggs and pour hot milk mixture into them gradually, stirring all the time. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour into custard cups on top of the caramel syrup. Fill each about ¾ full. Place cups in a pan of warm water and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until set, or for about 45 minutes. The custard is done when a silver knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Chill. Turn out and serve.

CREOLE GUMBO

Have the butcher quarter 1 capon. Cut 2 pounds precooked, ready-to-eat ham into 1" cubes (this should give you 4 cups). Put the chicken and ham along with 2 cups water in a deep heavy kettle. Chop enough onions to make 2 cups. Add to the chicken and ham and season with the following: 2 cloves garlic, crushed; 2 teaspoons each salt and gumbo-filé powder; ½ teaspoon each basil and orégano; ⅛ teaspoon pepper; 3 drops hot red-pepper sauce and a dash of cayenne. Simmer, covered, for 1 hour or until the chicken is tender. Remove the meat from the broth. Make a brown *roux* by sautéing 5 tablespoons flour in ¼ cup bacon drippings until the flour is golden brown (8 slices bacon will give you the ¼ cup drippings). Add the *roux* to the broth along with 1 No. 2 can tomatoes and ¼ cup tomato paste. Cook until thickened and blended. Remove the chicken from the bones, leaving it in as large pieces as possible. Readd along with the ham to the sauce. Cover and gently simmer for about 45 minutes longer. Stir from time to time to prevent sticking to the bottom of the pan. Crumble the bacon and add. Serve with rice. Makes 8 servings.

CORN STICKS

Beat 4 eggs with a rotary beater. Add 1⅓ cups milk and ⅔ cup melted butter. Sift together 2⅔ cups flour, 1⅓ cups white or yellow corn meal, 6 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Make a well in the dry ingredients and add liquids all at once. Stir just enough to mix. Preheat well-buttered iron corn-stick pans. Fill the pans with batter ¾ full and bake for 20 to 25 minutes in a hot oven, 400° F. Makes 28 sticks.

VANILLA-CREAM PUDDING WITH ORANGE-STRAWBERRY SAUCE

In a large pot, bring to a boil 1 quart milk. Mix together 2 tablespoons plus 1 teaspoon farina, 1 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin. Add to the milk, stirring constantly, and cook for 10 minutes. Remove from heat and cool. When it begins to thicken, flavor with 1 teaspoon each vanilla and grated lemon rind. Fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, and pour into a 6-cup mold. Chill several hours until well set. For the sauce, heat 1½ cups fresh orange juice with 2 tablespoons sugar. Add 1 tablespoon cornstarch, moistened with a little water, and continue cooking sauce until thick and clear. Cool. Flavor with ½ teaspoon vanilla and ¼ teaspoon almond extract. Just before serving, stir in ½ cup toasted slivered almonds and 1½ cups sliced fresh strawberries. Unmold pudding and serve with sauce. Makes 8 servings.

CHEESE BLISTERS

Sift 1 cup flour into a mixing bowl. Season with ¼ teaspoon salt and pinch of cayenne pepper. With a pastry blender, cut ½ cup butter and 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese into the flour until the mixture is like a very coarse meal. Add 3 tablespoons very cold water, a tablespoonful at a time, mixing in well with a fork after each addition. Turn the pastry onto a floured cloth, roll very thin, cut into strips ¼" wide and 3" long—use a notched pastry wheel if you happen to have one. Arrange on baking sheets and bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for about 12 minutes or until golden brown. Makes about 7 dozen cheese blisters.

MUSHROOM SANDWICHES

Cook 1 pound mushrooms in a little chicken broth until tender. Drain and cool. Chop into small pieces. Add a small (3-ounce) can chicken *pâté*, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, and mix well. Season with 1½ teaspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon each finely chopped chives and parsley, ½ teaspoon each salt and onion juice, and a dash of pepper and hot red-pepper sauce. Serve as a spread for buttered, open-face sandwiches. Garnish with parsley. Makes about 1¼ cups filling. END

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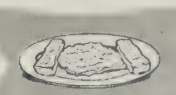
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HIGH SCHOOL TO COLLEGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

and guide our public policies; the spiritual and aesthetic refinement that bears fruit in our arts. It is from this kind of education that all the major professions—medicine, law, divinity, teaching, the sciences, and increasingly the fine arts and engineering—recruit their apprentices. For it is this kind of education that most fully and effectively develops the ability of the individual to grapple with the difficult tasks demanded by these professions. In increasing measure, too, business and industry are turning to this kind of education for technicians and managerial personnel; and the armed forces, having judged its results in two world wars, have given it a preferred place in their officer-training programs. Thus it is to this kind of education that we must look for the competence that will enable us to survive and, we hope, prosper in the world in which we are fated to live.

In its high-school phase this kind of education comprises the subjects already cited in the Russian curriculum, with English substituted for Russian as the native language and literature. The irony is that we should have to learn anything about the virtues of such education from Russia. For this was the education out of which the charters of American freedom emerged, the education of the founding fathers, the model they bequeathed to us. A full century before the U.S.S.R. was ever dreamed of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were defining its curriculum, its role in our society and its relation to our form of government and advocating it as the equal opportunity of all Americans. Most of the countries of the western world had esteemed this type of education (as they still do) as the most vital and fruitful of all, yet limited it (as they still do) to a privileged or highly selected few. The United States set an example to the world by opening it up to all who showed the ability and the desire for it.

This is not the first time the U.S.S.R. has taken a leaf out of our educational book. In 1918 progressive education on the then popular American model became the rule in the same Russian schools that have swung far to the other extreme today. After a trial of sixteen years, this curriculum, at first thought to be the perfect educational counterpart of the revolution and its ideals, was found wanting and summarily abolished. During its heyday educational standards sank so low that Soviet officials finally rebelled. They complained that their children could neither read nor write properly, nor do simple arithmetic accurately, and that they were intellectually undisciplined. The result was a decree that brought the Russian grammar- and high-school curriculum back into phase with the curriculum of the English public school, the German *Gymnasium*, the French *lycée*, and the academic curriculum of the strongest American public high schools and private college-preparatory schools. At the same time it launched an effort that today enrolls in that curriculum a higher proportion of secondary-school students than in any other country, including our own.

The Russians have bitten off a large mouthful. Already there are signs of vocational alternatives—"polytechnicization" it is called—creeping into the system, accompanied by the creation of boarding schools, both suggesting limits to their academic curriculum's hold over so large and undifferentiated a mass of students. Even so, the scope of that curriculum could be considerably reduced and it would still represent a more ambitious and a more systematic effort to exploit the type of education it embodies in the national and the public interest than we are making, with greater resources and stronger tradition in our favor.

What can we do about it? There is practically no limit to what we can do once we make up our minds it is worth doing. Here is an objective that requires no summit conference with foreign powers, no departure from American tradition, no funds we cannot easily afford and readily provide—in fact, nothing save a clear view of the goal and the courage of our conviction that it must and can be attained. Seldom has an objective as vital to the national interest as this been so surely within our reach.

Unfortunately, most of us get no farther in this direction than damning the schools and waiting for Washington to do something about them. If this attitude prevails, the cause will be lost. Though the Federal Government can help, it is we ourselves in our local communities who must accomplish our educational salvation. I do not say this for traditional reasons—because it always has been so—but because in the nature of the case I believe it must be so. In our scheme of things, education is almost as much a matter of individual conscience as religion is. This is as true of its institutions as it is of its students. In the final analysis, both achieve their greatest heights because they wish to, not because they are compelled to.

DOUBLE ENTRY

By FRANCES BRAGAN RICHMAN

They tell me poetry doesn't pay,
And they're right, I suppose, in a practical way.

Since what does it profit a rose to bloom
Like a lamp in summer's living room?

And the luna moth would appear to be
An economic absurdity.

They do not contribute. Except to those
Who would hunger and thirst if there were no rose.

Who would fear the dark if created things
Were stripped of their unproductive wings—

Who must pay their way, as the gods arrange,
In different mediums of exchange.

Schools draw their main sustenance, which is intellectual and moral, from the community whose interests they serve; and no matter what outside controls we establish over them, they continue to reflect the character of that community. As an individual may borrow money from his bank and still remain an individual, a community may appeal for and accept Federal aid and still remain a community. Many schools could benefit by such aid; many, it would seem, will languish without it. But the aid itself will merely enable the local community to perform a function which only it can perform, a crutch that makes it possible for the patient to get to work, not a substitute to do his work for him. Educational standards may be proposed by Washington. They will be disposed by the local community. Any further progress toward Federal direction or control would not only touch an extremely sensitive nerve in our body politic; it would almost certainly fail in its objective. Even in the Soviet educational system, with absolute dictatorial power to enforce uniformity and a population conditioned for centuries to accept it, evidence points to familiar disparities in standards and accomplishments: between urban and rural schools, for example; between schools of different regions, for another example; and between schools reflecting different local customs and attitudes, for still another. It is hard to conceive of any American analogy, however benevolent, however severe, that would either smother, or substitute for, local initiative in education.

It will help matters, therefore, if we recognize at the outset that we shall have to work toward our goal in a variety of ways appropriate to a great variety of individual situations and circumstances. The large urban school stripped of support by migration to the suburbs will have one problem on its hands. The rural school in need of consolidation with its neighbors will have another. The school amidst city slums will have urgent business of a nature that rarely comes to the attention of the suburban school surrounded by the families of college graduates and attended by their children; and so on. Public-school life is the private life of the American people turned inside out, in all its diversity, and is hardly more amenable to centralized authority than it is in the home.

Still, we can spend our energies to better effect than damning the schools and waiting for Washington to bail them out of their troubles. Destructive criticism gets us nowhere and we have had a surfeit of it. And the plain truth is that unless there is a change of heart on the part of the public, Federal aid, however necessary, will not bail the schools out of their troubles. On the contrary, it will be more likely to give those troubles a new lease on life. When a bright boy (or girl) who should be taking advanced mathematics elects in its place a course in homemaking so that he can study with his "date," what difference will it make if the waste of talent takes place in a new glass building instead of an old brick one? Or if the teacher or the principal who permitted such a thing to happen has his salary raised? Federal appropriations to either purpose would only amount to a subsidization of error. Before they can do any real good, the public attitude toward education, particularly toward high-school education, will have to undergo a serious change.

Consider, for example, a widespread parental attitude toward two fundamental parts of the educational process: namely, discipline and homework. Without self-discipline there can be no self-education, and without self-education there can be no education. A student learns self-discipline by learning to measure up to discipline which in the first instance must be enforced by authority; and the school that does not teach him this fails him badly. Yet our schools are severely limited in the amount and kind of discipline they can administer; and even in this more often than not they find parents interceding and conspiring against them. The state of affairs in New York where forty-one schools are occupied by the police as these lines are written, seems hardly more than the logical conclusion to such an attitude. Certainly it will improve the schools' chances of keeping order in the classroom to relieve overcrowding through new construction, and to employ more teachers. But until parents generally take a different view of the matter the results are not likely to be commensurate with the investment.

With respect to homework, the attitude of parents often presents an even greater handicap to the educational process. Any student attempting to cross the bridge of high-school-into-college education should be carrying five solid academic courses, and to do justice to these should be doing fifteen to twenty uninterrupted hours of homework a week. Yet I have heard more than one harried teacher complain that such assignments only bring parental intercession; and I have heard principals groan in despair at the same thing. It is hard to understand how anyone can believe in learning without studying. Perhaps it comes from the contemplation of denicotined tobacco, decalorized desserts, or any of the innumerable ways the advertising industry has devised for us to have something for nothing, satisfaction without effort, a gay dance without paying the piper. Or could it be the attitude that seeks greater economic rewards

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

for less work applied in false analogy to education? Whatever it is, it diminishes the educational opportunity of *all* students, not just the gifted; it does great injustice to parents who understand the reason for discipline and homework and actively support the schools in their efforts to maintain both; it costs the schools, their teachers and their students huge losses in time, money and effort, and it represents another poor risk for Federal funds.

Yet another parental attitude that bedevils our high schools is the one that gives the entertainment of spectators of athletic sports priority over the educational needs of their participants. We have seen the excesses to which this attitude could go in higher education where, at least in some quarters, the tide appears to have turned. It would not be amiss for us to give some thought to its effects upon secondary education. I have heard of actual cases of consolidations of struggling high schools, below the optimum in size and strapped for teachers, being obstructed by adult followers of the local basketball teams. And I have heard superintendents and principals give vent to the same despairing sentiments at the inroads of the spectator interest in football as my colleagues in the universities. Few of the latter question the validity of amateur athletics as an integral part of the educational process, nor do I. But I do question whether the entertainment business is; and if I were responsible for the administration of Federal funds, I should want a strict accounting in this regard.

Having introduced a theme primarily affecting men, I now touch upon one of particular concern to women. Persons knowledgeable in such matters inform me that in the election by competent students of easy nonacademic in place of more difficult academic courses, girls are worse offenders than boys. The fact seems surprising, for at that age girls mature more rapidly than boys and are on the average more proficient in academic studies. Why then do they shy away from them?

I suggest two reasons. One is the belief that a course in cooking or marriage-and-the-family will produce, later on, a better home and a happier life than, say, a course in English literature or mathematics. The other is that women, having gained access to higher education, seem not to have gained complete confidence in its fulfillment. Both reasons discount the importance to the country as well as to the individual of the careers open to college-trained women, particularly in teaching where, in the existing teacher shortage, their services are at a premium. Both overlook the vital role that could be played by every mother in the educational life of her children, in directing their energies, supervising their studies, and, beyond and above all, inculcating in them a respect for education and the motive to make the most of it. American education has no greater stake in any of its sources of support than this. **It is largely to the mother of the family that it must look for proper attitudes toward discipline and homework, and for co-operation in many other respects. She is the school's partner in the educational enterprise, often the more important and influential partner of the two: and the better her education, the better the education of her children and the better the school. Every girl who has the competence for a solid academic course and spends it on a pleasing or seemingly "practical" nonacademic substitute commits at least as great a waste—often a greater—of as much consequence to society, as an boy.**

It should be clear by now that the underlying premise to the theory of high-school education as a bridge to college education is that it be used as such. It is true that we expect other duties of our high schools of great importance to society. Sometimes it seems as though there were few responsibilities for our teen-age citizens that we have not delegated to them. By school-attendance laws, child-labor laws and labor-union practices, we have systematically excluded this age group from the labor market. We have little room or time for them in our homes. We have turned them over to the schools and asked these to bring them up for us. **Not all these children are qualified for higher education or even for the academic curriculum leading up to it. Yet they are required by law to remain in school and receive instruction of some sort. For these, alternatives to the academic curriculum are in order, and it is obviously in the national interest that such nonacademic, vocational programs be brought up to as high a standard as obtains in Russia or anywhere else and that funds, facilities and teachers be provided for that purpose.** Yet if we are to achieve our main objective, the primary concern of the high school must be its academic curriculum.

The two aims are not incompatible, but they are distinct. Yet as things stand now, their distinctness is not as clear as it should be, and no wonder. They have become confused in a plethora of courses of all kinds and descriptions which have grown in number from around 35 in 1910 to over 300 by 1950. In the process, many have undergone protean changes, as history has into social studies, English into journalism and radio speaking and broadcasting, algebra into general mathematics, physics and chemistry into general science. Meanwhile, home economics has spawned such a numerous progeny that it defies description, with nonvocational industrial arts; vocational trade and industrial arts; business education; health, safety and physical education; music; art; and numerous others programs rivaling it in fecundity. The proportion of students enrolled in these curriculums is large and would be larger if all nonacademic course elections by academic students were taken into account. For the elective system that once ran riot in college education now brings an equal freedom of curricular choice to students in high-school education, and at a



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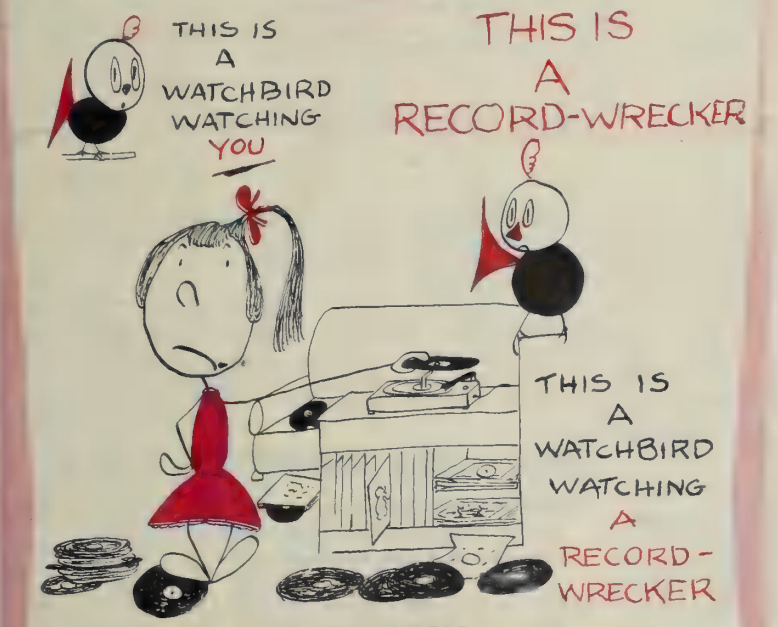
when they are relatively less competent to
cise it.
any make this choice, or have it made for
n, on a basis that fails to do justice either
eir own native ability or to the merits of
academic curriculum. For example, it is
ly assumed that the vocational curriculums
etter suited to students who are not going
o college than is the academic curriculum.
assumption rests upon two premises, both
to serious doubt. The first is that the
lemic curriculum is any less valuable to
ents for whom high school is the final edu-
nal experience than it is to those for
m it is the preparation for higher educa-
If the academic curriculum possesses the
es I have claimed for it, it could well be
ed that it is more, rather than less, impor-
to those for whom high school represents
last chance at it. The second dubious
ise is that present methods of testing and
ance according to which students are sep-
d and enrolled in the two curriculums are
ely reliable. The results suggest that they
not entirely reliable, that there is a wide
gin of error and waste in which the aca-
ic curriculum might prove itself. My own
viction is that both vocational and aca-
ic curriculums are necessary, but that the
lemic curriculum has never been given the
ce it deserves of our high-school students
ey deserve of it.
is a wary student who can pick his way
out stumbling or side-stepping through
a thicket. Parental guidance could help
provided, as already suggested, such
ance is itself informed by higher educa-
. Aptitude tests can help him, but at age 13
4 aptitude is not always fully revealed.
can aptitude tests guarantee motive; and
t good is aptitude without motive? In the
et Union this student would be prodded
coerced by sanctions which are completely
of the question with us, whatever results
may or may not ultimately yield in Russia.
hort, apart from his own judgment, which
ge 13 or 14 is yet but half formed, the
erican high-school candidate for the aca-
ic curriculum leading to higher education
pendent upon his teachers. It is they who will have to help him discover himself. If they see the bridge clearly and see it whole, the chances are he will negotiate it. If they do not see it thus, the chances are that he will not.

My final suggestion is, therefore, that we give fresh thought to our teacher-training programs with a view to strengthening them in the subjects of the academic curriculum. I do not think there is any more crucial point at which the whole problem we have been discussing could be attacked than this. Generally speaking, these programs are replete with courses in methodology which I believe equip the prospective teacher less well than courses in the subject matter he is preparing to teach, combined with the actual experience of teaching, properly supervised, in practice and apprenticeship. Again, if students are to be sorted out according to the distinct aims of the vocational and the academic curriculums, so, I think, should teachers be. Mastery of one or more of the basic subjects in the academic curriculum is a full-time career, as anyone who has attempted it can testify. It is such mastery that gives the teacher his main—indeed, his only real—authority over his students. Every effort should be made to prepare him for the conditions he will encounter in his classroom by anticipating them in practice and apprentice teaching, and by analyzing and interpreting this experience while it is still fresh. But **the teacher's most reliable weapon for keeping order in the classroom, and by far his most reliable instrument for discovering candidates for higher education and getting them across the bridge, will be his command of the subject he teaches.**

Education, it has often been said, should form a continuity, even a unity, in the life of the individual who experiences it, interrupted only by the physical separation of the institutions he attends. To complete the unity of the academic curriculum we should include its teachers in it as well as their students. Teachers reared in this tradition will be the best hope, too, of educating the public whose attitude is so largely responsible for the present state of affairs.

Money will be needed for all these things. Teachers' salaries will have to be improved, buildings built, necessary equipment installed. But something is needed to supply the money. Not that we do not have it; we have enough and to spare. What is needed is the purpose to spend it on our schools. The Russians have shocked us into an awareness of our educational ills. But shock treatment alone will not cure these. The real cure lies in discovering the place of education in American society that the founders of that society intended for it.

Although the process of discovery has begun, to complete it will not be easy for us. There are so many things to spend our money on other than education, more things than ever existed in any country in the world. If we are to find the rightful place for education amidst all these, we shall have to seek it as Bunyan's pilgrims sought the way to the Celestial City through the teeming alleys of Vanity Fair. There they found "houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts" for sale; and they were inveigled by "jugglers, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, and rogues, and that of every kind." All the arts of salesmanship were concentrated upon them, but to no avail. And when the baffled hawkers asked them, "What will ye buy?" the pilgrims replied, "We buy the truth." END



By MUNRO LEAF

Scratch, crack, crunch—the Record-Wrecker is at it again. Pity the poor family that has one of these around the house, because this careless, foolish creature ruins every record it plays. Record-Wreckers drop and push needles on so roughly they would scratch a record even if it were made of steel. They stack records on top of one another, leave them around on floors and furniture where other people may step or sit on them—and if this Record-Wrecker ever put one back in its right cover and where it belonged the whole family would faint from the shock.





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MARJORIE TUBBS' DIET OUTLINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

Marjorie's doctor put her on a high-protein diet, told her to acquaint herself with the various calorie counts of foods, and to make well-balanced selections that would keep her within 1000 to 1100 calories each day. Here is a typical day:

Breakfast

CHOICE: Tomato or orange juice, or grapefruit (½), or medium portion of seasonal fruits such as melon, berries.

CHOICE: Poached egg, *or* cereal (¾ cup) with nonfat milk, *or* crisp bacon (3 slices).
Dry toast (1 slice).
Coffee, plain or with artificial sweetener.

Luncheon

Clear consommé or bouillon.

CHOICE: Vegetable *or* fruit salad, *or* large mixed green salad with hard-cooked egg, *or* tomato-cottage-cheese salad, *or* hot vegetable plate.

CHOICE: Fruit-flavored gelatin *or* fresh fruit (apple, pear, banana) *or* diet dessert, such as low-calorie pudding. Nonfat-milk (8 ounces).

Dinner

CHOICE: Roast beef, chopped steak, baked fish or fowl, roast lamb (medium portion).

CHOICE OF TWO: String beans, carrots, broccoli, cauliflower, broiled tomato, asparagus, spinach, turnips.

CHOICE: Tomato-and-lettuce salad; cottage-cheese salad, pear or peach halves on lettuce. Nonfat milk (8 ounces).
Coffee or tea, plain.

Marjorie's Reducing Rules

During my diet, and now while I am maintaining my reduced weight, these rules have become my way of life:

1. When eating out: Tell your waitress you do not want rolls or bread and butter served with your meal. If there is a starchy vegetable (potatoes, macaroni or a creamed vegetable) that comes on your luncheon plate, ask if you might make a substitution—such as a portion of cottage cheese instead of the potatoes; plain vegetable instead of creamed. I have found, in this diet-conscious age, that most restaurants very kindly oblige! (Also ask to have your food served *without* the additional gravy sauce which may be indicated on the menu.)

2. Consider the cafeteria a marvelous place for a dieter. Here you have a chance to make your own low-calorie selection.

3. Control quantities. Usually no second helpings except (at the family table) perhaps salad, and a small piece of meat.

4. Trim off all visible fats from meat; avoid fried foods, rich sauces and gravies, fatten desserts. Cut down on bread, butter, starchy vegetables. I occasionally have *half* a baked potato, seasoned with salt and pepper.

5. Avoid eating between meals except on most special occasions. Coffee and tea are stand-bys for social snacks. Most hostesses and my acquaintance are not at all offended when a dieting guest resists her tempting goodies. In fact, my friends and family helped and encouraged me in every possible way.

6. Exercise *every day* during your diet to keep fit and firm.

7. If, after successful reducing, you discover pounds creeping back, don't allow more than three. Get rid of them immediately before they can snowball into pounds.

8. Dress up your diet with some of the many prepared low-calorie foods that are available in most markets: calorie-conscious puddings and gelatins; salad dressings; nonfat milk; artificial sweeteners; diet breads; water-packed fruits.

9. Don't be a slave to the tape measure or scales—but respect them, they're your friends.

10. Broil, roast or boil meats instead of frying. Allow salt for cooking, if you wish, but cut down or out the salt at the table. Flavor your meats and vegetables *without* adding butter, gravy, sauces. (Your portion can be served separately from the rest of the family's.)

11. Keep your clothes in good repair during your diet. Take in the seams as your weight goes down, and bring your belt in to a smaller notch. You don't want to look baggy when you're on your way to new beauty.

12. Have regular medical checkups during your diet to insure your continued good health. (It's a morale booster to have your doctor pat you on the back and tell you what a good job you're doing!)

VACATION COTTAGES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

To complete cottage No. 1, without furniture, brought the total cost to slightly under $4000. To complete cottage No. 2, again without furniture, brought *its* total cost to slightly more than $2300. There was no owner participation of labor in either case, which of course would have cut the cost in proportion to the work done. The big difference in the total costs can be attributed to the following (and you can let this be your own cost guide):

No. 1, laid out as a guesthouse, had quite a few partitions; No. 2, as a cottage for vacationing couples, separated sleeping, cooking and living areas, with optional partial space dividers. No. 1 had a complete plumbing system installed, including septic tank; was also wired for electricity. No. 2, on the other hand, though it has running water, carries on with camp-type plumbing, and not only cooks but lights with gas.

No. 1, in the housekeeping version, made use of good-quality plumbing and cooking fixtures and appliances purchased from one of the mail-order houses, but all new. No. 2 made some very advantageous bargain buys of a used gas range and a used gas refrigerator for less than 10 per cent of their original price. Everything else in this cottage was new, but mail-order economy-priced.

The cost differential, therefore, is really a matter of personal requirements, personal pocketbooks.

As a footnote, let me suggest that just because these cottages are comparatively simple to assemble on the site, they are not too difficult to take apart and assemble again somewhere else. Remember, too, that a vacation cottage is a kind of house which cost and use can be shared by friends whose vacation dates don't coincide. And you don't always have to *buy* a piece of property on which to build them up; you can often *lease* the use of an ideal site that might be impossible to buy. For instance, a congenial owner of property might very well find much mutual satisfaction in such an arrangement with an appreciative vacationing tenant, and I speak from a latter's personal experience.

Naturalness and simple truth will always find their opportunity and pass current in any age. The freedom of speech of a man who acts without any self-interest attracts little suspicion and odium. MONTAIGNE

The JOURNAL VACATION COTTAGE pattern gives several plan variations in several sizes, together with complete materials lists and full clear instructions; two roof versions; options in types of windows and doors, and various suggestions for vacation-type heating devices, cooking and plumbing equipment. Send $1 to Stanley C. Reese, 70 West 11th Street, New York, for plans. Additional sets $5 each.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 56 AND 57

gue Design No. 9505. "Easy to Make" blouse; 10–20 (31–40). 60c.
gue Design No. 9504. "V.E.T.M." skirt and cummerbund: 24–30 waist measure. 60c.
gue Design No. 9503. Two-piece dress. 10–18 (31–38). 75c.
gue Design No. 9494. Bolero, shorts, slacks and cummerbund; 10–18 (31–38). 75c.
gue Design No. 9490. Two-piece dress, petticoat and cummerbund; 10–20 (31–40). 75c.
gue Design No. 9502. Blouse and skirt. 10–18 (31–38). 75c.
gue Design No. 9382. "Very Easy to Make" one-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38)*. 75c.
gue Design No. S-4871. Coat; 10–18 (31–38). $1.00.
gue Design No. 9506. Blouses; 10–18 (31–38). 60c.
gue Design No. 9210. "Very Easy to Make" skirt with detachable overskirt; 24–30 waist measure. 60c.
gue Design No. 9429. "Very Easy to Make" one-piece dress or jumper dress; 12–18 (32–38). 75c.
gue Design No. S-4878. Jacket, skirt, blouse and slacks; 10–18 (31–38). $1.00.

*Special yardage measurement for this design: 9382 size 14, sleeveless, takes 2½ yards of 45″ fabric without nap. Design No. 9382 is shown on page 57 without front ties.



The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman



Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

Doctors say that this "emotional perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by *special* glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this *kind* of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

Science has discovered that a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this offensive "emotional perspiration" odor. And now it's here . . . the remarkable ingredient Perstop*—the most effective, yet the gentlest odor-stopping ingredient ever discovered—and available only in the new cream deodorant ARRID.

Use ARRID daily and you'll be amazed how quickly this new ARRID with Perstop* penetrates deep into the pores and stops this "emotional perspiration" odor. Stops it as no roll-on, spray-on, or stick could ever do.

You rub ARRID *in*—rub perspiration *out* . . . rub ARRID in—rub odor out. When the cream vanishes, you know you are safe, even when you are nervous or stimulated by emotional excitement. Doctors have proved that this new ARRID with Perstop* is actually 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested.

Remember—nothing protects you like a cream . . . and no cream protects you like ARRID with Perstop*. So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID with Perstop* to be sure. Only 43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

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the ribbon that makes the "Magic Bow"









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Transform your gift packages into blooming beauties with almost-real "Carnation Bows". Make a Sasheen "Magic Bow" . . . directions are on every roll of Sasheen, Decorette®, and Magic Bow® Brand Ribbons. Then crush together loops and simply snip off ends. Result is a gay carnation (nice for boutonnieres, too). Pretty addition: a Decorette "Magic Bow" for lacy background.

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Because it's concentrated, you get 12 Dandricide rinses in a $1.00 bottle. Just mix with water as directed, rinse and that's all! Good for men, women and teen-agers.

Get Dandricide at beauty and barber shops, drug and department stores. $1.00 bottle lasts for months! Dandricide is money-back guaranteed to keep dandruff away longer than any shampoo or tonic you have ever used. Buy a bottle today!

For trial bottle of Dandricide, mail your name and address plus 25¢ to Dandricide Co., Dept. LH5, 114-12th Street, Brooklyn 15, N. Y. and you will receive a generous three-rinse size bottle. Do it now!

$1.00 For a 3 months supply



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THE KNIFE, THE CHAIN AND THE SCHOOLYARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

used my right name, Lyle, and that is what started it, but I guess they would have used any excuse. They came after me in the first recess. I was just walking around looking, and they got in a circle around me. It started with the usual stuff you expect. Like Lyle sounding like a girl's name. And like asking if I'm an albino on account of with both Bingo and me, our hair is a real light color. I was scared, but not much, because I knew I'd have to fight somebody, and I'd had fights back in the mountains and I knew I was maybe average good or maybe a little better than average.

But I didn't get any chance to fight anybody. They were in a circle. All of a sudden one behind me gave me a big push. And the ones I stumbled toward pushed me back with their fists. I was banged back and forth until I fell and when I got up they kept on doing it. I got to crying, mostly because I was mad, and it kept on and on, and when I didn't get up they started to kicking me so I had to get up. I tried to go after one of them, picking a big one so maybe they would let it be a fight, but they liked the circle game better. Then the bell rang and that ended it. I went to the boys' john and fixed myself up some. I'd skinned my elbows and knees and knuckles falling on the bricks. The inside of my mouth was cut and I had a purple lump under my eye.

At noon I made the cafeteria last long enough so I wouldn't have to go back out in the yard, but when school ended at three I had to go out, and the same bunch got me again and it was the same thing again, only this time my face was sore and it hurt more. They got tired of it and some of them had left, and the biggest one wanted me to wash his shoes with my tongue. They were black and like cowboy boots, only not as high. They could have killed me and I wouldn't. Then a man came out of the school and broke it up. I went in and cleaned up and when I came out they were gone.

Mom made a big fuss about it. Bingo was in about the same shape I was. After she chewed us out and got us painted with antiseptic and bandaged, we got a chance in my room to compare notes. He'd done better than me, because he got a chance to fight. He got mixed up with a bunch that called themselves the Junior Dukes. And he had cleaned up on three of them, one at a time, before one came alo he couldn't lick. But that one couldn't li Bingo. Bingo is nine, but he's a fighting fo His eyes get real pale, and you can't seem hurt him. Since he was eight I can't really li him. Only pin him down so he can't move, t it's no good twisting his arm. He'd let y break it before he'd say uncle.

After dinner dad had a talk with us. I tri to explain how I didn't have a chance to fig anybody, but he didn't seem to understar He said, "I've taught you kids how to u your hands. You're both big for your ag and you're in good shape. Just go after one the group. Win or lose, after you've prov you're no sissy, they'll respect you."

Mom seemed to get the idea better than d did. They came as close as I ever saw them having a real battle about it. She said t gangs were like packs of cruel animals. S said we should move outside the city.

Dad said that was nonsense. He said ki are kids. He said that any sons of his could g along no matter where they went to scho Mom looked like she might cry, but she didn

The next day they left me alone, and couldn't understand it. It made me uneasy had the feeling they were watching me wh ever I went. I made sort of halfway frien with one kid with a bad limp and a steel bra on his leg. His name was Felix.

He said, "That was the Sportsters beat on you. The big one with all the pimples Dewey. He's the captain and he's seventee

"What were they trying to prove?"

He shrugged. "That's just the way they a You got to lick Dewey's shoes, then they you alone, only you got to give them yo lunch money when they want it."

"I won't lick any shoes. They'd have to k me first."

Felix gave me a funny look. "They cou do that too."

It gave me a funny feeling, but I told m self he was nuts. You don't get killed in schoolyard. But after school something ha pened that made it all seem different. The was a quick fight in the yard near the ga Kids all ran toward it and then it was over a they all were running away faster than they run toward it. One of the Sportsters walk out real fast, holding onto his own arm. Blo

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

She's the kind of woman who recopies a grocery list.

A boy probably reaches maturity when his judgment falls into step with his energy.

All any woman need do to make a house a home is to go away for a few days and leave the family alone in it.

In the way a fisherman sits on a bank, smoking, not betraying to the fish what he has in mind, a woman seeking matrimony never shows by word or deed she's out to make a catch.

When a brand-new wife fails to achieve perfection, she should take solace from the fact that, contrary to popular belief, a new broom doesn't always sweep clean; frequently it sheds and makes quite a mess of things.

According to the obstetrician, the newest baby in our family was born "sunny side up."

If you have a daughter, the honk of the wild goose may not be heard from the sky overhead but from the driveway outside.

The bride writes home: "Remember, mother, how I used to tease you when you wanted a new dishpan or something unromantic for a present? Well, I take it all back. Yesterday, my husband asked me what I wanted for a two weeks' anniversary present. Since he caught me in the middle of scrubbing the floor I replied without hesitation, 'A sponge mop.' So, today I have a new sponge mop and it seems like a very romantic present to me."

A small boy turned loose in the spring should be bounded either by the watchful eye of his mother from the kitchen window, a high board fence, or a police force. And even so, just crossing a level strip of yard he will manage somehow to nearly annihilate himself.

My grandmother said it succinctly: "Listen twice; speak once!"

dripping off his hand. A kid lay on his
k holding his hands over his bloody face,
ng his head from side to side and scream-
in a funny gasping way. I walked home
, and I didn't say anything about it.
go's face was lumpy again, but he didn't
ht to talk. He had a kind of closed-up look
ut him. A look of secrets.
n Wednesday there were cops in the
ool, and Felix told me that one of the
rtsters named Jigger had got in a fight
a Black Duke they called Booboo. Boo-
had taken out a switchblade knife and cut
ger's arm, and Jigger had taken his chain
whipped Booboo across the face with it
it had taken out an eye. The cops were
king for Jigger and most of the Sportsters
skipped school.
Maybe I should have told my folks about it,
I didn't. I thought it would have sounded
whining, and my dad had said I could get
g anywhere. I had thought I could, but I
n't sure any more. I felt a funny emptiness
my stomach. Because I knew they'd be after
again.
ut it didn't happen until Monday, after
the fuss had died down. They came after
in the morning recess. The circle formed,
when I got the first push I kept right on
ing and broke out and ran to the wall and
my back against it. They crowded around,
ning at me. So I asked if they were so
ken one of them wouldn't fight me. It was
right way to say it.
Dewey picked one of them. "You take him,
ey," he said.
guess Sooey was maybe fourteen, a real
k-set boy who was already starting a beard.
ot of other kids came around to watch.
ey waited too long to get serious about it,
he was easy to hit, and I hit him good, as
and hard and often as I could, aiming like
told me once at his nose and mouth be-
se that discourages them the quickest. He
t down on one knee and I stepped back
he came up yanking a chain out of his
loops. I saw it flash and I ran inside it and
whistled down and hit me like fire across
back. I went as crazy mad as Bingo does,
ess. He dropped the chain and then he had
nife, and I got the knife wrist and twisted
d and it fell and I snatched it up and he
s close and for a crazy moment I wanted to
k it into him. He stood with his mouth and
s wide open. Then the craziness went away.
was like being in some kind of movie. It was
han-thing, and I didn't feel ready for man-
ngs. I suddenly felt like a stupid kid with a
fe in my hand. So I bent over and put the
de under my heel and pulled up on the hilt
I snapped it off. It was very quiet. So quiet
eard the wind go out of Sooey. I dropped
hilt in front of him and turned away and
y opened up for me and let me through.
d the bells rang and I went in, but I didn't
r a word the teachers said.

Dewey and another Sportster whose name
idn't know caught up with me on the way
me. "Relax, kid," Dewey said. "Want to
."
They took me four blocks out of my
y and down an alley and up some outside
irs to a crummy room. Dewey had a key to
It was full of beat-up furniture and empty
r cans. And there was a record player.
sat on the couch with the strange kid be-
e me and Dewey sat on the rickety table
ing us.
"This is the pad," he said. "Every Sport-
r gets a key. We get some good parties up
e."
"So?"
"We got the best group. Nobody pushes us
ound. I talked to the guys. Maybe you can
me in. But you got to be initiated."
"Then I get to push the other kids around."
"That's the way the ball bounces, Whitey."
"I don't like that name."
"You take the name we give you. That's
ur Sportster name. Whitey. You're younger
an most kids we take in. So we won't give
u a car heist for initiation. Something
sier. Maybe one hundred hubcaps, and you
t to get them all in the same night."
For some funny reason I thought of the
ss picnic back in the mountains, how the
smelled and how we sang around the fire,
and then went home in the buses, singing all the way, a big moon looking like it was moving right along with us.

"You stink," I said, "and this room stinks and the Sportsters stink."

You think there's a thing that nothing in the world can make you do. Maybe if I was a man I could have had more guts. But the way they twisted the chain around my hand was too much. I went home and I went to my room and after I had washed my mouth over and over, and after I was on my bed crying as quietly as I could, out of humiliation, I thought I could still taste the oily dust of his shoes on my raw tongue.

They let me alone, in a way, after that, but it wasn't really being let alone. You never knew when you'd be ganged and held down while they took the lunch money. The first time they did it, they took the Swiss army knife with all the blades that I had gotten for my twelfth birthday, and they took the good-luck Chinese coin one of dad's foremen had given me. It turned out to be smarter and easier to hand them the money when they asked for it. The gangs ran the school.

So I was lonely at school, and lonely at home. Bingo wasn't the same any more. He had kind of a tough quiet look about him. And then, in late November, he came home from school one day with a chain for a belt, and he wore a big steel ring on his middle finger with a snake head on it. He went back out again that night and didn't come home until midnight. Mom and dad waited up, and they sent me to bed, but I went to the head of the stairs when he came in.

Dad couldn't pry anything out of him. He answered every question by saying he'd just been "around." Dad thrashed him and sent him up to bed. I didn't hear Bingo cry. They were downstairs talking in low voices. I went to Bingo's room and opened the door. He banged a bureau drawer shut and spun around.



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LEMON PUDDING WITH RHUBARB SAUCE

1 envelope gelatin
½ c. cold water
3 eggs, separated
1 tbsp. Sucaryl solution
1 tsp. lemon rind
⅓ c. lemon juice
¼ c. nonfat dry milk solids
¼ c. ice water
3 c. diced rhubarb
⅓ c. water
1 tbsp. Sucaryl solution
2 tsp. cornstarch

Sprinkle gelatin over cold water; let stand 5 min. Beat egg yolks; add 1 tbsp. Sucaryl, lemon rind, juice; cook in top of double boiler until mixture thickens. Add softened gelatin; stir until dissolved. Remove from heat; cool until slightly thickened. Beat egg whites to soft peaks; fold into gelatin. Combine dry milk solids, ice water; beat to texture of whipped cream; fold into gelatin. Pour into individual molds or a 1-qt. mold (slightly oiled). Chill. Serves 8. Rhubarb Sauce: Combine rhubarb, water, 1 tbsp. Sucaryl. Cook on low heat until rhubarb is soft; mash with fork. Add some to cornstarch for paste; return to rhubarb in saucepan. Cook rhubarb in saucepan until thick. Cool and serve on pudding.

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An information-packed article about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.

Taking Steps to Help Your Baby Walk

Tips on first baths...

New way to wean your baby...





▪ **Encourage your baby to walk,** but remember that coaxing or forcing can upset and discourage him. Holding on to your hands is great sport. Just don't overdo it, or baby may learn to depend on this system. Let your cherub walk barefoot on a safe surface as much as possible; it helps develop strong foot muscles. Before long, your creeper will take off on his own two feet in all directions—and you'll take off right after him!

▪ **Biggest excitement** since baby's first tooth is the day he starts walking. *When* will he step out? Wiry babies often totter around at 10 months. An easygoing child, or a chubby, may not try till 18 months. Average: 12 to 15 months. Let baby kick, creep and pull himself up. Walking takes courage; also muscles that are ready and able.

▪ **Slow-motion baths** suit your little baby best. Hold him securely, talk to him softly—so baths will be fun and not frightening. For the first few weeks, your doctor may suggest that you give baby sponge baths instead of tub dunkings. Keep baby cosily covered with a blanket and wash just one part of him at a time, so he won't get chilled.



▪ **Heinz new apple-based juices** are enriched to give baby all the vitamin C he needs daily. They can even substitute for Heinz Strained Orange Juice! Try tasty Apple, Apple-Grape Juice, Apple Juice with Apricot, Apple Juice with Pineapple, Apple-Prune Juice.

▪ **Want baby's menu balanced for sure?** Serve Heinz' new High-Meat Dinners. Each Dinner contains more than *3 times* the meat in ordinary meat-and-vegetable combinations; also, *more* iron and vitamins. By adding milk, and baby fruit juices to the menu, baby's meal is balanced nutritionally! Four tasty High-Meat Dinners—Strained and Junior.



▪ **National Baby Week Offer:** Heinz spill-proof tumbler *free* to your baby! Wonderful for weaning, Heinz plastic tumbler (pink or blue) has a lid with a spout which lets milk flow through at the right speed for beginners. Send your name, address and 12 labels from any Heinz Baby Foods to Heinz Baby Foods, Box 28, D-20, Pittsburgh 30, Pa. Offer expires midnight, June 15th, 1958.

▪ **The right time to start weaning** differs among babies. You won't want to try if baby's been sick, teething, or still seems to need lots of sucking.



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• Strained Egg Yolks ▪ Strained Baby Foods

▪ Baby Fruit Juices • Junior Baby Foods • Strained and Junior Meats

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"What the hell do you want?" he asked.

I pushed by him and opened the drawer. There was a lot of junk in there. Pencil flashlights, fountain pens, packs of cigarettes, lighters. I pushed the drawer shut and sat on his bed.

"You steal that stuff, Bingo?"

"What's it to you?"

"What's with the chain and the funny-looking ring?"

"I'm a Junior Duke."

"You're a punk like the rest of them."

"What do you know about it? I heard how you chickened out. I know all about you. I heard how you licked shoes and how you turn over your lunch money. I know how you get pushed around. There's got to be somebody in the family isn't chicken."

I thought of Sooey and the knife and I stood up and I wanted to hit him. He read it in my face and he dropped back a step and flicked the chain free with a practiced gesture and the loose end rattled on the hardwood floor and he stood there waiting, his face pinched and closed, with a city-kid tough look about him. And I thought of how he'd been when we'd been in the mountains, when his face had been open and you could tell what he was thinking.

I just looked at him and I said, "Bingo. Bingo." I just said his name.

And he looked down at his hand holding the chain and he looked at me and something seemed to crumple a little behind his face, and his eyes got narrow and shiny and he said, haltingly, "But what can you do? What in hell can you do?"

So I left him there and I went downstairs in my pajamas, and dad and mom stared at me. Dad said, "I thought I sent you to bed a long time ago. There's been enough trouble around here. You go on back up there, boy."

I couldn't keep my voice from trembling. I said, "Dad, this time don't treat me like a kid. Just for a little while. I've . . . got to talk to you, honest. It's important."

"Is it about Bingo?" my mother asked.

"Partly," I said, and I knew then that I was going to have to snitch on him, but if I was going to be grown up, that was part of it. But I was going to have to explain how it wasn't Bingo's fault.

"Sit down, Brud," dad said.

"We've got to get out of here," I said. "We've got to!"

I told them how it was. Exactly how it was. My mother had gotten very pale. Knots stood out at the corner of my father's jaw. They asked me questions and the questions helped me remember more about it. Toward the end my father was pacing back and forth across the small room, making the floor creak.

"Aren't there any good kids?" he asked. "I don't get it. Can't the good kids team up?

"There's more good kids than bad kids, dad," I said. "But as soon as they team up then they have to get in rumbles with the gangs that are around already, and then you have to fight with chains and rocks and zip guns, and hang around together all the time."

He stopped in front of me. "So that was the choice you kids had. Join up or stay out. Join up and be a thief and a criminal, or stay out and be a punching bag for gangs of vicious animals. Brud, I'm proud of the choice you made."

"Don't be hard on Bingo, dad. If he'd been just a little older . . . if he'd had a little more time where we used to live. But the thing is . . . we've got to get out of here. I mean I can stand it. But ——"

And then, hard as I tried to prevent it, I turned right back into a darned kid. I stretched out on the couch with my head in mom's lap and was comforted.

I heard dad say, "I'd read about this juvenile delinquency, Mary, but I didn't know that it resulted in a setup where a decent kid has no choice. Or a poor choice."

And that's why we're out here in Cedardale in the new house. Dad is eighteen miles from his job, and so he isn't home as much, but things are better. It isn't as nice as the mountains. Bingo has gotten into a lot of trouble in the new school, but each time the trouble isn't as bad, and I think he's coming around to the way he used to be. But it was awful close.

For me, I have a funny feeling about it all. I keep thinking that there must have been some way I could have handled it. I feel as if the school down there had licked me. And I feel older than these other kids in my class here in Cedardale.

And a lot of times I think of the good kids down in that neighborhood in Athenia. I was able to get out.

But what if I was one of the kids who couldn't get out?

That's what I think about a lot.

JOURNAL MOTHERS REPORT ON CRUELTY IN MATERNITY WARDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

There can be no disagreement on one point: *If women in childbirth are subjected to needless pain or discomfort or danger for the convenience of a hospital or a doctor; if what at best must be an ordeal is turned into a veritable hell, as many of our readers tell us, the situation must be corrected!*

Charge No. 1. "At one hospital I know of it is common practice to take the mother right into the delivery room as soon as she is 'prepared.' Often she is strapped in the lithotomy position, with knees pulled far apart, for as long as eight hours."—Registered Nurse.

This charge aroused considerable indignation among other nurses. A number wrote to give reasons for the strapping down.

"Lay people often do not understand why hands are tied. They are cuffed comfortably at the patient's sides to prevent contamination of the sterile field. Is it so difficult to understand why her legs are in padded stirrups? From waist to toes she is covered with sterile drapes. The doctor uses sterile gloves and a sterile gown. Infection was the greatest cause of death not too many years ago, so with the elimination of contamination mother and child are healthy and alive!"—R.N., Esmond, Rhode Island.

"Registered Nurse probably never had a baby or she would know that the lithotomy position is quite comfortable during labor. As a matter of fact, nothing she mentioned is too painful, speaking from experiences on both ends of the delivery table."—R.N., Van Nuys, California.

"The steel shoulder braces used at time of delivery are for the mother's protection. They keep her from falling off the table in case of an emergency—if her head has to be lowered quickly, as in shock."—R.N., Houston, Texas.

"As for keeping the patient in stirrups for eight hours—first, the pain and misery to the poor woman are obvious; I have yet to see a doctor deliberately increase these. And, to introduce a practical note, it would be difficult to tie up the delivery room for that long. What would they do with other mothers who are delivered in the meantime?"—R.N., Long Beach, California.

And now let us see what our Journal mothers had to say about being strapped down. Many told of having been kept in restraints for hours.

"My husband brought me to the hospital six hours after my labor pains began, and I was immediately rushed into the labor room. The nurse prepared me. Then, with leather cuffs strapped around my wrists and legs, I was left alone for nearly eight hours, until the actual delivery."—Jackson Heights, N.Y.

"My obstetrician wanted to get home for dinner. When I was taken to the delivery room my legs were tied way up in the air and spread as far apart as they would go. The tight bar put across my chest and shoulders made me feel as though each breath would be my last. When I was securely tied down, I was left alone."—Walnut Creek, California.

had my baby six months ago. My legs ust now beginning to feel normal, after ng been held in that position for hours." zeman, Montana.

edical opinion on strapping down: It is ap- rd obstetrical practice, when delivery is nent, to put the mother's hands in cuffs, her n stirrups. This is to prevent contamination e sterile area. But it should be done only at ery last, and for a period which generally around twenty minutes, seldom more than . To strap the mother long in advance of ery and leave her there is indefensible.

ge No. 2. "On one occasion, an obste- an informed the nurses on duty that as going to a dinner and that they ld slow up things."—Registered Nurse.

angely, this charge that babies are held from being born in order to suit the doc- convenience drew few denials from nurses doctors, though it is a far more serious than strapping down in advance of de- .

lly half of our mother correspondents wrote at they had endured the ordeal of having babies artificially held back from birth be- the doctor was not on hand.

was strapped on the delivery table. My or had not arrived and the nurses held my ogether. I was helpless and at their mercy. held my baby back until the doctor came he room. She was born while he was wash- is hands."—Marietta, Georgia.

One of my babies lowered before the es were expecting her (I was just put on a ery table with no at- ants). When the nurse y examined me she d for another nurse to he doctor immediately e she strapped my legs her and gave me ether old the baby until the or arrived. The doctor to come eight miles, and by the time he ed and prepared for delivery it was a cle the baby was still alive."—Avalon, consin.

The doctor dropped by at 6:45, cast me a hful glance and went out to make house . One hour later my legs were released the stirrups and held together by a nurse, sat on my knees, up on the delivery , mind you, because the baby was coming ast. A few minutes after 8 o'clock the doc- rrived and allowed my baby to be born."— ta, California.

When my baby was ready the delivery n wasn't. I was strapped to a table, my tied together, so I would 'wait' until a e convenient and 'safer' time to deliver. he meantime my baby's heartbeat started ring. At this point I was incapable of nal thought and cannot report fairly the wing hour. When I regained conscious- I was told my baby would probably not

She did live. She is healthy, normal and her first steps last week. I am grateful to doctors and nurses who worked so hard skillfully to save her. I am grateful that is alive and happy. I do not believe the ment I received was intentionally cruel— 'hospital routine.'"—Hamilton, N. Y.

well-balanced woman indeed, who can ount the unnecessary peril to which her was exposed, because the baby was d. Unfortunately, not all such cases had appy an outcome.

The granddaughter of a neighbor is hope- y brain-injured because nurses tied the her's legs together to slow down the birth l the doctor arrived."—Phoenix, Arizona.

Medical opinion on holding the baby back, ding the doctor's arrival: completely in- nsible. Says one leading obstetrician, "It ver done in my hospital. I would not tolerate

ut the nurses should not be blamed in such s. They must carry out the orders or wishes he patient's doctor.

rge No. 3. "One [doctor] I know does ting and suturing operations without sthetic. He has nurses use a mask to e the patient's outcry."—Registered se.

This charge also received little attention from defense witnesses. The exception was a blanket denial of all of Registered Nurse's charges, signed by six resident doctors at a hospital for Women in Washington, D.C. "I have never witnessed or heard of an act in a delivery room that could be considered inhumane. Steel clamps over shoulders and chest? Eight hours in lithotomy position? Legs tied together? Cutting without anesthetic? Masks to stifle outcries? This is too incredible to be seen even in horror comics!"

While our nurse in Van Nuys, California, explained and defended the practice. "There are times following delivery when anesthesia is contraindicated despite the necessity for sutures, and anyway, at the time of delivery the perineum is literally without feeling."

What do our Journal mothers testify on this point? A few mentioned it—in comparison with the number who had been strapped down for long periods, or had had babies held back.

"I was a newcomer to this country, and was not prepared for the way we mothers were herded like sheep, strapped down and cut and sewed—without being given anything to ease the pain."—New York City.

"When the doctor began to cut, I screamed. It was the final indignity of so many. The doctor snapped at me, 'You may as well shut up; we've run out of Novocain.' By that time I was too exhausted and dispirited to care very much."—St. Louis, Missouri.

Medical opinion: It is hard to believe that any doctor would perform an episiotomy on a patient who is not already under general anesthesia, without first applying a local anesthetic. Such an act would be indefensible. The point should be made, however, that women do not always realize they have had a local anesthetic, for they are aware of the cutting even though they do not feel the pain.

Thus Journal mothers, as well as a number of nurses, confirm the charges made by Registered Nurse. They add a number she did not mention.

Charge No. 4. That women undergoing labor are left alone for long periods of time, even in the delivery room. The husband often is excluded from the labor room at the time when the wife needs him most.

This, again, was a charge brought by many of our mothers.

"When I had my first baby I was left entirely alone for most of my sixteen hours of labor."—Haddonfield, New Jersey.

"I have had eight children in the past fifteen years, in four different hospitals, and have no reason to think that other mothers were treated any better than I. I was left all alone most of the time although I begged to have my husband with me. They would not allow him in."—Waseca, Minnesota.

"My first child was born in a Chicago suburban hospital. I wonder if the people who ran that place were actually human. My lips parched and cracked, but the nurses refused to even moisten them with a damp cloth. I was left alone all night in a labor room. I felt exactly like a trapped animal and I am sure I would have committed suicide if I had had the means. Never have I needed someone, anyone, as desperately as I did that night.

"My second child, thank heavens, was born in a wonderful Georgia hospital. My dear wonderful doctor sat in a rocking chair by my side in the labor room. Following the delivery, when I was moved to my room, my baby and my husband went with me and we had a cozy get-together in the middle of the night. Everything about this experience was simply marvelous and I'd be so happy to go through it again."—Somewhere in Georgia.

Many mothers who had had contrasting hospital experiences reported smoother, easier deliveries just because some sympathetic person was with them.

Medical opinion: It is admittedly a harrowing experience for a woman in labor to be left alone, particularly at night. The bravest, most maternal woman cannot help having some apprehension as her baby's birth approaches. To

Love is a short word, but it contains everything.
GUY DE MAUPASSANT



"Listen Edna, please don't say anything to anybody yet, but...

"You know those appliances that I've been dying for . . . well, Harry says we've saved enough money and I can go out and buy them tomorrow. Really, Edna, Harry is so smart! A year ago, he explained that in any well-run business, a part of the income is put back into the business itself for future improvements. So, we set up a savings plan—regular savings from Harry's salary, and savings I made on running the household. And Edna, we got a lot of help from our Insured Savings and Loan Association. We started saving there because we know our money is safe and carefully managed—and we get good returns. Our money is insured, too, by an agency of the U. S. Government. Really, it's the most popular place to save nowadays."

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be left alone as the pains grow harder, and she becomes tired, thirsty, hungry, is calculated to increase her fears. On this account, the first stage of labor is the worst for many women. It frequently lasts ten to twelve hours with nothing much happening; staff members, therefore, are inclined to give their attention to patients who need them more. Few hospitals have enough nurses so that one can be with the mother at all times. But wherever possible, nurses should be on call, and should drop into the labor room often to cheer and reassure the mother. A mother should on no account be left unattended in the delivery room.

Charge No. 5. That childbirth suffering is treated callously, in some instances to the point of actual brutality.

Incidents were reported under this charge that would be unbelievable if they had not come so spontaneously from such obviously intelligent mothers in so many different parts of the country. From nurses too.

"The cruel treatment expectant mothers often receive in both the labor and delivery rooms would make many civilized people shudder. As a young nurse, I was shocked and quickly disillusioned that humanitarians could be so inhuman. So often a delivery seems to be 'job-centered'—that is, get the job done the easiest, quickest way possible with no thought to the patient's feelings. In too many cases doctors and nurses lose sight of their primary concern—the *patient*."—R.N., Los Angeles, California.

"During my second baby's arrival, I was strapped to a table, hands down, knees up. I remember screaming, 'Help me, help me!' to a nurse who was sitting at a nearby desk. She ignored me. With my third baby, the doctor said at one point, 'Stop your crying at me. I'm not the one who made you pregnant!'"—Haddonfield, New Jersey.

"As a registered nurse, I have seen nurses who themselves had children become impatient (or worse) with a patient and express their feelings, often within her hearing. 'She got herself in this fix and now is a poor time to change her mind.' Or, 'They have to suffer.' This, to me, is untrue, and the poorest of psychology."—R.N., Urbana, Illinois.

"A patient recently came to the hospital where I nurse, with a fractured hip, incurred in the delivery room of another hospital. She had complained of pain but had been unable to get anyone to pay any attention to her."—Practical Nurse, South Carolina.

"The anesthetist hit me, pushed my head back, sticking her fingers into my throat so I couldn't breathe. She kept saying, 'You're killing your baby. Do you want a misfit or a dead baby? You're killing it every time you yell for the doctor.' . . . When my husband saw my bruised neck, face and arms, he questioned the doctor and was told that first mothers knock themselves around. Perhaps I shouldn't complain—my baby boy is healthy and not a misfit as I worried he would be. But I have listened to nurses laughing at other new mothers who were crying out in pain, I have heard other mothers being slapped and threatened with dead babies and misfits. I heard these things while I waited for the births of my second and third babies. What happens to the women who are threatened this way and then do deliver a misfit or a stillborn? Do they spend the rest of their lives blaming themselves? Do the words of these sadistic nurses and doctors forever ring in their ears?"—Homewood, Illinois.

Medical opinion: Unfortunate things can happen when staffs are overbusy and overtired. Nurses who slap patients or abuse them verbally should be fired; a doctor who takes out his weariness and irritations on patients has no place in obstetrics. However, women in labor sometimes misunderstand and misinterpret what happens around them. A nurse may quite properly suggest to a woman that she stop screaming and use her strength instead to push. There is no excuse for the attendants in the case last cited.

Charge No. 6. That mothers are treated with cold indifference—run through the birth process by "assembly-line" techniques.

This was one of the more frequent complaints, and many mothers seemed to feel that to be viewed as mere mechanisms, somehow subhuman, was worse than actual sadism. The phrases "assembly line," "not treated as if I were a human being" figured in many letters.

"The sadism described in Registered Nurse's letter is but one aspect. There are also the terribly apathetic manner of many doctors and nurses, the abrupt separation from loved ones and the total lack of emotional preparation (in some cases) which make childbirth a traumatic experience for many women."—Manhasset, Long Island, N.Y.

"Many normal deliveries are turned into nightmares for the mothers by 'routine' obstetrical practices. I have had two such experiences. My third baby will be born at home, despite the sterile advantages of a hospital confinement, for I feel the accompanying emotional disadvantages are just not worth it."—Columbus, Ohio.

And another Columbus, Ohio, mother: "More babies *are* born than ever before; doctors are hurried; there aren't enough nurses to go around. But our biggest enemy is smugness and indifference—the smug belief that everything will be all right, the shutting out of husbands at this crucial time. And locking us up in lonely labor rooms, shuttling us off to delivery rooms among brusque strangers like sacks of potatoes for the A&P. Grandma had her man with her, and a doctor that cared about *her, knew* her."

A woman doctor writes, "I have been associated with several obstetrical departments as a medical student, an intern, a medical resident and twice as a patient. The most critical thing that can be said of them is that because of overfamiliarity with childbirth and the establishment of necessary routines, they perhaps neglect some of the tender loving care which a woman in childbirth might enjoy."—Wilmington, Delaware.

Medical opinion: With so many women being delivered in hospitals, there is a possibility that the care may become mechanical. This is something that must be watched for and preven all the time by alert heads of hospitals and stetrical departments.

Charge No. 7. Degradation of motherho and womanhood. An attitude that becau she is bearing a child, a woman forfeits h right to womanly dignity and respect.

Today's women accept the fact that usual rules of modesty must be suspend insofar as necessary examinations and servi by nurses and their doctor are concerned. I some of our mothers had the feeling that tendants carried this to the point of indign and outrage.

"And what about the nameless parade 'interns' who appear unannounced, pro our trapped bodies and 'scan' our pro ress? . . . Since my husband is a veterinari I happen to know that even animal matern cases are treated with a little more grace th is accorded human mothers."—Detroit, Mi igan.

"I reached the point where I wouldn't ha been surprised if the man who was wash the windows had suddenly laid down sponge and come over to 'take a peek.' seemed that everyone else connected with hospital was doing it!"—Des Moines, Io

"I am a registered nurse with postgradu experience almost entirely in obstetrics. I also the mother of three children. I have ne seen gross cruelty. I have, however, seen ca less and callous treatment of obstetri patients, along with indifference and courtesy. I have seen nurses more intereste flirtatious conversation with the doctor in the patient's comfort. I have seen nu be careless in screening patients from pu view during procedures requiring their bo to be exposed, to the outrage of the patie feelings of modesty. I have heard such thinking remarks as 'You had your fun, you can suffer' made by a nurse to a mot in great distress, damaging the spiritual nat of the childbirth experience and showing nurse's ignorance of the sacramental nat of sex in marriage."—R.N., Long Island, N



edical opinion: Indeed, the heavy flow of pa nts through maternity wards today may le to some carelessness unless those in au- th ty are constantly on the watch. It should be nid, however, that failure to appreciate the sp ual aspects of marriage and childbirth, fa re to respect the woman in childbirth as a wo an, is an indefensible violation of medical et s.

e have presented the testimony for and ag nst the general charge that in some ma- ter ty wards, childbirth is rendered a greater or al than it needs to be, because of atti- tu s of attendants or because of unnecessarily pa ful practices.

e believe the nurses and doctors who tell us ey have never seen brusqueness, much less sa m, in a labor or delivery room. A nation- all famous doctor calls attention to the mag- ni ent record of his profession in cutting de n maternal and infant mortality—a record to hich the Journal has also called attention ma y times. We fully endorse this doctor's co ment that this "has not been accomplished by areless or brutal obstetrics nor by neg- le " Readers in many sections of the coun- tr have borne witness to great kindness and sy pathy in busy maternity wards.

ut the response from nurses and mothers in cates inescapably that this is not always the ca , and that instances of callousness toward su ering, or unethical measures that actually in ease suffering, are not so rare as our editors ma hoped they are. We believe responsible do ors and nurses will join with us in insist- in that these violations of man and medical ethics m t be stopped. We would al call the attention of re onsible doctors and m es to another danger p nted up vividly by our re lers' letters. This is a tr d toward *de*humanizing th greatest emotional and sp itual experience given to a woman—the bi ging of her baby into the light, into her ar s.

Until a generation ago, a normal childbirth w a natural, essentially happy event, at- te ded by the husband and a kindly neighbor o wo. Even in hospitals, friends might cheer th mother in the labor room; her husband, or so e other person close to her, could stay w h her until the baby was born. Now child- b h has been turned into a medical mystery, c ducted in secret. In most hospitals, the w man in childbirth is cut off from those who lo e her, at her time of greatest travail.

A number of psychiatrists have been con- c ned at the disturbance to family solidarity a l maternal instincts brought about, so they b eve, by excluding the father from partici- p ion in the birth of his child. How much w se when the mother, thus isolated, is d ied ordinary kindness and sympathy; is s jected to tortures completely contrary to g d medical practice!

Nurses cannot question the orders or pro- c ures of doctors; they cannot openly criti- c e hospital routines or the behavior of col- l gues. Hospital heads may be unaware of t treatment accorded patients in labor or d ivery rooms. Many of our readers accepted i ignities or abuses as unavoidable—until t y read Registered Nurse's indignant letter.

A number, including nurses, suggested a r urn to home deliveries as a solution. But it i hard to find a doctor nowadays who will c nsent to a home delivery, even when the m ther is perfectly well and normal and no c mplications are anticipated. (No one would d pute that dangerous or difficult births call f hospital facilities.) Today most women in u nfortable circumstances are required to go t hospitals to have their babies.

Our mothers do not ask for pampering. We don't expect to have our hands held by u derstandably busy nurses and doctors. But it doesn't seem unreasonable to look for a cer- t n degree of respect for the patient's f lings." So a Houston, Texas, woman ex- p ssed it.

Around 90 per cent of the women who wrote to us pleaded, however, "Let us have our hus- b nds with us." Is it such an unreasonable re-

If you love the good that you see in another, you make it your own.
ST. GREGORY THE GREAT

quest? This one change in present hospital rules would abolish practically all the nightmare features of which mothers have complained. With a husband present, there is little likelihood that a woman will be slapped or yelled at or subjected to uncalled-for tortures. It will give the mother the support and reassurance of a loving presence. It will provide her with the small comforts that mean so much, yet without taxing the hospital staff. Someone to hold her hand or rub her back; to wipe the perspiration away or bring the cooling drink.

We earnestly urge the medical profession to review the rule which bars the husband from his wife's side. We believe he should be allowed to be there at least until the doctor arrives to take personal charge. If the wife wants her husband in the delivery room—not all women do—he should be permitted to be there. If the husband cannot be present for some reason, some relative or friend should be allowed to take his place. Many mothers who had their husbands with them tell us in lyrical terms of the help this was. Whatever the reasons for placing at the mercy of strangers the woman undergoing childbirth, are they vital enough to offset these factors?

Other excellent suggestions have been offered by mothers, doctors and nurses:

1. Mothers should "shop around" a bit before selecting an obstetrician. An Independence, Missouri, mother remarks sensibly, "When buying a new home, a car or even appliances you check several before buying. You should check a doctor as well."

From a medical school in your state, or a big hospital or from your local medical association, you can obtain a list of skilled obstetricians in your vicinity. Learn something about these men. Ask your women friends what reputation they bear among their patients. If a physician habitually fails to get there when the baby comes, if he "puts mothers under anesthesia regardless," these things very soon get noised about among women. It is also proper to visit several doctors, obtain their ideas about conducting childbirth, then choose.

2. There should be more explaining of childbirth to mothers in advance. They should be prepared for such discomforts as are necessary for their welfare and that of their babies. A number of hospitals hold classes in the techniques of childbirth, quite a number conduct tours through the maternity ward for mothers who expect to be delivered in the hospital. More of this kind of thing should be done for expectant mothers.

Expectant mothers, too, have a responsibility to take the initiative in finding out what childbirth entails.

3. There should be freer communication between doctors and their patients. Mothers should feel at liberty to express their fears to their doctors; to tell the doctors what they would like them to do.

4. If a mother is subjected to treatment that she considers cruel or unethical, it is her duty to report it to the local board of health, or the hospital head, or some other person in authority. A criticism made of Registered Nurse was that she had not reported the outrages she had witnessed to the American Medical Association. Doctors concur that a nurse cannot do this—if she wants to continue in the nursing profession. The patient can, and all reputable physicians would like her to do so.

The greater part of the medical profession is as interested as laymen could possibly be in wiping out bad practices where they exist. This has been amply proved. But let us not lose sight of another need.

A Frankfort, Kentucky, reader has phrased this need admirably: "Every woman should be treated like a queen, even with her tenth! Not with excessive attention (yes, I know we're short of nurses) but with good humor and joy in the occasion!"

We at the Ladies' Home Journal agree.

Ladies' Home Journal representatives visited all writers (excepting only the two who wrote anonymously) who are quoted in this article.—ED.



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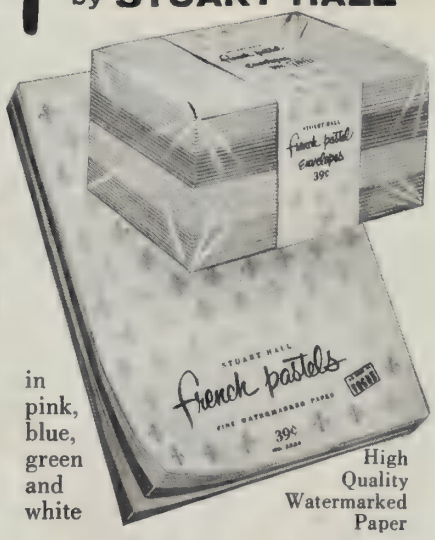
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Simply Great Teen Cooking

At the Olsens' in Philadelphia, four teen-agers run the kitchen.

By LIANE WAITE

"Of course we can cook," Aina Jo, 13, proudly told me, "and Roy does the shopping." Their mother and father, Frances and Hugh, have full days away from home—she as a resident doctor and he as a materials writer. These teen-age cooks manage on a budget of $35 a week, do most of their own shopping and have developed their own recipes. They know food prices intimately, are up-to-date on new products and are aware of which foods are their best buys.

Each Saturday morning, Roy attaches the family shopping cart to his bicycle and rides to the store to do the marketing. This means early rising and considerable maneuvering. Not an easy task for a 12-year-old. Earl, 15, prepares the morning breakfasts. Jeans-clad and sleepy-eyed, he makes his way to the kitchen and comes up with anything from bacon and eggs, sunny side up, to corn bread.

Toby, 17, confines his cooking to more reasonable hours of the day, specializing in casserole dinners. There is a great deal of humor about their accomplishments, with the family voting each dish a success or a failure. "They're real good," Frances says, and sits down to dinner with complete confidence.

Here is a favorite recipe and menu from each young Olsen—proud accomplishments of these four teen-age cooks.

Toby's Saucy Meat Balls prove he likes to eat though his mind is also buzzing about electronic gadgets and cars. "It's the greatest," says Earl.

Saucy Meat Balls and Spaghetti
Tossed Green Salad
Ice-Cream Sundae
Coffee or Milk

Saucy Meat Balls: Chop enough onions to make 1⅓ cups and enough green pepper to make ⅔ cup. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a skillet. Add onions, green pepper and 1 peeled and crushed clove garlic. Cook gently until the vegetables are tender and slightly golden. Add two 10½-ounce cans tomato soup, 2 of beef bouillon and 4 teaspoons lemon juice. Simmer slowly. Turn 2 pounds ground beef into a large bowl. Moisten 2 cups bread cubes with a little milk. Squeeze dry. Add to the meat along with 2 unbeaten eggs. Season with ½ teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and a pinch of basil. Mix thoroughly. Shape into balls about the size of table-tennis balls. Melt 2 tablespoons shortening in a skillet and brown the meat balls, a few at a time, first on one side and then on the other. Turn them carefully. When browned, put in a casserole. Pour the hot sauce over them. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. Serve with hot spaghetti. Makes 6 servings.

Earl, with his mind on sports, seems an unlikely candidate to be cooking breakfast. But his early-morning treats win him family fame just as his success on the soccer field won him his school letter. These French Waffles are quick and easy, take little effort and few dishes. Aina Jo rates them almost higher than anything—she washes his dishes.

Orange Juice
French Waffles and Bacon
Milk and Coffee

HOW AMERICA LIVES

French Waffles: Use bread that is rather dry and thickly sliced. Spread each side of the slices with softened butter. Then dip them in a mixture of ½ cup milk, 2 slightly beaten eggs and ¼ teaspoon salt. Do this quickly so that the bread is only coated with the egg mixture, not soaked. Bake in a waffle iron as you would a waffle until it is golden and sizzling. Serve with maple syrup and bacon. The batter recipe is enough for 6 slices of bread.



STUART

For Aina Jo's teen parties—bubbling-hot pizza pie and ice-cold beverages.



DI PIETRO

Aina Jo admits that when she was first introduced to a pizza pie she was dubious, but it looked good and smelled even better. After a timid try she plunged right in and perfected her recipe. Now when her friends come over they have a pizza party using this recipe and menu.

Pizza Pie
Relishes
Fresh Fruit
Milk or Soft Drink

Pizza Pie: To make the crust, mix together 2 cups prepared biscuit mix and ½ cup water. Turn out onto a floured board and knead for about 1 minute. Do not be afraid to work this dough. It should be a little tough. Flour your rolling pin and flatten the dough into a 16″ circle. Fit this into an aluminum pizza pan measuring 14″ across. Crimp the edge of the dough onto the sides of the pan to hold it in place while the pie is baking. Chill while making the filling.

Filling: Sauté ½ cup finely chopped onion and 1 peeled and crushed clove garlic in 2 tablespoons salad or olive oil. While this is cooking, thinly slice ¼ pound mushrooms. Add to the onions and cook until they are golden. Dice and drain 2 No. 2 cans tomatoes. Add them and ¼ cup tomato paste to the skillet along with the mushrooms, onion and garlic. Season with 2 teaspoons mixed Italian seasonings, ½ teaspoon seasoned salt, ¼ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Stir and bring to a simmer. Spread ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese on the crust. Spoon the tomato mixture over the cheese. Top with a sprinkling of 1 cup sliced salami cut into wedges or strips and slices of Mozzarella cheese—about ½ pound. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., 20–25 minutes, until the crust is browned and the filling is bubbling.

Roy confines his culinary efforts to sandwiches—big, hearty and terrific. These Hoagies, as he calls them, are eaten any time. They are made to fill the bottomless pit in a boy's tummy.

Hoagie Sandwiches
Fruit
Milk

Hoagie Sandwiches: Split a 10″ Italian roll in half the long way. Be sure that you leave one side hinged. You will need it. Spread the top and bottom of the cut sides with softened butter. Now start layering; first lettuce, then thinly sliced boiled ham and a few slices hard-cooked egg. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Next a few thin slices of tomato, dill pickle and sliced Swiss cheese. Spread with mustard. Makes 1 sandwich for a big appetite.

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ANYTHING YOU CAN CLIMB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

into his prep-school German—"*Ein Platz wo man spazierengehen kann.*"

"Oh," said the clerk. "*Ja.* The man will be here soon. You may ask him."

"Oh, good!" Elizabeth said. "I knew there'd be something!"

"Would you ask him to look us up when he gets here?" Stanley said, and the clerk smiled and nodded. "I hope he speaks English," Stanley said to Elizabeth, and she laughed.

"I think you did quite well," she said.

They went to their room, and changed their clothes and washed. When they got downstairs again, the clerk pointed to a sun porch and said, "The man is there. He is waiting for you. He speaks English good."

"Thank you," Stanley said. They went onto the porch, and saw a man who could have been anywhere from forty to sixty; he was small and thin, and had a bristly blond mustache. His eyes were a pale china blue, and the skin of his face was tanned and hard and full of tiny wrinkles. He wore a wool shirt and long leather trousers, and on his feet were heavy boots. A shapeless green hat was clutched in one hand. When he saw Stanley and Elizabeth, he stood up and came toward them.

"Mr. Stanley?" he asked.

"Yes," said Stanley. "And this is Mrs. Stanley."

"Madame," the man said, bowing slightly. To Stanley, he said, "My name is Ernst. Ernst Grimsel."

"How do you do?" Stanley shook hands with him, and felt the ironlike quality of the man's hand, although Ernst did not grip him hard. "Mrs. Stanley and I would like to do some walking while we are here," he said. "We're told that you know something about it."

Ernst smiled, and his teeth were ragged and uneven. "Yes," he said pleasantly. "I do. Here—let me show you." They followed him to the window, and looked out at the surrounding peaks. On the ground, the shadows were darkening, but the tops of the mountains were bathed in a pink glow, and the sky overhead was still a faint blue-green. "You can have whatever you want," he said, and, starting at the extreme right, he pointed out the mountains. "You can have the Jungfrau, but that is not much—a train goes most of the way up—or you can have the Finsteraarhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorn or the Schwarzhorn. The Finsteraarhorn is farthest away, but it is the tallest. The Wetterhorn is nearest." He pointed to a peak that towered, high and sharp, almost directly over the town.

There was a short silence. "Oh," Elizabeth said at last. "Well, what we had in mind was more of a ——"

"For beginners, the Wetterhorn is really the best," Ernst went on. "I took an American lady up there just two days ago."

"I see," said Stanley. He cleared his throat, glanced quickly at Elizabeth, and said, "I guess we'd better do the Wetterhorn, then. After all, it's not the mountain we're interested in, so much as the exercise." He carefully did not look at Elizabeth, but peered out the window at the jagged peak. "Incidentally, how high is that?" he asked casually.

"It is not very high," Ernst said, and grinned. "It is about thirty-seven hundred meters above sea level. From here, not nearly so much."

"Well, actually, what we were thinking of ——" Elizabeth began, but Stanley cut her off.

"Thirty-seven hundred meters?" he said. "That comes out to—thirty-seven times three-plus—about to twelve thousand feet, then, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Ernst replied. "A little more."

Elizabeth turned to Stanley. "You know very well ——" she started.

"Well, Mosquito Peak, in Colorado, is more than that," he said quickly. "I climbed that when I was a mere boy." To Ernst he said, "Fine. When do we start?"

"Tomorrow morning at six." Ernst thought a moment. "You will need to rent shoes and crampons," he said. He explained that the crampons were for walking on snow and ice, and were iron spikes that would be fitted to their shoes by a blacksmith in the village. He gave them the name of a place to rent the shoes, and told them to be sure to have two pairs of heavy socks. "The rest of it, the hotel will do," he concluded. "They will give you the food you want to have for two days."

"Oh," said Stanley. "That's what it takes, is it—two days?"

"Yes," Ernst replied. "If everything goes right."

"Norton, don't you think we ought to talk this over?" Elizabeth said, a note of desperation creeping into her voice.

"Nonsense," Stanley said briskly. "You heard him say he took a woman up there just the other day. What is there to talk over? This'll be the best exercise we can get—just a simple climb."

She was quiet, and Ernst said, "Oh, yes—you will also want to have snow glasses. The sun on the snow is very bright."

"Right you are," said Stanley. "Snow glasses." He paused and cleared his throat. "We won't need—ah—picks, or axes, or anything like that, will we?"

"No," Ernst said, and smiled. "I have my own ax. I cut the steps, and you just follow. You are roped to me, so you cannot fall."

"Oh, good," Stanley replied. "Splendid." He laughed. "Well, I guess it's all over but the shopping, then, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," said Ernst. "Until tomorrow, then." He bowed to Elizabeth, shook hands with Stanley, and walked away. His boots made a heavy clumping noise as he went.

The next morning when they went dow for breakfast, Stanley was wearing a wool shirt, a sweater, a jacket he used for drivin and khaki trousers. Elizabeth had on wool slacks, a cotton shirt and a sweater, and scarf around her neck. Stanley had boug a rucksack, in which they put gloves, ex socks, two extra sweaters and their cran pons. As they walked into the dining roo their boots thundered on the floor, and Sta ley was glad that no other guests were abou He felt vaguely self-conscious with all h equipment, and he was glad he had resisted last-minute temptation to buy an Alpine ha

Elizabeth was silent all through breakfas but Stanley felt a growing ebullience that w due in part, he knew, to his feeling of havir scored a small victory the evening before. B it was due also to the fact that he honestly fe exhilarated at the thought of climbing th mountain, which somehow did not seem s ominous in the morning light as it had at dusk The lower slopes appeared to be only a mile so away, and from there his eye travele quickly to the snow fields, and up the whit ridges to the peak. He didn't understand wh the trip could not be made in one day, b then, he supposed that Ernst knew what h was talking about. He probably allowed tw days just in case a climber broke a leg, o something like that.

Stanley looked at Elizabeth. "I wonder we should bring any first-aid equipme along," he said.

She put down her coffee cup and stared him. "Why?" she asked. "What for?"

"Oh, nothing," he said cheerily. "It ju crossed my mind. But I imagine Ernst will h all stocked up on that kind of stuff."

She took a sip of her coffee, then set the cu down and wiped her mouth. "Yes," she sai "I imagine he will be."

Ernst arrived promptly at six, and greete them cheerfully. He was dressed as he ha



the day before, and he also carried a ng rucksack, a small pickax and a neatly l mass of sleek, tough rope. He looked ly and without comment at their equip- , and then said, "Are you all ready?"

'arin' to go," Stanley said jovially. "You he way, and we're with you."

smile flickered on Ernst's mouth, and he "Good. This way, then."

nley shouldered his rucksack, and he and beth followed Ernst out the side door of otel. The morning air was cool, and there he smell of clover and wet grass, and the tain looked clean and white, as though ight had washed it and sharpened its out- They went down a path that crossed a -smelling field, and Stanley breathed y and stepped out in a long, swinging .

his feels good!" he said. "There's nothing valking in the early morning!"

lower," said Ernst, from behind him. must go much slower."

h," said Stanley, and he dropped back e Ernst, who was walking at no more casual stroll.

is is the mountain climber's pace," t said gently. "This way, you can walk all The other way, you fall down after an . You must save your strength."

f course," Stanley said. "I guess I for- " He looked at Elizabeth, who was walk- quietly along the path, keeping her eyes erately averted from the mountain ahead em. "How goes it?" he asked her. "How ou feel?"

e smiled thinly. "Oh, I feel fine," she said. st-rate."

r about two hours they walked across and meadows, and t told them about the try and the people. He not garrulous, and he e usually in answer to estion, but his answers complete almost to oint of eloquence. The he talked, the way he ed and the way he ed all suggested re- d contentment, and Stanley felt a great e of envy come over him. *This*, he thought, *ie way to live—free, uncomplicated and y.*

nally they came to a glacier at the foot of mountain, and they walked carefully up across its dirty, boulder-strewn surface. walking here was harder, and Stanley be- to perspire with the exercise. The sun was and after a while he took off his jacket put it in his rucksack. When they reached cky path that led from the glacier up the ntain proper, they stopped for a rest, and abeth took off her sweater and handed it tanley. She was warm, and her face glowed tly, but she did not seem to be out of th. "Here," she said, as she gave him the ater. "Could you put this in your pack?"

Sure thing," he said. His rucksack was here near as large or as full as Ernst's, but could already feel the marks of the straps his shoulders. He could also feel a slight tening in his chest. "As a matter of fact, I 't think I need my sweater either," he said. guess I overdressed for this part of the ." He put his sweater and Elizabeth's in the ksack, then took a deep breath and tched his shoulders backward. "Boy, this he life!" he said to her. "This is the best you ever had."

he looked at him coldly, and said nothing.

e had a cigarette, and then they started wly up the path again, and for what seemed endless hours they trudged up the side of mountain, back and forth as the path cut ough the most accessible places. They could nothing above them except rocks and ss and a few shrubs; behind them the vil- e dwindled into the distance, and off to ir right rose the sparkling peaks of the reckhorn, the Finsteraarhorn and the gfrau. The path was dry and dusty, and sun beat hotly on their backs, and Stanley that his face was on fire and his mouth s turning to leather. Once, when they pped for a breather by a small stream, he down and cupped his hands in the icy wa- ter, but before he could get any of it to his mouth, Ernst stopped him.

"No!" Ernst said sharply. "Never do that! It will make you sick."

"Oh," said Stanley. He stared at the stream for a moment, tortured by the sight of the racing, bubbling water, and then he wet his hands again and splashed his face. Then he sat up and looked at Elizabeth, whose face was shining with perspiration. "You want to try some?" he asked. "You look kind of warm."

"No, thanks," she said. "I'm fine."

"Madame is right," Ernst said, smiling. "Too much cold is no good when you're hot."

Well, it felt pretty good to me, Stanley thought. *Too much cold or not, it felt better than anything has all day.*

"What you need is something hot," said Ernst. "When we get to the cabin, I'll make you some hot tea."

Oh, great, Stanley thought. *Hot tea, and sandpaper toast. That's all I need right now.*

They had a little lunch, and then went on, slowly, endlessly, painfully, up the dusty, rocky path. There was no wind, and the afternoon sun grew hotter and still hotter. Stanley found that he was no longer looking around him; his eyes were fixed on the path at Ernst's feet, and the slow, clumping motion of the dusty boots had a hypnotic effect on him. He could see the stitches along both sides of the heel straps, rows of little white dots in the gray-brown leather, little white dots that flicked away and back, away and back, away and back. His own breath came and went in the same rhythm, in and out, away and back, and his heart pounded heavily in his ears. Ernst stopped, and Stanley almost ran into him.

"See?" Ernst said, pointing upward. "There's the cabin."

Stanley looked, and on what appeared to be a ledge high above them he saw the jutting underside of a cabin roof. He turned back to Elizabeth. "The cabin," he said. "We're as good as there."

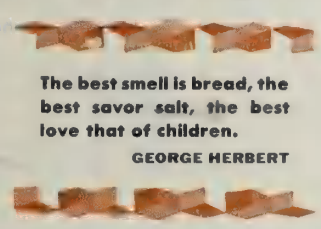
"So soon?" said Elizabeth. Her face was light purple, and glistening, and her eyes looked unnaturally white.

They were not, however, as good as there. It was almost another hour before they reached the cabin, because the path wound back and forth across the side of the mountain, getting very little higher with each tack. The cabin loomed above them, tantalizing them and luring them on, but never seeming to get any closer. Then finally, when Stanley had sworn to himself that he would take fifty more steps and then lie down in the middle of the path, they rounded a turn and saw that only twenty yards of rocky ground separated them from the cabin. They tottered over the stones, and the moment they got inside the bleak, smoke-smelling room, Stanley and Elizabeth fell face first onto long wooden benches, unable to move or to speak. Ernst unlaced their shoes and took them off their feet, and replaced the shoes with large, wooden fleece-lined sabots, which felt good and curiously tender. Then he started a fire in the stove, and put on a large teakettle, in which he brewed tea to a dark, red-brown color. In each mug of tea he put four teaspoons of sugar, and then he set the mugs in front of them, and the kettle and the sugar nearby, and went out the door. The smell of the tea roused Stanley from his stupor, and with trembling hands he lifted the mug to his mouth and took a sip. It tasted good, and he took another, and by the time he had finished the mug he had found the strength to reach out and refill it. Elizabeth, on her bench, was also sipping her tea. When he had finished eight mugfuls, Stanley felt well enough to talk. He inched around so that he was lying on his back, folded his hands across his stomach, and looked up at the smoky ceiling and took a deep breath.

"Well!" he said. "I'll bet that was more exercise than George Walters gets in a year."

There was a bump as Elizabeth set down her mug. "Oh, shut up," she said.

After a while, as his strength returned still more, Stanley stood up and went over to the



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SOUTH DAKOTA DEPT. of HIGHWAYS
H. U. Dixon, Pub. Dir., Pierre, S. Dak.

window and looked out. Near the cabin there was nothing but loose boulders and outcroppings of bare rock, but farther up were patches of snow, and then, as high up as he could see, the brilliant white expanse that marked the snow fields near the peak. The peak itself was out of sight.

The door opened, and Ernst came in. He was smiling his crooked-toothed smile, and in his massive fingers was a tiny gray flower. He took off his hat and gave the flower to Elizabeth. "For madame," he said. "An edelweiss."

"Why, thank you," Elizabeth said, with the first pleasure she had shown all day. "How very sweet!" She put the edelweiss in a buttonhole of her shirt and stood up. "I'll wear it as a good-luck token," she said.

Ernst bowed slightly, then turned to Stanley. "Soon it will be time for supper," he said. "And then you and madame can sleep up there"—he pointed to a ladder that led up through a square hole in the ceiling—"and I will sleep down here."

"Isn't it a little early for supper?" Stanley asked, looking at his watch. It showed five minutes past four. "That tea kind of filled me up for the time being."

"We'll eat in an hour or so, perhaps," Ernst said. "But it should be early, because we get up again at three."

"At three in the *morning?*" Stanley said incredulously.

"Oh, yes. We have to get to the summit by eight, so that we can be down out of the snow again before the sun warms it. In the day, when the snow is warm, there are sometimes avalanches."

"I see," said Stanley, after a pause. "Well, you make supper whenever you think we ought to have it, then."

They ate early, and then Stanley and Elizabeth climbed the ladder into the murky loft above. There was a line of straw mattresses on the floor, and they covered two of them with blankets that Ernst had given them, then wrapped more blankets around themselves, and lay down. Stanley was asleep almost immediately, but he awoke some time later and heard Elizabeth tossing and moaning in the darkness beside him. She twitched, and ground her teeth, and muttered incoherently, and when he reached out and touched her shoulder, she cried "No, no, no!" and sat up quickly. Then she sighed, and lay back again, and was quiet, with only her feet twitching every now and then. It seemed to Stanley that he lay awake for a long time, staring into the darkness, and then suddenly a flashlight was shining on him, and someone was touching his arm. Ernst's voice said, "Time to get up, Mr. Stanley," and when Stanley grunted in reply, there was the sound of Ernst's boots descending the ladder and clumping across the floor below. Stanley sat up, and reached out toward Elizabeth.

"It's all right," she said. "I'm awake."

They had a hot breakfast by the light of a large kerosene lantern, and then, under Ernst's supervision, they began to put on their heavy clothing. Elizabeth did not eat much breakfast; she was tight-lipped and silent, and as Stanley watched her he saw in her eyes the lack of focus, the deep concentration to bury panic, that he had seen in the eyes of men the first time they went on a patrol. She appeared natural in everything she did, but her mind was completely separated from her body. He tried to catch her eye and smile at her, or do something that might relax her just a little, but she was moving mechanically and without any perception of anything around her.

When they were dressed, Ernst took a small folding lantern from his rucksack, opened it up, inserted a candle, and lighted it. Then he extinguished the kerosene lantern and opened the cabin door, and they stepped out into the night. It was cold, but the sky was clear, and directly overhead they could see stars. They followed the dancing light of Ernst's little lantern across the field of rocks and boulders, and finally, when the ground began to rise, Ernst stopped and set the lantern down.

"All right," he said. "Now we put on the ropes." He uncoiled his length of rope, and tied one end around Elizabeth's waist. Then he tied it around Stanley's waist, and then around his own. "Now," he said to Stanley, "make a coil like this"—he took in three or four loops of slack line—"and hold that in your hand. That way, if madame should fall, you could let out the slack and brace yourself before the line goes tight. I do the same in case you should fall. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Stanley, and he clutched the coil of line in his hand.

They trudged on upward through the darkness, and gradually the deep blue-black of the night began to change to a dark gray, and some of the larger rocks and crags became visible. Then there were patches of lighter gray, and they felt the occasional crunch of snow beneath their feet. Ernst's lantern sprinkled light ahead of them, but Stanley found that he was able to see fairly well without it. Then the sky began to lighten from gray to blue, and suddenly the white peaks around them took on a faint glow. Ernst stopped, blew out the lantern, and folded it and put it in his rucksack. Then he took his crampons and strapped them to his boots, and when Stanley and Elizabeth had done the same, he inspected them to make sure they were tight. "Good," he said. "Now we must be a little careful."

The ascent became steeper, and snow and ice lay more thickly among the rocks. Wearing the crampons, it was comparatively easy to walk on the snow, but Ernst guided them along rocky ridges, on which Stanley stumbled several times, and once he almost fell down. He looked at Elizabeth and smiled, and she smiled quickly and without expression.

By the time they reached the snow fields, it was bright daylight, and they had to put on their dark glasses. Everything around them was a dazzling white, and even through the glasses they felt an instinctive desire to squint. They climbed even more slowly, taking frequent rests. Once Stanley looked at his watch, thinking that it must be about noon, and saw that it was not quite seven. It seemed to him that he had been climbing for most of his adult life.

THE HEART FLIES HOME

By JESSE STUART

Though you are there tonight
and I am here
You must not doubt my heart
does not fly home
To you when autumn leaves are
brown and sere
And stars are bright as honey
in the comb.
Designs of leaves are in the dress
you wear
As you walk where the
autumn leaves jump down
From tall treetops into your
autumn hair.
There sere leaves fall until
earth wears a gown.
After a walk you sit before the fire
Feeling the cheerful heat from
oak and pine.
Reading a book till midnight,
then retire
To a clean, cool bed in a home
that's yours and mine.
If wheels will roll on rails of
shining steel
And wings will climb up
mountains of bright wind,
Soon I shall be with you where
we can feel
The time is now and leave the
past behind.

Finally, at the end of an interminat stretch of slow-motion climbing, they reach a small plateau just below the summit, a they stopped to rest. They sat on a ledge snow and looked across at the Schreckhor which, although about four miles awa looked as though they could almost touch To their right, the plateau ran for a hundr yards or so, and then the summit of the We terhorn jutted straight into the air, like a ste ple of glistening ice. *Surely he isn't going take us up that*, Stanley thought. *There isn room for one person on top of it, much less thre This is probably as high as we go, right her And that's all right with me too. As of this ve minute, I've had enough climbing to last me f a long time.*

Ernst stood up. "All right," he said. "On t the top."

Stanley looked at Elizabeth, and saw tha she was no longer tense, as she had been, bu seemed almost completely relaxed. Sh jumped up, and dusted the snow from he slacks, and smiled at him as they started th slow walk across the plateau. He had no ide what had brought about the change in he but he was glad it had happened. He ha enough to think about in himself, witho worrying about her. Although they walke very slowly, he found that he was breathing i deep gasps, and as an added problem he wa beginning to develop a blister on the heel o his right foot. He thought briefly of staying o the plateau and letting Ernst and Elizabeth g on to the top, but was disgusted with himse the minute he had had the thought.

When they reached the sides of the summi Ernst took his ax and cut a small niche in th ice, then one above it, and then he put or foot in the first niche, and a hand in the se ond, and cut a third, higher up. Stanley fo lowed him, with one of his hands always i the niche below Ernst's foot, and Elizabet followed Stanley in the same manner. Actu ally, it was easier than the other kind of climb ing, because they took a step only every min ute or so, and the rest of the time stood clutch ing the ice wall, hunching their shoulder against the shower of chips from Ernst's ax Once, when it seemed that they must be near the top, Stanley looked down, and all he could see was white, shining ice that dropped away into nothing several thousand feet below. He closed his eyes and clung to the wall, and for a moment he thought he was going to lose his balance and fall. Then the dizziness passed, and he opened his eyes, but he did not look down again. He stared at the crystals of ice in front of him, and at Ernst's shoe just above his face.

Then the shoe disappeared, and after a moment Stanley felt a tug on the line around his waist, and Ernst pulled him up over the rim of the summit and shook his hand. Stanley sat down while Ernst lifted Elizabeth up and shook her by the hand, and then they all three crouched in the biting wind, on the small rounded peak, and looked out at the world below them. As far as they could see, and in all directions, were row after row of white rocky mountains, their shapes softened by distance but their brightness always constant. They looked like the surface of a stormy sea, with the lines of white breakers churning against one another. Directly below, and so close it seemed to be almost at their feet, was a small cluster of houses that was Grindelwald and beyond that, in the far distance, were the lakes of Interlaken.

Elizabeth gasped, and then was quiet while she looked all around. Even through snow glasses, Stanley could see that her eyes were bright, and her mouth was half open in a smile of wonder. "It's the most incredible thing I've ever seen in all my life," she said at last. "Just look, darling! *Look!*"

"I know," he replied. "It's something, all right."

"Something?" she said. "*Some*thing? It's *everything!*"

"O.K., everything," he said. "Whatever you say."

"But aren't you *impressed?* Don't you think it's *breath-taking?*"

"Of course! I think it's wonderful."

Elizabeth gasped again, and then was quiet.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

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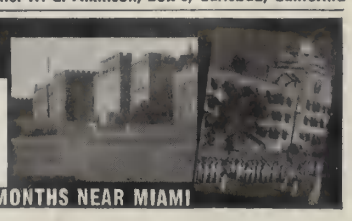
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160

After a couple of minutes, Ernst stood up. "All right," he said. "Time to start back."

"I never want to leave here," Elizabeth said, as she got to her feet. "I'd like to build a house here, and spend the rest of my life." She looked at Ernst. "Of course you'd always be welcome," she said. "Whenever you want to come."

Ernst laughed. "It would be an honor," he said. Then he took the rope that was around her waist, and held it tightly. "Now, it is different going down," he said. "Going down, we face out, away from the mountain."

Stanley watched Elizabeth obediently turn around and sit down, with her feet hanging over the edge. Then she slid down, and Ernst held the line tight until she found a foothold, and he paid it out slowly until she had descended a few feet. Then he beckoned to Stanley, and handed him the coil of line. Stanley sat on the edge, and felt his own line tighten, and he groped desperately for a step, trying not to look below him. *I can't look down again*, he thought. *If I look down again, I'll fall.* Then he felt his foot catch in a step, and Ernst lowered him slowly, but he could not find the next step. "Easy," Ernst's voice said from above. "Easy." Then he found the next step, and Ernst lowered him some more, and then he was able to lean against the ice and go down by himself, still not looking. Ernst must have sensed his problem, because the line around Stanley's waist remained tight.

When they reached the plateau, Stanley was able to relax a little, but the blister on his heel was beginning to bother him, and as he walked he experimented with different positions of his foot, to try to ease the friction. Elizabeth, on the other hand, was like a little girl going to a party. She was almost lightheaded with merriment, and she walked considerably faster than was comfortable for Stanley. He was completely unable to understand the change in her, and for some reason it annoyed him that she should be so gay while he was beginning to feel the effects of the climb. If she was going to be surly part of the time, she ought to be surly the whole time, he thought. *She ought to make up her mind one way or the other—either she likes to climb mountains or she doesn't.*

After they had been going down for about a half hour, a new discomfort appeared. Stanley found that, in making the steep descent, he was in fact pushing up with his legs, as though walking backward, and was using a completely new set of muscles. The fronts of his thighs, from his knees to his hips, began to ache, and then actively to pain him, and the cramps in his legs eventually blotted out the searing pain of the blister on his heel. He tried all different ways of walking, but none did any good, and ahead of him Elizabeth kept the line constantly taut, as she skipped along down the icy trail. Stanley ground his teeth and cursed, and tried to keep his balance. Once, going along a rocky ledge, he turned his ankle, staggered, and toppled to one side, but before he could fall there was a sharp jerk around his waist, and he was snapped back into a standing position. He looked behind him, and saw that Ernst had leaped like a goat onto a higher rock, set his feet wide apart, and was tugging on the line. Stanley smiled weakly, and Ernst relaxed, grinned, and came back onto the trail, coiling the slack in the line as he did.

They took off their crampons while still in the snow fields, and Elizabeth found that she could simulate skiing by running a short way down a slope, then bracing both feet, and sliding stiff-legged. The first time she did this she pulled Stanley off balance, and they both fell heavily in the snow. She came up laughing. "That was fun!" she said. "Let's do it again!"

"Listen, let's have some warning before you do that," Stanley snarled. "I could have hurt myself."

"Oh, poo, the snow is soft," she said. "Come on."

"It so happens that I've got a blister the size of an egg on my right foot," Stanley replied. "If you want to do it, go ahead, but y... me a favor if you'll untie yourself fir...

"We can untie now, anyway," Er... He took the line from around Stanley... and coiled the slack.

"Will you ski with me, then?" E... said to Ernst. "You haven't got a blis... have you?"

"No," Ernst said, and smiled. "I... with you." He started to untie the li... her waist, but she stopped him.

"Let's ski tied together," she said. "... we can play a kind of snap-the-whip."

"All right," said Ernst, and he an... beth ran down the slope, skidded, and ... back and forth for about twenty yard... Elizabeth fell, and pulled him down. ... watched sourly as they got up, laughi... went off again. Slowly and painfully he ... down the slope after them.

They had lunch in the cabin, and then ... down the rocky path toward Grin... Ernst had put a dressing on Stanley's h... the blister continued to hurt him, and ... grew more painful with every step. By t... they reached the glacier, he was totteri... cramps and fatigue, and he considered ... impossible that he walk for another two... The distance from the glacier to th... seemed to him to be greater than the en... up the mountain, and the only thing th... him moving was the fact that Ernst an... beth were walking along ahead of him... best of spirits and apparently obliviou... presence. *I could lie down here and fain... they care*, Stanley thought. *I could e... and they probably ... miss me until they g... hotel. Well, I won't ... that favor. I'll keep ... them if I never walk ... step in my life. I'll ... with them, and I m... pass them, when we ... the final stretch. I'l... into a trot, and jog pa... Then I'll collapse.* ... would be the best w... past them, and the ... and smile, and fall slowly to the g... bleeding.

Don't make a hero of your husband, because you're sure to find him out. Make a comrade of him. It's far safer and lasts longer.

PHILIP GIBBS

It was late afternoon when they reach... hotel, and Stanley felt that he was on th... of delirium. His face was burning hot, a... pain had spread from his legs through... whole body, but he managed to smile ... paid Ernst his fee, and then shook his ...

Ernst took off his hat, and bowed and ... Elizabeth's hand. "There is a dance in t... lage tonight," he said, as he straighten... "It would be a good thing if you cam... because that will keep your muscles fro... ting too stiff."

"Oh, I don't think I feel up to a d... Elizabeth said, and laughed. "But that ... telling us about it, anyway. We'll think ... it, and see how we feel."

They said good-by, and Ernst went ... down the path, and waved to them ... turned onto the main road. As they we... the hotel, Elizabeth said, "I think I'm ... to be stiff tomorrow, no matter what w...

Stanley made no reply, but pulled ... painfully up the stairs, filled a bathtu... hot water, then wrenched off his clothe... sank into the water and went to sleep.

His next conscious knowledge was ... was dark, and he was in bed, and Eli... was beside him. He tried to move, but ... muscle in his body was as painful as a ... burn. He groaned softly. "Are you aw... Elizabeth asked.

"Uh-huh," he replied.

"I want to confess something," she ... She paused, and then went on, "I have ... never in my life been as terrified as I was ... up that mountain. I was sure we were all ... to be killed."

"You certainly didn't show it," he ... gallantly.

"I couldn't, in front of you. You w... calm and brave, I'd have felt idiotic if I'... you. But you were all that kept me goi...

With a great effort, Stanley stretched ... hand and patted her shoulder. "Think n... of it," he said. "Any time you need m... call."

T 1958

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JOURNAL

June
1958 · 35c

The Magazine Women Believe In



100
BACHELORS
TELL WHY THE
HAVEN'T
MARRIED YET

FACE
OF THE TIGER
CONDENSED IN THIS ISSUE
COMPLETE NOVEL

DIVORCED
WIFE STILL LOVES
FORMER HUSBAND
WHAT TO DO?

GROWING UP
TO BE KING
CLOSE-UP OF

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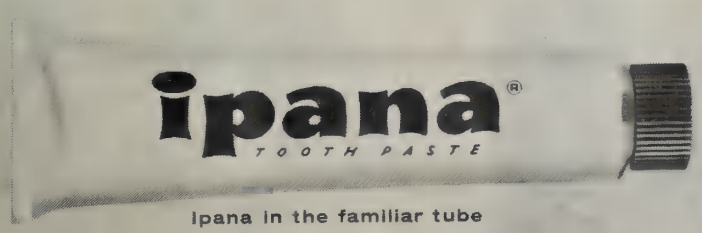
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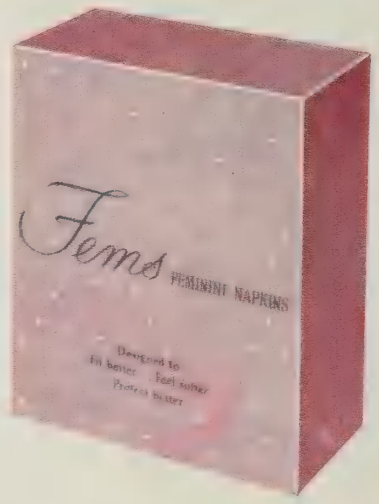
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Ladies' Home Journal

CONTENTS

VOL. LXXV NO. 6

June, 1958

JOURNALITIES



Ursula Curtiss

URSULA CURTISS (*Face of the Tiger*, page 46) says: "My father was the cartoonist Paul Reilly; my mother is mystery novelist Helen Reilly. As I worked on a weekly newspaper and wrote advertising copy before my marriage (to a lieutenant colonel who was captured on Bataan, lived three and a half years in Japanese prison camps and still likes rice), it seemed strange not to be typing something, so I rented a typewriter and wrote a book. We now live in Abington, Massachusetts, with ten acres to accommodate our five children, aged ten years to ten months. The literary strain in our family is not dying out. I keep coming across pieces of paper, all identically inscribed by our eldest daughter, Katherine: 'One day there was a horse.' It could be a serial."



Glenn White

Eleven years ago this month a young man joined the JOURNAL staff. Formerly a schoolteacher, airport traffic controller and naval officer with many hundreds of hours in the air, he objected to being called "young" and other things. He no longer does. "I have mellowed," GLENN WHITE admits; "oh, how I have mellowed!" But it took numerous articles, many editors, several secretaries and much travel in every state in the Union and in fourteen foreign countries to do it. "I find now," he says, "that the most important people in my life are my wife, our two young sons, anybody else who can read, a pet mouse and myself—in that order." His latest effort is this month's *How America Lives: Between Jobs* (with Hugh Beaumont) on page 127.



Patricia Martin

PATRICIA MARTIN, of the JOURNAL staff, wrote *100 Men and the Girls* (page 56) and she interviewed a hundred marriageable bachelors to do it. She says—"and you may quote me": "For many years I have pondered why some men are reluctant to marry, but finally do. At seven I roamed the neighborhood of a sandy-haired boy named Herbie, taking instant maidenly flight when I was sure he had seen me. He never bothered to follow. The experience paid off, though. Many bachelors later I met Gustav J. Martin, then as now wedded to science. He says he has never been sorry he took another wife. I don't know—science is a formidable rival." As for the hundred eligible males she met to write her article—"I'm sure some bright girl has changed the status of almost every one of them by now."

Condensed Novel Complete in This Issue

FACE OF THE TIGER, *Ursula Curtiss* . 46

Stories

CHILD LOST, *Ethel Edison Gordon* . 48

VLADIMIR, *Louise Pfaffmann* . 50

ICE PALACE (Conclusion), *Edna Ferber* . 58

Special Features

OH, PROFESSOR!, *Dorothy Thompson* . 11

EDUCATING TODAY'S CHILD FOR TODAY'S WORLD, *Benjamin Spock, M.D.* . 19

OLD WAYS YIELD TO THE NEW, *Margaret Hickey* . 39

GROWING UP TO BE KING, *James Brough* . 52

100 MEN AND THE GIRLS, *Patricia Martin* . 56

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?, *Dorothy Cameron Disney* . 68

HOW AMERICA LIVES: BETWEEN JOBS, *Glenn Matthew White and Hugh Beaumont* . 127

General Features

OUR READERS WRITE US . 4

UNDER COVER, *Bernardine Kielty* . 28

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK, *Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D.* . 32

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE, *Harlan Miller* . 36

REFERENCE LIBRARY . 42

FIFTY YEARS AGO • JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN . 45

ASK ANY WOMAN, *Marcelene Cox* . 77

THIS IS A SCRIBBLER, *Munro Leaf* . 140

Fashion and Beauty

HAVE A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER, *Wilhela Cushman* . 60

LOOK-ALIKE FASHIONS FOR SUMMER, *Nora O'Leary* . 64

BEAUTY WORKSHOP LESSONS IN MAKE-UP, *Dawn Crowell Norman* . 66

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!, *Bet Hart* . 92

A CHILD'S TERRY-CLOTH ROBE . 154

Food and Homemaking

COOK, FREEZE AND TREASURE . 70

LOW-CALORIE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS . 72

THE WELL-FED BRIDEGROOM, *Margaret Williams* . 103

JUST 5′ BY 5′—A PLUG-IN KITCHEN, *Margaret Davidson* . 110

FAMILY FAVORITES WITH A DIFFERENCE, *Jane Engel* . 138

Architecture, Gardening and Interior Decoration

CAPTAIN'S HOUSE ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD, *Richard Pratt* . 54

FOOLPROOF COLOR SCHEMES NO. 3, *Cynthia McAdoo Wheatland* . 69

WHAT DOES THE GARDENER DO IN SUMMER?, *the Gardener's Assistant* . 150

Poems

THE TACITURN TYPE, *Philene Hammer* . 78

FROZEN ASSETS, *Georgie Starbuck Galbraith* . 87

SUDDENLY IN SUMMER, *Barbara Shook* . 108

UNFORGOTTEN, *Jesse Stuart* . 125

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE, *Elizabeth Graham* . 153

Cover Photograph by Richard Avedon

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by GEORGE ROMNEY

President, American Motors Corporation

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George Romney



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OUR READERS WRITE US

Note to Husbands

St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Sir: I think husbands are somewhat to blame for this "just a housewife" complex today. I've seen wives knock themselves out keeping up with small children, coping with constant interruptions, baking special cakes or pies, and running errands to the hardware store for hubby. Then when dear husband comes home and can't find his slippers where he left them (in the middle of the bedroom floor, no doubt), he explodes and demands to know what she's been doing all day—sleeping?!

Just how long would *he* tolerate this attitude toward *his* job before he got discouraged? Very sincerely,

JUDITH H. SLIFER

Like Mother, Like Daughters

Merion, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: My earliest childhood memories include learning my letters from the JOURNAL's pages, and cutting out those lovely illustrations for scrapbooks. Now my own two sprouts are following in



Quiet readers.

the same pattern. We wondered why they were so quiet during our dinner hour and when I slipped quietly into the living room to check on them, found this unposed shot waiting for me! Very sincerely,

JOY SHEARER

All Gabble and Gossip?

Mamaroneck, New York

Dear Editors: Is the art of conversation dead in this country? In most gatherings, the men cluster in one group and the women in another and hold forth in monologues on business, sport, cars, the latest gadget, children, servants, food and drink. I have been admonished not to discuss travel, books or any subject other than the above because people "think you are being high hat." Oh, how many long tales of personal aggrandizement or dogmatic prejudice one has to listen to in an evening!

My ideal of real conversation is an easy give and take of thought, not necessarily on a high intellectual plane. There does need to be a tolerance for ideas that differ from your own, a willingness to listen part of the time, and an effort to add something original to the discussion. The result should be stimulating! Yours,

JANE EVANS

Artful Mending

Hornell, New York

Dear Editors: As the mother of seven, I abhorred "catching up" little holes and patching areas of knee rips; but I loved fancy work, appliqué and embroidery.

Hence the solution came with a hole in the front of a new red T shirt. I took embroidery floss and darned the hole. But then I added embroidered pigtails, French-knot eyes and a red smiling mouth. Three holes in a turquoise sweat shirt next were converted into pink-centered daisies with white petals; for the boys' clothes I made baseballs, footballs, guns and Indians.

I can guarantee that artfully mended clothes will be the most worn in a child's wardrobe; and mother will have the satisfaction of making something humdrum a real pleasure! Sincerely,

JOAN LINDEMAN

Too English?

Boise, Idaho

Dear Sirs: Why must you have so much in your magazine that is *English?* We got rid of those people with the Revolutionary War, and I'm sick of reading about them.

Yours for more American stories,

MRS. J. K.

▶ ***We publish the best stories and articles we can buy, regardless of who writes them. But we do think Daphne du Maurier, Margery Sharp, Rumer Godden, Dorothy Black, P. G. Wodehouse, Rebecca West and others who happen to be English are exceptionally good novelists. Most of our readers who have written us agree. ED.***

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Bryan, Texas

Dear Editors:
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To addresses carefully copied
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Inquiring proper spelling,
Or hunting paper,
Or a pencil,
Or tasting a stamp or an envelope.
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And having leaped the barrier
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Of the powers that be,
Who, by morning, are giving
Consideration to (with proper glee):

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~~YUMMY~~ GOOD!

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Two yachts, and
Sixteen thousand
You know whats.
Nine years old believes it,
But he doesn't let it
Keep him from getting
His three squares, some snacks
And his regular nine at night.
He just believes in the good old
U. S. mails, that's all.

JESSIE MERLE FRANKLIN

For Those Young in Spirit

Portland, Oregon

Dear Editors: Why can't we have a national organization (something like the USO) for older people? It would provide companionship, entertainment, and could

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

include an employment service for them too. Here in Portland we have several Golden Age clubs and a Senior Craftsmen organization which teaches crafts and has a store to market them. Given a place to meet, Golden Agers everywhere would surely be able to do everything else for themselves! Sincerely.

JOYCE M. PAHLKE

It Burns Me Up!

Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Editors: Nowadays, most purveyors of dried and canned foods, instead of raising prices as costs go up, cut the size of their packages. For example, my Boston-baked-bean recipe calls for a pound of pea beans. These I can find in only 10-ounce packages. To avoid being left with 4 ounces of unused beans, I now buy beans in bulk. Is this what packagers want?

Frozen peas are now only 10 ounces too. I don't mind that—but I do resent some companies' continuing to say that 10 ounces will serve four people amply.

Yours for simpler living,

MRS. GEORGE GUEST

Career at Home

Garner, North Carolina

Dear Editors: I just finished making an apple pie. It's baking now and smells wonderful, and that's very satisfying. Because I'm a housewife, and I'm glad.

I used to complain a lot, as many women do. I wanted an exciting, glamorous job—any kind. Instead, I have a house to keep clean and two children to feed and a husband to get off to work in the mornings. And I've found some answers.

I'm isolated here—no transportation, nowhere to go. Sometimes I'd give anything to get away for a while. But on nasty days, I don't have to go out. On sunny days, the kids and I can stay outside and play together.

Theoretically, I do about $140 worth of work a week, with no tangible pay. But I can leave the beds unmade and read, if I want to, or study Sunday-school lessons or watch TV. And I don't have to compete or worry about my job. I have no vacation or sick leave, of course, but I do have people who try to make things easier when I need a rest.

As the children grow older, maybe someday I'll have a paying job. If I want to, I can finish college—starting now with correspondence courses. For the present, I'm getting the greatest possible return for my labor. And I'll get dividends the rest of my life. Most sincerely,

JUDY ROGERS

Suppose Johnny Does!

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: Now that everybody has had his say about Why Johnny Can't Read, I suggest an alternate worry. For a great many Johnnys do learn to read, and then to write, and the combination eventually produces something known as homework. You do not notice it at first. It creeps up on you unawares, like measles, but the first thing you know the whole family is breaking out with it.

How simple it seemed, and sweet, when our John came home from second grade one day and asked for a picture of a robin. "Teacher told us Monday, but I forgot, and we have to have it tomorrow for our Book of Spring. Just any kind of picture of a robin."

Well, it was spring and almost any magazine might be bursting with robins. I gave him a stack of magazines. After supper I began to thumb with him. We found butterflies, tulips, baby lambs, horses plowing—no robins. None of these would do, he said, beginning to cry. Then he slowly added, "We are allowed to draw it if we can't find one."

I cannot draw, but by midnight I had found a blackbird which I traced and colored. The product was undoubtedly a bird, conceivably a robin.

When John came home from school next day, he was dejected. "Well," I admitted, "it did *not* look too much like a robin."

"Oh, it was a wonderful bird," said John. "But nobody else had one, and they all used mine to draw one. By the time it got back to me, the bell rang so it was too late. You see, it didn't count unless we drew it ourself."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

This incident gave me forebodings. With younger children coming on, I carefully began to collect robins and other pictures of spring. When Robert reached second grade I had four robins and two bluebirds. But Robert did not need them for *his* Book of Spring. He had to make a pussy-willow tree.

The older ones were needing pictures too. "Home Ec" had to have balanced meals and table settings; "Science" had to have reptiles, crustaceans, growing plants. Fifth grade needed illustrations for a trip around the world.

I began collecting in earnest. I could hardly wait until the family had read a new magazine before I was cutting out pictures and putting them in The Box. And pictures were not the only things. As a child advances, there are also reports. (Your school library may be well equipped, but something always detains children after school until the last reference book has been taken.)

There are two other reasons for The Box: if four of your children need pictures of different things from about fifty old magazines, The Box is easier. And, as you will discover, commercial artists and writers of magazine articles are all in a conspiracy against us. The year you need birds, the advertisements will all be in flowers. The year you need travel, they will all feature prehistoric animals. The years your children study Latin all the phrases will be in French.

But never mind. You too can *fill* a Box someday.

My advice is: Never turn away a magazine salesman. Take anything he offers, including nature, pictorial, travel, scientific, historical, political and miscellaneous types. You will also need every local newspaper and the New York Times. If you cannot afford this, maybe you can beat the Salvation Army collector to the homes of your friends. And keep everything. It is increasingly difficult for our Philip to ride his tricycle around the growing stacks of shreds, but next year he will go to school and he will use them too.

Now if you will excuse me, *I* will go and cut out a few pictures before dinner!

Sincerely,
MILDRED ELDRED ORR

Victims Should Not Suffer

Somewhere in California

Dear Editors: The laws of our land do little to protect or unburden women and girls who are pregnant due to rape. Abortion is illegal even if the man is the most depraved psychopath or feeble-minded fool. The girl is expected to bear the child, with all its father's bad genes and hereditary taints. I know, for my daughter was a victim.

Surely the law should be modified—slightly and cautiously, of course, but in a more humane direction? As a suggestion to the American Medical Association, let a panel of six qualified, ethical physicians judge each case on all available evidence and decide whether abortion or continuance of pregnancy is the better part of wisdom.

Sincerely,
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OIL PROFESSOR!

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Prof. Philip Ward Burton, who teaches journalism at Syracuse University, recently stirred up a considerable ruckus, at least among females, by contributing to a national weekly an article with the title: Keep Women Out of College.

Although Professor Burton admits that women students are, as a group, more conscientious than men, and professes admiration for their industry, enthusiasm and ability, he sees the applications for college enrollment so pyramiding within the next ten years that there "won't be room for you [women]. . . . Something's got to give"—and what's got to give is the number of women seeking a college or university education.

He argues that: 1—Men *need* the college *degree* more than women; and 2—Most women have less "sensible and demanding" reasons for seeking a higher education. Quoting another source he says, "Only 13 per cent of high-school girls go to college *primarily* for intellectual training. Many *pretend* an intellectual interest to enter colleges where they do not really want to be." (Nobody suggests how many men go primarily for intellectual interests.) He then concludes, "Unmotivated girls are squeezing out highly motivated men."

He doesn't believe in the women's "career plans." Most of them are looking for husbands. He recalls an exceptionally brilliant student of his own—who had, however, "an inferiority complex"—whom he had to coax and coach to keep in college, but who (to his infinite disgust) married the day she graduated, saying, "I'm going to be a housewife."

"She could have settled for junior college and let me work with a man who'd utilize special training in his lifework."

He says, "Junior colleges can equip women adequately to be good wives, mothers, citizens or temporary job holders. They can study on an individual basis thereafter."

He also observes: "If a woman is lucky enough to go to college under harder selection she won't amble through and pick up a diploma and a husband. She'll really *work*."

But why must *men* go to college? For intellectual training? If they are, as a group, *less* conscientious, enthusiastic, industrious and able than women, as Professor Burton admits, why are they in college? And Professor Burton makes the why clear. They've got to have that diploma. They can't get a foot in the door of the employment market for the better-paying jobs without a degree. "It's mandatory in hundreds of firms as the first requisite for an interview." Without a diploma a man can't realize his "full earning potential. . . . The cash value of a degree has been estimated by the President's Committee on Education to be $100,000."

(I don't know how this is estimated, unless the annual interest on $100,000 at savings-bank rates is equal to the additional salary that the average college graduate earns over and above that of the average man without a diploma. But these studies of statistical averages are highly misleading.)

At any rate, the professor concludes that women, to be admitted to the institutions of higher learning of tomorrow, must prove to have superior intellects (to those of men) and have such goals as medicine, science, music, art, journalism, teaching. He does not, curiously, mention law, engineering, executive work or business management. He'd still let them attend women's colleges and teachers' colleges, but otherwise put a heavy quota on those entered in coeducational institutions, which include all the state-supported colleges and universities of the country.

I am not going to raise the feminist banner here, or argue whether women are more or less "brainy" than men, though I do recall the remark of the great feminist Anna Howard Shaw, who, when introduced as "a woman with the brains of a man," remarked, "Before I acknowledge this compliment I'd like to *see* the man whose brains I have."

Nor shall I contend that women own, control, spend and pay taxes on fully half of the nation's wealth; or invoke their rights as citizens in a country up in arms at barring any racial or religious minority from educational opportunity. Nor shall I compile a roster of distinguished and remarkable women who have headed, and do head, industries, great merchandising corporations and engineering enterprises; nor remind the professor that two outstanding atomic scientists are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

women; nor quote the contributions of women to education and the arts. All this, and more, is apropos to the theme.

But here I shall speak only of the *purpose* of education for either a man or a woman. And if I repeat some things I have already said in these pages, it is obviously necessary as long as there are Professor Burtons.

The purpose of education, Professor Burton, is *to improve the mind—and character*. It is to help create a personality capable of performing the duties of life with intelligence and sagacity, whatever these duties may turn out to be. It is *not* to get a "diploma."

It is to develop inner resources of mental strength and enjoyment, to excite an interest in learning for its own sake and teach the student how to learn. It is to liberate and civilize.

A "liberal education," which most women seek in the liberal-arts colleges, does not, or should not, aim to fit a man or woman for a "job." It is not an apprentice school for industrial companies, nor can their scouts, who according to Professor Burton invade campuses every year in a grab for degree holders, possibly gauge more than very superficially the future abilities of the young men they interview. A diploma or degree from a liberal-arts college does nothing more than certify that its owner has "successfully," with more or less honor, completed certain prescribed studies under circumstances very different from those he will encounter in working life. If industries regard colleges as trainee centers, they should support them and take the burden off the taxpayer. Also, they ought to be able to devise examinations that any youth could take, regardless of whether he does or does not possess a piece of paper called a diploma. But actually I have seen reports that they are coming to prefer graduates with a liberal-arts rather than specialized undergraduate education, recognizing that mind is more important than techniques.

Speech belongs half to the speaker, half to the listener. MONTAIGNE

Managerial ability, ingenuity and business acumen are, however, by no means confined to those with a college education. The history of American industry demonstrates this. Henry Ford, Sr., who was a genius, never went to college. But the Ford Foundation, handling the millions he left, would probably not employ even a minor executive without a "degree."

General Electric's Charles Edward Wilson's formal education ended with the public schools. He began his "career" as a shipping clerk, and learned accounting, production and engineering as he went along.

Brig. Gen. David Sarnoff emigrated to America with his parents when he was nine, having had previously only elementary rabbinical schooling administered by a relative. All that the future president of the Radio Corporation of America later learned from formal teaching was in night-school classes.

Benjamin Franklin, one of the wisest, greatest and most brilliant men of his times, was, like many another genius, self-taught.

Likewise Abraham Lincoln.

There is no record in Who's Who in America of Harry S. Truman's ever having received a "degree" except honorary ones. He attended the public schools and "studied at the Kansas City School of Law." I suppose the climax of any American "career" is to be President of the United States. But no "diploma" will get a man there.

It is hard to find any person eminent in American letters who has not had a thorough liberal-arts education in college. But William Saroyan is an exception.

The same is true in journalism. If I take as examples the dozen greatest journalist "careers" with which I am familiar—editors, editorial writers and famous reporters—all are graduates in liberal arts from universities, but not one, I think, ever studied journalism in college. One is a bachelor and one a master of science, indicating that they did not originally intend to follow the profession they later adopted. All studied history, languages, economics—the best preparation, I think, for writers or editors of any kind. One took a master's in philosophy.

The idea that a graduate will or should step out of college into exactly the activity or profession he or she will ultimately follow does not correspond to the facts, and especially the facts about the greatest and most illustrious men and women. A college or university can contribute to refine life's values, and no values for a great or even a free man can be determined in dollars and cents. In the end we all make ourselves, for better or worse, but a higher education can help us to learn more quickly and easily from books and from life. And that is just as true for a woman as for a man.

Many years ago I attended the university where Professor Burton is now teaching. Subsequently this university has paid me honors beyond my deserts, for which I am most grateful. But I am much more grateful for the education I received there. Nobody tried to bend that education into training for a specific career. I cannot remember when I did not want to write. But for seven years following my graduation (with a diploma, degree, and with honors) I had to take any job that turned up and no publisher, newspaper or magazine was clamoring for my services. What had been stimulated in Syracuse University was a desire to *learn*—about mankind, his past, his present, what was going on, why it was going on, whither it was, or might be, tending. I never had a conscious desire to be a journalist. But I wanted to travel, to see the world, and without money the only way I could conceive of doing so was to write about it. So eventually, after many tribulations—all of them educational—I became what I am.

But if, like Professor Burton's disappointing student, I had become "merely a housewife," would that education have been completely lost to me?

What an absurd notion!

Junior college is enough to fit a woman to be a good wife, mother, citizen?

Good wives, mothers and citizens don't grow on every tree, and some of the best I have known have never gone through grade school. But I can tell Professor Burton something that, being a man, he certainly cannot know, and that is that it takes more education, in the true meaning of that word, to be these things than to be a successful journalist.

It requires enormous intelligence, innate or acquired by cultivation, to discharge the full responsibilities of managing a household; doing its endlessly repetitive work without deadening the mind; bringing up children, restraining, encouraging and helping them; being a companion and helpmeet to one's husband, helpfully and intelligently interested in his work; and being, at the same time, able to take on his duties and responsibilities if she must, as thousands of women have had to.

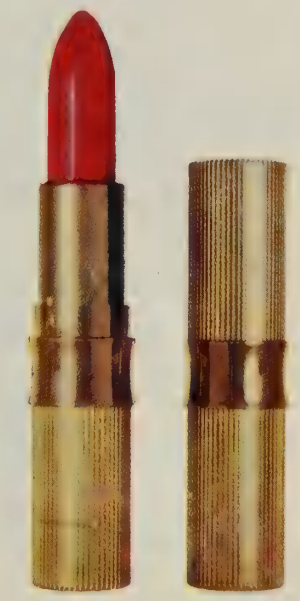
Combining a demanding career and a family is so difficult for a woman to manage that from personal and often bitter experience I would like to see fewer women attempt it. But the idea that an educated mother is less important than an educated copy writer is preposterous. It is the mother, far more than the father, who transmits to her children their tastes, their standards and their interests. The autobiographies of great men almost always record the influence of a great and *intelligent* mother. And it is the purpose, the prime and even sole purpose, of education to improve the intelligence of the mind and the heart.

Professor Burton ends up his argument by asking a rhetorical question of the girls: "If you had to choose, would you rather own a diploma yourself or have your husband own one?"

Oh, professor! How little you know about women! Women don't marry a piece of paper, even an embossed parchment, with a gold seal and a red ribbon, engraved in flowing script. Women marry *men*. I quite agree with Bernard Shaw that women are the pursuers bent on preserving and replenishing the race—and a good thing too. They marry men for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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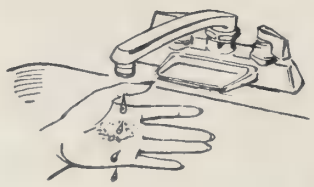
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

many reasons. Sometimes (especially when young) because they are good-looking—which at least holds a reasonable promise of handsome children. But usually a woman "sees" something in a man—sometimes others do, too, sometimes others do not—something that suggests that the man needs her, to bring out qualities he himself is not confident of. And sometimes she is right.

Professor Burton does not tell us whom his brilliant feminine journalist student married the day she graduated. Perhaps she married a classmate. And if he becomes a famous journalist, it may be due to teamwork.

If a girl goes to college in the half-unconscious hope of finding a superior husband, is that such a despicable "motivation"? A better one, from the viewpoint of the race, than wanting a certificate. And if men marry their feminine classmates, aren't they looking for superior, companionable and compatible wives? Should they go scouting around high schools or junior colleges, while barring the university gates to their possible future wives?

Too many people, male and female, are going to college purely for social contacts and that diploma which they hope—and are falsely told—will open the doors to financial success. Good gracious! Illiterate ruffians have become millionaires; doctors of philosophy seldom, if ever.

Men also "amble through," taking the cinch courses, if only they lead to a "degree." The overcrowding of colleges can be met by restoring higher education to its proper status as an institution of learning, not a diploma factory.

Fools are never uneasy. Stupidity is without anxiety. GOETHE

I have a witty friend who adheres to a theory that the history of human culture can be recorded in terms of beards and bosoms. Whenever the male has been bearded, the female has been bosomy and hippy. In the most civilized periods men have shaved their beards and women have been slimmer and narrower, and the sexes have not been so differentiated. I'm not sure it's true, and certainly the epochs have overlapped. But it seems to me that now men, who are perpetually planning and talking about atomic wars (and keeping women dumb), are growing at least internal beards, while designing clothes to make women look like nothing at all—eclipsed in a hat and dehumanized in a sack.

Professor Burton apparently belongs to the invisibly bearded caveman. "Marry 'em early, tell 'em nothing and treat 'em rough." A few words might be said about the "inferiority complexes" of the bearded "he-man." But I shall desist. However, this may certainly be said of epochs:

There never yet has been a great, high and *amusing* civilization—from Attic Greece to eighteenth-century France—without a large number of civilized, witty women, whose social function has been to prick the balloon of masculine self-inflation. We recommend to Professor Burton George Meredith's essay on Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit—which this Syracusan read when a student there. The suppression of women as *minds* has *always* meant the brutalization of society.

That (as Meredith observed) was the trouble with Imperial (and later Nazi) Germany; is the trouble with Russia; and is increasingly and alarmingly the trouble with an ever more militarized and regimented America.

But to get back to the debate: If almost any young man can enter college (because he "needs" that diploma), and a girl to enter must be twice as smart, God help the lads! One gal will outdistance a dozen of them in every class and won't even marry one of such dumbbells!

Being strongly pro-male, I shudder to think of their fate! The "inferiority complex" will be transferred. Even Professor Burton might become afflicted by it! END

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SIMONIZ MAKES IT



I don't think you can call us a "stuffy" family...

At least, if romping with the kids and making friends easily is any indication, you can't.

But there's *one* thing that Bill and I are *very* stuffy about!

We expect our youngsters to have some plain, old-fashioned good manners. Not just because it makes life pleasanter for us—but because it will help them live happier, more successful lives.

So naturally, we want our family to grow up with things that inspire good manners and instill quiet self-confidence. Things that are real, and beautiful, and help build family traditions. One of these is family silver—*real* solid silver.

That's why we got our own handsome, heavy International Sterling—why we use it every day.

It's gratifying to see the children respond to its beauty—to see them run their fingers along the satiny, shining sweep of it. And they listen carefully when we explain the correct way to use the different pieces in the set.

Yes, our lovely set of International Sterling is doing just what we had hoped it would—helping us teach our youngsters good manners.

When you choose *your* family silver, ask to see the many lovely patterns in International Sterling. There is one to please every eye. Beauty that can never be matched in other tableware. Shining, mellow loveliness that will never wear out—only increase with daily use.

Buy your International Sterling a place setting at a time, or take home the 42-piece Family Living Service for eight and pay for it later.

International Sterling

The solid silver with beauty that lives forever.

Sterling
is for now
and for you



THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER C
Meriden, Connecticut
Many patterns
available in Canada



"The way to decide about your schools is to visit them,
hear what they are trying to do,
see how wisely they are carrying out their aims."

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS



The good teacher tries to see where each child stands and to stimulate him to go on from there.

Educating today's child for today's world

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

What do critics of our elementary and high schools mean when they accuse them of being "soft"?

Many object to the idea of making subjects appealing and easy to comprehend, believing that learning must be difficult if the intellect is to be benefited. They object to pupils' sometimes being passed into the next class without having satisfactorily covered all the work, feeling that this removes the main incentive to succeed. Many of them believe that schools (and colleges) should restrict themselves to training the intellect; therefore they feel that practical courses, like typing and car driving, and life-adjustment discussions confuse the issue of true learning and steal time from it.

Some critics concede that a majority of pupils cannot go at a fast pace or reach a high level of intellectual training, but they think that certain educators advocate holding the bright pupils down to the level of the average.

Let me try to give a general answer by summarizing some of the newer concepts that have been developed in the twentieth century in America through the observations and experiments of educators and psychologists.

They are convinced that healthy children don't have to be urged or compelled to learn. Children are eager to learn. They learn more rapidly if the material and experiences presented to them are carefully tailored to their interest and level of understanding. To be sure, there is some drudgery in every course, just as there is in every job, and it has to be done. But it will get done better if the person has some enthusiasm for the whole subject and understands the relationship of the drudgery to it. In other words, there has to be a motive if hard work is to be done. Housework goes more easily if your husband is appreciative. I willingly spend hours sanding my boat because I want to sail in it. A boy may be flunking arithmetic and still know the batting averages of all the major-league players of the past five years. A highly competitive child may do his schoolwork perfectly because he wants to excel. The average child, like the average adult, doesn't have a craving to absorb dry facts or practice dull skills just for the sake of knowing them. He can't be bullied into learning very much. He must have a natural interest or he must see a worth-while application, if he is really to gain knowledge.

In order to get the most out of formal instruction, children also need opportunities to feel, to use, to act out the subjects they are studying. This is how they make knowledge a part of themselves. So they absorb arithmetic by running a school store. A writing exercise consists in composing a letter to a sick classmate. The physical geography of the United States is learned in the building of a contour map. The importance of diet elements is demonstrated by their own experiments in feeding mice right in the classroom.

Some skills will be learned more eagerly if they are not taught as separate exercises, but applied, all together, to a real-life situation. So there are "projects" of various kinds.

A third-grade class will be fascinated by American Indians, so this may be their major project for part of the year. They avidly read books and ask questions about Indians because they really want to know. In the process, they come to understand American geography and history without thinking of them as separate subjects. They paint a mural or build a model of an Indian village, and these are also vivid ways to learn. They practice arithmetic by counting and trading the way the Indians did.

Throughout the higher grades, too, history and geography are taught together (where they surely belong) as social studies, and this leads naturally to discussions of civics, ethics, human relations and current events.

Since no two children are equal in aptitude in any one subject, let alone all subjects, there should be flexibility in the work of the class. They don't all necessarily read the same books, do the same exercises, or contribute the same skill to the project. The teacher tries to see where each child is and to stimulate him to go forward from there. In a vital subject like reading (or arithmetic) the class may be divided into two or more groups which read at different times because they read at different levels. The individuals who are most advanced in reading will be the ones who will go to the library to get the information which the class wants for some project. Or there may be additional storybooks and books related to class projects available on a table in the classroom, which skillful readers are encouraged to read to themselves. The term "enrichment" is applied to such methods for challenging the more advanced students. This flexible approach requires well-trained teachers, small classes and, preferably, a room where one group can sit in a circle around the teacher for reading while the others are at work elsewhere.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23



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Use the shampoo that can't burn or irritate eyes.

Leaves hair silky-soft, easy to comb.



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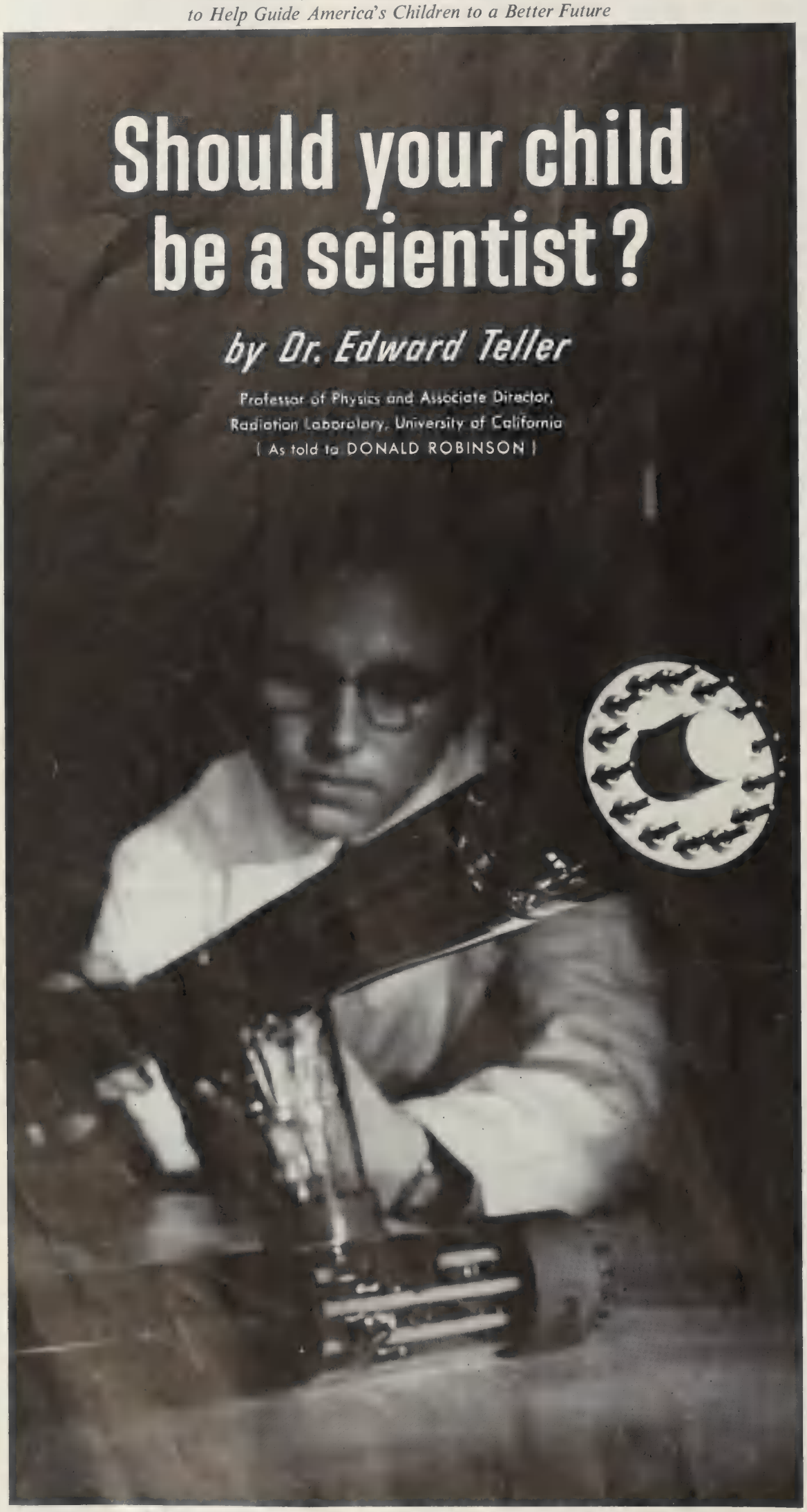
The 31st in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide America's Children to a Better Future

Should your child be a scientist?

by Dr. Edward Teller

Professor of Physics and Associate Director, Radiation Laboratory, University of California

(As told to DONALD ROBINSON)



Laboratory research often occupies a considerable amount of the scientist's time. Here a scientist examines an experimental tube for testing photosensitive devices.

NEVER HAS MAN learned so much, and so fast, about the universe he lives in as he has during this century.

We have learned things that are more surprising than any story in science fiction, more beautiful than anything in music.

Just think of the way we have expanded the boundaries of the universe. On New Year's Day, 1900, our main attention was still focused on stars a few thousand light years away. Today, we are studying galaxies a billion light years away.

At the turn of the century, even a simple item like the size of the atom was unknown to us.

The chemists had used atoms as a kind of symbol, but in the year 1900 we didn't even have proof that atoms really existed.

Today, the atom is a demonstrated reality. Both its structure and the laws which underlie this structure are completely understood. We know, for instance, that each atom has a nucleus, loaded with very much more energy than the atom itself. We know, too, that individual atoms are as unpredictable as people are supposed to be, but that we can calculate their behavior *en masse* through the laws of averages.

These are just some of the epochal advances pure science has made. There are more. Many more.

We have gotten an entirely new conception of time in this century. The mathematicians have given us new forms of logic. The geneticists have discovered the laws of inheritance. The chemists have come to understand the structure of crystals, and the complex molecules upon which life depends.

Is it any wonder that historians are calling this "the golden age of pure research"?

In the applied sciences, progress has been as spectacular. It has literally transformed our world within the past few decades.

In this short span the applied scientists have given us automobiles and supersonic airplanes. They have developed rockets that can attain speeds of 18,000 miles-per-hour and lift satellites up into outer space.

They have given us instant, world-wide communication. They have electrified our homes and made our lives far easier. They have evolved electronic equipment that promises us real automation.

And that's not all, by any means.

Years back, tuberculosis and pneumonia took an appalling toll. No longer. The problem of infectious disease has been largely solved in our time.

Years back, we had to rely on particular places for their particular riches. Such as rubber. No longer. Chemistry has provided us with synthetics.

No more do we have to worry because our coal and oil stocks are petering out. We have nuclear power at our disposal now. It should generate all the energy we require for at least 200 years, and it will enable us to supply electricity to the most remote corners of the globe.

Much as science has accomplished in this century, there is still more to be done.

Science will do it. Of that I'm confident.

Before the century is over, we will have explored our entire planetary system reasonably well. We will have found out how to influence the weather. We will have learned how to make proper use of the ocean. Today, our methods of fishing are as crude as they were in the Stone Age, but in the not distant future we will be seeding fish and plants in the sea as effectively as we cultivate cattle and crops on land.

Come the year 2000 and we will have achieved a cure for cancer and heart disease. We will know how to make materials to order, synthetically.

On the broad front of pure science we will have explored the basic structure of the atomic nucleus. We will have peered into the history of the universe down into the distant past, six or seven billion years ago.

Can you think of any other profession that affords its followers the chance to find such towering, demonstrable truths, and to do so much good?

Yet, let me say this as strongly as I can.

I do not want any young person to choose science as his lifework simply because he hopes to be the one to solve these big, exciting problems.

In my opinion, one should never enter science with a view to the end results. The thought of achievement, fame, position or monetary reward should have no bearing on the decision.

There is but one good reason for going into science. It is that a person enjoys the day-to-day details of scientific research for the sake of those day-to-day details.

Only this kind of a boy or girl will find contentment and success in science. The others are foredoomed to failure and frustration.

I have seen youngsters embark on a scientific career with the fervent expectation that they were going to make world-shattering discoveries. Instead of relishing their everyday activities, they kept fretting about the "big break-through" they dreamed of.

Naturally, it didn't come. Knowledge cannot be wooed so brusquely.

If your child is interested in science, for science's sake and for no other reason, he will find all doors opened to him.

We have a desperate need for new scientists today in America. The fact is that we must have them, if we are to survive as a free, democratic nation. The President of the United States himself has termed this "the most critical problem" confronting the American people.

Year by year, the Soviet Union has been overtaking us in the scientific arena. Back in the '30's, the Russians had to bring in American engineers and machinery to help them with comparatively easy jobs like constructing dams. Today, Russia has more scientists, engineers and technicians than the United States, and is graduating more than twice as many as we are each year.

Not long ago, the National Science Foundation made a check on the status of higher scientific education in the United States. The findings for one sample year were shocking.

In all America, only 986 persons got their Ph.D.'s in chemistry, that year, only 470 in physics, only 230 in mathematics.

Just twenty-three persons got their Ph.D.'s in astronomy. A mere ten got them in meteorology.

Figures like that explain why the U.S.S.R. now has 15,000 more people at the doctorate level in the various sciences than we have in the United States.

If Russia continues to outpace us in this fashion, the results will be catastrophic for us. The Russians will be the ones to land on the moon first. They will be the ones to control weather first. They will be the ones to perfect weapons so overwhelming that no one will be able to resist them. They will lead the world in everything, including science and its peaceful applications.

Then freedom will be lost here and everywhere.

A scientific career is more than a duty, though. It is an opportunity.

Science is fun. It offers people the supreme pleasure of clear, complete understanding, of creating order where there was confusion.

You have the fun of being thoroughly absorbed in what you're doing. And you have the fun of working for a clear-cut decision. It's like chess. Ordinarily, in that wonderful game, there is no question of who wins or loses. Similarly, in science, there is no doubt as to whether you have solved or failed to solve a problem. The proofs are definite.

In many fields, another person's success can be a disadvantage to you. Not in science. Here anybody's success is your success. For one thing, you gain personally from the new knowledge that has been reached. For a second, progress of any sort points out the path for you to further progress.

Best of all, science has objective criteria and a language that are the same in every country. With them, scientific people can, and do, cooperate with each other no matter what their nationalities are.

Let me put it this way. A person who becomes a good scientist joins an international community of people who practice the brotherhood of men.

Sometimes, parents say to me,

"Don't you have to be a genius to make a career for yourself in science?"

My answer to them is "No."

To my mind, talent is nothing but an unusual amount of concentrated interest. If you have this intense interest in a subject—and the capacity to work hard—you will do well at it.¶

In most sciences, this interest is manifested young. When Karl Friedrich Gauss, the greatest mathematician of all, was a little boy of nine, for example, his teacher in a Brunswick, Germany, school asked the class to add up a long series of progressive numbers.

The other children worked an hour, laboriously adding the lengthy columns of figures. Little Karl spent scarcely a minute on it. He looked up, looked down, and jotted the correct answer on his slate. At his tender age, he'd already figured out how to work arithmetic progression.

I know that in my case I was fascinated by numbers in earliest childhood. My mother used to put me to bed before I wanted to go. So, I'd lie there in the dark and compute the number of seconds in an hour, a day, a month, a year. I did not always get the right answers, but it was fun.

It is up to parents to recognize such interest in science if their children have it and to encourage its growth.

How do you know if your child's interest in science is a genuine one?

By his curiosity about scientific subjects.

By the fact that he asks intelligent questions about science and profits from your answers, so that each successive question shows a higher level of understanding.

By the fact that he loves to work scientific problems—mathematical puzzles, perhaps—and by the fact that he insists on solving each problem completely.

By a bull-dog quality which won't let him drop a subject until he understands it inside out.

A child does not need a lightning-fast mind to be a scientist. Nor does he need a miraculous memory. Nor is it necessary that he get very high grades in school.

The only point that counts is that the child have a high degree of interest in science.

What should parents do to encourage this interest?

Since a child's attitudes are usually set by the time he is twelve, parents should start early to expose him to science and to create the kind of an environment which will stimulate him in that direction.

I was lucky along those lines. When I was ten, my father saw that I had a scientific urge and took me to visit an old mathematics professor of his.

The professor was not very impressive in appearance or anything else. But I learned something priceless from him. He started speaking to me about his specialty, projective geometry, and I discovered that mathematics was fun for him. That he had more fun than any grown-up I'd known.

Then and there, I resolved to have fun like that, too.

If you ask me, the wise parent should talk about science to his children, give them books to read, and arrange for them to meet scientists. He should see to it that they take all the science courses their school offers.

A good teacher can do wonders in this regard. Let me say here that the essential characteristic of a good teacher is not that he knows his subject well or can teach it efficiently. It is that he loves his subject and makes that love evident to his pupils.

In the event that your child does settle upon science for a profession, I would recommend that he get as thorough an education as possible. I do not say that a Ph.D. is a prerequisite to advancement, but it does have great value. If your child does not choose science for his profession, I would urge that he at least take science appreciation courses at school. In this scientific age, all of us should have some grasp of the developments that are shaping our lives.

Much as I respect science, I don't want to leave you with the impression that a career in it is all milk and honey.

It isn't. Unfortunately, scientists are a group apart in America. People often think of them as "high-brows" and "squares."

As a result, the scientists have tended to withdraw into themselves. Many have lost contact with the common man.

This is bad.

However, I feel that the public attitude toward science is gradually beginning to change. Eventually, I believe, scientists will come into their own and be recognized for what they are—one of the most important, small components of our big society. The time may even come when teen-agers will look up to their school's science stars as admiringly as they do to their school's football heroes.

A healthy sign in this connection is that salaries for scientists are now edging upward. Throughout the country, universities, private research laboratories, industrial concerns and the government are bringing scientists' pay up to a level which will assure them a comfortable, secure life.

Not that money should be a factor in deciding on a scientific career.

I well remember the day I told my father that I planned to be a scientist. He was vehemently opposed.

"You'll never make a decent living as a scientist," he warned.

"I don't care," I replied. "If I do anything else, I may make more money but I'll only have fun after hours. If I work at science, I'll have fun all the time."

I do.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on a Scientific Career is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship, the Armed Forces, Engineering, Food Retailing, Medical Technology, Traffic Managing *and* Secretarial Career. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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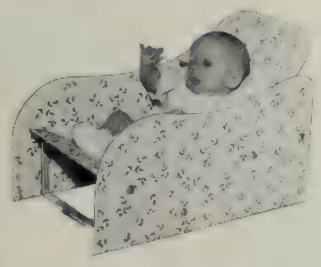


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So Comfy for baby, with his spine supported, room to kick his legs.

Padded! Lined! Flower-sprigged!

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Not all schools handle the problem of the rapid learner in the same way. A few large-city systems have one central school which the brightest children from all over the city attend, but this separates them from their neighbors. Some schools are more willing than others to allow advanced pupils to skip grades, but this may isolate them from children of their own age and social level. Some schools with two or more classes to a grade divide the pupils frankly on the basis of brightness, but this has an unwholesome effect on certain pupils in each classroom, who decide that brightness rather than growing up is what the school values, and that they themselves are either superior or inferior. I agree that it should be an obligation of the school in one way or another to provide work that is challenging to every pupil. But since I realize that no matter how children are divided into groups, there will still be differences in their ability to cope with different subjects, and also since many schools will be able to have only one class for each grade, it seems preferable to me—as it does to so many educators—to rely *primarily* on the well-trained teacher and the small class to provide the degree of flexibility and individual attention that are called for in an ordinary grade, especially when I take into account all the other advantages that come from the well-trained teacher and the small class. It is good to remember that this is essentially the same method that was used quite successfully in the one-room country school, before school buses made consolidated schools possible.

You can preach a better sermon with your life than with your lips.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH

In the high-school years, when students go from room to room for their different subjects anyway, and when students heading for college are taking somewhat different subjects from those taking a vocational course, then the separation of students on the basis of aptitude and aim comes about quite naturally rather than arbitrarily.

Teachers have been convinced that in many of the cases in which a child is behind in one or several subjects, he will learn better in the long run (and not become disheartened) if he is permitted to go on with his own age, provided there will be enough flexibility in the next class so that the teacher there will be able to give him the help he will need. Most educators do not believe that fear of failure is a generally effective motive for learning—particularly in the elementary grades. To be sure, some high-school or college students who have been distracted by outside activities can be jacked up by the threat of failure, but most pupils who fail do so because of deeper troubles, which are not cured by fear.

It has been recognized that children (and adults too) learn through liking the teacher, wanting to know what she knows, take on the skills she employs. So the personality and attitude of the teacher are as important considerations as her grasp of the material she will teach, particularly in the lower grades.

Since the basic purpose of all education is to help us get along in the world, and since half of the problem here is how to get along with others and ourselves, modern educators, instead of ignoring human feelings (as schools have usually done in past ages), try to let them come into the open for classroom discussions: Why do some kids make trouble in the cafeteria line? How do teen-agers feel about various parental regulations? Where do our prejudices come from? In some schools, discussions about human relations are provided for in a separate course, called perhaps "life adjustment," which might meet once a week. I feel, as many educators do, that it is even more important for such discussions to come out in ordinary classes such as English, history, social studies, biology. Then the students will be reminded that human relations are the business of everybody.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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Light and Bright is so simple and easy to use; simpler, in fact, than setting your hair! There's no messy mixing. No complicated testing. No worrisome timing. All you do is apply Light and Bright to dry hair, using a brush, cotton pad or small sponge. Then comb through, let dry—and that's it!

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Light and Bright contains no harsh ammonia. Instead it's formulated with a special built-in conditioner that helps keep your hair soft and easy-to-manage. You'll really be delighted at the wonderful way Light and Bright makes you a true, *natural-looking* blonde again with lovely, shining-soft hair! And once this gentle home brightener has brought to light your real blondeness, that drab, mousey look is gone for keeps. Yes, when you use Light and Bright, your glamourous new golden look won't wash out or fade. And Light and Bright is guaranteed by Good Housekeeping.

Don't wait another day. Let gentle new Light and Bright make you as blonde as you were born to be. Get a bottle today—be a blonde beauty tomorrow. Only $1.50 plus federal tax at cosmetic counters everywhere.



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- Start with 2 minutes, divided fore and aft. Increase by 2 minutes each day. Do not exceed 30 minutes no matter how tan you *think* baby is.
- When you turn baby on his back, place him so his head is toward the sun, his eyes away from direct sunlight.
- Don't let baby get overheated. Put him where the air will help keep him from perspiring. The ground, with pad, is preferable to a carriage.



FEATURE OF THE MONTH. New "casserole" dish—designed to invite a small-fry appetite. Gerber Strained Macaroni, Tomato, Beef and Bacon combines vegetable, meat and cereal ingredients for brighter flavor and a variety of nourishing food values, including high vitamin-A value. Gerber Macaroni, Tomato, Beef and Bacon is mildly seasoned and has a smoothly pureed consistency that's especially pleasing to an unsophisticated palate.

OUTDOOR WARNINGS. (1) If baby takes an outdoor snooze in his carriage, be sure to park it in a shady nook. Sun beating down on a carriage roof can turn a baby's "little bedroom" into an oven. (2) Cover carriage with elasticized mosquito netting to protect baby from summer insects.



NUTRITION NOTE FROM DAN GERBER. "May I take a moment to tell you how we work in the interest of better nutrition for your baby? For example: Gerber Cereals play quite a nutritional role in your baby's diet, because they supply him with the proper amounts of iron and copper to help build good red blood. After years of research our laboratory developed an exclusive cereal formula containing a special form of iron which can be easily assimilated by infants. Our cereals also contain just the right amount of copper needed to make the iron work most effectively for your baby."

CHEER-UP DIVISION. Does your baby have a fussy spell about the same time every day? (Some babies seem to time it!) If so, it often helps to shift baby's bathtime to this cranky time. Water is a wonderful relaxer, and almost any kind of activity is a distraction. If it's inconvenient for you to bathe baby at this time, perhaps a change of scenery, say from nursery to living room, may help.

HAPPY MEALTIME DIVISION. Grins galore . . . that's usually the score at mealtime when you serve Gerber Strained Foods. Over 45 delicate, delicious varieties to keep baby interested and eager for his 3-squares a day. All are notable for eye-appealing colors, true-to-nature flavors and high retention of nutritive values—all prepared by baby food experts who specialize in quality.

Gerber



BABY FOODS

FREMONT, MICHIGAN

BABIES ARE OUR BUSINESS . . . OUR ONLY BUSINESS!

CEREALS · OVER 80 STRAINED JUNIOR FOODS, INCLUDING MEATS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

In well-equipped schools some time is given to exploring such "practical" subjects as cooking, sewing, baby care, typing, carpentry, metalwork, safe driving, because they will become a very real part of almost everyone's life. They can also be used, if well taught, to broaden understanding of the world and of ourselves.

Music and arts are a part of fine schools all over the world because they foster the development of the spiritual side of mankind which almost all civilizations cherish.

The best schools encourage students to form their own clubs, under teacher guidance, to pursue spontaneous interests in areas such as drama, a foreign language, cabinetmaking, stamp collecting or world affairs. The faculty doesn't merely tolerate these activities as outlets for youthful steam. They recognize them as genuinely educational in developing initiative and social self-discipline, as well as opening up fields of knowledge.

Good schools, especially in the higher grades, have programs in physical education and recreation, knowing that youth is a crucial time for physical, social and character development, knowing that sportsmanship, cooperation, sociability can't be taught by textbooks, but only by practice in life.

By the time we have listed all these nonacademic activities we may wonder where there is enough time in the schedule for English, foreign languages, history, science and mathematics. This particularly worries the critics who suspect there is too much softness. There has been widely quoted this year the complaint

It is a safer thing any time to follow a man's advice rather than his example.
JOSH BILLINGS

of a university president that a student recently applied for admission who in his last two high-school years had taken two English courses, one in history, and otherwise filled out his schedule with typing, speech, chorus, physical education, journalism, personality problems, and marriage and the family. I don't see anything unworthy in any of these subjects if well taught, and they might have been a logical combination if he was planning to be a secretary or to work on a newspaper without going to college. But I think he and his parents were awfully foolish to expect a college to accept him without a full complement of traditional academic subjects. Before we blame the school for being soft, though, we'd need to know what kind of curriculum advice the school actually gave him or whether perhaps he had tried academic subjects repeatedly and always flunked them.

Of course athletics, recreation, hobby clubs usually come at the end of the afternoon, since no students are expected to study all day and all night. Others of the activities and classes I've listed are apt to be scheduled only once a week and the student won't take all of them each year. In other words, there is enough school time for a reasonable balance between academic subjects, practical subjects, human-relations discussions and recreation—a balance that will vary according to the student's aims—as the curriculum of any first-rate school will show.

I think you can see that my greatest disagreement is with those critics who assume that the training of the intellect is somehow separate from and much more important than other aspects of preparation for life, that practical subjects and human relations are not worthy of inclusion in a curriculum. The clearest example to me of the fallacy of this view is medical education. It has been known from the beginning of civilization that you can't make a good doctor with books and lectures alone. The student, in order to appreciate the meaning of the vital discoveries of the past, has to repeat the experiments himself in the laboratory. He has to learn the human body with his own eyes and hands in the dissecting room. He gets ideas about diseases from a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

Dr Scholl's SHOES

so kind to troubled feet



Sizes, Some Styles
2½ to 13
AAAAA to
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So engagingly trim, too!

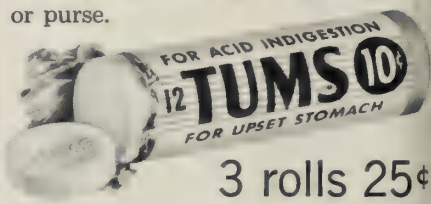
You'll quickly discover what *real* walking ease is like when you step out in your first pair of supremely comfortable, foot-flattering Dr. Scholl's Shoes. Made over Dr. Scholl's scientifically designed lasts, their glove-like, foot-cradling fit makes them ever so kind to your feet. No "breaking-in" discomfort.

Dr. Scholl's Shoes are made in all sizes for *all types of feet.* Expertly fitted at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops in principal cities and selected Shoe and Department Stores. If not obtainable locally, write for catalog to **Dr Scholl's, Inc., Dept. J68, Chicago 10, Illinois**

MOTHER

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NEW BEAUTYREST!
NEW FIRMNESS! NEW YOU!

Added spring support gives new buoyant firmness! And this newest, most comfortable mattress actually costs least to own!

HERE IS COMFORTING NEWS for all who value their rest and their budget:

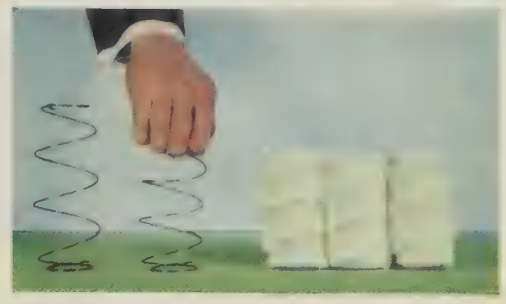
The world's finest mattress has been made finer, firmer—and designed to last longer and cost less than any mattress you can buy.

New power-packed springs are compressed . . . add 12% more buoyant firmness to the unique, all-new Beautyrest*.

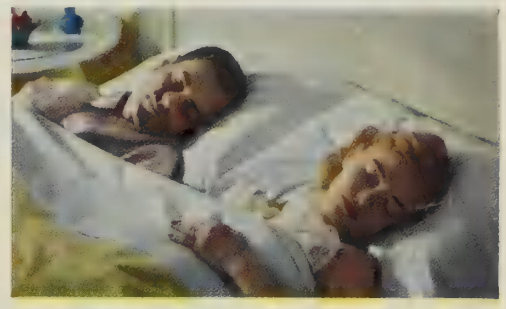
In torture tests made by the United States Testing Co., Beautyrest lasted 3 times longer than the next best mattress. So the best actually costs least to own!

Your choice of firmness! The new, firmer Beautyrest now meets all normal requirements. There's the Extra-Firm Beautyrest for those who need added support. Each only $79.50. Be sure to get a matching box-spring to bring out the best in your Beautyrest.

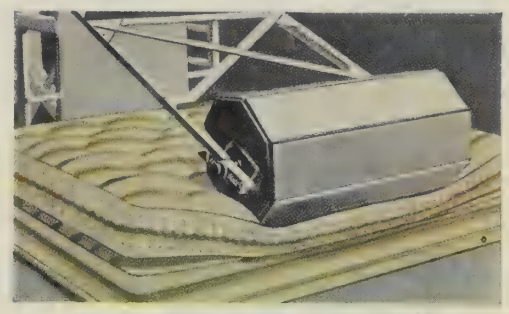
P.S. Beautyrest terms can be arranged as low as $1.50 per week.



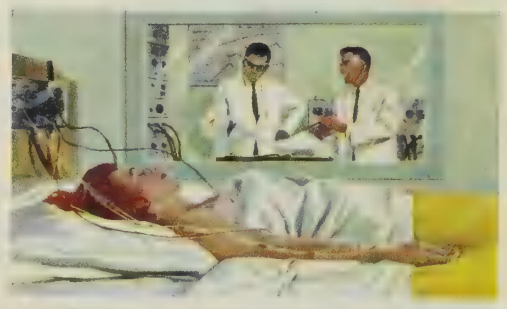
New Beautyrest springs are power-packed by compressing into separate pockets. This adds 12% more buoyant firmness that pushes up under you.



Single-bed comfort in a double bed! Beautyrest alone has separate springs. The heaviest husband cannot disturb his wife's rest.



Longer lasting! Under the pounding of this U.S. Testing Co. roller, Beautyrest lasted 3 times as long as any of the 20 leading mattresses tested.



60,000,000 recordings showed sounder sleep on Beautyrest. This 11-year research used methods developed by the Sleep Research Foundation.

Wake up wonderful
BEAUTYREST
by **SIMMONS**®

Makers of famous Hide-A-Bed® and new Back Care.
First mattress with a Built-in-Bedboard.

Prices slightly higher in Canada.

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An ordinary mattress has about 200-300 springs. Wired together, they sag together. Not free to push up and correctly support the shape of your body. "Sag support" is bad for your back, comfort, and rest.



New Beautyrest mattress has over 800 separate springs. Like little "strong men," each spring is power-packed and free to push back and support your whole body with more buoyant, body-fitting firmness.

Looking for Something?



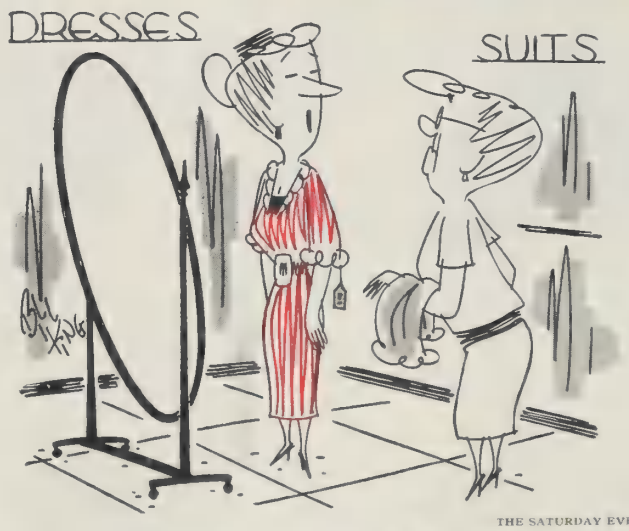




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UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"My husband has very definite tastes. He can't stand me in anything over twenty dollars."

It doesn't happen so much to women, but reunions seem to undermine the self-confidence of men. Until they go back to their twenty-fifth reunion they think they are still boys. Then the blow falls. As one old grad told his wife—wistfully: "My classmates have all got so fat and bald they didn't even recognize me."

●

If you stay away from reunions, June is really a romantic month. It beckons. It stirs up the *wanderlust*.

PARIS SKETCHBOOK, by ***Ronald Searle*** and ***Kaye Webb***, is a book for June. Pictures and text, it's for those who went to France long ago, because it shows that Paris never changes. And it's even more for those who may never get a chance to go, for it *is* Paris. (Braziller.)

SIENNA and Siennese Art, by ***Pierre du Columbier***, *is another alluring book. It is one of a lovely series,* LES BEAUX PAYS, *which includes Florence, London, Venice, Provence, Spain.* ($8, Essential Books, Fair Lawn, N.J.)

●

THE BRIDGE IS LOVE, by ***Alma Mahler Werfel*** (Harcourt, Brace), is the intimate journal of a remarkable woman. From Vienna at the turn of the century, it reflects the *avant-garde* in art and music and literature, down to Hollywood and today.

The author is remembered by all who saw her in her younger days as a movingly beautiful woman. She had three husbands, all remarkable men: Gustav Mahler, composer and conductor; Walter Gropius, famous architect; and Franz Werfel, who among many novels wrote *The Song of Bernadette*. Her artistic judgment has proved flawless, and her influence has left its mark on writers, artists and musicians through half a century.

●

One of the most heart-warming and one of the most amusing novels I've read in a long time is SEIDMAN AND SON, by ***Elick Moll*** (Putnam). This is "the gentleman from Seventh Avenue," the Jewish dress manufacturer who has made good moneywise, but isn't sure that he has all the answers. He has son trouble, and partner trouble; his head salesman and his designer drive him crazy; the union is forever on his neck, and he has to placate the buyers. He tells his story in a spirit of contemplation—from a park bench, as it were—and in his inimitable Bronx accent, beside which all other New York dialects pale. Here are figures of speech to delight the soul, epigrams, philosophical double talk. It's a very funny book, but not a comic.

Seidman will probably join the long line of classic American characters, with Babbitt, Mama, Caspar Milquetoast, the Big Blonde, and all the others.

●

WILLIE MAE, by ***Elizabeth Kytle*** (Knopf), is another story with overtones of humor and underlying gravity. But this is not fiction. Willie Mae is a real woman, a colored houseworker from Georgia. She tells her story in her own words to a sympathetic employer who transcribes them faithfully. Willie Mae's family steps right off the pages, and her white employers, both the good and the savage, ought to know what she thinks of them. This is a unique book. There surely is only one Willie Mae.

●

At the opposite end of the spectrum is A NEW ENGLAND GIRLHOOD, by ***Nancy Hale*** (Little, Brown). Here the granddaughter of Edward Everett Hale looks back on her girlhood just outside Boston from the distance of a nearly middle-aged wife and mother now living in Virginia. Her memories will bring bright tears to the eyes of many a New Englander. They are charmingly written, but—being originally a series of scattered magazine pieces—need a bit of trimming.

●

Real old-timers will get a kick out of THE FATE OF THE MAINE, *by* ***John Edward Weems*** *(Holt). In the exact, minutely detailed style of Walter Lord in his Titanic and Pearl Harbor books, this tells what happened to the battleship Maine in Havana Harbor in 1898. Perhaps the Spanish didn't blow her up after all!*

■

Mystery fans have a gem in HEAT WAVE (Ballantine). It is more than a thriller. On page one a crime is committed, and the man who commits it is the hero of the story—an appealing figure, a younger David Niven, a less humorous Cyril Ritchard. It's a psychological tale on the order of *Before the Fact*, with the atmosphere of *Brighton Rock*—cold-blooded murder in the blandest of English seaside resorts. The author is ***Caesar Smith***, a nom de plume if I ever heard one.

●

THE SPIRIT OF MAN, *edited by* ***Whit Burnett*** *(Hawthorn), is a fine collection of writings that relate to the spiritual experiences of some forty persons, all of them famous in one way or another—Thomas Wolfe, William James, Thomas Merton, D. H. Lawrence, Helen Keller.*

●

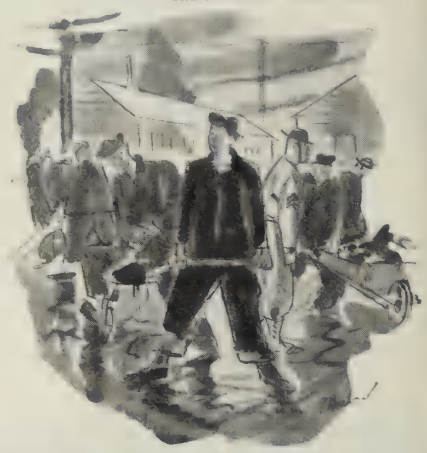
THE WINE PRINCES, by ***Margaret Mackay*** (John Day), is a good, sound historical novel of Portugal and the English wine growers, set in the beginning of the nineteenth century. In the distance Napoleon's troops are fighting for the peninsula, but in the town of Oporto life is completely absorbing, what with Portuguese aristocrats, formal but money-minded; and English businessmen, hard-headed in the wine industry, but oh! how susceptible to the warmth and the sun and the *senhoritas!*

●

June is the proper time to think about September. I don't know a better time to think about schools; or a better place to look into their present standing than SCHOOLS WITHOUT SCHOLARS, by ***John Keats*** (Houghton, Mifflin). For parents, teachers, educators and all thoughtful citizens.

The Army is also getting excited about education. In some handsome free pamphlets it describes the opportunities, particularly for high-school graduates who cannot go to college. Here are a few: IT'S YOUR DECISION, *for high-school students;* RESERVED FOR YOU, *about technical-training chances;* PATHWAY TO MATURITY, *for parents;* MILITARY GUIDANCE IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS, *for teachers. You get them at any Army recruiting station, or from the Adjutant General, Dept. of Army, Washington 25, D.C., attention: A.G.S.N.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I often wonder how I made out in that intelligence test they gave us."

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You add *extra cleanliness* to your wash every time you add Clorox to your washday suds. White cotton, linen, nylon and rayon come out extra white . . . *extra clean!* Colorfast cotton and linen come out extra bright . . . *extra clean!*

Clorox does a better job of bleaching and stain removing than any other type of washday product on the market. If you want the cleanest wash you can get, you want a wash that's *Clorox-clean!*



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I dreamed I was a midsummer night's dream in my *new* *maidenform** bra! I'm bewitching...and the magic is all *maidenform*! It's *new* Twice-Over† Six-Way*, a beautiful blend of comfort and curves...the bra that stays up, stays put, stays perfect!

Here's why:

- Inside-secret bands of elastic to give you a gentle grip that can't possibly slip!
- Double-elastic sides for easy give-and-take—you've never *known* such comfort!
- Double-stitched cups of silky broadcloth for curve-control where it *counts*!
- Light-and-airy foam-rubber lining to make the most of every curve you own!
- Changeable six-way straps adjust to stay secret under your *every* neckline!



White cotton broadcloth in sizes A, B, and C cup 5.95

Look for Twice-Over Six-Way in this colorful package.
And ask for a Maidenform *girdle*, too!

1958 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., NEW YORK 16, N. Y. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. †PAT. PEND.

Divorced—but still in love with him. What should she do?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

AN EX-WIFE'S DILEMMA

Not uncommonly, a divorced couple settle their differences and remarry. But it sometimes happens, especially after a divorce precipitated by another woman, that the husband seeks to renew the relationship with his former wife without the ceremony of remarriage. If the wife still loves her husband, this poses an agonizing dilemma.

"My husband is thirty-one, I am thirty, and our son and daughter are ten and six. Five months ago, after twelve years of marriage, he divorced me. I begged and pleaded for him not to go ahead, for I love him very much. But he said I never showed him any affection and he felt he was only a meal ticket; the house, the children, the pets, even my sewing and bridge came before him. I can see now that I did neglect my husband, but I couldn't then.

"No court would have granted him a divorce if I had contested it, but I was so hurt by his infatuation with a younger woman that I did nothing. (Her husband is overseas.) He made a very generous settlement, far more substantial than the court would have ordered.

"Since the divorce he's been seeing the other woman about once a week, but I don't believe anything will come of it. Seven weeks ago, instead of having the children visit him, he came to visit them. I can't pretend I wasn't glad to see him. He asked to come back the next day, and did, and he kissed me good night. I enjoyed it and encouraged him.

"Now he comes nearly every day. He helps around the house, has bought me a new car and insisted on giving us extra money. He always shows me affection and I return it. I don't feel guilty, for I don't believe in divorce and still consider myself married.

"He says he came back hoping we could make a go of it, but that nothing but his physical feeling for me has returned and that I would be better off without him. Yet he keeps coming, and I can't refuse him. I'm nearly crazy trying to figure it out. What should I do?"

The strain on this wife would be hard for any woman to bear under the same circumstances. She has reached the age when most women's sexual needs are at their peak. Their urgency and her loneliness may have more to do with her response to her husband than the real love she believes she feels.

The basic situation at the time of the divorce has changed very little. Husband and wife stopped living together then, they aren't living together now. He wanted a divorce then, he doesn't want a wife now. He was and is involved with the other woman. He felt guilty then (as the substantial settlement indicates), he feels guilty now. He bought his way out of marriage, and is using money to avoid remarriage.

The only possible change is that the wife now thinks she feels a vital love not present in her marriage. But this "love" may rest only upon emotional insecurity, maturing physical desire, and the habits and status acquired in twelve years of marriage.

This unhappy woman is not reckoning with the facts, nor is she properly evaluating the best interests of herself, her children or her former husband. Her behavior encourages him neither to leave her alone nor to marry her.

She must recognize that she is no longer a married woman in the eyes of the law, and her reputation is at stake as it would be for any other single woman. Moreover, her unwise behavior will reflect on her children as well as on herself.

She can continue to date her husband, but only under circumstances that would be considered acceptable for any other unmarried couple. Sexual intimacy should be ended, for reasons of self-interest as well as propriety. He says his only feeling for her is sexual desire. So long as their meetings are primarily for the purpose of gratifying that desire, there is little chance of developing the companionship so lacking in their marriage.

Unless companionship can be achieved, their second marriage would probably fail as did the first. If her association with her husband continues, it should be directed toward the sharing of common interests, common goals and plans for the children.

She should expand her own interests. Her need for her husband may arise from loneliness, boredom and a sense of futility, rather than from love. One way to make sure is to be active. She should seek opportunities to circulate among people, preferably including men. She is in a position to take part in community activities, cultivate special interests and hobbies, perhaps take a part-time job. Any or all of these steps should give her a new sense of purpose in life and help her appraise more objectively her true feelings toward her husband.

This wife's problem has become increasingly common as the divorce rate has risen, and is most painful when, as in this case, the wife did not want the divorce. But the divorce has taken place. The action that legally ended the marriage also fundamentally altered the personal relationship between the former husband and wife. Any attempt to resume the relationship without resuming the marriage is almost sure to lead to further heartache, for one or all concerned.

MAKING ROOM FOR HIS MOTHER

"Two months ago my father-in-law died, and without consulting me, my husband invited his mother to come and live with us. He felt it his duty, since his sister is not strong and is very busy with five children. Unless plans are changed, she will come as soon as the estate is settled, though she wrote she didn't want to come unless she was welcome.

"She is sixty-five, active and in good health. I like her all right, but I dread her joining our family. There will be complications for all of us, but our son and daughter are away from home most of the day in high school, my husband at his work. I am the one who will have to live with her.

"My husband says she can have his den, and since we have three other bedrooms, we can make room. She will have at least a hundred and fifty dollars a month income, and will pay us half for her expenses, so I have no real reason for refusing to take her in.

"But I do resent his asking her without talking it over with me. What stand do you think I should take?"

There aren't many choices. No doubt she could still refuse to take in her mother-in-law. But if she did (she obviously won't) she would disturb the entire family relationship, and grievously hurt both her husband and his mother.

She can passively accept her husband's plans and "make room" for his mother. But mere room in the house isn't enough; the mother-in-law needs to feel that there is room for her in the family, and that she is not just accepted, but welcome. Otherwise the situation will be tense and acutely uncomfortable for everyone, children included.

Quite possibly some arrangement can eventually be worked out that will suit the mother-in-law better than living with her son's family. But in view of what has already happened, it would be almost impossible to revise the plans now without irreparable damage to the relationship between husband and wife, husband and mother, wife and mother-in-law. Certainly it would be unwise to take any action that would make the husband feel disloyal or undutiful.

For the immediate future, then, this wife's best course seems to be to co-operate graciously in a decision she didn't help to make. Quite an order, since both she and her children are directly affected! But the circumstances of her husband's action do much to justify it. He extended his invitation during the two days he was away from home to attend his father's funeral. (The wife could not attend.) His reaction was quite natural in a grief-stricken situation.

If this wife can understand and appreciate her husband's feelings and motives, perhaps she can forget her grievance and concur in his decision as one she might have made herself. Then she will want to make the arrangement as comfortable as possible for all concerned. Undoubtedly, absorbing grandma into the household will require some changes in routine, some compromises and concessions for every family member. But the readjustments will produce less friction if they are anticipated, and if practical arrangements are planned in advance.

The first step is to talk the situation over with her husband, not critically, but to offer and receive suggestions on how best to accommodate the new member of the household. The children should share in plans affecting them. If their wishes must sometimes be overruled, they can accede more readily because they've had a hearing.

Living arrangements. Is the den actually the best spot for grandma? Perhaps one of the bedrooms would give both her and the family more privacy and independence. This is the time to decide.

Domestic routine. Will the present meal schedule suit grandma? If not, how can it be modified without upsetting the rest of the family? Perhaps she can prepare her own early breakfast, have a supper tray at her convenience in her own room.

Family facilities. Grandma may innocently appropriate her son's favorite chair, or settle herself in the sunroom where the grandchildren customarily bring their friends. Such complications can't be eliminated altogether, but they can be greatly reduced if grandma is informed ahead of time of the family's established habits. No doubt she will gladly agree to bring her own radio and television.

Finances. Grandma's contribution to the budget will probably more than cover her actual expenses. The family should agree in advance on how the balance will be handled. A fund might be started for family projects in which grandma would share, or small sums might go to the grandchildren in return for special services to their grandmother. (In cases where the grandmother is financially dependent, every effort should be made to distribute the burden as equitably as possible.)

Last but not least, the proposed arrangements should be explained to the grandmother in a friendly letter well ahead of time. Her comments and suggestions should be invited, and considered and acknowledged if offered. If the important questions are harmoniously settled in advance, minor matters can be readily adjusted as they arise.

ASK YOURSELF:

Am I Hurting My Daughter's Marriage?

It's only natural for a mother and her married daughter to enjoy talking things over. Though this practice is helpful up to a point, the mother must be on guard lest it be overindulged, leading to the daughter's undue dependence. These questions, honestly answered "Yes" or "No," may help you evaluate your influence on your daughter's marriage.

Do You:

1. **Have a great deal of spare time?**
2. **Tell your daughter your troubles?**
3. **Visit her once a week or oftener?**
4. **Encourage her to bring problems to you?**
5. **Offer her good advice unasked?**
6. **Often extend special favors to her?**
7. **Think her husband somewhat immature?**
8. **See habits he should change?**
9. **Suggest ways she can influence him?**
10. **Agree with her criticisms of her husband?**
11. **Fear that her marriage will be unhappy?**
12. **Feel she married beneath her?**
13. **Defend her against his criticisms?**
14. **Feel she should tell you his secrets?**

If your "Yes" answers exceed nine, you may not be acting in the best interests of your daughter's marriage. The average mother answers "Yes" to only five or six. You can be reasonably sure that you are not a disturbing influence if your "No" answers total eleven or more. You can adapt the questions to apply to your son's marriage. Review your "Yes" answers to see if you have unconsciously adopted some practice you would like to modify.

ERIN O'BRIEN co-starring in "GIRL ON THE RUN"

A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION



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"... so gentle, so mild ... all those lovely pastels, white too ... and the way it softens your skin ..."

THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF LUX

Those are lovely Erin O'Brien's own words —on the subject of Lux. As a native of Hollywood, Miss O'Brien has used Lux for years. Its natural gentleness has kept her complexion soft and smooth.

Naturally gentle Lux can do as much for you. Its rich Cosmetic lather cleanses your skin thoroughly but gently. The Lux fragrance is very special, too—a blend of several costly perfumes. And now both complexion and bath size Lux come in four lovely pastels as well as white.

Used by more beautiful women all over the world than any other complexion bar, Lux is the proven beauty care. See how much it can do for you. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees complete satisfaction with Lux Soap or money back.

9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on Lux



Scientists used the most modern techniques in dental research to score a stunning victory over tooth decay

How "Decay Detectives" Track Down The Secret Of Fewer Cavities

BY MARGUERITE HIGGINS
Noted Journalist and Pulitzer Prize Winner

"That's certainly the biggest microscope I ever saw!"

The scientist smiled at my surprise. "That's an electron microscope, Miss Higgins. It magnifies 6000 times."

"We use it to observe the action of various decay preventives on tooth enamel," he went on. "For instance, we've found that the stannous fluoride in this formula makes teeth amazingly resistant to attacks of decay."

I asked: "That's the same fluoride formula in Crest Toothpaste, isn't it?"

"Right," was the answer. "The microscope showed us this formula worked well in the lab. So we put it into Crest Toothpaste and tested it in actual use. I believe you've seen the results of the clinical tests on Crest?"

I had indeed. **These tests confirm that the scientists discovered a powerful new weapon against decay.**

In one such test, conducted by a Midwestern university, children who brushed with Crest had 49% fewer new cavities than those who used ordinary toothpaste.

The reason, I was told, was that Crest strengthened soft spots on their teeth, and stopped them from turning into cavities.

In fact, many of the children who brushed with Crest had *no new cavities at all.* On the opposite page, Norman Rockwell has dramatized this joyous news—so heartening to every mother.

And the results for grownups were equally spectacular, as other tests proved. **On the average, for both grownups and children, Crest cut cavities almost in half.**

Truly, the "decay detectives" of modern science are closing in on Public Health Enemy No. 1—with the help of this new toothpaste, Crest.

* * * *

If you use Crest, you can make a simple test of its anti-decay ability—with the help of your dentist. Ask him to compare your cavity record before *you started using Crest, with your cavity record* since. *You can see how much less decay Crest has meant for you.*



WITH THIS GIANT ELECTRON MICROSCOPE, scientists examine the action of Crest with Fluoristan in protecting tooth enamel. In extensive "in-use" tests with thousands of grownups and children, Crest cut cavities almost in half.

A DENTAL HEALTH MESSAGE FROM PROCTER & GAMBLE, MAKERS OF CREST TOOTHPASTE



"Look, Mom—no cavities!"

Crest Toothpaste stops soft spots from turning into cavities—means far less decay for grownups and children. And Crest freshens your mouth—sweetens your breath.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter. ©1958, The Procter & Gamble Co.

The loveliest face loses its charm when it says

"Oh my feet"!



Corns
Callouses
Bunions

are among the worst offenders, says Dr. Scholl.

Make no mistake about it—painful corns, callouses and bunions can make you *look* as well as *feel* years older than you are.

To quickly stop this needless misery and threat to your looks—use thin, soft, soothing, cushioning, protective Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads.

1—Zino-pads give you fast *nerve-deep* relief... 2—Ease new or tight shoes... 3—Stop corns, callouses *before* they can develop... 4—Remove corns, callouses one of the quickest ways known to medical science when used with the separate *medications* included in every box.

Get a box today. At Drug, Shoe, Department, 5-10¢ Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops everywhere.


Shape for Corns and Sore Toes.


Heart shape for Callouses, pain, burning here.


Special shape for Bunions, Enlarged Joints.


Special shape for Soft Corns between toes.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



On their round-the-world trip, the Millers pause beside the Sphinx for refreshment.

My Dream Girl adores those heated towel racks in European bathrooms: "Such a luxury!" Not that she wants towels toasted: wonderful racks to dry laundry if you travel on 44 pounds of luggage.

Spanish women are puzzled, beauteous Betty Aldrich confided in Madrid: If American men are so rich, they ask, why must millions of their wives work at jobs? (Haven't they heard of the American Way of Life?)

I hail Lebanon: land of milk and honey, Beirut the San Francisco of the Near East. And milk and honey is more healthful than what some tourists drink. (Wife, let's have some milk and honey when we get home!)

To impress my Lady Love, I ordered bouillabaisse à la Marseille in Madrid, a classic fish stew built around three kinds of shellfish and three kinds of fish. But mine contained clamshells and a fish head; she wasn't impressed.

"When I was in college," muses Betty Comfort, girlishly tossing a tennis ball at a rabbit in her garden, "my chum flaunted a bracelet with twenty bangles from twenty beaux. That's more fun than going steady."

One of our town's world travelers advised me to take along an old toothbrush, use it to launder my drip-dry shirt cuffs and collars. I tried it once, then began to blarney the maids with pesetas and piasters.

I've snapshots of my Gal of Sheer Delight posing in front of flower carts, blossom kiosks and floral sidewalk squatters in Madrid, Rome and Cairo. I can get more mileage out of her on a 25-piaster bunch of violets than from a 6000-lira dinner.

"I'll be sad when our P.T.A. days are ended," muses Peter Comfort, pottering at his son's chores. "Where else can I ogle young matrons whose oldest children are the same age as our youngest?"

I cite my wife's brilliant solution when somebody picked up my flight bag at Rome airport, walked off. Blue Pan-American plane bags all look alike, hundreds at every airport. She now ties her yellow hair ribbon around its handle.

Mediterranean auto drivers are bloodthirsty—all picadors, matadors, toreadors. They play the pedestrians avidly as bulls. I told one driver they ought to stick each other with beribboned darts for every near miss.

In each foreign land I bought my Dream Gal a bangle for her bracelet—Romulus and Remus in Rome, the Sphinx in Cairo. They kept making runs in her stockings.

We have seen bougainvillaea in Egypt, lilacs in Italy, pansies in Jordan; we vow never to be away from home in May and June. Our own back yard, the pasture beyond.

I must tip off our local restaurant to the trick of a Spanish maître d'hôtel: he tempted each diner with a trayful of raw steaks, chops and cutlets. (One American gourmet, female, waved 'em away scornfully.)

Our hard-worked diplomats complain Congress is rough on 'em. "Look," said one, "the British ambassador gets a new Rolls-Royce every year or two; all we get is a secondhand limousine bought from an undertaker."

I hate to disillusion myself, but our brethren from Madrid to Tehran and Hong Kong are often more efficient than we. Often my snapshots of the afternoon before (wife with Sphinx), turned in at noon, were delivered to our room by 6.

In the tomb of Vizier Mira Rockah, we found etched dozens of pictures of his Princess of Sheer Delight, all sniffing daintily at a lotus bloom. Career girl: best lotus sniffer on the Nile.

To the possible surprise of our Unitarian, Episcopal, Jewish and Christian Science friends, we had an audience with the Pope in Rome. He blessed small objects for them and our Catholic friends, and I don't know who'll be most astonished.

An airmail post card home often costs 20 to 30 cents; it can add up if you're the bragging type. Ordinary post cards you beat home and meet friends on Main Street who say, "I got a post card from you today!"

Around the Mediterranean, American powdered milk for kids is mixed in American washing machines. But to the dads and moms it could be from Russia, for all they know, we're so modest.

In one week I ate octopus cooked three different ways. (You can't get it at the country club at home.) My Guinevere shuddered; I could only tell her it tastes mildly like the almonds in chop suey.

After 25 years of absent-minded tolerance, I finally told the b.w. in Spain that she looks better with less rouge. She was astounded, but durned if she didn't leave it off a few days, conceded maybe I'm right.

Our youngest has gone fanatically hi-fi, and we promised to mail him a local phonograph record from each foreign stop. Some places this took more time than the sight-seeing.

I proclaim fearlessly: Every traveler must know 100 words of the lingo in each country. If he can't master 100, let him be content with 25. Or at least 10 words and an assortment of shrugs and gestures.

... When my daughter-in-law's descriptions of Harlan III at one year make me chuckle,

... Or our youngest's whimsey comes through clearly in a mid-ocean phone call,

... And my son-in-law congratulates me warmly on an old sports coat,

... Or young Patrick at four tells us over 1500 miles of wire, "I miss you!"

... And I tell foreigners proudly, "We're on our way to visit our son, a flier in Japan,"

... Or the b.w. fills out my landing card while I pound the typewriter in a downslanting airplane,

Then I tell myself, "Chum, you've had it; bachelors never become gramps."

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EIGHT GENEROUS SLICES
EIGHT FULL OUNCES

PUBLIC AFFAIRS
DEPARTMENT
Edited by
MARGARET HICKEY



STATE DEPARTMENT—CHAPELLES

A farmer of Ghaniwal village finds his work made easier with the improved plow developed by the Indian government. He is one of some 276,183,000 Indians who depend on the land for their living.

OLD WAYS YIELD TO THE NEW

...Report From Asia



USIS

Between sessions at the Red Cross conference Margaret Hickey chats with Gen. Alfred M. Gruenther, president, American National Red Cross, and Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, conference chairman and leader of the Indian delegation.

(*Our Public Affairs editor, who is also a Governor-at-Large of the Red Cross, recently combined a tour of the Near and Far East with her mission to the International Red Cross conference in New Delhi. Her letter describing how people in these countries are working to build a better future for their children was so interesting we felt it ought to be shared with* JOURNAL *readers.—The Editors.*)

Dear Bruce and Beatrice: The Persian carpets, dozens of them, spread out to cover the mud made it and the drenching rain of small concern when passengers left the Iranian royal train to visit a new maternal-health center to the north and near the Russian border. I had made the trip on this fabulous train—the royal family has two—with the dainty, shy younger sister of the shah, Princess Shams, her eager children, their dogs, and many ministers. (The five-year-old daughter, Princess Shahrezad, is very proud of her "Hello" and "Are you enjoying?") Princess Shams, who studied simple nursing while in the U.S. with the American Red Cross, proudly showed me shining new projects run mainly by volunteers.

From the shah's family down, a prodigious effort is being made to drive into the twentieth century with all speed. But black-robed women and thin-faced children remind one that the wealth of oil resources lifts the low standard of living to great luxury for only a few.

As do all visitors, I exclaimed over the luscious Persian melons and caviar. Other local favorites are pomegranate juice; yoghurt combined with nectarines; rice steamed to dryness and mixed with fruits or vegetables in pilaffs.

Modern daughters of ancient Persia are now becoming pioneers in helping their country achieve new standards of child care and maternal health. At Isfahan, city of beautiful religious mosaics, I drove with a volunteer "midwife aide" over the 450-year-old camel bridge (now buttressed to take motor traffic). We were on our way to the home of an expectant mother who—with the aide's help—is learning about hygiene and child care. After the baby is born, the aide will return to look after the other children while the mother regains her strength. There are 100 of these volunteers—each one trained to help a midwife bring healthy babies into the world.

In New Delhi, my next destination, I met General Gruenther, who headed our delegation of five from the American Red Cross, and spent fifteen exciting days attending sessions of the International Conference of the Red Cross, which convenes every four years. Here gathered representatives from East and West as one vast humanitarian body, holding itself above and aloof from politics. As a member of the Medico-Social Commission I made friends with people from Ghana, Iceland, Haiti, Lebanon, Burma, and talked about first aid, nurses' aides, accident prevention, blood transfusions, the spirit of nursing.

Sitting in front of me was the Red Cross director from Tadjikistan. He wore a quaint round black hat trimmed with white appliqué. "Health visitors," he told us, "should be the village's own people, trained to help each other, rather than wait for the authority to do for them."

This mutual helpfulness, I discovered, is widespread and takes many forms: in New Zealand, meals ðn wheels and a daily insulin run give elderly patients breakfast and medical treatment in their own homes; in Burma, a lay nursing order serves without pay; in Ghana's new society, schoolteacher Juliana Lawson travels by boat to a fishing village with a mobile teaching unit to "combat witch doctors' rumors." (I wish I could sing for you one of her rollicking songs filled with verses on health facts.) Red Cross provides clean water for the schools in Korea; a home-visiting committee in Ceylon; an effective arm of the civil defense in Sweden; a cottage hospital north of the Arctic Circle in Lapland.

One of the best opportunities for exchange of ideas came after the long hours of meetings and conferences in the festive Indian gardens. Here the intellectual and artistic life of India came alive in a setting of gay awnings and lattices draped with flowers and lights. After a song recital and poetry reading, Prime Minister Nehru and his daughter, Indira Gandhi, stopped to chat. All India, I sensed, worries about the day when his mantle must fall on a successor. Perceiving his daughter's quiet, persuasive charm, her feminine sensitivity and insight, I couldn't help thinking, might not *she* be that successor?

But one returns always to the destitute people whose only dormitory for the night is the hard pavement, padded with torn bits of matting for their babies and children. In the descending pink twilight of evening I saw long lines of people waiting for food. But at one end the lines were much shorter. These people, it seemed, with robes wrapped tightly around frail bodies to cover the ugly signs of leprosy, did not even enjoy the companionship of hardship. The crowds, oblivious, moved on; traffic was total confusion—bullock carts, buses, streams of village folk, children clinging to parents or riding pickaback. Farther on, at the bazaars, the "keen" of the snake charmer pierced the air, noisy film music blared forth. And at the booths some people stood and haggled, some quietly bought flower petals and incense for an offering at the

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temple. Newly constructed buildings in the diplomatic enclave contrasted strangely with the older, beautiful homes. The government-owned luxury hotels were air-conditioned, but didn't seem so comfortable as the old-fashioned bungalow types with their overhead fans.

Change is in the air, and hope too. Especially in the villages where the nation's battle for independence continues through government and private efforts to help people help themselves to a better life. I saw several village projects in the Nilokheri block in the Punjab, started with the help of Horace Holmes, program associate in the Ford Foundation's overseas development program, and S. K. Dey, minister of community development, an Indian businessman who gave up a prosperous career to head a team composed of men of many nationalities.

In the village of Bhanikhurd, the head of the *panchayat* (council of village elders) was on hand to greet the visitors. He pointed out to us the "bricked" street where once mud and refuse had offended the eye and nose. "We now have a sweeper to keep it clean," he announced proudly. Several new houses of concrete block with tiles have replaced the windowless adobe type. But it is in the fields where progress can be seen and felt, he emphasized. As a result of regular irrigation from the new tube well and much consolidation of the tiny bits and pieces of scattered farmlands, there is now a small surplus of agricultural products to be sold.

After refreshments we visited the blacksmith's factory under the trees where the smith—after a course at the nearby training center—is making improved farm implements.

The universe is full of magical things, patiently waiting for our wits to grow sharper.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS
A Shadow Passes
The Macmillan Company

Steel is hard to get, he explained, and he must pay back his government loan. But orders are coming in—he smiled—from farmers who want to use his new plow.

A lantern at the corner marked the adult reading class. After a busy day in the fields men and women sit together on the ground to learn to read the simple new books about seeds and implements. I was told that the village moneylender and the letter writer at first objected for fear of being put out of business, but now the latter helps with the class.

Most impressive of all is the school—now three rooms instead of the one I saw on my last visit, five years ago. The villagers themselves added those rooms at a cost of 6000 rupees. "People will make sacrifices for their children," the teacher told me. The mothers clustered around to ask questions and chat. "Ours is such a little school for so many children. How can we get more schoolrooms and another teacher?" No longer was the child, it seemed, considered just an extra work hand, but an extra mind to be trained for the future as well.

The hands of the clock are hurrying. Old ways yield to the new—and without doing violence to the traditions which have shaped the lives of people for centuries. The *gram sevika*—the village-level worker trained in home science—took me about to see the changes in housing and crafts and cottage industries. The *gram sevika* is proud of the model household with its smokeless *chula* (stove) and new latrine, but she is proudest of all of the Tuesday "home industry" meetings—when the women come to the center to sew, earning a rupee (about 21 cents) for six hours' work. The *gram sevika* helps the women use the improved spinning wheel, supervises them as they mend and make garments for small children, later to be sold at nominal cost to the villagers.

Planning is now going forward in the office of Dr. Rajammal P. Devadas, chief home economist in the Ministry of Food and Agriculture in New Delhi, to bring this kind of help

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

Quick, easy before-dinner dainties!



HORS D'OEUVRES AMERICAINE

DEVILED EGGS: Hardboil eggs, split lengthwise and remove yolks. Mash yolks with mayonnaise and onion juice, salt & pepper. Sprinkle in Herb-Ox Instant Bouillon and Seasoning to taste.

CREAM CHEESE CELERY STUFFING: Soften cream cheese with heavy cream. Add finely chopped celery & onion, salt & pepper. Sprinkle in Herb-Ox Instant Bouillon and Seasoning, whip until smooth. Garnish with paprika.

PATÉ SURPRISE: Mash liverwurst with mayonnaise into ■ smooth paste. Add ■ dash of Worcestershire sauce, onion juice if desired. Sprinkle in Herb-Ox Instant Bouillon and Seasoning. Chill and serve on melba toast or crackers.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

to many more Indian villages. Almost 25 per cent of the nation's nearly 600,000 villages now are included in this community development—and there is hope that by 1961 the program will blanket the entire country.

Near Lucknow, a beautiful little community called Literacy Village by its founder, Welthy Fisher, has grown up. An American woman, Mrs. Fisher spent most of her life in China and India.

After the death of her husband, who was a Methodist bishop in Calcutta, Mrs. Fisher searched for a way to use her knowledge and love of Indian people. This community is the result of her search. A $69,000 grant from the Ford Foundation has enabled her to bring Indian teachers here to prepare to teach in the villages; women of Greenwich, Connecticut, have given a simple little chapel for meditation and study. Bright of face, Mrs. Fisher walks firmly and quickly. It is difficult to believe that she is in her seventies and starting a whole new career.

I drove back to New Delhi with Douglas Ensminger, Ford Foundation representative in India, and was amazed by his almost encyclopedic knowledge of community development. He talked about the practical steps needed to effect "the uprooting of sorrow," which Gautama Buddha preached many years before the Christian era.

As we drove we saw so much still to be done. To get water, people worked with a Persian wheel, as did their ancestors. In village after village the only illumination at night came from wicks glowing in little oil holes in the ground. Only occasionally did we see an electric light in a little factory. Horace Holmes, Mr. Ensminger told me, is returning to India with a team of American engineers and plans for new small generators to be made in the villages at a moderate price.

A week later my jeep bounced over the deep ruts of the jungle road along the Wakong River in Cambodia, past teakwood trees and lush foliage. Pink flowers, such as wild roses and water hyacinths, lined the dark mossy forest. The piercing cries of birds and the hum of insects came from the jungle as we passed a clinic, identified by its Red Cross symbol, high on stilts. Later we stopped for a school bus picking up small, plump, smiling children, and followed by the teacher riding behind on a bicycle and carrying a white umbrella.

Flowers, papaya trees and banana palms with fruit of the small sweet variety filled the yards around the native houses of bamboo matting. Nearby, water buffalo and their calves munched on green leaves. Everywhere there were pools of water on the ground, and frequent drenching rains added to them. The village housewife, pleasant and capable, rises early and fixes food for her husband and children, packing the school lunches in coconut shells. Then she cleans the hut, feeds the animals and often joins her husband in the rice paddies.

I saw Angkor Vat by evening, glowing red in the fire of the setting sun. The surrounding city of temple mountains was built a thousand years ago at about the time of the Crusades in Europe and today covers an area of four square miles. Some fifty years ago French archaeologists and engineers began restoration of these ancient monuments long lost to the steaming jungle. By daylight a watery curtain of blistering sunshine makes even more beautiful and exotic the great edifices which dominate a whole city of grandeur. The central tower of Angkor Vat rises to approximately the height of Notre Dame de Paris. Between Siem Reap, the village near the Angkor ruins, and Phnom Penh, the modern capital of Cambodia, there are smaller monuments made of bricks highly polished and joined by a powerful unknown binder.

When I returned to Bangkok, Chanda, my helpful guide, had arranged for me to stay at the lovely new Erawan Hotel, named for the three-headed elephant I had seen carved so delicately in the monuments of ancient Angkor. In my air-conditioned bedroom was an orchid in a silver vase from the garden of the Princess Marayat, who remembered me from my visit five years before. Outside was a spirit house which the room boy filled with flowers to gladden the spirits who come to protect the smiling visitor.

The next day I called at the office of Sam Keeny, regional director of UNICEF, the fund that has helped so many of the world's children. Supported entirely by voluntary contributions from governments and private citizens of 80 countries, UNICEF (with the co-operation of other U.N. agencies and local governments) is now bringing medicine, food and the skill of trained health, nutrition and sanitary workers to more than 40,000,000 children every year. What better example of the power of "diplomacy of the heart"? More tender loving care—that's what the whole world needs most in its struggle for a happy survival.

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JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

EDITED BY: JEAN ANDERSON - ABBOT MILLS - EILEEN SHARPE - GLENN MATTHEW WHITE

50 years ago in the Journal

In June, 1908, white summer dresses were high-necked and long-sleeved, and trimmed with Venetian ladderwork jabots, Irish lace bows and piqué four-in-hands. Henry Ford put a luxury six-cylinder car on the market; the price: $2800. In Chicago the Republican Convention nominated William H. Taft for President: in Princeton, Grover Cleveland died: and George Arliss was a hit on Broadway in The Devil.

"We must retrench," writes Mrs. Rorer in the June, 1908, JOURNAL, referring to the widespread depression. She then tells JOURNAL readers how to use celery tops, cheese rind and poultry feet, lemon and orange rinds and eggshells.

The Girl Who Works: "A small ironing board, a sleeve board, a washbasin, a small gas burner to heat water, two irons, bluing, a bit of wax and a package of starch will allow the stenographer who lives in a hall bedroom to keep her waists as dainty as can be."

"What shall I do about letting my children wear socks in the summer?" a mother wants to know. "Stockings are quite as comfortable and far safer," answers Doctor Coolidge.

"To set the color in new wash material, dissolve an ounce of sugar of lead in a gallon of boiling water and soak the garment in this for one hour. Remember that unless the lead is thoroughly dissolved it will leave greasy streaks in the material that nothing known will ever remove."

"Passing the fork from the left to right hand at each mouthful looks exceedingly awkward," writes Traveler. "Quite right," agrees Mrs. Kingsland. "A provincial custom . . . a misdirected effort to be very elegant."

"Is it proper for a young man to sit on the arm of my chair if the room is crowded?" asks Puella. "Extremely ill-bred," replies Mrs. Kingsland. "He should stand before you."

During a recent antique show (100,000 visitors) our decorating department's ***Cynthia Wheatland*** and ***Corinna Wildman*** decided to have treasures appraised for $1, a special-event offer with funds going to charity. Cynthia brought from home a faïence Chinese lion that guards her fireplace, Corinna a Staffordshire lady lion tamer. "We're seeing a hundred items a day," said the appraisers. "Jewelry, enamels, paintings, diaries, rare china, odd bits from attics, and even Spanish lace from pianos. One woman brought in a bronze statue of Napoleon she insisted had been in her family for 200 years—we're convinced her ancestors must have used a crystal ball! And one woman brought in an old bathtub, told us we didn't really appreciate its sentimental value, and marched it home again to grow flowers in it."



ABBOT MILLS

Corinna and Cynthia at the antique show—appraisals for $1.

Because this is the month more bachelors become bridegrooms than any other, we dropped in on the man a million girls would marry in a minute—given the chance: Tony Perkins, who's captivating women of all ages as the gangling, youthful Tom Wolfe in "Look Homeward, Angel." What kind of girl would Tony marry? "What kind of girl would any man marry?" he tossed the question right back at us. "Just a nice, simple, attractive, intelligent girl. Certainly not an actress!"



FRIEDMAN-ABELES

Tony Perkins stars in "Look Homeward, Angel."

We've been seeing a lot of red recently. Specifically, red hair. Do you know that New York has a Redhead Research Institute? Sitting self-consciously in a roomful of redheads, we learned that we (brunettes) are out of style. New York is a city of redheads. You don't have to have naturally red hair. Any rinse will do. One office building here hires redheaded elevator operators only. We asked Fashion Editor ***Wilhela Cushman*** *about red hair. "It's popular," she admitted, "and lovely." More deflated than ever, we took a count around the workshop. Brunettes: 48. Blondes: 17. Redheads: 4.*

It isn't unusual for editors to travel coast to coast, border to border covering stories. But when ***Betty Coe Spicer*** stopped by to say she'd flown 50,000 miles last year writing 50,000 words, we wondered what she did *while* she was up in the air. "Wrote part of a murder mystery," she said, "called The Deadly Doll." She writes mysteries in collaboration with her husband, ***Bart Spicer***, under the name Jay Barbette.

June is still the marrying month (news to anyone?). But did you know that the two "marryingest" states are Nevada and New Mexico? The "unmarryingest"? Delaware and North Carolina.

Hugh Kahler *likes to talk about* JOURNAL *stories that have become big movies over the years: Oscar-winning "Rebecca"; "Song of Bernadette"; "Good Morning, Miss Dove"; "Blackboard Jungle"; and now "Ice Palace," Edna Ferber's novel currently appearing, is in movie production. So when we heard that "His Old Sweethearts," a short "parlor play" printed in a 1909* JOURNAL, *was a hit in Raleigh, North Carolina, we went to the library and read it. It's the story of an about-to-be-married bachelor who receives a puzzling note from one of his old flames, one who has been married twice. Trying to figure which of his sweethearts could have sent it, he dreams of them all. And they, in turn, appear center stage, costumed and framed in gilt. "It's the best thing we've ever done," says* ***Mrs. L. P. Kennedy****, who directs the Raleigh Woman's Club cast. Apparently the play's easy to do. No lines to learn. No costumes to buy (you can get them out of an attic trunk). All you need are a few props, pretty girls and a* man *who reads well. (If you'd like to do the play, send for a script.)*



LAWRENCE WOFFORD

Stars in "His Old Sweethearts."

Note to brides: Your chances for celebrating a golden anniversary in June, 2008, are just twice as good as for couples who married 50 years ago and are celebrating this month.

Can you break ice with a bracelet? Anywhere, ***Dolly Ann Seixas*** *told* ***Dawn Norman****. The secret is a hobby bracelet—a token of sentiment. As wife of tennis champ* ***Vic Seixas****, Dolly wears a set of tennis charms including racket, Davis Cup miniature, and some of her husband's trophies strung along three gold chains. Curious, we wondered who else wore her heart on her sleeve, or wrist.* ***Louella Shouer's*** *bracelet carries a gold egg beater, an ice-cream cone and other food items. And the editorial bracelet*

ABBOT MILLS



Dawn Norman, Dolly Seixas talk bracelets

of ***Beatrice Gould*** *embraces not only her wrist but every department in the magazine. On it: a camera, telephone, toaster, artist's palette, pencil, bubble bath, rotisserie, high-heel slippers, washing machine, a Swiss chalet, a green thumb—and an aspirin box, presented by her husband.*



THE CARRIAGE
WAS WHERE
SHE HAD
LEFT IT
UNDER THE LILAC HEDGE—
BUT THE BABY
WAS GONE.

FACE OF THE TIGER

IT WAS ALL BEGINNING AGAIN—
THE FEAR, THE COLD TERROR—
AND THIS TIME
THERE WAS NO ESCAPE.



By URSULA CURTISS

"Now you're being a good girl, Dolores," said Max, breathing hard and dropping his upraised hand. "Now you're being smart. Just so long as you know who's boss ——"

Dolores, who had turned her head rebelliously away, turned it slowly back again with the melting gaze that was a reproach in itself. Max muttered uncomfortably, "Don't like to knock you around," and the scene between them ended as it always did, with an awkward and tentative caress.

Dolores accompanied him to the gate as usual. As Max lifted the latch she quickened, thrust her head forward and opened her mouth hungrily, exposing a quantity of long businesslike yellow teeth. Baby teeth, the vet had said confidently.

Max slid nimbly through the corral gate, fastening it behind him, and walked rapidly toward the long terraced white building behind an oval sweep of driveway. The day at the Coastline Club had officially begun.

Early as it was, the kitchen crew had preceded Max by an hour, leaving their quarters in the big dark green-painted annex and cutting across the golf course in direct contravention of Major Soames' orders. But the major had not been awake at six o'clock since his bassinet days, and they were safe enough with Max McIntosh, bellboy and general factotum.

The kitchen was busy, apart from the routine preparation of breakfast. There was to be a women's-club luncheon, and the vegetable men were already reducing carrots and radishes into shapes suitable for clubwomen's luncheons.

Albert, the chef, noted Max's entrance without glancing at the door. Still without looking around, he reached for a giant coffee urn, poured a cup and set it down. Max picked it up, carried it to the small table where the chef had breakfasted earlier.

The telephone rang. Max, who was nearest, lifted the receiver and then jerked his head at one of the waiters, who began hastily to assemble the major's breakfast on a tray: honeydew melon, two-minute egg, whole-wheat toast with strawberry preserve, a pot of coffee. Max inspected the tray critically when it was ready, and said, "I'll take it up myself."

The clubhouse, at eight o'clock still holding the night's coolness and shadows, came to life gradually by way of the switchboard, the stairs, the dining room.

To Lou Fabian, who had been working as a secretary's secretary for only two weeks, it was like being the first one down in a country house, surrounded by the peculiarly off-duty atmosphere of flowers no one else was looking at, chairs no one was sitting in. Then the first little orange light flickered on the switchboard: Mrs. Damon, in Cabin 11, wanting to talk to the local diaper service. Moments later a sleepy voice on the stairs said, "I told you you were getting too much sun yesterday, just look at you," and an answering voice said amusedly, "Me! Look at *you*."

Lou, who couldn't see either of them, took paper and carbon from the bottom drawer of her desk, and began to type the day's lunch and dinner menus. She was interrupted by a rattle from the switchboard, and this time it was Mrs. Gifford, in Cabin 6.

Mrs. Gifford's voice poured so affrontedly out of the receiver that Lou missed the first part of the complaint. It wound up with a demand for a heater at once: "These mornings are chilly, Miss Fabian, particularly in here under the pines. *And* damp; and as you know, my daughter is delicate."

About like a water buffalo, Lou thought. She said, "I see, Mrs. Gifford. I'll speak to Max about it just as soon as he comes in, and if ——"

"It isn't a question of if," said Mrs. Gifford menacingly, "it's a question of when. I know Major Soames is a busy man, and I wouldn't like to have to bother him personally about a heater, but I must safeguard my child's health. If it were for myself ——"

Lou made appropriate promises—things were always promised readily at the Coastline Club—and hung up.

Although her job here was only two weeks old, she had already learned that Mrs. Gifford was the kind of guest without whom no resort is ever complete, and with whom nothing was ever quite as it should be. She would always be too hot or too cold—if she hadn't requested a heater it would have been an electric fan—and there would never be enough towels to suit her. CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

© 1958 by Ursula Curtiss
FACE OF THE TIGER
is soon to be published in book form by
Dodd, Mead & Co.

By ETHEL EDISON GORDON

Here they were at the railroad station and still she could not get Mrs. Farnsworth started toward her train; she didn't want to seem to rush her, but probably Mrs. Farnsworth would never have noticed, she was still so excited.

"How that house does tempt me!" said Mrs. Farnsworth for the tenth time. She sighed. "But five thousand more than we should spend, my husband wouldn't hear of it. If only he didn't have to leave tomorrow, and this is going to be a long trip, six weeks at least, and he wants me moved over before he gets back —— I wonder if I could still catch him at the office ——"

"Naturally you wouldn't want to commit yourself without his seeing it," she said, one eye on the clock over the station. Mrs. Farnsworth registered alarm at the thought, and Phyllis went on quickly, "Actually that other house is a marvelous buy, and your husband did like it enough to tell you to go ahead with it."

"But it doesn't compare to the Wilson house," said Mrs. Farnsworth reproachfully.

"No, in many ways it doesn't," admitted Phyllis, ruing the rash moment when she had driven past the Wilson house and mentioned that it was for sale, just when Mrs. Farnsworth had a check in her handbag for one of the new development houses on the ridge. "But it is over your budget, and that's why I didn't show it to you before, and it *is* an old house —— I'm afraid you're going to miss your train."

"It will only take me a second to dash across when it stops," said Mrs. Farnsworth, her brow wrinkled. "If I could get him to come back with me tonight, convince him it's worth the trouble to see ——"

"Here's the train now," said Phyllis, grateful that it was on time. She had five minutes to race two blocks to Sanger's and pick up the pencil box before the store closed; *Go!* she prayed to Mrs. Farnsworth, and Mrs. Farnsworth reluctantly got out of the car.

"I may phone you tonight," called Mrs. Farnsworth as she ran along the platform.

"I won't be in tonight," she shouted back over the sound of her motor. Had she heard her? It didn't matter. The light was with her and she shot across the street and over to Cedar and braked in front of Sanger's just as Mr. Sanger was locking the front door.

"Please, Mr. Sanger?" she entreated. "I wouldn't ask you if it weren't so important, honestly."

He shook his head at her. "Well, since it's you ——" Still shaking his head, he unlocked the door again and switched on the lights. "Don't you ever know when it's time to quit work and go home?"

"I'm on my way there now," she said. "I just couldn't get rid of my last client. It's that pencil box in the window I want, the one that looks like a rocket."

He gingerly pulled it out. "Don't tell me your baby is old enough for pencil boxes."

"My baby indeed!" she said. "My baby happens to be four years and eleven months old and he's starting kindergarten tomorrow."

"You don't say," said Mr. Sanger. "Gift-wrap this?"

"If it isn't too much trouble. It's going to be quite an occasion in the Berry house."

"So that's why Mr. Berry bought the briefcase," he said. "Since when do they need briefcases and pencil boxes in kindergarten?"

She laughed. "I don't suppose they do, actually. But ——"

"Sure, I know," he said. "Everything is an occasion when there's only one youngster in the family."

But not for long, his glance told her, and she colored a little at it: four more months till the baby came. She thanked him, and took her package, and the extra box of crayons Mr. Sanger had included for Eddie, thanked him again for opening the shop for her, and eased herself in behind the wheel. Five minutes to get out of downtown traffic, another five minutes up the hill, and then you could just see their red house sitting high on its green plot with the new young trees barely screening it; up the driveway, and there were Sam and Eddie waiting on the breezeway.

"I'm going to take only one minute," she called, running toward them, not so nimbly as she might have once, but not bad, considering. "How's my boy?" she said, hugging him, standing up to kiss Sam. "Don't you both look spruced up!"

"Bertha said I could put on my new shoes," said Eddie, admiring them.

"And your new blazer, too, I see!"

"You have half a minute left," said Sam. "Get going."

"I wouldn't keep you waiting this evening for the world," she said, making for the screen door, heading directly for her bedroom. Bertha had been polishing furniture today: there was a smell of wax, and a fat and shapeless bouquet of their brilliant zinnias was reflected as in a mirror on the dresser top. She would have enjoyed rearranging them, she would have enjoyed just sitting back and looking at her pretty bedroom, and she certainly would have enjoyed a shower, but no time for that; time only to wash her face and comb her hair and change her shoes, and a stolen moment to pause and glance through the window at their bright garden and their pretty new chairs grouped on the terrace. *One of these days we must sit on them,* she thought wryly: where had the summer gone to? The telephone was ringing; she turned from the window.

"I'll take it," Sam called. A moment later, "For you, Phyl. The boss."

She picked up the extension on the night table. "What's up, Fred? Not my Mrs. Farnsworth?"

"Your Mrs. Farnsworth. She didn't take the train back to New York. She reached her husband at his office and he's going to meet her out here and take a look at the Wilson house. She'd like you to go with them."

"But I told her I'd be busy tonight." She heard Sam's step outside and she looked up and made an exasperated face at the telephone. "Fred, we promised Eddie to take him to the beach tonight. He's starting school tomorrow, and we wanted this to be a special night ——"

"You won't keep him out much later than nine, will you?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

Phyllis told herself
that probably Eddie had gone to sleep
happily enough without her.
But tonight it didn't work.

Phyllis was so sure her career hurt no one.

Then Sam said, "I was wondering if you'd don


Child
Lost
the right thing. For yourself-not for Eddie and me".



VLADIMIR

What daughter believes her mother was vulnerable once, and foolish? What mother can admit it?

The Journal Presents
LOUISE PFAFFMANN
HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN ANY MAGAZINE

They were five minutes early and the train was ten minutes late; a quarter of an hour to wait, then, in that smelly little glassed-in shelter across the tracks from the station.

I wonder if I'll even recognize the old girl when she steps off the train, Mrs. Brogden thought, and it was like going under for the third time. If you remembered your life in a flash, you wouldn't stumble over all the stupid details, would you? Stuff you hadn't touched in years, that you didn't even know was there any more; like Vladimir, for heaven's sake?

Beside her, Ann shrugged the hood of her storm coat back to show the tousled Italian haircut, so terribly unbecoming. Her nose was red from the wind, the weeping. "For Pete's sake," Ann said angrily, looking out at the sky, steel gray, and the high clouds streaming toward them out of the west, "all this stew over an old-maid schoolteacher."

So terribly unattractive when she sulks, Mrs. Brogden was thinking, *you'd never know it was the same child; her features go all doughy. I wish she'd hurry up and outgrow it.*

"What's she look like?" Ann said. "Will you even recognize her?"

"Well, she's tall," Mrs. Brogden said; and then despairingly, "Oh, I don't know; gray hair, gray flannel suits, kind of distinguished-looking, I suppose."

"Teddibly propah." That was Ann's idea of a Boston accent. "Miss Ella Oglesby."

The wind rattled at the windowpanes in a fury. Mrs. Brogden hunched deeper inside her fur coat. "Miss O. must be seventy if she's a day," she said. "It must be all of twenty-five years since I saw her last."

"You won't even recognize her," Ann told her mother flatly. She was fumbling for a handkerchief in her coat pocket.

"Here," Mrs. Brogden said, "here's a clean one." *No, it's Miss O. who won't recognize me*, she was thinking; *how could she possibly?* And her mind went skimming away again, wildly, as if the mad March wind had got right inside her: all the years in the little country town, her marriage, the children coming; the big high-ceilinged house with the trellised veranda above the river; all the years adding up. *Adding up to what?* she thought nervously, suddenly seeing the everyday business of housekeeping and child raising, Cub Scouts and P.T.A. meetings, bridge club, ladies' auxiliary, library board; chairman of the board—the madam-president stuff—all gone stale and humdrum and meaningless. *Of course she won't know me*, Mrs. Brogden thought, and then furiously, *I must remember to stand up straight.* She took a deep breath and squared her shoulders. "She's fussy about posture," she said aloud to Ann. "Will you *please* try to stand up straighter? I bet she hasn't changed a bit."

Ann blew her nose. "Decrepit," she said. "Shaky. Probably senile."

Mrs. Brogden turned away. She had agonized dutifully with her first-born, nodded compassionately over the second. Now in Ann, her youngest, the moodiness and the rebellion were purely maddening: the bickering, the posturing, the rudeness that went with them. She paced a few steps one way, a few the other. *I was about Ann's age when I went East to school*, she thought. *I left from this very platform one September afternoon a thousand years ago.* She frowned at the faded lettering on the yellow station across the tracks: BORDEAUX, ILL., the sign said, POP. 8622.

"I shall be passing through your part of the world on my way to Phoenix," Miss O. had written, all those spiky consonants and the neat rounded vowels; her handwriting resembled her speech, staccato, rapid fire. ". . . seriously considering living in Arizona permanently . . . the New England winters a hardship now." It had seemed so harmless, inviting her to stop off for the weekend. Besides, there had been some sort of nostalgia prompting; idiotic, Mrs. Brogden thought—one should never look back. It was like opening the door on an attic junk room and there it all was, under the dust and the mouse droppings. *Let's not go poking into all that garbage*, Mrs. Brogden told herself in Ann's language, *let's just leave that be, for Pete's sake.*

But the thing was she couldn't leave it be; she had to begin pulling it all apart again, recognizing this, remembering that: yellowed snapshots, mildewed programs. She wrinkled her nose at the fancied smell of dust.

"Oh, do stop *pacing*," Ann said. "I didn't mean to be so stinking cross, mother, but you have to admit it does louse up my plans for the weekend."

"Yes, I know, darling," Mrs. Brogden said absently. Ann had wanted the car and of course it was out of the question. Besides, Miss O. was speaking (on Emily Dickinson) to the Friday Night Book Worms tonight and they had worked out a complicated program for Saturday. "Miss O.'s never been out of New England in her life," she said, "except to New York once in a while; I know she wants to see the Lincoln country."

"I think Donald's father is an absolute creep," Ann insisted, "not letting us have *his* car."

"There'll be other weekends," Mrs. Brogden said. Hundreds of weekends, she thought, and dozens of Donalds and Ronalds and Eddies and Freddies. *But no Vladimirs.*

They watched a sheet of newspaper come flapping toward them along the tracks, take off on the wind like a gawky bird, collapse into the cindery roadbed.

At Ann's age I was . . . seventeen and the world was my oyster, Mrs. Brogden thought. "*And now goodmorrow to our waking souls.*" . . . *Oh, for heaven's sake, it wasn't like that at all. Reading Donne by*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

"When I played in Zagreb," Vladimir said,
"in Budapest, in Rome,
in Vienna . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT C. HARRIS

Growing up to



PORTRAITS BY A. K. LAWRENCE

Determined to spare her son the loneliness she so well remembers from her own childhood, Queen Elizabeth broke a thousand-year-old tradition when she sent Prince Charles away to school. How has it affected Britain's heir apparent? What is the answer to the queen's most important question, "Will he be happy?"

By JAMES BROUGH

One morning last December, a long-awaited envelope arrived at Buckingham Palace. It was a plain, buff-colored foolscap envelope addressed to Queen Elizabeth and bundled among a batch of other letters. Inside it was an ordinary-looking school report—and evidence to tell her whether a dream of hers had succeeded or failed.

The dream centers on her son, Prince Charles. In an effort to give him the carefree childhood she never knew, the queen has turned her back on a thousand-year-old tradition and sent him off to boarding school to be educated as a commoner.

When she read what his masters had written about him, she had good reason to smile. He had survived his first months away from home, to her surprise, without a "black," a demerit given for bad conduct. Less surprisingly, he had not earned a single "gold," a good-behavior mark.

At sports, he was passionately keen. At his lessons, there was considerable room for improvement. Still rather shy but very sturdy, he was popular and completely accepted by the other boys. His mother was content. The really important assessment lay written between the lines: Charles was an average nine-year-old. And, above all else, he was happy.

Britain's student prince is one of ninety boys who attend Cheam preparatory school in Berkshire, about fifty miles from London. The queen and Prince Philip delivered their glum son there last September and, apart from Christmas and Easter vacations, he has been there ever since.

Charles arrived with a big, consoling box of soft-centered milk chocolates wrapped in gilt foil and stamped with an embossed "C." This was one of the few indications that he was not entirely like

At Cheam, Charles has not earned a single "gold"—good-behavior mark.
He makes his own bed, scrubs for inspection,
gets ribbed about his "stingy" allowance, and enjoys playing pranks on friends.

The King

his schoolmates. But the regal candy was short-lived. When his mother and father, after a gentle kiss and a hearty handshake, had driven home, some of the other chaps wolfed the chocolates.

He was preceded to Cheam by a leather trunk with "H.R.H. Prince Charles" painted in white on its brown flank, but that is kept out of sight in a storeroom now. The queen wants her son to enjoy a few years of forgetting the awesome fact that, barring accidents, he is the predestined ruler of the British Commonwealth.

She has chosen Cheam for the experiment in teaching Charles how to be happy though royal for three sound reasons. For one thing, her husband was enrolled there as an impoverished refugee princeling from France who spoke precious little English. "Wearing the same old school tie as father" is a powerful British custom.

Then she has the promise of the two headmasters, Peter Beck and Mark Wheeler, that her son will be brought up just like any other average boy. The queen, who remembers wistful days in her own childhood spent staring through the palace windows at "ordinary people," earnestly wants her son to be "average" and therefore happy.

So he was sent to Cheam because when she asked her most important question, "Will Charles be happy there?" the answer was: "Cheam looks for the happy boy rather than the brilliant one, with the result that an extremely happy atmosphere has developed." With that settled, she outfitted her excited heir with his school uniform (gray wool jacket and shorts, Oxford-blue cap monogrammed with a Cambridge-blue "C") at Harrod's department store in Knightsbridge, London, just like all other Cheam parents. And at her suggestion, all the other parents were sent a letter by Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Beck: "It is the wish of the queen and Prince Philip that there shall be no alteration in the way the school is run and that Prince Charles shall be treated exactly the same as the other boys. The staff will call him and refer to him as Prince Charles, but the boys will call him Charles. It would be a great help if you would explain this to your boys . . ."

Cheam is a timeless institution occupying a converted red brick manor house standing in sixty-five acres of well-wooded grounds. At various locations, it has been providing an education for upper-class Britons since 1665, when its founding father, the Reverend George Aldritch, fled from London to escape the Great Plague. At Cheam, as at similar establishments scattered throughout Britain, well-to-do small boys arrive in moist-eyed misery, learn first to endure and then enjoy the unchanging code of Spartan courage, steamed puddings and no sneaking.

To the growing concern of his parents, Charles in his pre-Cheam days was a tense, worried-looking little boy. The rough-and-tumble life he leads is changing that. He already proudly regards himself as "one of the chaps." One lunchtime wrestle around a thornbush did bring tears, but even by the school's rugged code that was understandable—a thorn had stuck in his finger.

In accordance with Cheam traditions, he has gouged his initial with a penknife on his desk, a task for every "mealy eye" (which is school slang for a new boy). He has picked up the lingo that talks of chums and chaps, cads and rotters. He can hold his own in the ragging that sometimes turns his dormitory into a den of dervishes.

When he was asked whether he liked school, he answered cautiously, "Well, yes and no. I miss my pets." He was lonesome for his corgi dog, Sherry, and his Cossack pony, Zamin, which Khrushchev and Bulganin presented to him on their 1956 visit to Britain. Charles wanted Zamin at school with him, but Headmaster Beck said, "Not possible." Perhaps because to him "home" means a half dozen different palaces, castles and mansions, Charles has missed suffering the usual mealy eye's homesickness. But his mother's determination to make him indistinguishable from his schoolmates causes him another kind of trouble, as was clearly illustrated one gray afternoon last winter.

Charles and another boy ran whooping with health and high spirits out of school down to the pond below the lily pool. Clutched in the hands of the other boy was a spanking model sailboat, which the owner directed on a succession of voyages across the water, until the prince could stand it no longer. He begged to be promoted from first mate and given a turn as captain. The following dialogue was overheard:

"Why don't you get your mother to buy you a boat?"... "She said I had to see what the other boys had first before she sent me *any* presents."

Ever since Charles went to Cheam, the queen has been waiting to see what the other boys have, watching to see what other parents do, patterning her ways on theirs. She has no personal experience to draw on because she was never allowed to go to school. Philip's knowledge of parental behavior is conditioned by the fact that he was a virtual orphan brought up by relatives. While her son learns how to be an average schoolboy, the queen is teaching herself how to behave like an average mother, English prep-school style.

She writes to him once a week without fail, and every Sunday afternoon, like it or not, he writes back. That is a compulsory chore for all Cheam boys. Presumably his first letter home after the sailboat incident told the whole sad story. A few days later he received a brand-new toy yacht, the smallest of its kind at Cheam, but that doesn't bother him.

His mother asks for no special reports and she makes no special inquiries about him. When he caught Asian flu, she had a lady in waiting make a telephone call or two to Matron Sheila Jack for the latest medical bulletin, but that was the only concern she would permit herself to show.

He had no half day off to welcome his parents back from New York CONTINUED ON PAGE 153



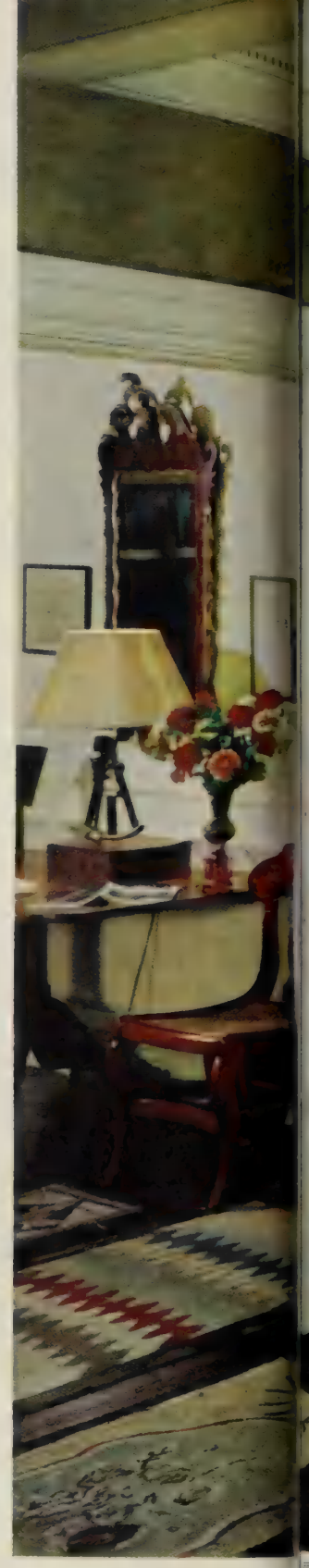
Albert Kingsley Lawrence is a noted portrait and figure painter and a member of the Royal Academy. His endearing portraits of children so pleased Queen Elizabeth that she commissioned him to do these pastels of Prince Charles and Princess Anne. Bruce and Beatrice Gould saw the portraits when they visited Mr. Lawrence in his studio in Holland Park Road and made arrangements to reproduce them in the JOURNAL.

Unlike her brother, Princess Anne is still being educated in the royal tradition. She has her lessons in the palace schoolroom and finds her friends in the tightly restricted court circle.

THE CAPTAIN'S HOUSE COMMANDS EDGARTOWN'S HARBOR FRONT.



The Austrian paper in the long dining room is hand-painted in panels, with New York Harbor over the fine Philadelphia sideboard and the Philadelphia waterworks over the mantelpiece. The chairs are Queen Anne, and the table is set with the owners' yachting china. The side lights were once for whale oil, and the lamp through the doorway was made from Captain Fisher's octant.



CAPTAIN'S HOUSE ON Martha's Vineyard

By RICHARD PRATT

According to tradition, this is really a *whaling* captain's house, the owners tell me: they being the fifth generation of the family to live in it: foursquare and three stories high. Capt. Jared Fisher was the whaling captain in this case for whom the house was built in 1832, facing the harbor at Edgartown, a yachting harbor now, and Edgartown now a summer town, parlor-neat and sparkling white like the captain's house itself.

The whaling bark Canton, of which you see a sailor's model standing on the living-room mantel, was one of the captain's commands: and you will understand why a whaling captain's house was foursquare and three stories high when you hear that during her whaling days the Canton made more than $2,000,000 for her several owners from whalebone and oil. And that was a time, remember, when $2,000,000 was really quite a handsome sum.

Attribute much of the handsomeness here in the house to the fact that a sailor's house can never be less than very beautiful, if it wants to be as beautiful as a sailor's ship usually is.



That is old Captain Fisher's gold-headed cane in the newel of the staircase, and out there through the doorway's classic-revival frame is Edgartown Harbor.

To the right of the Canton model on the mantelpiece is a portrait of Capt. John Osborn, Captain Fisher's father-in-law and great-great-great-grandfather of the present owner. Fisher's wife, Desire, started out with six bird's-eye-maple chairs like the one against the stairway.

Far right: All the pictures, quilts, rugs, samplers and upholstery in the master bedroom are either hand-sewn or embroidered. The quilt on the left is the story of Moby Dick: the one on the right shows all the family boats since the present owner, now a yachtsman of note, was a small boy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER. MR. AND MRS. E. JARED BLISS, JR., OWNERS







100 MEN

What do men really think of women?

"When I was in college," said the bachelor I was interviewing, "I thought I'd be married by the time I reached twenty-three. Then I started out in a job and twenty-six seemed a better age. Now I'm thirty-five and I notice that the older I get ——" He broke off with a shrug. "I don't know," he said abruptly. "I can't seem to find the right girl."

This elusive right girl, my notes on 100 interviews tell me, is the composite that spells perfection. She has the face of the most beautiful girl a man has ever seen, the body of the most alluring, the mind of the most intelligent and the disposition, certainly, of an angel. The confirmed bachelor persists in the search long after the realization has dawned that what he seeks is not of this earth; it is easier to do this than to accept the reality, the girl who is merely human.

Not all the men I interviewed come into the bachelor classification; some were as yet too young to fit the popular notion, others too clearly marriage-minded to be anything but potential husbands. Confirmed bachelor or hopeful wife seeker, however, my hundred had one interest in common: the girls. They were delighted to point out to this married listener the flaws in the pretty creatures. Experts all, they knew what the girls were doing that was wrong or ill-advised and they were glad to go on record—anonymously.

This is what they said:

"*Girls forget femininity.*"

It was a general complaint, voiced in many terms: a preference for longer hair ("They whack it off because it looks good that way on some Hollywood doll"), for styles not borrowed from the men ("Not one woman in fifty has the figure for shorts, but they wear them"), and for gentle speech and behavior ("They try to be 'one of the boys'"). A good-looking TV executive interviewed in the broadcasting-station lunchroom asked with a frown, "Whatever happened to the feminine woman?" At thirty-four he was convinced, he said, that what he was looking for must be pretty Victorian, "and I am not going to look for her in the backwoods."

A younger man said with an air of mournfulness, "I've been a bachelor, a word I don't even like to use, for some time now. Maybe the girls I meet are more aggressive than the average; they seem to me overly independent, too self-sufficient. I wouldn't want a girl who's a baby, but the domineering type clashes with my own personality."

The view of a graduate student preparing for a career in industry was that no normal man wants a girl as competitor or buddy. "In college, especially coed colleges, the girls go all out to prove that they're worthy competitors of the men—athletes, thinkers and romancers. I want a girl who knows the meaning of femininity and is a living expression of all the qualities that exemplify it." His voice turned scornful. "Most girls think of femininity in terms of 'lace over butter,' a kind of mush. They should study what it really is: character, and gentleness, and warmth."

Consensus: Femininity speaks softly, and the male ego listens—and responds.

"*Girls rush the wedding ring.*"

One complainant was a petty officer aboard a passenger liner. (A writer on vacation takes notes.) "Why is it," he asked, "that girls unfailingly work around to the subject of marriage after about the third date?" "Make that the second," one of his shipmates quipped, "and I'll go along with it." Another bachelor in the group shook his head sadly. "It doesn't happen to me." He was the exception, for it was a criticism leveled by at least 75 per cent of the eligibles interviewed. Younger men spoke of "girls in the panicky twenties and their conniving little ways," and men in the thirties offered this as one of the reasons they tended to date girls in their teens. If marriage is to be proposed, the men want to do the proposing.

A keen-eyed junior executive in the pharmaceutical industry told of being rushed into an engagement without realizing what was happening. "The girl wanted to get married right away and her mother was all set to make the arrangements. It gave me such a jolt that I balked. I managed to get out of it and I've been wary ever since."

Another escapee, a man of twenty-eight with the bluest eyes I ever saw and the readiest smile, told of falling in willy-nilly with the plans of his mother and sister that he date only Ida, the girl of their choice. Ida came up to his chin, he said, and had a way of making him feel half again his size. She also had a way of fumbling for her key

By PATRICIA MARTIN

. . AND THE GIRLS

nd why don't they marry them?

Here a hundred bachelors speak their minds.

the door. "Well—man proposes. Or yway, he thinks he does," said this -fiancé. A job in another state allowed m to take second thought and he tried ence as a means of convincing Ida that it d all been a mistake. She was at the train meet him, however, hurt but patient—d with mother and sister still her allies. Fortunately, she began trying to lay down e law and we quarreled. It wasn't the ost intelligent way out, but ——" He inned. He, too, had grown wary.

Some of the men who had been engaged ere hazy as to the cause of the breakup: Ve weren't really suited"; "It didn't work t"; "We both realized it was a mistake." ut one who spoke wistfully about his -fiancée said that after a while her criti-sm of what he said and did, what he wore d was, became too much for him. "My ir, for example, was getting thin." (It was still getting thin, but it was there.) "I knew it was, so when she made an appointment for me with this so-called scalp specialist I didn't object. But he had less hair than I! So I told her I wasn't going back. She didn't care, she said. It wasn't important. It made no difference." Thinking back, a look of sorely tried patience came over his face. "But I would find her looking at me. Suppose I tried parting it on the other side, she would say—would that help? I got fed up. You can take just so much." He sighed, gazing off into space. "She was a nice girl, though; she knew how things should be done."

One man expressed the belief that there is more class-consciousness in our society than we are willing to admit. It had been a factor in the breakup of his engagement. "Whenever I was with her family I tried to adjust to their way of living and thinking, but I was always acutely aware of the poverty of the environment, intellectually and otherwise. I liked this girl—I liked her very much—but whenever we were with other people, especially my own family, I was tense and nervous, thinking she might say something stupid and give herself away."

Consensus: Men become engaged more readily than they are led to the altar. They see the period of betrothal as an opportunity for taking thought.

"*Girls seldom consider your job.*"

This was cited as the most frequent obstacle in the way of serious romantic interest. A physician on the staff of a Philadelphia hospital said that when he was in medical school and dating a girl who lived in another state, "It meant the entire weekend whenever I saw her, and I couldn't always do it; I had to study. She refused to accept this even when I told her I was hanging on intellectually with my teeth. I was in love—but I had to give her up." Another physician said that his failure to marry was due in part to the realization that his friends in the profession found marriage "a sweet tyranny." "They literally cannot get away to meetings. The wife who can accept the demands of our calling is rare indeed." That nurses are the winners in this case will come as a surprise to no one. But I had not known that policemen and firemen woo nurses for much the same reason: they know what it means to be on call and they neither fuss when a date must be broken nor object to the last-minute invitation.

"I think girls tend to plan too far in advance," said a young market analyst. "I suppose it's date insurance for them, but a fellow starting out can't always command his time." He expressed the belief, as did others, that little was accomplished by rejecting on principle the last-minute invitation. "The girl should at least consider the circumstances. Often nowadays nothing else is possible for the man."

A photographer in industry told me that he had been

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

SO THEY SAY!

"Maybe I'll marry—if I can find a girl who is without guile yet not a fool."

"I have a friend who's been married a year. I've heard him say, 'I never knew what happiness was until I got married and looked back.'"

"Girls in their twenties get panicky and conniving. So the younger they are, the more they appeal the older you get."

"You can't come right out and ask why she doesn't invite you to dinner once in a while, but if she expects you to go for broke date after date and makes no return beyond the pleasure of her company, you begin to lose interest."

"Smoking, drinking—a girl can do almost anything, as long as she does it gracefully."

"I want a family and I look at the girl as a prospective mother. You can't breed a trotting horse from a mule; you've got to be choosy."

"The girl who married dear old dad is still the best model for the rest. After all, she's the first woman you know and she's awfully nice to you. Even if you can't tell a girl she reminds you of your mother, chances are she will, a little, if she's your kind of girl."

"I'm in no hurry. I'm waiting for a woman who can take care of me as well as I can take care of myself."

"I don't care whether she can cook or not—I think a career girl brings more to a marriage."

"Girls judge you by somebody else they have met. They don't try to find out what you are really like."

"Girls shouldn't sweet-talk a man when they are using him as a good-time Charlie. They should be sincere."

"A girl should learn to make her own decisions. Let the parents discuss things with her without thinking for her. That's *her* job."

"I cannot get enough of endearing terms."

"Girls frighten me to death. When I'm introduced I get tongue-tied. Why does the fellow have to do all the footwork?"

"I wouldn't marry a woman under forty—that's near my own age—and unless I find an intelligent one I'll remain single."

"I'm skeptical of girls who are unusually beautiful. They tend to be spoiled."

"Grooming before looks. That's the most important."

"That compact at the table! Is a girl with you when she's looking at herself in a mirror?"

"I should have married young. As I grow older I become more particular and less desirable."



MARY MORRIS STEINER

ICE PALACE

BY EDNA FERBER

CONCLUSION

Bridie and Thor sat together in one of the sagging seats of the old DC-3, churning its way to Barrow on the shores of the Arctic. Christine was not, for the moment, an occupant of the cabin. She was not only occupying the cockpit with Ross Guildenstern; she was competently at the controls.

Bridie's customary sartorial perfection was slightly marred by the temporary victory of the flesh over the spirit. An airline red wool blanket covered her knees and ankles, another was wrapped snugly around her modish sealskin shoulders, and over her draped blue silk turban she had tied a wool scarf that was knotted under her chin. In spite of obvious difficulties, she had managed to work one hand loose and she now was polishing off her second roast-beef sandwich.

"You going to let her see this boy like this, all the time?"

"She's eighteen, Bridie."

"I wish you could of seen her face when he said, 'This is my son Rolf.' She just stood there like a statue. But I'll say this for her, good stock will tell. One of those queens you claim you're related to couldn't have come to quicker or more dignified. 'How wonderful,' she says. 'How can you bear to leave him up here when you get back to Oogruk so seldom?' You'd think she was a visiting nurse talking, or something. He says Angeline and Frank—that's his aunt and uncle the boy lives with—are crazy about him. The boy needs family affection, his age, and he says when he's ten he's going to bring the boy to Baranof and put him in school there and live with him, so he'll have a real home of his own. Well, just figure that one out, would you kindly?"

"That sounds very intelligent. That's what we tried to do with Chris. We were lucky to have you to help us."

"Thor Storm, don't you care what happens to Chris?"

"More than anything in the world."

"My beautiful wonderful Chris! Father of a boy six years old—and never even mentioned him before."

"Bridie, dear girl, Chris isn't marrying anyone just yet. She's going to Seattle for two years and she's looking forward to it. You know that. After this Barrow trip I'd say that she has seen her own Alaska from tip to tip. Very few girls of her age can say that. Or girls three times her age."

"That's fine. Maybe she's enjoyed all this dog-sledding and airplaning. But what's a young girl want to see Barrow for? A God-forsaken wilderness sitting on the Arctic Ocean. Why, men and women who've lived in Alaska sixty, seventy years never saw Barrow and never wanted to."

"A strange thing is going on in that Eskimo village. It has jumped in half a dozen years from an Arctic wilderness to a laboratory. It's a workshop full of scientists and engineers and Air Force men. Do you know there are Eskimos up there so naturally trained to sound and mechanisms that they can tell whether an unseen plane, miles up in the sky, is an American or a foreign plane? Don't you think that's uncanny?"

"I've been told a dog can hear sounds a human can't."

"Bridie."

"I don't know anything about scientific and mechanical. I only know she isn't old enough to know what's good for her. Do you think that Eskimo boy is good enough for our Chris? Do you?" He looked at her then quizzically. Horrified at what she had said, she was filled with contrition. "Oh, Thor, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I forgot."

Quietly he said, "If I see Chris making a wrong turn and she doesn't see the mistake and therefore can't correct it, I speak to her about it. But I suppose there are certain mistakes one has to make in order to learn. It's better to learn by mistakes than never to learn at all."

She could not stop herself. She had wanted, all these years, to know. "Was your marriage a mistake?"

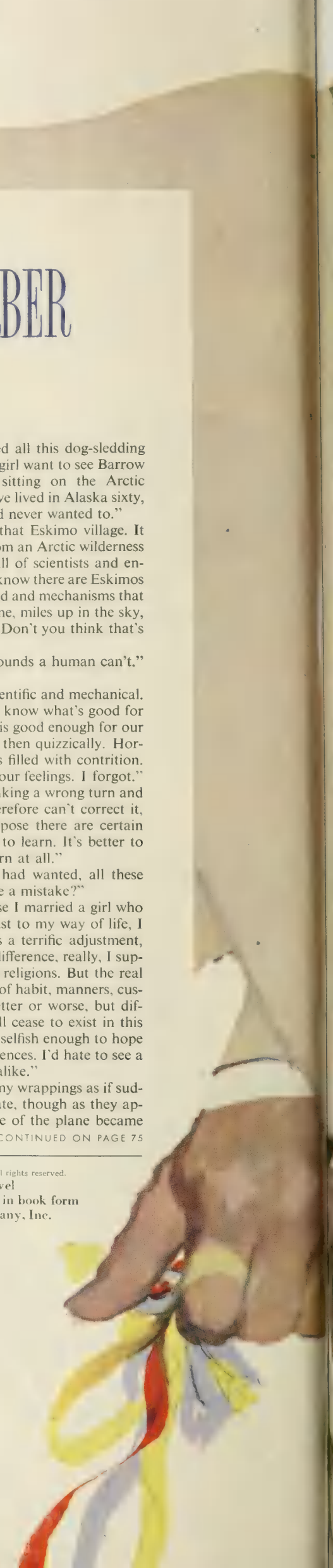
"Yes. In its own way. Not because I married a girl who was part Eskimo. She couldn't adjust to my way of life, I couldn't adjust to hers. Marriage is a terrific adjustment, at best. It isn't a matter of exterior difference, really, I suppose. Different color, yes. Different religions. But the real difference lies in thousands of years of habit, manners, customs, standards. Not necessarily better or worse, but different. Perhaps those differences will cease to exist in this world of easy communication. I am selfish enough to hope not—in my lifetime. I love the differences. I'd hate to see a world in which the people were all alike."

Bridie began to unwind her mummy wrappings as if suddenly emerging into a warmer climate, though as they approached the Arctic the temperature of the plane became colder by the minute. "I'll

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

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The complete novel
has recently been published in book form
by Doubleday & Company, Inc.





"Ross, I don't know what
I'm going to do," said Chris.
"I feel so mixed up."



HAVE

Incomparably fresh

rose-color piqué,
a bare slip of a dress
under a jacket. Andrew Arkin.



Blue clover cotton

pretty summer dance or
party dress. By Alix of Miami.
White pumps and jewelry.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Bathing suit

with a transparent jacket—the same
print in two fabrics. Alix of Miami.



Low-belted and bloused

silhouette in blue-and-violet-
plaid Dacron and cotton. Add this
for fashion and color.

Patio pajamas of

hyacinth-blue cotton with gold
design, a fashion
for the young
and slender. Beautiful
for late afternoons
or summer evenings
at home. By Dorothy McNab.

A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER

Two weeks of vacation . . .
lovely long weekends . . .
cool and pretty hot-weather clothes.

PLAN AROUND MAUVE AND BLUE

and cyclamen . . .

town suit to play clothes . . .

summer is the time for color.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN *Fashion Editor*



Coin dots—dollar-size

Striking and pretty. A dress with a shoulder-tip white collar and short full skirt that manages a crisp look on the hottest day. The fabric is spun rayon with all its good-for-summer qualities. By Anne Klein.

HAVE A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER



A bouquet print

in silk shantung with a tangerine background. Softly belted with the new floating-back silhouette, for summer afternoons and evenings. By Lilly Dache.





Rain-shedding cotton

coat in a gray-and-white stripe. Red burlap-straw bag by Arnold Garay.

A dress with pleats

Two-piece silk shantung by Stella Sloat. Coin-dot straw bag by Josef.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Pink checks, cool and capable way to start a weekend. A slim dress with a short jacket by Jerry Greenwald. Wear with a headband: pink bag by Morris Moskowitz.

A RAINBOW OF SUMMER COLORS . . .

each one a pretty addition to any vacation wardrobe.

Dancing plaid

Below—green and blue block cotton by Robert Crystal, worn with a candy-pink hand-knitted sweater. Turquoise leather flat sandals by Jean Bandler.





Awning-plaid

cotton—a long tailored overshirt with short piqué shorts by Dorothy Cox. Beach bag by Roger Van S.

Double-breasted chemise

Pretty wearable version
of the most important fashion
of the season. Slate-blue linen
for town or weekends.
By Greg Draddy.



Batiste in yellow-gold

Dacron print, a full-skirted
dance dress. By Jerry Gilden.
Coral kid sandals by Perugia.





PHOTOGRAPH BY HAL REIFF

Voile shirtwaist dress

with orange-ice dots.
Cool Dacron-and-cotton
all-summer dress that is sheer
delight. By Jerry Greenwald.
Pumps by Jean Bandler.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.



Bright pink and red roses printed on cotton satin make a pretty, cool summer dress. The child's dress in pink cotton satin has a large rose pocket made from a leftover scrap of her mother's dress. Both are sashed in green velvet ribbon. Mother's dress, Vogue Design No. 9517. Child's dress, No. 2831.

LOOK-ALIKE FASHIONS... FOR SUMMER

These gay young fashions have been inspired by pretty summer prints and amusing interchangeable ideas. Think how practical a child's dress with two different aprons can be. Especially when the aprons can be worn separately as sun dresses. Bright cotton florals make enchanting mother-and-daughter combinations. And for those who are slim and can wear a narrow straight silhouette, our sailor dresses in sky blue with jaunty red ties would be a happy choice. For a little boy, what could be gayer than a pair of tartan shorts? And smocked dotted swiss is a perennial favorite for little girls. ▪ By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor

ROGER PRIGE



An amusing apron with matching panties and hat. Vogue Design No. 2834.



A simple lavender cotton satin dress goes under the same printed apron. Dress, Vogue Design No. 2833.



The same lavender cotton dress—this time topped with crisp white piqué with appliqué.



This brother-and-sister fashion is gay and appealing. The boy's shorts are topped with a white plaid-trimmed shirt. The little girl's dress has a white piqué button-back bolero. Boy's outfit, Vogue Design No. 2835. Girl's dress, No. 2832.



We have accented a bright garden print with a border of blue organdy. These cool dresses are bound with blue, sashed in ribbon. Mother's dress, Vogue Design No. 9517. Child's dress, No. 2831.



Cool crisp dotted swiss is such a young fashion. The mother's dress in red with a white dot has a full skirt to which we have added two rows of heavy lace. The child's dress is smocked front and back and also has a sleeveless version. Mother's dress, Vogue Design No. 9205. Child's dress, No. 2829.



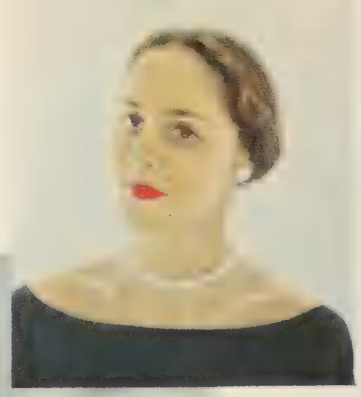
These slim, easy-fitting sailor dresses are made of sky-blue cotton twill. Their white collars have red braid and stars and the ties are bright red. Both have back pleats and a tab detail. Mother's dress, Vogue Design No. 9453. Child's, No. 2824.

JEWELRY BY POHS AND HERBERT; SHOES BY BEN SOMMERS PIQUÉ HAT BY MORRIS SANDLER

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 84. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

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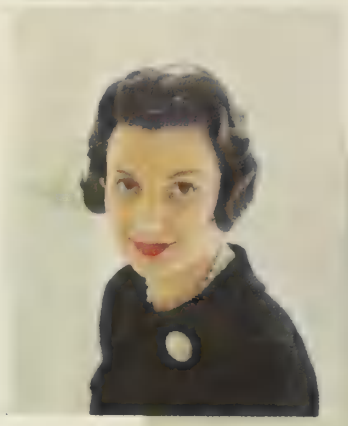
Beauty Workshop

Lessons in

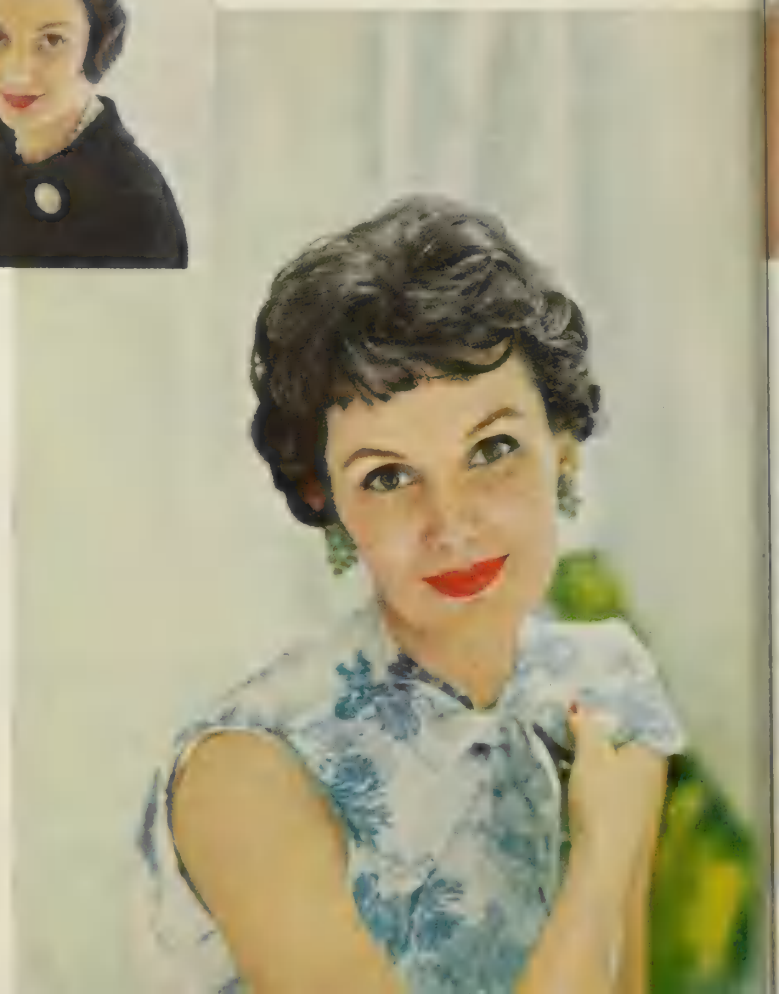
So many of you say to us in your letters, "I'd love to be able t wear more make-up, but I never know what to use or how to put it on so I settle for a safe lipstick-and-powder routine. Yet I know could look much prettier than I do." The career girls an mothers you see on these pages not only share your conviction tha artful make-up can work beauty magic, but are here to prove the point They were photographed (before) as they have been accustomed t looking each day and (after) as their appearances blosson with prettier make-up, deftly applied, and more becoming hairdos All five are delighted that their new radiance is subtle enough for daytime as well as glamorous for evening. One mother spoke for all of them whe she exclaimed, "I look so much prettier, and feel so much younger!" Busy with jobs or housework and children, these five will no always have the time or the need for making up completely each day But, as Carol Phelps says, "Believe me, it's wonderful to know how to make yourself glamorous when the occasion or the spirit moves you. My old make-up took five minutes to put on—the new make-up takes fifteen. I've never before been rewarded so handsomely for ten minutes' worth of my time!"

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN *Beauty Editor*

FRANCES PELLEGRINI



"That girl could be a real beauty," people have remarked about Carol Phelps, but Carol admits, "Twice last week I was accused of looking like a 'schoolmarm.'" The trouble? Her understated make-up and clothes colors and overly severe hairdo did nothing to enhance her basically pretty features. As you can see in her "before" picture, powder alone does not camouflage the dark areas under her eyes which come naturally to Carol. Her hairdo is neat but mousy. See how she glows in her "after" picture now that she uses: a creamy foundation make-up, purposely pink-toned, to help camouflage the circles and add warmth of color to her skin; blue mascara (black is hard on deep-set eyes) to emphasize the length and thickness of her lashes; a brown eyebrow pencil to smooth out her eyebrow line and create a flattering arch in the center. ("People tell me I look so wide awake—I think it's the lift in the eyebrows!") To correct her slightly uneven upper-lip line (one side is fuller than the other), Carol has learned to apply her coral-red lipstick with a brush. Finishing touches: a dusting of pinky-beige powder; a younger, more flattering hairdo cut short enough to wear in this softly waved pageboy, but left long enough for Carol to wear back in a chignon, if the mood strikes her. For the new highlights in her hair: a special rinse (it washes out) to follow her shampoo. The vibrant sunshine colors of her dress, as opposed to somber black, which is hard on most women's skin, give an over-all glow to Carol's pretty new look.



Pretty eye make-up, a new hairdo, flattering color near her face. These are the simple changes that make the exciting difference in Mrs. Joseph Rastatter's appearance. Shirley, mother of two young children, is blessed with near-flawless pink-and-white skin, rich brunet hair. Even so, her appearance lacked spark. The big beautifiers: black mascara brushed generously on her upper eyelashes; mist-green eye shadow smoothed softly across the upper eyelids, ending in an uptilt at the outer corners. (We applied Shirley's eye shadow with a clean lipstick brush. It's easier than using finger tips, which are apt to smudge the color.) Brown eyebrow pencil follows the natural line of her brow and, since Shirley's eyebrows stop abruptly at the outer corners, the pencil was continued slightly beyond the natural eyebrow line. The short hairdo with its fluff of bangs cuts the length of Shirley's face, makes her look younger, gayer. Add jade-green earrings, a feminine neckline and you have, according to Shirley, "A new woman! When my husband saw me he was so enchanted he dropped everything, called a baby sitter, bought me a flower and took me out on a date!"

Make-Up



A sandy brownette with freckles and a boyish hairdo, Gabriele Wunderlich proves that even the most tailored, outdoor type can turn enchantingly feminine if she puts her mind—and her make-up—to it. Here are the highlights: a liquid foundation make-up in a color just slightly deeper than Gabriele's own skin tones to blend and soften her freckles; a touch of cream rouge, softly blended, and a rosy-beige powder to make her skin glow; rich brown mascara to show off long, thick, sandy eyelashes. To "widen" her eyes: a soft eyebrow pencil (carefully sharpened) is used to draw a fine line along her upper eyelids as close as possible to her eyelashes. The line starts at the inner corners, ends in a little upsweep at the outer corners. The new hairdo is cut, curled and lifted for a lighthearted, definitely feminine look. Pale blue is Gabriele's best color. In her "after" picture she makes a real point of it by adding blue sparkle at her ears and neckline.

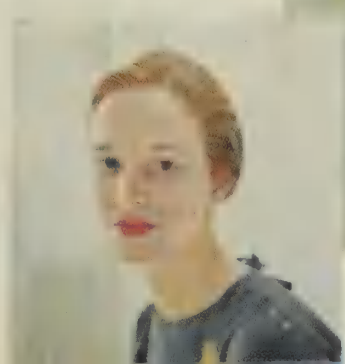




See that your make-up gives you a lift! The changes in pretty Mrs. Bromwell Ault's appearance have more to do with the way her make-up is applied than how much make-up she is wearing. In her "before" picture, Faith has on foundation make-up, powder, lipstick, eyebrow pencil. The only additions, in the "after" picture, are mascara and a touch of green eye shadow to brighten her eyes. The over-all improvement results from a series of make-up "lifts." See how much prettier the arched and upswept eyebrow line looks than the downward curve shown in Faith's first picture. Note the lift in her hairdo—from a severe, flat-top pageboy to a softly feminine wide-waved pageboy brushed up at the forehead. Blond "streaks" in her hair, near the front, provide pretty added highlights. In her "after" picture, Faith gets the lift that comes from wearing a singularly becoming color. The flower-sprigged white gives her skin a glow, while the beige seems flat and uninteresting. A lift in expression helps too. Compare Faith's serious look with that fetching smile!

Even a heavenly shade of hair cannot make up for a drained-of-color look that seems inevitable when pale skin, pale eyelashes and brows are left unadorned. Here, redheaded Mrs. Gaston de Havenon makes her washed-out-to-wonderful changes by using: a creamy foundation make-up in pale beige spread lightly and evenly over her face and neck; to heighten her color, cream rouge, gently blended. Deep brown mascara, a hint of blue eye shadow, and a reddish-brown eyebrow pencil to draw a pretty curve for her eyebrows give beautiful new emphasis to the entire eye area. A blue-red lipstick does much more than the pink to dramatize Anna Lou's fragile skin coloring. Her upswept hairdo turns from plain to pretty when bangs are cut and allowed to sweep across her high forehead. Turquoise and delicate pink are accessory and clothes colors a redhead can wear to perfection!





Can this Marriage be Saved?



One of the functions of a counselor, it has often been said, is "to hold a mirror up before the client." The latter is not told, "You are thus and so." His ideas, his attitudes, his feelings are merely reflected back to him by the counselor so that he faces them and recognizes them as he never did before; and it is he who then tells himself, "I am thus and so—I don't like it and I will change." This process of helping the client see himself as he really is must not be thought to be the major part of marriage counseling; but it was important in the case here described, with which we dealt at the American Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles. Each of the partners gained insight which enabled them to straighten out the marriage. . . . In this particular instance two different counselors took part: Dr. Eva S. Olman and Pierce Ommanney.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *General Director*



DON ORNITZ

"One evening my father-in-law unloaded a truckful of young trees in our back yard. Sari figured they should be planted, even though she knew I was dead tired."

SHE: "How I envy girls lucky enough to marry dynamic, all-business husbands who come home and talk about their work instead of the way John likes to do—talking of love and kisses. Our quarrels revolve around the same old theme: his lack of ambition and drive. Bone-laziness and pigheaded stubbornness are holding John back."

HE: "The night Sari and I separated was the lowest period of my life, but the tensions in our home were getting to our kids. They were screaming at one another the way Sari screamed at me—to work harder, make more money, buy a bigger house."

SARI TELLS HER SIDE: "John and I have been separated for six months," said thirtyish Sari, the pretty and vivacious but firm-jawed mother of three. "John comes to the house every Saturday to visit the children—our daughter, Betty, is twelve, our twin sons are seven—but I have consulted a lawyer about filing suit for divorce. How I am to pay his fees I don't quite know unless I can borrow the money from my father.

"John is in worse financial shape than usual. Six weeks before our separation he lost his construction business, a small operation but his own, and began working part time for somebody else. If John had applied himself, if he had only cared enough for me and the children, I'm sure he could have made a success of his own company.

"Other men in our circle, with much less on the ball, are rising in the world. John's brother, Ted, ten years his junior, is a full-fledged surgeon. My kid sister's husband is a partner in a prominent law firm; my two girl cousins married prosperous businessmen. It seems to me that everybody is getting ahead except John. Bone-laziness and pigheaded stubbornness are holding him back. He has repeatedly refused to go into business with my father.

"Father, a big-time contractor, is coining money; he has just bought a brand-new ten-room house for mother, their third new home in two years. The best John can provide for us after fourteen years of marriage is an old-fashioned two-family house, without modern conveniences, plunked down in a second-rate neighborhood. The only thing good about our place is the back-yard garden, and father paid for the plants, the brick walks, high brick wall and the patio.

"I must say John is giving more to me and the children, small as his weekly check is, than he is spending on his own living arrangements. On the night he packed his clothes and left us—this happened in June at the time of his brother's marriage—he moved into a cheap, run-down motel. Frankly, I was surprised John didn't return to his parents. He's made it plain he prefers their company to mine. Whenever he and I disagreed or if I suggested he put in a few more hours on his job or expend a little energy on household chores, he immediately looked to his mother and father for comfort. They consider him and his brother Ted—my in-laws have only the two children—just about perfect.

"In a way, I guess Ted's wedding touched off the big fight between John and me. For days I heard about the preparations for the huge reception, the decorations at the church, the bride's color scheme, the bride's real-lace veil, her custom-made shoes and gloves. Nobody seemed to think it strange or unfair that the oldest son's wife—namely, me—couldn't afford a new dress for the occasion.

"By the time the great day rolled around I was sick at heart. But I couldn't disappoint John and the children (our Betty was junior bridesmaid) so I appeared at the church. However, I skipped the reception and about four hours later that evening John and I split up.

"It's pointless to describe the battle in detail. It was like all our other fights. I screamed and yelled; John got pinched and white but didn't say a word to defend himself. His silence has always been far more maddening to me than words. He and I have been at odds for years—our fights began even before Betty was born—and our quarrels have invariably revolved around the same old theme: John's lack of ambition and drive.

"How I envy the girls who are lucky enough to marry dynamic, driving, all-business husbands! Husbands who come home and talk about their work instead of coming in the way John likes to do—talking love and kisses, or asking, 'Why don't we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 149

Foolproof Color Schemes #3

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND
Interior Decoration Editor

SHE: I can hardly wait to get started on decorating our new apartment.

HE: Now don't go wild; remember, I'm not a millionaire.

But with a minimum of cost it is quite possible to create a world of charm, and the magic wand is a gay and pleasing use of color.

This month our foolproof color scheme is based on green, red and white. Green doors and bookcases (fireplace, too, if you are lucky enough to have one) brighten up the white walls yet keep the feeling light and gay in a room that is not overly sunny. Full-length curtains of green denim add an air of luxury to the room. If you feel that you are not much good with a needle, ready-made curtains in many colors which fit any standard-size window can be bought for little.

HAROLD FOWLER



TRADITIONAL: *Striped elegance of the sofa blends well with white walls, green bookcases and curtains.*



A broad red-and-white stripe—here in chintz, but could be sailcloth, duck or a striped denim—can be used to cover square, skirted ottomans. A table you have, or one picked up cheaply, takes on a new lease of life and elegance painted in shiny black or white enamel. Chairs painted red to match the stripes on the ottomans and sofa pillows can be fitted with seat cushions covered in wipe-clean white plastic or the same sturdy green denim used to cover the sofa. On the spatter-sprayed floor (there's a new paint on the market which has the spatters magically trapped in one jar) a white washable rug—cotton or nylon (also available are square feet of cotton carpet, padded and adhesive backed, which can be added to as money allows)—keeps the light, bright and practical outlook of the whole room intact.

These colors can be mixed and matched different ways. If you have a light room with large windows, reverse the process—green walls, white bookcase and door or curtains. Your taste and preference are your guide in using these lovely colors, but whichever way you choose to use it a red, white and green color scheme, you'll find, adapts easily and prettily to almost any type of room and style of furniture.



MODERN: *Large areas of white used with green walls give a fresh backgroun*

Cook, Freeze and



Roast Duckling Piquant

Tender-crisp quarters of duckling in an elusively flavored sauce— a real masterpiece.



Glazed Ham Loaf

Box office at any buffet and a family favorite, this versatile ham loaf with its sweet-sour glaze may be served hot or cold.

Once in a blue moon you come upon a recipe that sends you scurrying about for pencil and paper, thinking, "How *perfect* for our next party!" It sounds so delicious, so enticing, and such fun to cook that you can't wait to try it out on your friends. That very minute you start planning a guest list, visualizing the table spread with tempting party fare, the house fragrant with flowers, yourself in your prettiest dress. Best of all, you discover, you won't have to spend the day of the party in the kitchen. On the festive evening, fresh and rested, you will simply draw from the freezer the delectable main course of your dinner—cooked and frozen days before!

Our three favorite dishes for party dining combine excellence of freezing qualities with elegance of taste—each one has an intriguing "difference" that stimulates the imagination as well as the appetite. The sweet-sour glazed ham loaf, served hot *or* cold with a tantalizing mustard sauce, is a record breaker for buffet dinners. The crisp, succulent duckling is roasted and basted in a savory sauce, distinctively flavored with a vegetable bouquet and a subtle hint of anchovy. And the meat ball curry, accompanied by steaming-hot currant rice and condiments of chutney, toasted coconut and chopped egg-and-bacon, adds a festive note to the table and makes conversation sparkle. Any or all of these main-course masterpieces may be prepared well in advance and stored in your freezer bank until you're in the mood to entertain. Serve with one of our

Meat Ball Curry

A spicy dish with party appeal—meat ball curry served with plenty of currant rice and colorful condiments: chutney, toasted coconut, chopped egg-and-bacon.



Treasure

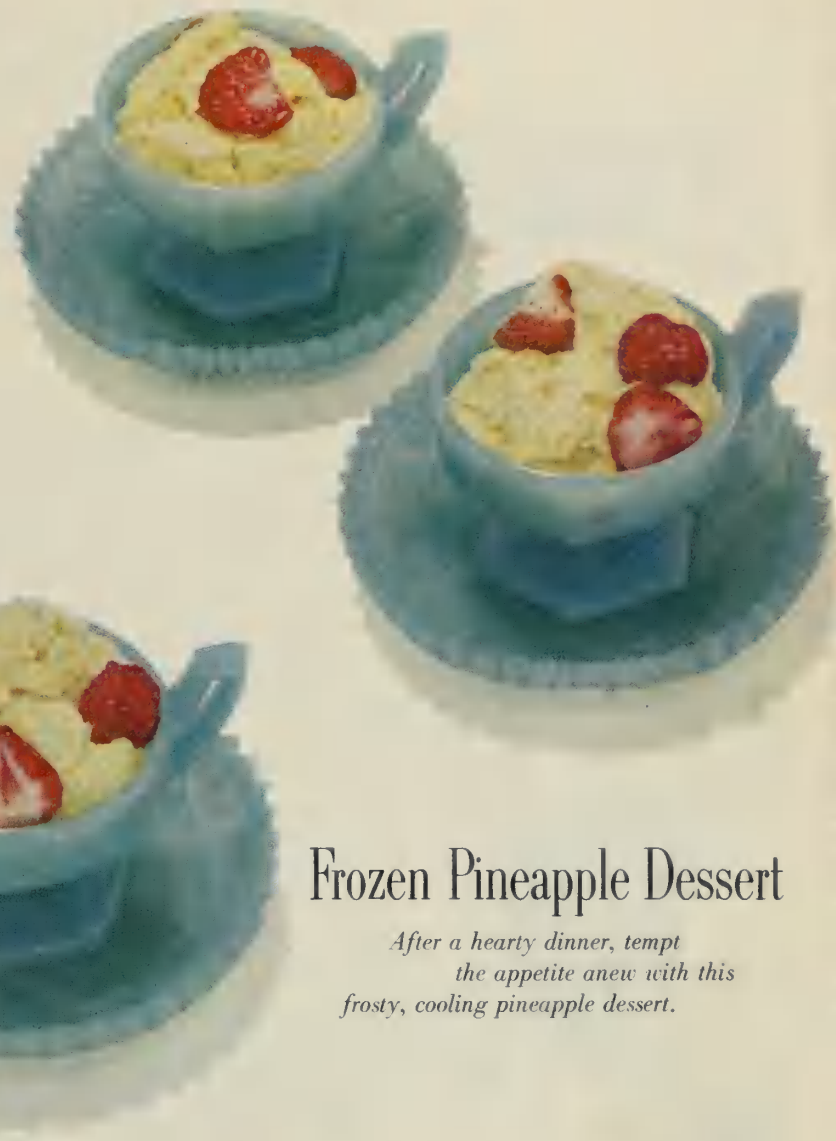
Your three most important parties may be prepared days ahead— leaving you free to enjoy the fun!

mix-and-match desserts, just as pretty as they are tempting—rich chocolate mousse roll, frosty-cool pineapple dessert, gossamer-light orange cream. Then settle back and enjoy your culinary triumph!

GLAZED HAM LOAF

Two loaves are better than one if you are freezer minded—or if you expect a large crowd or a hungry one. Ask your butcher to grind 2 pounds lean smoked ham and 2 pounds lean fresh pork. Mix with 1½ cups fresh rolled cracker crumbs; don't use cracker meal for this—it's too fine. Then add ⅓ cup chopped onion, 4 well-beaten eggs, 1¼ teaspoons salt, 2 cups milk and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. Work all together until well blended. Shape into two loaves in 9″x 5″x 3″ bread pans and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. While the loaves are baking, you can make the glaze. Combine ½ pound brown sugar, ½ cup cider vinegar and 1½ tablespoons dry mustard. Mix and boil 1 minute. Remove the ham loaves from oven, baste with this sauce, then set pans on a metal tray to catch any drippings and bake 1 hour longer. If there is any sauce left, baste again after the loaves have baked 30 minutes. Remove from pans while still warm. Cool, wrap and freeze.

On the day of the party, remove ham loaf or loaves from freezer 1½ hours before serving if you plan to have them cold—longer if you wish to reheat them. Heat for about 20 minutes in a moderately slow oven, 325° F. Serve with a zippy sauce made with ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ cup sour cream, ¼ cup prepared mustard, 1 tablespoon minced chives, 2 tablespoons prepared horse-radish, salt and lemon juice CONTINUED ON PAGE 136



Frozen Pineapple Dessert

After a hearty dinner, tempt the appetite anew with this frosty, cooling pineapple dessert.

Orange Rice Ring

Sprinkled with toasted almonds and garnished with orange sections, this golden treat lends festivity to any dinner.



STUART



Chocolate Mousse Roll

A light, moist cake rich with chocolate and filled with delicate creamy chocolate mousse.

Low-Calorie COLLECTOR'S ITEMS from the Journal Kitchen



A dieter's delight: sparkling and ruby-red borsch jellied into a luscious and low-calorie parfait.

Going on a low-calorie diet? Then don't just *dream* of three hearty meals a day with dessert. *Enjoy* them. Take a tip from the women who do it: actresses, singers and models whose professional success depends upon their personal good looks. Keeping slim, trim and well fed is their business. Here are their secrets.



If you find calories getting into the "best-tasting" foods as singer BETTY JOHNSON does, simply take some of them out. Betty, a home-economics major, has successfully subtracted 750 calories from beef Stroganoff. "It's our favorite company dish," says Betty. "If I take an average portion, I keep the calories down for myself" (about 235 and low for an entrée). "Guests, of course, can—and do—eat more because it seems so creamy and rich."

"CREAMY" BEEF STROGANOFF: Brown together in 2 tablespoons butter in a large skillet 1½ pounds lean top sirloin cut into thin strips about 2" long, ½ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced, and 1 large onion, peeled and sliced. Season with 1 teaspoon each salt and paprika, ¼ teaspoon pepper and a pinch of nutmeg. Cover and simmer for about 45 minutes, or until meat is tender. Drain meat drippings into a saucepan. Skim off excess fat. Make a paste using 1 tablespoon flour and ¼ cup water. When well blended, stir into the drippings. Heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Just before serving, blend in 1 cup yoghurt. Pour over meat and serve immediately. Makes 4 to 6 servings.



REGINA RESNIK, mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, says her big diet problem is not imposing her low-calorie fare upon the whole family. Five-year-old Michael wants to eat everything she does. "I take lean meat and skim milk, he and his father the regular. So far Michael hasn't caught on." Miss Resnik experiments creatively with low-calorie foods. Two favorites are elegantly deceiving parfaits. One is an appetizer (or salad): borsch; the other, a fluffy pastel Nesselrode dessert.

BORSCH PARFAIT: Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cool water, then dissolve in 1 quart hot canned borsch. Cool slightly and add the juice of ½ lemon, 1 tablespoon each onion juice and finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped dill and 2 dashes hot red-pepper sauce and a few drops red food coloring. Pour into 2 refrigerator trays and chill until firm. *For the dressing:* Thin ½ cup sour cream with 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon white wine vinegar. Season with ¼ teaspoon garlic salt, ⅛ teaspoon seasoned salt and 2 dashes hot red-pepper sauce. Cut the jellied borsch into ½" cubes and arrange in parfait glasses with alternate teaspoonfuls sour-cream dressing. Top with a little dressing and garnish with chopped fresh dill. Makes 6 servings (each about 100 calories).

NESSELRODE PARFAIT: Separately dissolve 2 envelopes each low-calorie strawberry- and lime-flavored gelatin, following package directions. Add 3 teaspoons liquid noncaloric sweetener to each; chill until syrupy. Finely dice enough red and green maraschino cherries to make ½ cup. Drain 1 can each No. 301 dietetic peaches and water-pack tart red cherries (save juice). Dice fruit. Whip 1½ cups nonfat dry-milk solids, following package instructions but using "saved" fruit juice instead of water. Separately beat strawberry and lime gelatins until fluffy. Fold half of chopped peaches, tart red cherries and maraschino cherries into each. Then fold ⅓ of whipped milk, 1 teaspoon each vanilla and rum extract into each. Build up alternate layers of lime, strawberry and whipped "cream" in parfait glasses. Chill and serve. Makes 10 to 12 servings (120 calories each).



Model MINOR COWDEN, who must be fashionably "gaunt," likes fish. "And it's a good thing," she says, "because most fish is low-calorie." Minor makes a mysteriously mellow sauce of low-calorie mayonnaise, tomato paste, chopped onion, green pepper and herbs. "It's the sort of dish I'm proud to serve friends," she says. "I used to take cottage cheese while everyone else ate. This low-calorie fish dish makes us all happy."

FILLET OF SOLE WITH TOMATO-HERB DRESSING: Rub a warm skillet lightly with butter. Then slowly sauté 3 tablespoons finely minced onion and 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper until tender. Stir in the juice of 1 lime, 2 tablespoons tomato paste, 1 cup low-calorie mayonnaise, and—if you like—a few capers. Season with ½ teaspoon orégano and a pinch of savory. Place 4 fresh sole fillets on a broiler pan, sprinkle with lime juice, salt and cracked pepper and broil until just heated through (about 5 minutes). Serve topped with some of the sauce and the remainder in a separate bowl. Makes 4 servings (about 120 calories each).



"I've tried every diet in the book," says PEGGY LEE. "Once I went on a measured diet—you know, half a cup of this, a four-inch piece of bread. I literally went around with a ruler. Now I carry a list of high-calorie foods. If I'm tempted, I haul out the list—and all my will power. Whenever I make up my mind to diet, I do it. Cutting down on salt makes me lose weight. A chicken rubbed with lemon, then broiled with celery strips over it, I've found, is wonderfully juicy and doesn't really need salt."

CELERY-BROILED CHICKEN: Rub 2 young broilers, split lengthwise, all over with lemon juice. Then sprinkle with cracked pepper. Place skin side down on a broiler pan, lay strips of celery in the cavities and broil for 10–12 minutes. Turn skin side up, lay fresh celery strips over all and broil until browned and tender. Makes 4 servings (about 120 calories each).



DIANA LYNN, who expects her first baby next month, says, "Being pregnant makes you more conscious of what you eat—and should eat. And much more calorie-conscious." She loses weight by eating more often (five meals a day)—only less at each. "Fortunately I like liver. It's nutritious and low in calories." With it Diana usually tosses together her favorite salad, a crisp-tender, herb-scented spinach-and-water-cress combination.

HERB-AND-SPINACH SALAD: Wash and break up enough tender young spinach to make 2 cups (about ½ pound). Add 1 cup crisp water-cress leaves, 2 tablespoons each chopped fresh chervil and tarragon, 1 tablespoon chopped fresh dill, ¼ cup cooked, crumbled lean bacon. Salt and pepper greens to taste. *For the dressing:* Combine 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons warm bacon drippings, 1 tablespoon white wine vinegar, ½ clove garlic, ¼ teaspoon onion salt and 2 dashes hot red-pepper sauce. Dress salad and toss lightly. Makes 4 good servings, each 100 calories.



"Dieters dream of desserts," says JAYNE MEADOWS. "And I'm no exception. So I'm making a file of low-calorie desserts. Really good ones—like Wheat-Germ Crisps." These "nutty" cookies are 33 calories each. One brownie is 200.

WHEAT-GERM CRISPS: Cream together ½ cup margarine, or ½ cup butter, and 2 cups brown sugar. Beat in 2 eggs. Then add ½ cup each buttermilk and wheat germ. Sift together 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon each baking soda and salt, and fold into the batter. Last, flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Drop from a half teaspoon onto a greased baking sheet and bake for 10 minutes in a hot oven, 400° F. Makes about 10 dozen cookies.

Calorie curbing can be fun. It's all how you go about it. Forget about semistarvation, a subsistence on celery sticks. Take your cue from the stars—dramatize your diet dishes with unusual combinations of low-calorie foods and lose weight.

souper special

BUDGET BEATERS



Budget Beater:

SOUPER CASSEROLE!

This is the way to please your family . . . and please your purse, too! *Chicken Noodle Casserole.* Fix this in the morning — heat it at night. In 1½-qt. casserole blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup with ⅓ cup milk. Add 1 cup cooked cubed chicken (or 5-oz. can of Swanson's Boned Chicken), 1 cup each cooked medium noodles and cooked green beans, 1 tsp. minced onion, top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake at 400° F. about 25 min. 4 servings. If desired, top casserole with a tomato slice before baking.

SOUPER CASSEROLE VARIATION: Tuna with Cream of Celery Soup

Budget Beater:

SOUPER SCRAMBLE!

This is the way to make eggs different every day for the cost of a can of soup! *Souper Mushroom Scramble.* Stir one can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup until smooth; blend with 8 slightly beaten eggs, dash black pepper. Melt 2 tbsp. shortening in skillet; pour in egg mixture. Cook slowly till eggs set, stirring now and then. 4 servings. Garnish top with sprinkle of shredded cheese or chopped parsley. Hint: Makes a souper budget beater for a meatless meal.

SOUPER SCRAMBLE VARIATIONS: Vegetable Scramble with Vegetable Soup • Chicken Scramble with Cream of Chicken Soup • Celery Scramble with Cream of Celery Soup



Good n' thrifty cooks cook with Campbell's Soups

For other Budget Beaters write to Campbell Soup Company, Department (LH6), Camden 1, N. J.

No jam tastes like *the kind you make yourself!*

It's easy . . . thrifty . . . and no failures with Sure-Jell or Certo!



Sure-Jell and Certo are brands of pectin . . . the fruit substance that causes jelling. The amount of pectin in fruits varies—so Sure-Jell or Certo takes the guesswork out of jam and jelly making. Easy recipes for all kinds of fruit with package and bottle.



Recipe for Strawberry Jam. Chop 2 quarts fully ripe berries. Mix 4½ cups prepared fruit in large saucepan with 1 box Sure-Jell. (Or use liquid Certo—recipe on bottle.) Stir over high heat until mixture comes to hard boil. Next step is even easier!



Stir in 7 cups sugar, at once. Bring to full rolling boil, then boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. This short boil time means less juice boils away. So you get up to 50% higher yield—and *fresher flavor!* Tastes so much better than any jam you can buy!



Remove from heat, alternately stir and skim off foam for 5 min. Ladle quickly into 11 medium-size jars. (No paraffining with new type jars!) Costs mere pennies a jar—and you can't fail! Get powdered Sure-Jell or liquid Certo—products of General Foods.

ICE PALACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

tell you this, Thor Storm. It's getting so a person asks you a simple question, like do you think it's going to rain, and they get a lecture on Alaska. I start out about Chris and this boy, and I end up listening to scientific laboratories. All right. Where were we at? Oh, yes. Chris has seen more of Alaska than any woman of seventy in the territory. Then what?"

"Then she's on her own."

"If I had my way she wouldn't be sitting up there in front with Ross this minute, let alone deciding her own life. Anyway, a pilot's got no right to be talking to a girl when he's flying real risky terrain like this."

With the too pat timing of a badly constructed play, Ross' voice now came over the loud-speaker in the plane's cabin.

"Your attention please. This is an unusually clear day. No fog in the valley. This flight can continue directly to Barrow on schedule, but we are a little ahead of time . . . (*squawk squawk squawk*) . . . or take a brief side trip to see the Diomedes—the Big Diomede and the Little Diomede . . . (*squawk squawk*) . . . If you will make your wishes known to your stewardess ——"

In the cockpit Chris said, "I hope they will. I'm sure grampa and Bridie would love it. Do you think the others will say yes?"

"Six of them are Dew Line men. They'll go anywhere. Then there're two Eskimos who live in Barrow, they're crazy about flying, they'd go to the moon. And that vaudeville couple that latched on at the last moment, they're game."

"What do you suppose they are? Russian spies or something?"

"No, I think they crave excitement and danger. And now that their act has been cut down, they miss the thrills. I've seen a lot of people like that bitten by Alaska."

"Grampa Thor says the people who came to America two or three hundred years ago were like that. Adventurous."

"'Grampa says.' You talk like a little girl. I never knew anybody with so many grandfathers."

"You know perfectly well they've been my father and mother and sisters and brothers too."

"I know, I know. All your life a bunch of people have been cooing over you—not only your family but everybody in Baranof—saying, 'Poor little Chris, got no papa, got no mamma.' You're a big girl now."

"You're nervous. Am I doing something wrong?" She pretended to scan the instrument panel. "Goodness gracious, Mr. Guildenstern, how do you get this thing down?"

"I don't get nervous in planes, Miss Storm. Though I'm going to take over in a minute because buzzing the Diomedes is kind of nervous work. I'd hate to see you try to make a landing in that mush below us this minute."

"You don't scare me."

"That's right. After all, there's nothing to flying but taking off and landing. Keep the plane up in the air forever and you'll never get hurt. That's my motto."

"You *are* nervous."

She stood up now. He shifted into the pilot's seat. "This time next year you'll probably be raving about Mount Rainier and all those high buildings, and the dances at the Olympic Hotel. And Bayard Husack."

She was standing behind him as he sat in his proper place. "Why didn't you ever tell me you had a son? It seems so strange you never told me you had a son."

"I was afraid I'd lose you."

"You can't lose what you ——" She caught herself. Stopped.

"—— what you haven't got," he finished for her.

"Ross, how old was he when your wife died?"

"He was two. Not quite two."

The cockpit door opened. The stewardess, a cup in her hand. "Everybody says they'd love to see the Diomedes. Here's your coffee, Captain Guildenstern."

"Tell Ackerman, will you, Miss Larson, that my temporary copilot is leaving."

Almost as if he had taken her by the shoulders, pushed her firmly through the cockpit door and had closed the door after her, she felt that he had shut her out of his consciousness for the time, at least. He was looking straight ahead. He was hunched a little over the instrument panel.

"I think you'd better take your seat, Miss Storm," the stewardess said. "And fasten your seat belt. Sometimes it gets a little bumpy around here."

Ackerman, the copilot, passed her at the doorway. "Why don't you stay and see the Diomedes from here, Miss Storm?"

"I've been fired."

Bridie surveyed her with a searching ice-blue eye. "You want to sit here with me? Or with your grampa?"

"I'll sit back here alone."

Miss Larson's cool, inadequate voice now came over the loud-speaker, her every important word seeming to be lost in a maddening way by the roar of the engines.

". . . about ten minutes . . . see . . . the Big Diomede . . . Russia . . . America . . . villages . . . coast . . . Siberia ——"

Thor Storm stood upright. He strode over to the stewardess. "Ask Ross if I can take over. Don't be offended. I'll explain later. . . . I'll ask him." His voice ricocheted from side to side of the plane's cabin. It boomed through the aisle, it shamed the engine's roar.

"Ross! Ross out there! Will you let me give this little lecture? It's Christine—I want Christine to know about this historic sight while she's seeing it. . . . That's good, my boy. I knew you'd ——"

"I'll tell you what I think," Christine said furiously, to Bridie. "I think grampa is getting queerer and queerer."

"He's just getting older and older," Bridie whispered, "and so am I."

"In a few minutes now," Thor Storm roared, "you'll see a sight few have seen. You'll see thousands of years of history and the world today meeting on two island rocks rising from the sea. They are two miles apart, separated only by a narrow strip of water. Over the Big Diomede flies the flag of Soviet Russia. Over the Little Diomede flies the flag of the United States of America. And beyond these you will see a dark cliff of shore line. This is Siberia. These two little islands are all that is left of what was a stretch of continuous land that once, thousands of years ago, connected and united Asia and America. These islands are only bleak rocks, each rising to mountainous heights with a sheer drop into the deep sea. Snow, ice and black water. But people live on these rocks and have for thousands of years. There's a schoolhouse on the Big Diomede, taught by a Russian schoolteacher, and a schoolhouse on the Little Diomede taught by an American teacher. It is said that if an American plane flew over the Big Diomede it would be fired on, and if a Russian plane were to appear over the Little Diomede it would risk American fire. Here in this plane we needn't worry. Our pilot knows his craft ——"

"I think somebody should stop grampa," Chris whispered.

"Sh! It's real interesting," Bridie said.

"—— but the natives visit back and forth in their skin boats. They have radios, they have phonographs, mechanical luxuries of all kinds. Once they lived in comparative peace, separated by distance and natural obstacles. Now they are united by the inventions of modern science and torn apart by fear of each other.

"This is why I wanted to talk to you passengers with me on this trip. When you look down, like gods, on the Diomede Islands you are not only looking at two little islands. You are looking at the whole world today ——"

The plane began to bank.

From the Roller Polars there came a little salvo of applause. They knew entertainment when they saw and heard it. But the other passengers pressed against the windows of the plane with a complete concentration of attention.

Christine, alone at a window, turned and called to Thor, "Come sit here with me, Grampa Thor, please."

He sat beside her. Together they peered out toward the gray sheet that lay ahead.

"It was wonderful of you to do that, just for this little handful of people."

"It's all in my book, dear child. And I'll write a piece about this trip for the paper next week."

He smiled down at her and suddenly, high up there in the merciless light of the polar Arctic day, skylit, sunlit, dustless, refractive, she saw the lines, the vague shadows, the receding of the flesh pads around the eye sockets, the cheekbones. It was as though she had not actually seen him for a long time. *He doesn't look very well*, she thought worriedly. And then, suddenly stricken with the thought, *Why, he's an old man!*

Like a little girl, "I love you, Grampa Thor," she said.

"Thank you, my dear child."

Their heads turned toward the window. Two black rocks jutted out of a gray-black sea. At this height it appeared that only a few inches of water separated the two bits of rocky land.

"Why, say," Alwin Polar exclaimed, "a kid could spit from one island to the other."



One of the Dew Line men laughed a trifle uncomfortably. "Hey, I hope our pilot don't get mixed up which is which."

Even as they gazed down, fascinated, the passengers seemed imperceptibly to shrink away from the windows as though by this distribution of weight they could veer the plane away from the direction of danger. Then, in the distance, meeting the sky line, they saw across the sluggish icy waste of waters a menacing black clifflike mass. It was the coast of Siberia.

"Thor Storm," Bridie trumpeted from her seat, "you tell Ross Guildenstern to turn this plane around and head back where we belong."

But already the plane was making its graceful, birdlike turn as it circled and banked and straightened out.

"It's all right," said Miss Larson. "We're heading for Barrow, we'll be there in no time. Coffee will be served to any passengers desiring it."

"Well, I'll tell you," Alwin Polar observed. "I'm not a drinking man as a rule, but the way I feel, coffee wouldn't settle me. I could do with a little slug."

There was a subtle change now in the plane. The icy drafts cut through every unseen chink and crevice. Coats and parkas, mufflers and blankets were pulled closer, tucked more tightly. Soon, on either side, rose the formidable walls of the mountains and, below, the tundra that never had known the foot of man.

"Coffee?" chirped the stewardess. "Snack? These are the meat sandwiches."

They drank the hot beverage. They ate the cold food. They seemed, huddled in that bleak little cabin, to be somehow separate, each from the other, busy with their own thoughts. *Boomboomboomboomboom* went the engines. *Sleepsleepsleepsleepsleep*. But they could not in all that clear fine air and that brilliance. But perhaps they did, at least in the more active fibers of the senses. For Miss Larson was saying, "Fasten your seat belts, please," and the sign over the cockpit doorway was alight with its message.

Barrow. The Arctic Ocean. "We are coming down in Barrow. We will arrive there in ten minutes. Barrow is the northernmost town in Alaska, and the only sizable settlement between here and the North Pole. You will now notice the Arctic Ocean; the dark line you see is the Arctic ice pack piled up on the shore almost mountain high."

"In July!" exclaimed Irma Polar.

"We have enjoyed having you on this trip," Miss Larson went on, "and we hope you have enjoyed your flight with Arctic Circle Air Line, and that you will fly with us again. Please keep your seats until the plane ——"

They stepped from the plane into a gray-and-black world whose only flash of color was the United States flag whipping aloft in the wind.

Bridie on one side, Thor on the other, Chris stood a moment, staring. "It's Mars."

Thor laughed in approval. "That's a good observation, Christine."

Bridie, absurdly inappropriate as to outer appearance, superbly equipped for hardship in spirit and body, hunched her shoulders against the wind. "You wanted to see Alaska."

Christine surveyed the forest of empty oil drums stretching away to infinity, the ice pack stacked high on the Arctic shore, the huts, the weather-pocked frame houses, the sod huts, the Quonsets. A town on Mars.

"I thought—I suppose—it would be a little like Oogruk and a little like Kotzebue and Nome and even Baranof. All those engineers and all those scientists and the Army, and the Air Force. What do they *do* here?"

"Protect you," Thor said.

"I'd thank them to protect me this minute," Bridie announced, "with a place where we can get warmed up and away from the wind. What's that place over there? If it's the airport, let's get to it."

"Chris! Chris!"

She turned. Ross was running toward them.

"I'm going in," Bridie announced firmly. "Ross wants to talk to you, let him come indoors."

Chris waved him forward as they turned toward the wooden structure that served the airport. But, "Wait! Wait!" Ross called.

"Please go on," Chris said. "I'll be there in a minute." She stood, waiting.

Whether from running or the whip of the wind, there was a flush in his cheeks that heightened his tawny good looks.

"I'm going back," he said. Then, as she stared, uncomprehending, "Now, I mean. I've been demoted for six weeks."

"Why? Demoted to—for ——"

His smile was rueful, but it had a tinge of triumph too. "You know this wasn't my regular run. I swapped with Ogilvie. I wanted to be with you in Oogruk, to show you ——"

Their talk, to a listener, would now have seemed to have the *non sequitur* of a Chekhov play dialogue.

"Your grandmother and your aunt."

"I wanted you to see."

"And the boy."

"I should have told you before, but I hadn't the courage."

"I talk like a little girl, you said. You treat me like one."

"You're going to marry Bay Husack, aren't you?"

"I'm not going to marry anybody. Just now. I can't imagine being married to Bay Husack or anybody."

"Yes, you can. Every time you meet an attractive guy you think what it would be like to be married to him. Every girl does."

"I've never seen Bayard Husack in my life. He doesn't know I exist."

"He doesn't have to. It's all arranged. Husack heir, Seattle money; Kennedy heiress, Alaska money. Like royalty."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

Blend chicken broth with Kraft Mayonnaise



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No other mayonnaise mixes like Velvet Texture Krafts!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

"How silly! We can't stand here. When are you going to be back in Baranof?"

"I'm in the doghouse. I just heard. They're giving me six weeks on a bush-crate run between Kotzebue and a dozen little dog-sled villages. I'll be carting the Native Service visiting nurses and the dentists and doctors and sick Eskimos up and down for the next six weeks."

They stood silent, facing each other. "You mean you're leaving now?"

"They're fueling up. Look, I'll have to run for it. You'll be in Seattle, probably, by the time I get back to Baranof. Won't you?"

"I suppose so."

"I've got to go. Can you make it to the airport all right?"

"Of course."

"Fascinating ethnological fact. In the Eskimo language there's no word for good-by." He ran swiftly toward the waiting plane.

Letter from Czar Kennedy to Dave Husack.
August 12, 1953

Dear Dave: I am writing this longhand and mailing it to the house instead of the office because this letter is for you and Louisa both. It was mighty kind of you to offer to take my Christine in to live at your beautiful house during her first year at the university. I would have liked that fine and it would have been a wonderful thing for Christine, but Christine says she has to live in a college dorm.

I have got that old puffpot Thor to let Christine come to Seattle a little early before school really starts so she can kind of get settled in and comfortable and I would like to bring her down myself about August 25. I will be at the Olympic as usual, but if Christine stays on like we plan then I would be mighty thankful if she could visit at your place till we get things set up for her.

I won't beat around the bush; another reason why I want to come down I want to get a look at the Buccaneer. I know she made that trial trip in good shape and I understand she's tied up at the Seattle docks waiting to go into dry dock for stripping for next season. I bet old B. J. Granett is whirling in his grave like a top. I have only seen pictures of her, she sure must have been a humdinger of a beautiful yacht in her day, well her champagne and caviar and Riviera days are over, they strip her down in dry dock get the excess weight off her, why I bet she can carry more fish out of Alaska and into the hoppers than any twenty tenders and that's a fact. Christine would like to see her, too, so let's make a kind of party of it, my treat. Let me know if this is inconvent and I will make plans otherwise.

Faithfully yours,
ZEBEDEE (CZAR) KENNEDY

"They're good," Louise Husack announced at the end of what Dina termed the style show, "but they're dowdy."

Dowdy. Christine had never actually heard this old-fashioned term used before, and certainly never as applied to her own clothes. As she stood now in her good black nylon slip, edged with good black lace, her face reflected a shocked unbelief. This adjective was used to describe her Baranof-bought college outfit. Instinctively, protectively her bare arms hugged herself, a palm cupping either elbow. The narrow black line of the slip's shoulder straps accented the firm fine beauty of her arms and her breast. Her hair, as the result of having had dresses and blouses dragged over its lavish golden mass, now tumbled in confusion. Her face had taken on a flush unusual in that clear peach-colored skin.

Dina Drake, staring pitilessly at this girl standing in Louise Husack's overstuffed rose-colored bedroom, realized that here was a human structure as nearly flawless in youth, health, intelligence, beauty and artlessness as such an example can be. She felt a sudden sharp stricture as though an unseen needle had darted a stitch through her heart.

Chris remembered now what Czar had said before she left Baranof for Seattle: "Listen, Bridie. I want Christine to have the best. Dresses and coats and so on. None of this parka-and-mukluk stuff. That's fine for Alaska, but Seattle is different."

Now, standing before her two Seattle inquisitors, Chris flung her arms out in a gesture of explanation and protest, mingled. "But Bridie and I bought them just before I came here. We get the new autumn styles early in Baranof because it gets cold the end of August or early Septem—— Why, the Hollywood Fashion Shop and the Miss and Mrs. Baranof Shop get the newest California sports things and even New York styles ordered absolutely direct."

The rose-colored bed, the satin chairs were atumble with dresses, sweaters, blouses.

Dina looked at the girl's hair. Her eyes narrowed. She smiled amusedly though her tone was kind. "Poor kid, you'll have to chop that stuff off, to begin with."

"Chop what?"

"That floor mop. Honestly, child, I haven't seen anything like that since they stopped reading me Goldilocks and the Three Bears."

Louise Husack, who had been examining a pink silk party dress, now looked up at Christine and then, slowly, her gaze turned toward Dina.

"Why, Christine's hair is lovely. Don't you let anybody cut it, Christine."

Dina stood up. She adjusted her waistline and stretched her neck from side to side as though bored and finished with it all.

"Let me know if I can help. Most of the good shops and the department heads know me." She turned away with a small, properly stifled yawn, then turned back to face the girl. "But if you're going to buy some things that aren't tacky, you'll have to take off some of that fat first."

"Fat! I wear size twelve!"

"I'm an eight."

There came a discreet knock at the closed door. "It's the coffee." Louise Husack's tone had the greedy anticipation of the caffeine addict. "Come in."

"What's going on here?" Bayard Husack leaned against the doorway.

Dina walked toward him. She just placed her fingers against his cheek, gently, as a wife might greet a husband, home from a day at the office. "What timing, Bay!"

Louise Husack was scandalized. "Bayard Husack, get right out of here!"

"Why?"

"Because Chris is trying on clothes, that's why."

Christine did not cringe or wrap herself in her arms or otherwise display maidenly confusion at being viewed by male eyes while wearing a good black slip that came well down below her knees and well up above her breasts. She was cross and upset. "Hi, Bay," she said spiritlessly.

Bay remained negligently leaning against the doorway. Dina now put a hand on his shoulder and, just as negligently, leaned against him.

A dull, unbecoming flush so rare in the elderly now suffused Louise Husack's ocherous cheeks. She gave a poor performance of shocked propriety. "Barging into my bedroom and staring at a young girl!"

"Ladies," Bayard Husack said, "pardon my mom. She's got a dirty mind. The truth is, Christine, that girls in slips and girls in those strapless evening jobs and even girls in Bikinis and a couple of clamshells—in fact, *especially* girls in those sordid gadgets—simply don't attract me. But just let me see a girl wrapped up from head to foot like a laundry bundle! That brings out the beast in me."

From the pile of garments on the bed Christine now dug out a bulky navy-blue chain-knit sweater with a turtle-neck collar. This she pulled over her head, thrust her arms into the thick sleeves, and jerked its folds well down over her hips.

"I brought three parkas with me from Alaska," she announced.

"Looks to me as if one would do it."

Dina gave a definitely bad performance of an indulgent laugh. "Don't pay any attention to him, Chris. He's just a sheep in wolf's clothing."

"And don't think," Bay added genially, "that when Lucrezia died the whole Borgia line passed out."

Dina turned her head. "You're getting to be as catty as a woman."

He reached up and gently took her hand from his shoulder.

"What's going on here!" demanded a bewildered Louise.

"Your coffee, mom," Bay said. The maid bumped her inexpert way into the room, a laden tray in her hands. "Here. I'll take that."

Chris cleared a low stand and dragged it to the side of Louise's chair. Bay set the tray down.

"Who wants coffee?" Louise Husack poured herself a cup and drank half the steaming beverage. She put down the cup and exhaled a deep breath.

Chris had learned something of the ways of the elderly in her almost twenty years of life. "Would you like me to pour it? Would you like a cup, Dina?"

"No, but I'd like a drink. I'll stop on my way downstairs. I'm late. Coming, Bay?"

"Nope."

Dina had turned to leave. Now she stood a moment, arrested in the doorway. Louise Husack picked up a sandwich. "Coffee, Chris dear? Try one of these."

"No thanks. But I'd love a Coke. I'm thirsty after all those clothes."

"It's an act," Dina Drake said cryptically. She was off down the stairway.

"A Coke." Bay Husack repeated the word paternally. "Come on, kid. I'll get it for you."

Louise called after them, "Remember you've got to be dressed by six. Your grandpa and Mr. Husack are meeting us at the dock. You coming with us, Bayard?"

"Why not?"

Christine picked up an armload of the rejected dresses. "I'd better not bother about the Coke, thank you."

"Here, give me those. You pick up another load. What is all this stuff, anyway?"

"They're my clothes—they *were* my clothes—for the winter. And now they're tacky."

He looked at her over the pile of garments. "As far as I'm concerned, you're wearing a parka this minute."

Laden, they staggered down the hall to her bedroom.

"Where do you want these?"

"Just throw them on the bed."

"Get into one of the tacky dresses and drive down to the dock with me. How about it?"

"I'm going down with Aunt Louise—she told me to call her Aunt Louise—and the others, whoever you are."

"More fun with me."

"Look, I'm here in Seattle to go to school. I'm just here as your guest for two weeks—and mighty nice of you, as Grampa Czar says—but please don't get me mixed up, would you please?"

"Do you always talk like this?"

"Like what?"

"Like a kind of verbal prize fighter. Do the Alaska boys like it?"

"They love it. Ask anybody."

Now he was leaning against her doorway, as he had in his mother's room. Chris was hanging the despised garments neatly in her closet, jabbing the clothes hangers into the sleeves with more force than was necessary.

He stood a moment longer in the doorway. He took a handful of keys from a pocket and jingled them in his palm and thrust them back. "We'll be leaving about a quarter of six. The boat's going to be slimy and the Olympic dining room dressy, so that poses a nice question for you. Maybe one of your medium-tacky numbers. Do you want that Coke?"

"I'd love it. I'll go down."

"I'll send Kea up with it." He turned away. "See you." He closed the door behind him.

On the drive down to the docks she found herself seated beside him. This rather surprised her. She had meant to be with Mrs. Husack in the back seat. Now Dina was there. Dina had demurred, certainly, though *sotto voce*, and Bay had said with what Chris considered very bad manners, "Stop wrestling and do as I say or we'll be late. I hate being late."

There was silence in the car as they sped down the twisting hill road. She felt vaguely uncomfortable, but her desire for information always had been stronger than her caution.

"The Buccaneer—tell me a little about her, will you? I know she was a beautiful ship—a yacht—one of the biggest and most expensive in the world. Grampa Czar says they're going to gut her and use her for a fish carrier."

"That's it. She was the finest privately owned ship in the world in her day. Nobody wants a ship like that these days, even those Greek billionaires. She's been lying around useless for years."

"Do you think we can have a little ride on her tonight, before dinner?" Chris asked. "I'd love it."

"No, you wouldn't. Wait till you see her. They took her out on a trial trip for capacity before they started to strip her. She's a real mess now."

"I don't see how they could do it."

"Oh, it's simple. Knock down partitions, all that fancy woodwork, the saloon and bedrooms were lined with satin brocade ——"

Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

Accident: an event frequently descended from a long line of advice not listened to.

She's the kind of woman who thinks that culture in a family is synonymous with parsley on a plate.

Connoisseur: one who is able to make a distinction between knickknack, bric-a-brac and *bibelot*.

Let the sorrowing heart cry aloud, if it can; the heart that bleeds internally may cause greater damage.

Overheard: "She thinks she's prevaricating when she tells the truth."

One reason a women's convention should always be a three-day affair is that not until the third day, when all the women get back into their first-day suits, is everyone sure who everyone is.

For a child, a legacy better than gold
Is to teach him early to do what he's
told.

The experienced parent butters only the center of a child's piece of bread.

Two young girls overheard:
"I lost a whole year of my life."
"Why, how?"
"Well—I was nineteen before I found out that when I was eighteen I was my own boss."

Amusement and fun are as necessary in forming the well-balanced child as nectar is in making honey.

Wise woman: one who keeps still when she knows she isn't.

The difference between a housewife and a career woman is only about twenty pounds.

"I don't mean that. I mean I don't see how anyone who cares about ships—I mean a ship that was the most beautiful yacht in the world ——"

"Fish companies aren't quite that sentimental."

The ship lay at the dock—the once bustling colorful docks over which the glinting airplanes now flew so tauntingly, so derisively. Those docks had known ships from India, from China, from Japan, from exotic islands and tropical seas. Seattle no longer was host to these strange craft.

The Buccaneer lay at the dockside. Neglected and idle for years, scabrous now and dirt-dimmed, the bone structure and the lines were still there, the breeding and distinction persisted. She looked vast, even now, among the little fishing boats and the squat tubs in from Victoria or the islands.

The four occupants of the Husack car—Louise Husack, Bayard, Dina, Christine—had a glimpse of the ship from the hilltop. As they drove down to the docks and into the company pier, two rubber-booted figures came toward them down the gangway. Czar Kennedy and Dave Husack, grinning, jubilant, waved a greeting.

"You'll have to wear boots," Dave yelled. His color, always roseate, had the purplish tinge of excitement. In one hand he carried what seemed to be a gold picture frame, and jumbled in his arms were miscellaneous articles of footgear. "Here. We scrounged a bunch of old mukluks and boots. You fit 'em onto the girls, Bay, best you can."

Dina looked with disdain at the clumsy dirty boots. "I wear fours, and I'd rather ruin my pumps than get into those horrors."

Cradled in one arm Czar Kennedy carried a dark-green gold-topped bottle. He held it up now. "Champagne. Domestic but champagne all right. We'll have the real stuff at dinner, to celebrate, but you're going to break this over the bow, Christine, for luck."

Something in Chris was outraged at this. "You only do that when the boat is young and—and beautiful!"

"She's better than young," Czar said. "She's old and rich. She rates a bottle of champagne. She's worth her weight in gold—or silver salmon, anyway."

Dave turned the gold frame so that the picture it enclosed faced the newcomers. "Look at that, will you! It was hanging in one of the stateroom closets, can you beat that! The whole crowd of muckamucks, you'll die!"

It was a group photograph showing a party of men and women on deck. They seemed strangely naïve in their costumes of another day. The women wore long skirts and little jackets with broad revers, and floppy hats with floating veils. The mustached men wore yachting caps and tight suits. "Look at the date!" Dave yelled. "That's the day the Buccaneer was launched. Look, there's old B. J. himself. They're all dead now. But we ain't. Come on, folks. We'll take a look around and then over to the Olympic. But first you're going to bust this bottle over the bow, Christine."

Clumping along in the clumsy misfitting boots, Christine protested mildly. "I don't know how. I wish somebody else ——"

"Don't look at me, thanks." Dina linked an arm through Bay's.

He extricated his arm, apparently to remove a handkerchief from his pocket. "Here, we'll have to wrap a couple of handkerchiefs or something around the bottle and tie them. Somebody give me another. Dad?" Dave snatched a fine linen square from his pocket. For a moment the fishy dock smell was lost in a wave of spicy eau de Cologne. "I don't want any broken glass making hamburgers of Christine."

The little party stood looking up at the scrofulous bow of the old ship. Gingerly Chris took the bottle in one gloved hand. The others were grouped around her. As she swung her arm forward the loosely knotted handkerchiefs fluttered to the ground, the big bottle slipped in her gloved hand and fell with a smart smack into the waters of the bay.

"That's bad luck!" Dave Husack shouted.

Czar's voice: "Easy now, Dave. Easy."

Chris closed her eyes a moment, opened them wide and wet. "I'm so sorry." She set her jaw a little, she looked at Dina. "I'm sure you could have done it beautifully."

"Forget it, Christine," Czar said shortly.

Louise Husack seemed relieved. "I'm glad it's over. It was a silly notion anyway. If we're going over the boat, let's go and get through with it and have dinner."

Christine stood a moment, staring down into the water as though expecting to see the big green bottle bobbing and taunting her there. An arm, friendly and protective, brushed across her shoulders. She looked around at Bay.

"You did that purposely."

"I did not!"

"I don't mean you did it purposely on purpose. I mean you wanted to do it and you couldn't help it. It was done when Czar first gave you the bottle."

"Oh." Did he think she was a little idiot who knew nothing about Freud and Jung and everything after two years at Baranof College? "Oh, that. Psychologically. Yes, I suppose so." She dusted one gloved hand with the other to rid her hand of the memory, as she had seen people do it in a play.

THE TACITURN TYPE

By PHILENE HAMMER

Three there be—and only three—
Who know the inner soul of me:
Dear (my husband), Doc McNair,
And Bessie Mae, who does my hair.

My symptoms, my financial plights,
My nightmares and my sleepless nights
Discriminately I relay
To Dear. And Doc. And Bessie Mae.

Yet even so, a gal should be
Entitled to *some* privacy:
Thus, there are realms of
which, I fear,
I never speak to Doc or Dear.

"You get cuter by the minute."

"Oh, do shut up." Suddenly she felt older and wiser than he—than anyone in the group now plodding up the gangway.

"Is that the way you talk to the Baranof boys?"

"I'm not in Baranof."

"But you wish you were."

She glanced quickly around. The others were ahead of them. "No, I don't. I thought I would. I did for a little while. But now I don't."

Czar turned at the ship's rail. He made a gesture of urging to the two loiterers. "Come on, come on, Chris! Don't keep us waiting."

"Can we go for a ride?" Christine asked as she stepped on deck.

They laughed tolerantly at this. Dave Husack thrust one great paw forward and pinched her cheek. "Listen to the kid. The Buccaneer's going out at eight o'clock, headed for dry dock, but we're not going out on her. We'll be eating a good thick steak at the Olympic, I hope." He stuck his head in at the door of the great saloon. "Hey, boys, I brought you company. Ladies."

The wreckers were working overtime. They hacked with hammers and crowbars and drills and acetylene torches and they had almost finished stripping this once magnificent room down to its aged bones. It had been gutted. The saloon and smoking room and cabin partitions had been torn away to make room for the millions of fish that would bring millions of dollars to the Husacks and the Caswells and the Kennedys and the Kleets and the men at the directors' tables in Washington and New York and San Francisco. The passageways and dining rooms that had held the aroma of exquisite foods and vintage wines now reeked of the fish that had piled up on that first trial trip. Men in hip boots slid and slipped on the slime of the floor.

"Take your ma's arm, Bay," Dave said.

Now and then the ship seemed to quiver as with a chill. "It's the blowtorches," Bay explained. "I don't think they ought to use them until they're in dry dock."

Dave Husack corrected this. "No it isn't. This machinery in this little skiff was built like a watch, like one of those fine Swiss watches. That's why it cost the old boy about a million a minute to run her. Well, our fish ain't so delicate. We yanked out the delicate works and we put in some good serviceable secondhand junk that will make the old tub go and that's all we need. Any old grease monkey can run her engine now. She's good for another ten—fifteen—maybe twenty years."

Dina's skirts were lifted high above the slime of the decks. She had picked her way so fastidiously from place to place that her pretty black pumps were spotless, her lovely silken legs unflecked. "Uncle Dave, you're just a wizard." She placed one hand on his shoulder as though to balance herself.

Czar's cold voice: "You familiar with the cannery business, Miss—uh ——"

Dave's laugh boomed out. "Say, she ought to be by now. She's handled enough correspondence and heard enough gab about it."

Louise Husack sometimes surprised you. "We've seen this ship now. Enough's enough. I'll take my salmon at the Olympic with a nice martini cocktail on the side."

Bay grinned. "That's telling 'em, kid." He steered her toward the gangway, threw a glance over his shoulder at the others. "Come on, you young fry."

"Right!" Dave bellowed. "Anyway, they're pushing off for Spruce in another hour. We'll find ourselves in the middle of Elliott Bay if we don't watch it."

The headwaiter at the entrance to the handsome dining room was a name dropper. "Good evening, Mr. Husack. We have your table, Mr. Husack. This way, Mr. Husack." There were red roses in a bowl on Mr. Husack's table, two dark-green bottles, wire-capped, stuck their necks just above the wine bucket's bed of ice. A round table laid for six. Though its circular shape did not provide for a head or foot, Dave Husack gave the effect of being at the head of the table. Louise at his right, Christine at his left, Bay, Dina, Czar in a neat ring.

"If there's one thing I like," Dave boomed, "it's a great big steak *that* thick. How about it, Emil? Say, take away those roses, will you, boy? They always give me hay fever or rose fever or whatever it is in August. And get those pink lights off, too, while you're about it. I can't see only the top of Dina's head."

Two deep lines extending from nostrils to chin seemed carved in the gray-white of Czar Kennedy's face. His eyes were flat, gray, expressionless as oysters. He lifted one forefinger. He stared at Emil, the headwaiter, and the man found himself staring back as though hypnotized. Czar did not raise his voice.

"You. Come here." The man skirted the table, he stood at Czar's side. "Kennedy," he said, "is my name. I am giving this dinner. I ordered it this morning."

"Yes, Mr. Kennedy. Certainly, Mr. Kennedy, I wasn't here at the time, but—when I saw Mr. Husack ——"

"Listen to me. Mrs. Husack, I have taken the liberty of ordering the dinner. I find scattered ordering unsatisfactory, but if there is anything you do not approve, it will be changed. . . . Don't take those lights away, man. And stand still. . . . I have ordered imported caviar, black. Martinis or vodka, though I'm taking bourbon and so can anyone else. Three-inch steaks, so there'll be plenty even for you, Dave, rare, medium or well done. Those baked potatoes the way they do 'em here. Mushrooms and peas. A big salad with Roquefort dressing. And for dessert, of course"—he looked around the table, he suddenly turned on them his winning smile—"a baked Alaska."

"Yes sir, Mr. Kennedy," Emil agreed smoothly.

Well, Chris thought, *that's telling 'em, Grampa Czar*. She looked at him, a sparkling glance of impulsive admiration.

Czar looked at the girl. He spoke casually: "When our drinks arrive we'll have a toast ——"

"—— to the Buccaneer!" Dave finished for him.

Smoothly Czar continued as though Dave had not spoken: "—— to our most gracious friend, Louise Husack. And after that I'll be glad if perhaps you, Bay, will propose a toast to our little student here."

A moment of somewhat eerie silence fell upon the table.

"I love a man who can order a delicious dinner," Dina said. Czar, seated at her left, did not turn his head.

Emil put a tentative hand on the rose bowl, with an inquiring glance at Czar. Czar nodded, wordlessly. "Too bad," Louise Husack said, with a somewhat poisonous glance at her husband. "I bet you don't see roses like that up in Alaska."

Christine's low, charming voice seemed to clear the air of embarrassment. "Not like those, Aunt Louise. Such dear little things. That's the trouble with all our Alaska flowers, I suppose, except the tiny ones that grow on the tundra. Vegetables too. The flowers are the size of cabbages and the cabbages are as big as bushel baskets. The strawberries are three inches around and the delphinium grows nine feet high."

Bay said, "I hope the Husack family knows when it's licked."

The cocktails, the caviar, the steak, the champagne; an hour—two hours—gone by. The company was relaxed now, and without rancor. The orchestra that had been playing what is known as dinner music now broke its tempo into fragments suited to dancing. Bay asked Chris to dance. She rose with alacrity, whisked to the tiny dance floor, his arm came round her. She said, "I've been simply dying to dance."

Bay said, "Sh-h-h-h." They danced the remainder of the number in silence and returned to the table.

Now the vast dessert arrived, a ceremony, almost a ritual, with three waiters and Emil as acolytes and priest. Baked Alaska, golden, mountainous. Plates were being handed round.

"This is Alaska, all right," Czar said as his fork went into the rich confection. "Layer of cold and layer of hot. Cold and sweet, hot and sweet. Ice cream and cake. People Outside think it's all cold. Well, let 'em. We know better, don't we, Dave!"

But before Dave could agree with more than a preliminary chuckle, a boy in hotel uniform crossed the room and stopped beside Dave's chair. "Telephone, Mr. Husack."

"How's that? . . . Oh. Take the number."

"They said very important, it says." He glanced down at the slip of paper in his hand.

"Oh now, David!" Louise Husack turned protective. "You finish your dinner and tell them to call the house later."

"Go away, boy."

Czar Kennedy viewed this power performance with detachment. Smoothly he picked up the table talk as though the bellboy had not interrupted. "My little Christine isn't used to champagne."

Surprisingly, Dave was receptive to this. "Me neither. It never did agree with me. Champagne is for chorus girls."

"Chorus girls of your day, dad. They don't go for stuff like that now. They're like you, they stick to Scotch."

"My son's quite a stage-door Johnny."

"What's a stage-door Johnny?" Chris asked.

A laugh went round the table in which Chris found herself joining ruefully. "Did I say something?" But even after it was explained she seemed puzzled.

"Just goes to show how far away Alaska really is," Dave said. "Far away and out of step."

The bellboy was at Dave's elbow again and this time he was fortified by Emil. "There are two or three gentlemen—that is, men from the newspapers—to see you, Mr. Husack."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80



Peach Party Pie boasts a chocolate-y crust

plus bright and oh-so-tender Del Monte Peaches

My, but the lovely fresh color of DEL MONTE Peaches does make a dessert sparkle!

And it's a sure promise of richly mellow flavor ahead. Sweet and juicy, marvelously tender—these sunny slices are just about the nicest thing your fork's ever come across.

Tree-ripening—that's what does it. Our peaches are never picked until Nature's had her chance to give them all this color, flavor and tenderness. No exceptions.

That's why DEL MONTE Peaches are the world's favorites. Don't they sound good to you, too?

PEACH PARTY PIE

- 2 cups fine chocolate cooky crumbs (about 27 2¾-in. cookies)
- 5 tablespoons soft butter or margarine
- 1 can (1 lb. 13 oz.) DEL MONTE Brand Sliced Peaches, chilled
- 1 quart of your favorite flavor of ice cream (pistachio is shown here)

With a fork, mix cooky crumbs and the butter until crumbly. Using the back of a spoon, press mixture firmly to bottom and sides of greased 9-inch pie plate, making a shallow rim. Bake 5 minutes in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) and cool on wire rack. Drain peaches. At serving time, spoon ice cream (such as pistachio, strawberry or vanilla) into cooky-crumb crust and top with well-drained DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches.

Del Monte® Peaches

Sliced ■ Halves



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

"Do you want me to go for you, dad?"

"Nah."

Dina pushed her chair back. "Let me, Uncle Dave. It's probably Washington. They said tomorrow, but they've probably had a meeting. It's about midnight there."

"I'll go, I'll go. They can't make up their minds because they haven't got any brains. You can't make up minds with ——" He crushed his napkin into a ball. Standing, he grasped the chair back a moment, then wove his way among the tables.

"A liqueur, anybody?" Czar inquired. "How about a nice cream de mint, Louise?"

She laughed plumply. "Now, Czar, I guess you think you're out with one of those chorus girls."

Dina was glancing toward the great doorway. She turned back now to the table. "I've eaten such an enormous dinner, I think I'll just have ▪ brandy, Mr. Kennedy."

"Brandy, eh? Anybodv else want to keep Miss—uh—company?'

"I'll try one, Grampa Czar," Christine told him.

"No, you won't, my girl. You've never tasted brandy."

"Grampa Thor would say this is a good time to try it, then."

The little white flame leaped from his eyes. "Thor has had his day. This is mine. Understand?"

"I'm sorry, grampa. I didn't think you'd be cross about it. You asked."

But now Dave Husack came swiftly toward the table and behind him, like ▪ comet's tail, Emil. Dave's hand on the chairback was shaking. "You keep those reporters out of this room or I'll sue the hotel, hear me!" He sank into the chair.

"David! David! What's happened?"

He glared at them, his lower jaw combative, outjutting, like a troglodyte's. "She's gone. The ship is gone."

"Gone where, David? She was supposed to go at eight, you said, so ——"

"The Buccaneer. She sank. Just like that. Sank."

Czar leaned across the table. He pushed aside the pink-shaded lamp with a gesture that rocked it. "Collision?"

"Here," Dina said. She thrust toward Dave the brandy that the waiter had just placed discreetly at her place.

Dave pushed the glass bubble aside. It overturned and the amber liquid spread on the cloth. "She just went down, I'm telling you. No reason. Daylight. August. Nothing in sight. They say she gave a heave, like, and shivered once, and went down. They saved two men, maybe three. She's gone, absolutely gone. Listen to this."

He unfolded a crumpled wad of newspaper in his hand. "They been trying to get me. The papers. Listen to this. 'She moved out into Elliott Bay, the last rays of the setting sun revealed cruelly every line and bruise and wrinkle and flabby peeling skin of this degraded old hag, once so beautiful, so queenly. Then quietly, smoothly, calmly, like the great lady she was, she staggered once, righted herself, fell forward like a Victorian *grande dame* in a faint and slipped into the watery depths with a softly hissing sigh of relief. Or was it scorn?'"

He looked up now. The table was silent.

"Millions," Czar said quietly. "She was going to bring in millions. . . . Let's be sensible. It was the machinery. Built like a Swiss watch. That's what you said. And you put in cheap junk engines. You try putting a hunk of iron in a Swiss watch. . . . Those men'll sue. And the dead ones' wives."

"Let's go home, David," Louise Husack said. "Let's go home."

Husack's bloodshot, protuberant eyes found Christine's shocked face and rested there. "Bad luck. I told you it would be. When that bottle slipped out of your silly hand. Bad luck."

Meeting Thor Storm on Gold Street, or dropping in at the Northern Light office, his Baranof townsmen would say, "What's the news of Chris? She given us old sourdoughs the go-by for good? I hear she's going to marry Dave Husack's son."

"Christine hasn't written me about that. Nor Bridie. She writes each of us a long letter once a month. You know Christine. She makes up her own mind about what she wants to do, and she usually does it."

"Yeh, well, pretty girl like that, all the money in the world—or will have when Czar kicks off—she'd be a fool to stay here in this icehouse the rest of her life. I'd get out myself if I could."

"Why can't you?"

"Well, I don't know, I been thinking about it. Maybe, like they say, the spell of the north has got me, but don't mention it to the old lady. She sure would like to swap it for a spell in California."

From its days of almost utter isolation Baranof—and all Alaska—had retained its love of gossip. It was not so much gossip, perhaps, as interest in all local news, its pioneer curiosity in the small private details of its neighbors' lives.

"Drove past your place the other day, Thor. See you're making some improvements in your cabin. You fixing to get married, now Chris is off your hands?"

"Oh, sure, sure. I figure it's about time for a young fellow like me to settle down."

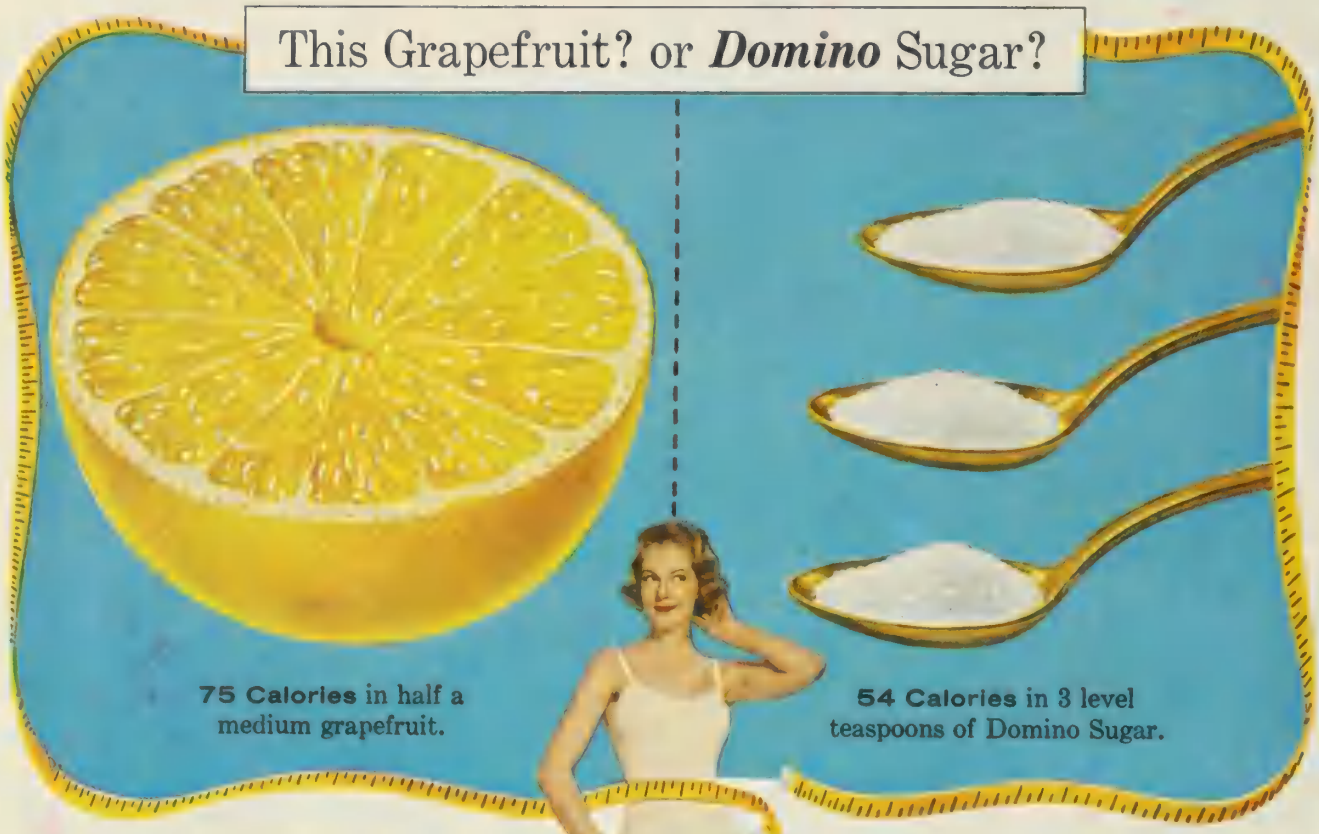
The town was curious about it. Chris had been away well over a year and in all that time she had not once returned to Baranof. At the end of her first year at the University of Washington she had gone to Europe for three months with a guided student group. Baranof was all but smothered by a chromatic snowstorm of post cards depicting cathedrals, châteaux, canals, castles, parks, forests, restaurants, ruins.

"That old shack of yours must be about the oldest house in Baranof. How old is it, anyway?"

"Only about fifty years. Of course Baranof itself isn't much older than that. But in this country—uh—I mean to say, fifty years isn't old for a good sound building."

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Only 18 calories per teaspoon in Domino Pure Cane Sugar . . . and they're all quick energy!

Yes! Only 18 calories per teaspoon in Domino Pure Cane Sugar, and they're *all quick energy* calories . . . energy your body needs every day. And remember, it's a scientific fact that sugar gives you energy *faster* than any other food. So . . . while you hold down your weight, lift up your energy with Domino Sugar!

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. . . more women use *Domino* than any other sugar!

He was deft and clever with his hands and he ent to work on his log cabin, situated there near the water with a pleasant bit of land round it. He left the exterior weather-blacked logs much as they had been, though he eated them with a creosote preservative. He dded a bedroom, a bathroom and a kitchen. le installed a furnace. The little bathroom was led and it shone with stainless metal. The itchen was fitted out with all the modern ppliances.

One small space that had been his sleeping oom and living quarters—little more than a ed, really, at the rear—he kept as it was. His on bed, his chair, the washstand; a little lay-footed iron stove; his guns, his fishing ckle, his cherished specimens, his books ooks books on rough shelves, in boxes. Exept for his battered and dated typewriter the oom was, in fact, exactly as he had occupied half a century ago.

But the main room—that was a different atter altogether. For this he had removed a artition and turned two rooms into one. He craped and sandpapered and rubbed and axed the old blackened interior logs until ey shone with a mellow golden glow, walls nd rafters.

"Taffy," Addie Barnett said, viewing the ich patina of the wood. "Or cream caramels. t looks as if you could eat it with a spoon. What in the world did you put into that waxng formula, Thor? Molasses and melted gold nd a few strands of Chris' hair? It's like—it's lmost apricot, like ——"

"Like Chris," Ross Guildenstern said. He ometimes came in and helped Thor with echanical jobs. He could take apart or put ogether any kind of mechanism.

The highest happiness on earth is in marriage. Every man who is happily married is a successful man even if he has failed in everything else.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Ott Decker, too, got into the way of dropping by. Usually he took off his coat and fell o work. Thor was, in fact, rather embarrassed by the number of Baranof young men who eemed suddenly to take an interest in his handiwork.

"Chris coming back?" they asked casually as they drove home a nail, painted a bedroom wainscot. "You're fixing this up for her, aren't you?"

"No sign of her coming back," Thor replied. "I'm planning to live here myself until somebody else moves in. Live here as I always have, in that one room there at the back. I'll move out altogether if—when—someone else takes over."

"You will! That'll seem funny. Where?"

"There's a one-room cabin down by the water. I bought it a couple of years ago."

Paul Barnett said one evening when the late-summer daylight still lingered in the midnight sky, "Furniture. Addie and I wondered where the furniture was coming from to go with all this Devonshire cream."

"Blue, don't you think?" Addie suggested. "The couch and cushions blue or maybe a pair of chairs. Blue against all this golden wood. Heavenly! And Chris being so blond."

Surprisingly, Paul Barnett disputed this. "She isn't a blonde at all. She's tawny like a leopard, like a lioness."

"Like an apricot," Ross Guildenstern said. He was down on the floor tinkering with an electric outlet. "Blue is too washy for Chris."

"Just a minute, you two boys," Addie laughed. "I'm kind of a tawny type myself, if you can spare me a look, but I don't see anybody battling about whether I'm a lion or a tiger or an apricot."

Thor was installing bookshelves on either side of the fireplace. He spoke now, over his shoulder, quietly. "Christine is in Seattle and likely to stay there. So don't fight about whether she's flora or fauna. I'm the one who's living in this log house."

Czar, learning of the changes, came by to see for himself. He passed, staring; turned and came by again. The seaman's keen blue eyes had seen him. Thor came to the door.

"Come in, old pardner, come in!"

"I hear you're fixing to be married," Czar called.

Chattily, Thor leaned against the doorjamb. "That's interesting. Anyone we know?"

"Might be." With apparent reluctance he walked leisurely up the path, surveying the house with the remote and casual glance of a stranger. "Could be. Bridie, say. She always was stuck on you."

"I thought it was you. Come in, come in."

"Must be fixing it up for some woman. Look at it! Who're you fooling? Not me. I'm smarter than you are, always was. You're fixing this place up for somebody besides yourself."

Thor went on with his polishing, methodically, lightly. "To tell you the truth, Czar, I may do some traveling, later. Outside. Outside the territory. I've been here a long time, it's time I went away. I could rent this place at a good profit now."

"Uh-huh. You going to pay a visit to those royal relatives you spun that tale about? Up there in Norway. Valhalla, you used to call it. Valhalla. Old Thor, the god from Valhalla."

"I might at that. Valhalla. That's just about the idea, Czar. You've just about hit it."

The fine gray eyes were almost white, the color drained from the cheeks. "Listen to me, old crackpot!" Czar Kennedy told him. "You're fixing up this place for Christine. You think she'll come back here to live. Well, stop kidding yourself. She's marrying Bay Husack and she may come back to Alaska, for a spell, but she'll be the wife of the governor of Alaska. And then the senator from the state of Washington. And then the First Lady of the land. The wife of the President of the United States maybe twenty years from now. So you can stop rubbing that old kindling wood and making out like you're fixing up this shack for rental."

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Heart-of-milk whipped topping

So simple...so light...so GOOD...

Beat ½ cup dry STARLAC, ½ cup cold water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla in a deep bowl until mixture is stiff, about 8 minutes. Gradually add 3 tablespoons sugar, continue beating 1 minute or until blended. Chill before serving. Makes about 3½ cups of light, velvety *and thrifty* topping.

Delicious on most any dessert—for instance, this strawberry-festival pie. Make up a graham cracker crust; fill with vanilla pudding (the packaged kind) made with Starlac; pretty up with sugared strawberries. GOOD!



Light as a summer cloud, dress-up topping you whip up with Starlac, the *wonderful* nonfat dry milk.

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Thor went on rubbing the wood lightly, gazing critically at the glow of the spot on which he was working as though to compare it in rich color and sheen to the section next it.

He straightened his big frame, he glanced meditatively out the window to the water beyond. "Little Christine in the White House. First Lady. She'd be refreshing, but she wouldn't fall in with the ideas of your crowd. There hasn't been a President's wife since—or before—Eleanor Roosevelt that had the courage to be herself. Franklin's wife showed them there was more to being the President's wife than giving dinners to stuffed shirts. They don't use the gold service much any more there, either, I'm told."

Czar turned to leave. "Gabble on, gabble on. Half the time I don't know what you're talking about and I don't think you do either."

"Could be. Could be, Czar. But it's cheap at the price. Outside I'd have to pay a psychoanalyst fifty dollars an hour to sit and listen to me. I don't pay you a cent. And when I gabble to myself it comes even cheaper. In fact, I gain by it, if the truth were known."

Christine Storm was The Fashion. No matter what she said now, they laughed uproariously, admiringly. "Did you hear Chris Storm's crack?"

Certainly Christine had not meant this to be. In the beginning she had merely been honest. She had had no intention of startling them with her replies, answers to questions. A strange new world. Only a few hours' plane distance from Baranof, this city of Seattle, this city of New York, Paris, London, Rome. But a world lay between. And especially, in the beginning, Seattle.

At a dinner party, or in a college group:

"Baranof? Where's that—Russia?"

At first Chris would wait a moment before replying because she found herself possessed by an emotion rare in her. Anger. Behind her teeth the little silent voice cautioned her to remember what Thor had said: "Just be honest and polite, the way you are here at home. If they ask questions, answer them."

So she waited a moment before answering, her lips slightly parted in the small mirthless smile of social intercourse.

"What language do they speak in Alaska?"

"Do they live in igloos?"

"They eat raw fish and whale blubber—that right?"

"Mostly Eskimos up there, aren't they? Except the Army bases, I mean. How did you happen to live up there, Chris?"

"*Born* there! Look, Chris was *born* up there, she says."

It was at that time, the beginning of her Seattle experience, that she had got into the habit of giving them what Bay Husack called the old caribou routine. "I was born in a caribou in a blizzard up in the Wood River country. My grandmother on my father's side was one quarter Eskimo. So my father was one eighth Eskimo. That makes me one sixteenth, if I'm any good at arithmetic—which I'm not. And of course I only eat raw fish and seal oil and *muktuk*."

She might be wearing, at the time, a strapless white dance dress in which she looked so appetizing that her male interrogator had to caution himself not to take a bite.

"Look, Chris, let's start again. Baranof, you said. If it isn't Russia, where is it?"

"It's a town in the territory of Alaska, and Alaska is part of the United States, though it isn't a state. Not yet. By the way, what language do you speak here in Seattle?"

"English, of course."

"Oh. Well, we speak it better in Alaska, if my ear is correct."

But she had a splendid time, for the most part. Certain things shocked her unpleasantly. Baranof's solid middle class fostered an almost Puritan standard of conduct, perhaps because a society so close-knit must, in self-protection, be decorous. But here the standards of many of the young men and women of her own age startled her. She was genuinely horrified at the mild amusement and even disrespect with which her generation Outside regarded old people.

Bay Husack, for example, who was almost ten years her senior. His attitude toward Louise Husack was that of an adult toward a not very bright little girl. Toward his father and his father's associates he displayed a quizzical contempt. Chris, sensing this, criticized it in the form of a generalization.

"I don't see how we can call ourselves civilized. Civilized countries respect and revere old people. Look at the Chinese and the East Indians."

"Yes, look at them!" Bay gibed. "They're in fine shape. They're so civilized that only a few million die of starvation every year. And I've always heard that the Eskimos take their old people out on the ice and let them sit there until they freeze to death."

Her resentment of this was, Bay thought, out of all proportion.

"Perhaps, years ago, when they needed what food there was to keep the young people alive. The hunters and the workers. Your ancestors, hundreds of years ago, probably hit the old people over the head with a club. Ross Guildenstern's grandmother is treated with the most tender respect."

NEXT MONTH

● The new novel by John P. Marquand is the story of a famous Broadway and Hollywood playwright, of the three beautiful women he married—two of them from the theater—and the off-stage drama which they lived. The author of "Sincerely, Willis Wayde," "Point of No Return" and "The Late George Apley" has created another compelling, highly entertaining novel of contemporary America.

WOMEN AND THOMAS HARROW

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

begins in the JULY JOURNAL

"Ross what!"

"It doesn't matter. In Alaska the old pioneers are respected. They're considered valuable citizens."

"You're like Queen Victoria, brought up by a bunch of graybeards. You're out of stir now, you're living alone, doesn't that put ideas into your head?"

"There are about fifty other girls living in my building. Why don't you try coming around and ringing doorbells?"

"It sounds pretty repulsive, but I'll come."

"Do. And bring your fiancée, Miss Drake."

"She isn't my fiancée."

"She told me she was."

"That's odd. I thought you were."

"You talk like Louis the Sixteenth."

"You're going to be an old maid if you're not careful—you and your frozen-north ways. Don't say Uncle Bay didn't warn you."

"Bitter boy, you hate the world."

"Maybe I do."

"But why? It's wonderful!"

"You tell me all about it sometime."

"I can tell you now."

"All right. Let's sit down here, real cozy, and I'll put an arm around you, and you talk and I'll listen."

She had been asked to dinner at the Husacks'. Louise Husack said, "You're like one of the family, Christine dear. We all love having you—Bay and all of us."

Not Miss Dina Drake, Chris thought. *Any dinner now I expect to find arsenic in my soup.*

Suddenly now, as she sat with Bay in the dim handsome library, so rich in shelves and shelves of lovely leather whose contents no one read, she felt relaxed and at ease with this rather frightening young man. His arm was about her shoulder, her hand was in his. It was surprising.

"For the first time in all these months I feel comfortable and cozy with you, Bay."

"Women always have to talk about their emotions. All right. You feel that way because you think you're going to say something that will help me. Women love that. Gives them a warm glow."

"You're an upset person. You came home from the war upset. And you don't like your father. Lots of people don't like their fathers. And you're bored with his business. If you cared more about people—I mean if you knew what's going on. Here in Seattle you're all so old-fashioned!"

"That's a refreshing one. I'll have to tell that to pop."

"Please do. He's the most old-fashioned of all. It's the middle of the twentieth century—past the middle—and they're still behaving as if it were the nineteenth. Robber barons! It couldn't be more old-fashioned."

"Like your grandpappy Czar Kennedy—who's paying your bills here at Washington, I understand."

"Yes. Like him too. But at least Grampa Czar lives in Alaska and loves it and does things for it."

"Such as what?"

"Newspapers. And banks. And shops. And coal. At least he isn't an absentee millionaire. The first Alaska absentee millionaire was Peter the Great—and then Catherine. There've been lots of absentee millionaire landlords since then, and your father is one of them."

"Yet you come here to dinner!" His tone was mock horror.

"I know. Aunt Louise has been so good and kind."

"Are you sure it isn't me? I'm not good and kind, but I'm interesting."

The honest merry eyes regarded him searchingly. "I've thought of that. You're a kind of challenge. Like converting a drunkard."

"Better be careful. You might get seriously involved in the process. You know—like the woman who tries to cure him by taking a drink every time he does. Next thing she's right down there in the gutter with him."

"I'm stronger than you are."

"Sugar, you'll never get a husband if you talk like that."

"I'm not worried."

"Are you bespoke, ma'am?"

"Not at present, sir."

"You might be any minute now if you'll forget that high-school-psychology chatter. Don't try to make a noble character out of me. I think the world stinks. I'm a rich man's son and I enjoy it in my own way. But no responsibility, thank you. Like a clerk in the shipping department—I only work here."

The library door opened; Louise Husack came in. The two sat facing her, Bay's arm about Christine, Christine's golden head so close to his. They did not move. They did not appear embarrassed because they weren't.

"Hi, Aunt Louise! I'm leading your son astray."

All the wattles and lines in Mrs. Husack's face seemed to melt into one radiant smile. "That's nice." She cast about the room a cursory glance that would not have discovered a packing case. "I thought I'd left my glasses—but no." She stepped hastily back into the outer hall, she closed the double doors gently.

"Mom's up to something," Bay observed.

Dreamily, as though thinking aloud, she said, "I suppose it's too easy here. Everything that's difficult in Baranof is easy here. Keeping warm. Food. A place to live. Getting from place to place. You can't imagine how wonderful it seems to me to be able to get into a car and just drive. Drive anywhere!"

"What's so wonderful about that?"

"There are no roads in Alaska—at least, none to speak of, considering how big it is. From town to town, I mean. Of course we have the planes. That's wonderful."

"Now listen, honey, you're really a little queer about all this, aren't you? A nice, attractive girl, but a little tetched in the head."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

ENJOY WONDROUS BEAUTY...

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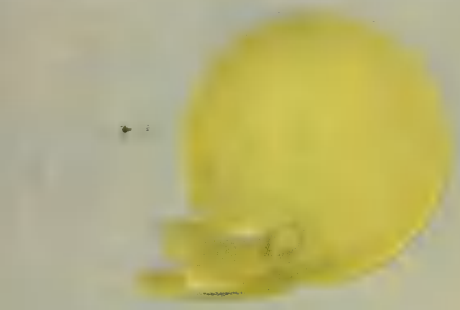
PATTERN PLACE SETTING 3.98
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$5.60 open stock value

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Boontonware®
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Four patterns: *Meadow Spray* (shown), *Scandia, Golden Poinsettia, Leaves*— or choose from four solid colors: Butter Yellow (shown); Bon Bon Pink; Shell White; Turquoisette. Designed by Belle Kogan.

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Extra-large 10½" dinner plate

Boontonware is molded to unsurpassed quality with an extra measure of Melamine. This hidden strength guards against breakage year after year.



Man most likely to succeed
. . . *in getting over a stomach ulcer*

"Yes," said the doctor, "you have a stomach ulcer. If you want to get over it, you must slow down and quit worrying."

"Sounds easy, but how do I do it?" the patient asked.

"You've got to work at it. You can't change your ways overnight. Don't bottle up your worries. Talk them over with someone you trust.

"When problems seem insurmountable, leave them awhile—spend a few hours with a book or putter around your garden.

"In any case, tackle your big problems one at a time and your work load will seem lighter. Let some things wait until tomorrow.

"After some rest and a good night's sleep, the chances are you will view your troubles next day more calmly and clearly."

And so this man . . . convinced that tension and other strains are his worst enemies . . . is on the way to getting over his ulcers.

It is estimated that about one-half million Americans have ulcers. Moreover, ulcers take the lives of nearly 10,000 Americans every year.

Many factors are thought to contribute to ulcers—too much heavy, rich, spicy food, irregular meals and sleep. But emotional stress seems to be the chief culprit.

When an ulcer is discovered early and treated promptly, however, most patients can relieve their symptoms by diet, acid-neutralizing medicines, and emotional discipline.

Although relief of symptoms is usually easy to achieve, ulcers sometimes tend to recur and patients who have had an ulcer should have periodic medical supervision.

If unchecked, an ulcer may undermine general health by upsetting digestive processes . . . or it may penetrate the wall of the affected organ and require immediate surgery.

Fortunately, operations for these complications are successful in most of the cases.

Should an ulcer occur, recovery depends largely on the patient himself. If he follows his doctor's advice about diet, medication and a normal daily routine, he stands an excellent chance of overcoming his ulcer and living out his normal life in good health.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

"I know it sounds foolish to you. But we can't get a word of publicity, we really can't. There's so much money—so much Outside money spent to keep everything very, very quiet. My Grampa Thor described it to me and I'll never forget it. He said the thing the big boys want is no publicity. Every other person and every other organization and every other business setup in the whole country seems to be yelling for publicity, but grampa said that's exactly what these men don't want. So every Alaska bill and every Alaska measure and every Alaska voice is killed killed killed. You've never seen a bear fishing? They sit hours and hours, so quiet they don't seem to be breathing, watching the water, watching the water. Then, so quick your eye can hardly see it, one big paw goes in up to here—snatch—and up the paw comes with a big fine salmon. Quiet. Quiet. That's the boys Outside, Grampa Thor said."

"He must be quite a boy himself."

"I wish you could see Alaska. Though you'd probably hate it. Lots of people do—even people who've lived there a long time."

"But not you, h'm?"

"You're laughing at me, but I don't care. It's heavenly and luxurious here, and it's rough and pretty uncomfortable there sometimes. But everything is still to be done there and maybe that's why I like it better. That's what makes it exciting."

"No more travel talks, please. And all that wise old philosophy you've been brought up on."

"Go on—sneer! But I wish you could meet them."

"Meet who? Oh, your—the one you call Grampa Thor, and that old nurse of yours?" Bay asked.

"Yes. And Paul and Addie Barnett, and George Sundborg—he's an editor in Juneau—and the Atwoods in Anchorage and Herb Hilscher and that incredible Eva McGown in Fairbanks, and the Nordales, and Bob Bartlett, our delegate, he's just the most wonderful—and Ernest Gruening—he was our governor, you know—no, you don't know, I suppose—they live in Washington anyway, those two—I mean Washington, D.C., not your Washington—I wish you could—I love them ——" She stopped with a jerk as she looked, wide-eyed, at the dry cynical eyes regarding her.

He was staring at her with the look of a man who loathes the first sign of hysteria. And then she was weeping. "I'm sorry. How

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diotic. I guess I'm homesick—at my age! And I was going to keep a stiff upper lip."

"No, don't. A stiff upper lip never gets kissed." His other arm came round her. He kissed her wet cheek as one would kiss a weeping child, tenderly, to comfort her.

With an unerring sense of the dramatic, Dina Drake came into the dim quiet room. She did not apologize.

"Bay, you bad boy, what are you doing to that poor kid?"

"Kissing her," Bay said. "Very nice too."

"No wonder Aunt Louise sent me in here on some fool errand about her glasses. I suppose she thought it was time somebody interrupted this little snuggle."

She pretended to be searching for the mythical glasses, ignoring Christine as though she were a child.

Chris lifted her head, extracted a handkerchief from Bay's pocket, wiped her eyes with it, blew her nose, and stared at Dina Drake.

"Oh, go away, Dina," she said. "I'm not trying to steal your gent. But I could if I put my mind to it."

"Isn't that darling, Bay? If she put her mind to it. I love the way you Alaskans talk."

"Yes-s-s!" And now she was being very Oxford English, unconsciously, as Thor Storm was when he was very angry. "So quaint. So different from you Kansas City girls."

"Not worthy of you, dear," Dina said. "I guess Aunt Louise was just worried, that's all. She knows that Bay sometimes —— I don't mind because I'm used to it. I let him smooch around with other girls if he wants to. I don't have to be jealous but I think he ought to pick people his own size who can protect themselves."

Bay stood up, he shook himself a little, a kind of shrug into his coat collar. "This is getting sort of sordid. Listen, Chris. Mom tricked her into coming down here—good old dumb mom—so she'd see that I've fallen for somebody—a little stumble of a fall, anyway—if I ever could fall for anyone. Which I doubt. Well, you gals clobber it out between you. But watch out, Chris, she won't fight fair."

The two women stood facing each other only for a moment. Dina Drake's tone was friendly, almost casual. "I think you ought to know that Bay and I are going to be married. It was arranged long before you came," she told Chris.

"I think you ought to tell him, then. He denies it!"

The resourceful Dina tried another tack. "It's easy enough for you. You've had those rich people all your life in Alaska, and now here, cuddling you up, and handing you around. I haven't got anybody. Leave him alone, won't you!"

"That's what Bay meant when he said no holds barred. You don't fight fair. Listen. I'm going to finish my time here and get my degree and then I'm going back. And I think it's sickening to see two grown women snarling over a man like two Huskies over a chunk of *muktuk*."

"Huskies—mu——"

"Never mind." She turned at the door. "Don't forget Aunt Louise's glasses. She had them up on the top of her head when she came in."

She had seen various Alaskans occasionally as they flew to or through Seattle. Czar had flown in twice, Bridie once, Thor never. She had seen Ross twice when he had managed to wangle the flights. She had Louise Husack and Bridie to lunch. She was delighted to see that the two women got on marvelously together, dissimilar though they were.

"Do you notice any change in our Christine?" Mrs. Husack's question was accompanied by a possessive glance.

"She looks a little thinner to me. Maybe she isn't getting her sleep, studying the way she does. Chris, you getting enough sleep?"

"Loads."

"Or maybe," Mrs. Husack simpered, "she's in love."

"I am," Chris said. Bridie jumped noticeably. "I'm in love with Seattle and Alaska and life and the world." Bridie relaxed.

"I want to invite you to my home, Mrs. Ballantyne," Louise Husack said. "We've loved it all these years—anyway, Mr. Husack has, he's a man loves his home—and I'd like you to see it while I'm still there."

"Aunt Louise!"

"My goodness, where you going?" Bridie demanded.

"Oh, I don't mean what you mean. The truth is, I'd like to travel if I can only get Mr. Husack to see it the way I do. I want to see Paris and Italy and all those places. Greece, even, and Egypt. We've been right on the edge of starting a dozen times, but then something always comes up. But now I told him we're going. Let Bayard and Christine take over the house."

"Aunt Louise, what in the world are you talking about?"

"You know perfectly well Bay's crazy about you."

"He isn't crazy about anybody."

"That's just his way. You don't know him the way I do."

Bridie had heard enough. "Now just a minute. Is this some kind of royal marriage or something that's being fixed up between you Husacks and Czar?"

Chris laughed. "No, Bridie darling. You're just sick of housekeeping, aren't you, Aunt Louise?"

"I am. I'm good and sick of whether we should have leg of lamb or chicken or a four-rib roast. I didn't mind when I was younger. But I've been keeping house for almost forty years and I'm good and sick and tired of it, and that's the truth. I'll be glad to move out of that big place into one of the new little eight-room apartments. The girl that marries Bay won't need a thing. Not a thing. There's linen and silver and china and glass enough to set for a hundred. We *have* set for a hundred, many's the time. You and Chris come to dinner tomorrow and I'll show it all to you."

Bridie jerked her hat which she had worn throughout lunch. She straightened herself in her chair, she sniffed. "I live in one room in the Ice Palace. From choice. I'd think two rooms a burden. I've got six dinner plates, six cups and saucers, six glasses, six salads, six soups, six knives and forks—and so on—and two luncheon sets I got that time I was in Hawaii. They're as good as the day I ——"

Crisply Christine cut in: "Can't come to dinner tomorrow night, thanks, Aunt Louise. I'm going to the sorority dance. It's the big dance of the year."

"With Bay?"

"I did ask him. Just to hear what he'd say. He said he didn't go to children's parties. Ross Guildenstern's going to be here." Now Bridie looked up sharply. "I've invited him. I haven't seen him in months and months and months."

"I'd think," Bridie suggested, "there'd be plenty of nice boys right here in Seattle, wouldn't have to be imported."

Ross Guildenstern telephoned from the airport five minutes after his plane had landed. "Chris!"

"Ross! I don't know why I even speak to you. I haven't heard for months. That's why I started running after you."

"See, the guy was right, absence does make them come whimpering."

"Eight o'clock and some of the kids are meeting here first, so come early."

"I had my tux pressed ——"

"Don't call it tux."

"Dinner clothes, Seattle. Dinner clothes. Anyway, it makes no difference because I tried it on. I haven't worn it in four years and I'd be arrested. Inches too small."

"Rent one. You have to wear dinner clothes. It's the one very important party ——"

"I won't disgrace you. I hope. I'll rent one with stripes down the side of the pants and everything."

The rented suit looked frightful on him, though Chris did not say so. He was too muscular, too square-shouldered to look his best in evening clothes—rented evening clothes. But he turned out to be a hit. The young men and women, clustered around him, seemed to find in this olive-skinned, smiling young man a certain frankness and freshness that had attracted them to Christine.

"Where do you live, Mr.—uh—Guild—no! Not really Guildenstern!"

"I live in Baranof—that is, when I'm on the ground. . . . No, I was born in an Eskimo village called Oogruk, it's on the Bering Strait. Now it's quite a town. . . . No, we don't live in igloos. In Baranof I live at the Ice Palace, most of the pilots——It's an apartment hotel. . . . No, Alaska isn't what you think, you ought to come to Alaska sometime."

At the end of the evening, "You going to stay here, Chris?"

"I'm going to finish, of course."

"I mean stay."

"I don't know what I'm going to do."

"In Baranof they say you're going to marry him."

"Ross, I don't know what I'm going to do. I feel so mixed up."

"Fly back with me tomorrow. You don't need a college degree."

"You have one."

"I wasn't mixed up."

"I'm going to Washington next week. Washington, D.C., I mean."

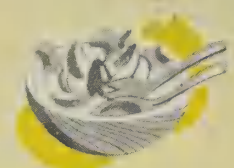
"Alone?"

"Oh, no! With Uncle Dave and Aunt Louise, and Bay, and Dina Drake's going too—she's his secretary; Uncle Dave's, I mean—the Alaska bill is supposed to come up. It's so exciting—a lot of Alaska people will be there. Maybe this time Alaska will make it. Oh, Ross, wouldn't it be wonderful!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

hey flew across a continent. Christine was ustomed to flying, certainly, yet now she as elated as though she never had flown ore. Mountains, rivers, plains, prairies, ests. It was a miraculously clear day; over whole land there hung a dreamlike opales- t light.

Their hotel was jammed. Dave Husack med to know everyone from the doorman he hearty, bellowing men who thronged the by. Christine was introduced to many men the hotel, in the Senate lunchroom, in the ls of Congress.

The men Dave knew seemed to be divided o three kinds. There were the big, bellowing d like Dave Husack himself; usually they re middle-aged or older. They greeted one other with affectionate abuse and name ling.

Then there were the quiet crafty secret ones. *ke Sid Kleet*, she thought. He was there . These talked in a low voice, their eyes re turned to the corner with a listening look. eir faces were like those Christine had seen the portraits on the walls of Italian galleries, picting thirteenth-century Florentine politi- l plotters. The look, the gestures, the planes the crafty faces were the same.

The third sort was made up of younger men. ey looked a good deal like Bay Husack, sillusioned, Christine decided, and striking t not as handsome as Bay. They smiled wn at you in an appreciative sort of way. ey were so young to be so well known and tionally successful. Yet as they talked with r, if she happened to look up at them sud- nly, instinctively sensing a loss of attention, e found that though their heads were still nt admiringly toward her, and they were ying, "Yup. Yup. Oh, now you're kidding e, Miss Storm," their eyes had an anxious, rained look and they were listening not to r but to two men who were conversing a w feet away.

In the three days of their stay in the capital hris tried not to complain about the heat d the breathlessness. "I find myself trying t to breathe," she said to Bay. "I feel exactly if I were walking underwater."

"That's practically what you're doing, con- dering the humidity in this town. And you're way over your head in a lot of other ways o—I hope."

She had showered Baranof with post cards the White House, the Capitol, Washington onument, the Lincoln Memorial. But to hor and to Czar and Bridie and the Barnetts e sent telegrams:

LASKA BILL COMING UP SEVENTEENTH HARDLY AIT WILL TELEGRAPH YOU RESULT LOVE
CHRISTINE

hey sat in the first row of the Visitors' allery—she and Bay and Dina and Louise nd Dave. To the others the imposing room, e men seated like outsize schoolboys at esks, was not a novel sight, but to Christine it as breath-taking, it was dramatic, it was his- ry. She sat leaning well forward. Her eyes ere shining, enormous.

"When are they going to bring it up, Uncle ave?"

"Any minute now."

Bay said, "Don't expect too much. You're ere to see Washington, not for Alaska olitics. Take it easy." He turned to his father nd said something, low-voiced, as though in emonstrance: "—— a dirty trick." At least, it ounded like that.

Dave Husack leaned well toward her then, e spoke with earnestness. "It was your rampa Czar Kennedy suggested this visit to Washington, you know, Chris. For you, I nean. I guess he thought you might learn from eeing things in the—in the making, politically peaking."

Chris' face was sparkling, radiant. "I'm so lad he did."

But now there was a sound of scuffling and tartled voices from the dignified chamber of government below. The men at the desks and he man on the raised platform stared, startled. Chris, leaning forward, saw suddenly the giant figure of Thor Storm striding down the aisle while other men clung to him, impeding his progress. One great arm was upraised like that of a prophet of the Bible. He spoke in a voice of thunder, but then the clinging men succeeded in confining and twisting his arms, and they turned him around like a bundle and rushed him up the aisle. They disappeared with him. In the midst of the melee a man rose in the House and said something above the uproar as though he had been waiting for this moment. You just caught the word "Alaska." There was a mumble. The man sat down. That was all.

Chris scrambled wildly out of her seat. "Grampa Thor! Grampa Thor!"

"Sh-h-h! Sit down!"

"That was my Grampa Thor! I'm going down to him. I'm—what are they doing to him?"

Dave Husack yanked her into the seat. "He's all right. Sit still. I've tended to that. They'll let him go. That settles Alaska for two more years, anyway. That's all."

"You knew about this! You—Grampa Czar—that's why ——"

"Come back here, and keep out of it. He's all right, I tell you. The delegation's with him. After lunch you can ——"

Chris pressed both hands flat to her stomach as though she were about to be sick. "All!" she cried, her voice so high and clear that the gallery turned to stare at her even as they began to move out and up through the exits. "All! No! No!" She fought her way forward, she leaned far over the balcony.

"Listen to him! Listen to him! That's my grandfather, Thor Storm! You men! Listen! Alaska must be free! Alaska! Alaska!" Like the old-day suffragettes, like Charlotte Corday, like Joan.

She was, of course, hysterical.

Dave Husack gathered her up with one great paw and pulled her down into the seat. She felt his moist soft palm clapped across her mouth, stifling her. She managed to work her lips back somewhat from beneath the pressure and bit the hand hard so that she was gratified to hear his howl of pain and rage. Then he slapped her.

There were sixteen for dinner. Christine had planned for ten only. At the last minute she had had to serve buffet fashion a dinner which had not been designed for this informality. Even the after-dinner conversation around the fire, usually so stimulating at territory dinner parties, turned out to be rambling, aimless, what with the entire company's efforts to work over Bayard Husack, who, according to mukluk grapevine rumor, was slated to be the next governor of Alaska.

"There'll be ten for dinner," Chris had said. "Not counting Grampa Thor, he's just coming in for a minute after dinner."

"He'll come in for a minute and speechify all night. What's got into him? The way he behaved this noon with the General there and all those Seattle big bugs. They've always said we're nothing but wild Indians here in Alaska. They'll use it against us. The way they did that Washington fracas."

"Bridie, I'm worried about him. He does all those spectacular things. And he looks so thin, so almost wasted. Today when I took hold of his arm—it's always been like a column of iron—there just wasn't anything there."

"It's his living alone in that little shack. Men don't eat right when they live alone."

"He's lived like that most of his life."

"He's just getting older. Aren't we all! I've just begun to realize it myself. What're you having for dinner? Here it is, middle of the afternoon, how are you going to scrabble food together for a crowd?"

"Addie's coming in to help, and the Toklat girl is going to serve and wash dishes."

"I'll pitch in. I'll dress early and get over here. What time did you say?"

"Eight. Bay and Dina are used to late dinners. Anyway, I can't help it."

"What you having?"

"An all-Alaska menu."

"They'll hate it."

"Not this. Alaska smoked salmon first with the drinks. Then a caribou broil, parsley and butter sauce ——"

"Tough."

"The steaks are marinating now in oil and vinegar. Potatoes, Harvard beets, rhubarb-and-cranberry relish, salad, ice cream with frozen strawberries. Every bite of it grown right here in Alaska. Coffee around the fire."

"Home-grown, too, I suppose."

"Now, Bridie, don't be cranky."

"All that to do between now and eight! Why you want to run yourself ragged cooking for those two I can't see."

"Bay's my friend—or was. And his mother was so good to me—she still writes me to come and visit, as though nothing had happened, poor dear."

"I suppose that Drake's a poor dear too."

"If he's going to marry her at last, why, good for bad old Dina."

"From what I hear, she's earned it. My opinion, she never cared a hoot about him. Old Dave, now, he's more her cup of tea, old as he is. It's a wonder she didn't slip something into Louise Husack's food long ago. Maybe she did, maybe that's why Louise's been so ailing."

"You've been seeing too many TV shows, Bridie."

"Where're the men eating—Dave Husack and that Distelhorst and Kleet and those?"

"Grampa Czar's having them at home, I'm having my guests at home. It's a chance to tell Bay the facts of life—Alaska life, I mean."

"If they're flying up to Nome and Oogruk tomorrow, like they've planned, and maybe going to Kotzebue and Barrow, they'll learn

FROZEN ASSETS

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Though I smolder with secret passions,
I'm never the least indiscreet.
For whenever I feel hotheaded,
I always develop cold feet!

the facts of Alaska life, all right. Who's mustered as Public Relations escort?"

"I was. I'm not going."

"Well, I should hope not! Christine Storm, I bet you could marry Bay Husack today, if you wanted to. And what a governor's wife you'd be! Maybe he's changed, maybe he's just going to show old Dave he can't ——"

"I was sort of planning to be governor of Alaska myself, twenty years from now. They don't call them 'governess,' do they? . . . I think I'll have the potatoes baked, though it's a lot of work. I mean baked and stuffed, mashed up with butter and milk and stuffed back to brown in the oven, they look so dressy and delicious."

"Who you punishing?"

Christine always found it amusing to see the expression in the faces of guests entering her house for the first time. The gleaming golden walls and beams looked down upon a soft golden carpet. A great curved cushioned couch could seat ten before the fire. The chairs embraced without engulfing you. Lamps shone upon the soft green of Alaska jade and mellow ivory carvings. A polar-bearskin rug. Paintings of Alaskan scenes by Lawrence, etchings by the Eskimo Ahgupuk, lithographs by the Alaskan Machetanz. Books books books. There were no Indian masks or woven baskets.

"Why, Chris!" they always exclaimed. "But this is lovely!"

Dina, entering the room (wool dinner dress, deep crimson), said the expected. "Chris! But this is lovely!"

Bay stood a moment in the doorway. He looked about the soft golden room. "Whoever did this must have loved you."

"He still does, I hope. Grampa Thor Storm. He did it while I was at school in Seattle. Here it was when I came back. Waiting for me. Grampa Czar wouldn't speak to me. . . . You've met Mrs. Ballantyne. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Paul Barnett, they publish the Northern Light—with Grampa Thor, of course. . . . Ross Guildenstern you've met too. Oh, of course, you met them all at the airport. . . . Mrs. Gannon, Judge Gannon. . . . Ott Decker of course. . . . Professor Derwent, of our Baranof College. . . . Mrs. Cale Korf and Cale Korf, Arctic Circle Airlines chief; you're going up in one of his planes tomorrow."

Bridie, determined to get things off to a good start, said, "That's a handsome red, Miss Drake. It's seldom you see a real true crimson; it's the French dye does it."

Dina glanced about her. "I hope the things I've brought aren't too formal. I thought with Bay so much in the public eye ——"

Bridie threw her good intentions to the winds. "Oh, they expect Dave Husack's secretary to be a snappy dresser. Anyway, you can't be too dressy for Alaskans. We dress for dinner on the planes."

Dinner was not a success. Caribou steaks and baked potatoes are not fare to be eaten buffet style. Bridie's prediction about the caribou had turned out to be true. Ott Decker spilled red wine on the golden carpet and for a moment the tears came to his eyes, or seemed to as Chris tried to reassure him. He said, "It had to be me. It couldn't be Husack or even Ross. It had to be me. Mother's helper."

"Salt," Chris ordered cheerfully. "We'll pour a lot of salt on it, it makes red-wine spots vanish. Don't ask me why. Think no more of it, Ott dear." He wished she wouldn't call him Ott dear. She didn't call Ross or that Husack Ross dear, Bay dear. In public, anyway.

An evening of talk, Chris thought wildly, *was what I'd planned. Talk about what?* Bay had sat next her, a plate teetered precariously on a small side table.

"When are you planning to be married, Bay?" She had not meant to ask this. There it was.

"Whenever you say."

"Same old Bay, never a dull moment."

"Don't play dumb. You know about this charade."

"No. No, I don't."

"I don't know what I see in you, you're just a Girl Scout. Wouldn't it be a joke on me—and some others—if I really did end up just another White House captive, all because it might soften you up!"

"You can't want to be governor. Anyway, it's too ridiculous, even for the Seattle crowd."

Dinner was finished, they were concentrating on him.

"Mr. Husack ——"

"Mr. Husack ——"

"Mr. Husack ——"

"Call me Bay."

Chris knew that he was grinning inside at his own imitation of the homey politician he despised.

The sound of heavy footsteps in the entrance, a door closed gently. Chris thought without being aware of her own thinking, *He walks more heavily than he used to, though he weighs less.* Thor came in. A little greeting gesture of the hand and the head, quiet, almost self-effacing. No matter what he wore, he always, somehow, appeared neater and cleaner than most men, perhaps merely because of the fine pink skin. You could see the path of the careful comb through the once-golden hair, silver now. He was wearing a prim blue-and-white polka-dot bow tie. The boyishness of this sent a sudden pang through Christine's heart.

"Grampa Thor, you know everyone here."

Thor seated himself near the group, but not quite of it. He dwarfed any chair he might sit in. There never was sufficient room for the long legs.

"I had some of that caribou steak myself for my supper," he said. "I wish to apologize to the guests, in the name of Alaska. Tough as a blacksmith's apron."

They laughed a little then at his frankness and at the almost archaic figure of speech; the laugh united the company for the first time. His head cocked a little to one side, he sat listening to the talk. His calm, appraising gaze went from this face to that. He listened without speaking. "Hydrogen . . . old stuff now. . . . Russia. . . . Shabby genteel old England. . . . That so! The most courageous people in the

world. . . . Hungary. . . . Poland. . . . Czechoslovakia. . . . Israel. . . . Egypt. . . . Dew Line . . . obsolete a week after they're born all of them . . . well, say, maybe that's what we ought to do . . . we are already, aren't we! But not enough of us. . . . You going to be a stooge governor, Mr. Husack?"

There was a little shocked silence. In that silence Thor Storm began to speak in that low, vibrant voice which Christine had so fortunately inherited from him.

"It will soon be finished unless a miracle happens. I believe in miracles. We have reached a depth of degradation such as the world has never known. Millions and billions of people are working like dumb slaves to pay for weapons which will destroy them. Every nation is armed against every other nation. Now the greatest minds in the world, the magnificent brains of the scientists and the minds of inventors and of men of business and of teachers and politicians and writers and rulers and manual workers are concentrated on creating more and more deadly instruments of war. They insist that these are not instruments of war—they are instruments to prevent and forestall war. As well place a box of matches and a stick of dynamite in the hands of a child to keep him quiet. This is childish, this is madness, this isn't proper behavior for man, the highest form of animal life, the one creature endowed with the thing called the spirit." He rose to his feet with effort. "I must be maundering a little. I find I do occasionally now," he said. He walked through the room as though no one was there. Then he continued, "What a lovely world. The loveliest. And now we're throwing it away." He went to the doorway almost blindly. "Alaska, the arsenal. It should be free."

As Christine rose swiftly to go to him there was a heavy knocking at the door. Then the outer door slammed, heavy footsteps in the entrance. Thor had disappeared through the doorway. Now he reappeared, he was strangely alert again and incisive. And at that momen the telephone rang.

"There are a couple of Territorial Police outside. They want to take you back to the Ice Palace right away, Bayard Husack," Thor said.

Uncertain laughter, rather bewildered raillery. "Say, Bay, you're a fast worker! Go here this morning and the cops already ——"

Ross Guildenstern had answered the telephone. He turned. "It's your father, Bay. I sounds very ——"

"What!" He picked up the telephone, he heard, he hung up. "My mother."

"Bay!" Chris cried.

He nodded. One of the Territorial Police stood in the doorway. "Excuse me, sir. We're taking you to the Ice Palace, Mr. Husack. They're trying to connect with a plane and a pilot, but this time of night ——"

"I'll get you to the plane," Cale Korf said. "Come on, let's get going."

Ross Guildenstern came forward. "I'll take it—if you need a pilot."

Half an hour later Bridie, the guests gone, cushions plumped, ash trays emptied, glasses rinsed, was limping her way in too-high heels out to the car in which the faithful Ott Decker had returned to take her home. Her arm rested on Chris'.

"He said," Ott reported, not happily, "that they'll be back this spring, probably April or May. That's what he said. So I guess they mean business."

"That girl's look!" Bridie said, settling herself in the seat beside Ott. "I was looking straight at her when the news came. It was like a candle had been lighted behind her face. Radiant. That's the only word for it. Radiant. Governor's wife me eye!"

Through the open door the sound of the telephone again. Chris ran up the icy path and into the golden room and snatched the receiver.

"Chris!"

"Yes, Bay."

"Wait for me."

All through the spring Thor spent odd moments working on his new boat. It wasn't a powerboat. It was an old-fashioned square-ended skiff such as fishermen in the old Scandinavian countries and fishermen in the New World New England sat, hopefully, peacefully, in the middle of a flat body of water, the line and the flat-bottomed boat both moving almost imperceptibly. It was a boat for a man who, for days or weeks or months at a time, could live happily with, or without, people.

Both Chris and Bridie, as the long hard Baranof winter drew to a close, both these women who loved him developed a plan of campaign.

Chris interrupted his boatbuilding. "But what are you going to do with it? You've got boats as good as that."

"I thought I wouldn't fish this year—with the tender, I mean, and crew. You're earning money. I don't need much myself—just the few dollars for food and tackle and my little jaunts around the territory."

"That's what I mean. You could come with me to California. Or Honolulu. We could stay away for a month. Until the ice goes out. Just sit in the sun on a beach."

"You're not a girl for sitting in the sun on a beach."

"I can try it, can't I? I'd like, just once, to stand treat. Darling Grampa Thor, you've paid my way all my life until these last two years. You and Grampa Czar."

"You run along, child. Or take him."

"You're already sorry you said that, aren't you? What are you going to do while I'm gone?"

"I could take this new little skiff, and some grub, and just skirt along the shore, very easy, pretend I'm Steller discovering Alaska, and looking for new greens and birds and creatures."

She could not say, "But you look too thin and almost feeble, you're too old for that sort of thing now."

Bridie, in her new spring tweed topcoat for which the Baranof temperature was still far too low, came occasionally to argue with Thor as he went about his boatbuilding there by the waterside so near his one-room cabin. She had



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At leading department and

into the cabin before she teetered down
oin him as he hammered, sawed, sand-
red, calked, painted. Everything inside
abin was neat, orderly, shining.
"You're a regular old maid," she announced
charming opening gambit. "I don't know
you ever got along with the Eskimos,
dash the way they are. . . . Oh, there I go
n, I always forget. Excuse it, Thor,
se."
"Sometimes I think it's a great waste of
, being neat in your habits. But I was
ught up to do that in those days that seem
ar away in another world."
"You're in this world now, Thor Storm,
I'm here to ask you why you don't plan a
day for yourself. With Chris, or with Chris
me, or alone. You could go to the Old
ntry where your folks are. Imagine their
s when they see you, like the prodigal son
he Bible."
"They're probably all dead by now, Bridie,"
r told her.
"You ain't, anyway."
"It's an idea. As you say, they might be
l to see me."
"Oh, no use talking to you. You and Czar
n. Stiff in the mind as you are in the joints,
h of you. Why'n't you stay elastic like me!"
was off, with a jerk at her new spring hat.
w she turned for a parting question.
hat's in that big tin box in your cabin?
u got your money or bonds or whatever
ng around on the floor like an old miser,
n there's banks in plenty in Baranof?"
He laughed then, throwing back his fine
head in a roar of amusement. "Bridie,
die, we should have married those years
l years ago. I'd have been as successful as

Before we set our hearts too much upon anything, see how happy those are who already possess it.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

ar and Dave Husack combined, and you'd
e been Queen of Alaska."
"Maybe I am now. . . . What's in that box,
or Storm?"
"It's my book."
"Finished! You mean the book you've been
iting on all these years? Finished!"
"No book is ever really finished, I suppose.
t I think I won't try any more to make it
rfect. I've said what I had to say as best I
uld."
"You don't sound any too gay about it.
y land! About fifty years writing it, first and
st."
"Yes. There's a little note of explanation in
e front of it. I want Chris to read it someday
on. I want Chris to be the first to read it."

Regretfully, Christine bade him good-by
d went off for the first Outside trip she had
d since her return to Baranof following the
ruptly terminated Seattle experience.
"I'll be away four weeks, but if I don't like
I'll just come home."
"Don't do that. Finish what you start."
"Grampa Thor, I wish you'd live in my
ouse while I'm away. If only to keep the mice
way."
"An old fellow like me wants to stay in his
wn lair, like the woods creatures. . . . It's go-
g to be kind of restful, both you and Bridie
one. Nobody to nag me about food and tem-
er and my bad behavior."
"We love you."

The square-ended skiff was finished. It was
strange-looking craft, in some details. It
ad, for instance, a plug in the bottom which
ould be pulled out by a linked metal chain,
lmost like a bathtub plug. On a brisk, flaw-
ss May day he hauled the skiff down to the
ater's edge. For a full half century and more,
om the day he had left his native Norway he
ad loved the sea, he and his father and his
randfather and generations before them.
During the month he and Ross had mixed ce-
ent and skillfully laid a new floor for Chris-
ine's garage. He now weighted the boat with
some of the residue of this mixture, but not too much. The boat was new and shining. *Nobody has ever sat in it before*, he thought with satisfaction.

He himself was neat and fresh and clean as the boat into which he now stepped as it lay on the water. Leisurely he rowed out to where he could see the mountains white-topped, the almost heartbreaking blue of the Alaska sky, the pines, the glistening water. It was lovely, it was complete. Now he rested his oars and he lashed himself firmly to the boat, pulling the ropes he had brought with him around his ankles, his knees, his waist. It was his favorite time of day, sunset came late now. The sun was not streaming in bold brassy shafts, it shone golden and warm like Christine's hair.

Now was the time. The handy old hand reached out, it pulled the plug with one firm jerk. The concrete-weighted boat sank so that for one brief instant he was standing upright in the water, he saw the mountains, the sky, the trees, the water—the elements and objects he so loved—the water slid over him—ankles—hips—shoulders—head—like a soft silken shroud.

Though she rebelled at first in an agony of tears and self-recrimination, Chris understood after she had read his letter:

"Until now, Christine my dear child, I always have had a mild contempt for people who leave Last Notes. But now I think I understand them a bit. I have gone on that journey we spoke of. My increasing thinness (or should that be decreasing?) was, as you suspected, illness. It would have been a long business, and the pain was becoming too much for me. I thought of you and Bridie nursing me through the months. Your precious energies and time. How foolish, how wasteful. This is better and cleaner and more civilized.

"My work is done. The book is finished. But my work in my beloved Alaska is not finished. You must carry on with that. Not must.



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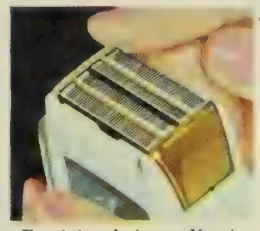
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... for a peach of a shave!



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I wish to recall that word. I never have said 'must' to you. You are the most dear and lovely thing I have had in my life—you and freedom. I leave you all I have to leave. My book. My love of freedom. My belief in the Dignity and the Spirit of Man, as long as the Human Race shall persist, and in spite of the power and purpose of the Men of Destruction."

Czar Kennedy felt enormously light and exhilarated. He had felt that way for weeks, for months. He couldn't account for it. It wasn't even that he and Chris had come together again, grandfather and grandchild, and he had forgiven her—or as good as forgiven her—for her crazy outburst in the Visitors' Gallery that time in Washington. Of course she hadn't married Bayard Husack yet. But once he was set up in the Governor's Mansion in Juneau, safe and soft, she'd fall into line without even knowing it, smart as she was—or thought she was. He, Czar Kennedy, was smarter. He was smarter than anyone in Baranof. Smarter than anyone in Alaska. Smarter than those big windbags in Seattle, yes, and in San Francisco and New York and Washington too. The laugh would be on them when he died and they opened his will and saw that he had millions and —— But he wasn't going to die. He felt strangely light and potent. He felt that he could do anything. He felt free and young and powerful.

Now when he awoke in the early morning his first almost unconscious sensation was like that he had had when he was a small boy and school was over for the summer. Schoo out, there in the little Massachu town so many years ago, and he one of the boys were going fishin had not been quite aware of wha lovely thing was that was goir happen, he wasn't yet awake. *Wa it, what is it? Something lovely is to happen, something lovely has pened.* And then he would remen though he never once admitted th himself, once he was awake and conscious. He got up, smiling a without knowing he was smiling, kind of warm, reassuring comfort satisfaction. He did not give it a n But he knew.

He had won. He had survived. Czar Kennedy, was alive. And T Storm was dead.

After Thor's death he had soler told Chris of her grandfather's M wegian background. He had told D Husack too. The lawyers had ope the box in the Seattle bank and ti it all was, sure enough, in the do ments.

Czar had told Christine the det she had been shown the docume she had stared in unbelief. Then, w she heard Czar say, "You're prob a kind of countess or something; y children would be sprung from bility," she broke into laughte vexed merriment, really. "How qu and old-timy." Then, in a suc panic, "You haven't told anyo Please? I hope you haven't told one."

"Person would think you were ing a crime or something."

"They'd kid the life out of me. P wonderful Grampa Thor, how r he was!"

"You ought to be proud of y background."

"I am. I was born in a caribou i blizzard up in the Wood ——"

"Stop that!" he yelled.

But the two got on together m equably than they had before Tho death. They even took little trips gether. Once or twice he had co sented to having Chris fly him in little two-passenger bug which s had purchased out of her own savin He had a kind of pride in his grar daughter's ability to handle a plane, her reputation for skill and reliabil and safety.

Stoutly Czar would say, "I'm modern as the next one. You got keep step with the times while you alive, or you might as well lay dow Nothing to piloting any more th there is to driving a car. Easier, anything, I'd say."

"That's right," Christine agre looking gingerly down at the mou tain range past which they we soaring.

On the trip to the Kennedy co lands Czar himself had suggested th Christine fly him up in her little Mot It was summer, night and day we one. "I could take the train," he sai "or go on the regular Tuesday plan I guess I've got so I haven't the p tience for anything but air nowadays

"I'll fly you. I'd love to. It's noth ing. An hour or less."

Buzzing along contentedly in th little plane, she asked, above the dror of the engine, "Is there anythin wrong at the mine?"

"Not what you'd call critical."

"It can't be too bad if you can f it in one day."

"It's management. Management. you don't watch it all the time th costs go up and the profits dwindl You've got to be on the job yoursel That new fella from Outside, he's sup posed to know coal mining—ma chinery—engineering—loading—th works. He couldn't run a kiddy ca He's overloading, parts wear ou

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quicker than we can replace them. Next thing they'll be bringing coal in from Outside cheaper than I can sell it right here in the territory."

"Don't let things like that upset you too much, Grampa Czar. They're not worth it."

"What do you mean, not worth it? What's more important than you get your work done right and run your business in first-class shape?"

"Well"—and she pointed to the vast world below—"that, for example."

"What about it?" Certainly this particular region was not the spectacular Alaska of mountain peaks and great gray waters. It was the flatlands that they were approaching. Coal lands.

"It's so exciting."

"What's exciting about it?"

"Being alive, for one thing. And knowing that all this used to be forest once upon a time."

"Who says so?"

"The historians, the geologists. Books."

"Oh—books." He rejected this feeble source. "Thor talk."

"Don't!" she said sharply. Then, reminding herself that this was an old man, this vital, inwardly seething Czar Kennedy was an

During the days of knights, men of chivalry took great pride in their appearance. Since soap was unknown, colognes and spiced goose grease were the favorites of immaculate gentlemen.

Perfumed and spiced goose grease was extremely expensive, and so it was frequently used as presents to men of position from whom favor was sought. At the presentation of such a gift, the donor would comment that he had brought same "grease for the palms."

By the sixteenth century, bribes had reached the present-day levels of more tangible values, but from this ancient custom we derive our present-day expression: "Greasing the palm." ROBERT M. BEASLEY

old man, "They say all this was tropical once upon a time. Millions of years ago. Enormous forests of trees. Because of course coal is just hardened trees and stuff. Carbonized trees."

"I remember that," he admitted grudgingly. "It's interesting, real interesting to think about, like you said."

They glided expertly down to the runway and the somewhat apprehensive mine manager from Outside who was awaiting Czar.

"You want to come down in the mine, Christine? I'm going down before lunch. That's what I'm here for."

"Sure, sure," the manager said nervously. "Come on down, Miss Storm."

"I won't go now," Christine said. "Maybe after lunch. I don't like coal mines much. I'm going over to have a little chat with Mrs. Boone at the store. I'll meet you at twelve-thirty at Boone's."

Czar turned abruptly with a gesture to the man. He would look, he had decided. He would just say nothing, but he would look into everything, he would be calm and quiet and ask this and that, and then when he had the whole story he would blast. Who did they think they were fooling!

An hour in the company office. Figures. Statistics. "Maybe it's a little too late to go down now, Mr. Kennedy. Maybe you'd better wait with that till after your lunch."

"Lunch! I'm here to work, not eat. You go on, eat your lunch. I'm going down."

"Oh, no, Mr. Kennedy."

"I knew coal mining before you were out of diapers. I want to ramble around alone. Scat!"

He was enjoying himself really. This was wrong, that was wrong, the lunks! By two o'clock he'd have it all in line. He'd give them the big or-else and buzz back with Chris in time for dinner in Baranof. What a world. Like Christine said, the kid was right. Exciting.

He watched the chunky heavy-laden coal cars coming down the grade like fat old ladies cautiously descending a hill in San Francisco. He laughed to himself, rather fancying this mental figure of speech. Then he thought, *They're not being cautious enough. Look at that! Too fast. So that's how they been wearing them out, and the machinery too! Why don't they brake them like I always used to? I'll jump one of the cars, go down and give them the works right from the coal pile.* He waited, tense, at the side of the narrow track, poised ready to jump as the laden car passed by him, to jump aboard as he had a hundred times in his younger days. The car reached him, he jumped, but the muscles had lost their elasticity. They pulled him up, but he was short of the goal. He fell under the car with its iron wheels and its tons of coal. The wheels jolted over him and he rolled again and again and again. The coal car scurried on smugly as one who has done a thorough job.

There were no telephones from town to town. Alaska's natural barriers and vast distances had thus far defied this bridging.

Alaska Communications Service, then. ACS. Baranof Baranof. Paul Barnett. The Lode office. Bridie Ballantyne. Ott Decker. Territorial Police. Judge Gannon . . . Ross Guildenstern. . . . "He's a pilot. If he can get hold of a plane. If he's in. In Baranof, I mean. My little plane won't do, it won't carry—no, I won't fly back without Grampa Czar. . . . If Ross can get a plane ——"

His reply came so quickly that they had had scarcely time for more than two or three messages.

LEAVING CAN DO ABOUT HALF HOUR PAUL AND GANNON WITH ME DONT TRY BE BRAVE WATCH SKY WAIT FOR ME ROSS.

END



Designed exclusively for Sanitone by Elsé of Elsé, Inc.

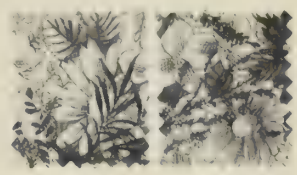
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The time is summer, the mood exciting.

Barbara J. can afford a glamorous vacation trip because she's learned:

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

Barbara has been adding to and organizing her wardrobe for exactly a year and ten months. She now owns enough basics to take her around the world (several times) and still not be at a loss for something to wear! Her vacation cruise may not be quite so all-encompassing mileage-wise, but it does take her to almost as many climates. For this she carefully chooses her travel wardrobe from all her past purchases. Her only additions are very small dollar-wise. These are light, very bright separates to interchange to make a happy vacation even gayer.

By BET HART



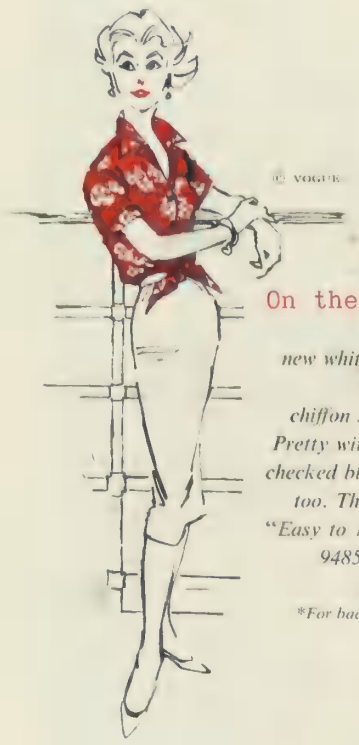
Going aboard and for flying back . . .
Barbara carries her red coat bought almost two years ago, wears her beige knit dress, a spring carry-over. Her wardrobe of scarves supplies the changes.



PRIGENT



Evenings on the town,
Barbara wears her new blouse, white chiffon skirt bought well over a year ago.



© VOGUE

On the high seas,
Barbara likes her new white skirt. Her cherry cardigan and white chiffon scarf for cool days. Pretty with her pink-and-red checked blouse from January too. The blouse is Vogue's "Easy to Make" Design No. 9485, worn tied at the front or tucked in.*

**For back view, sizes and price, see page 155*



Sight-seeing
where it's cool, Barbara wears her black jersey suit (her very first and very basic investment). This and her beige dress are her two and only two costumes for sight-seeing.

Barbara's fashion investment for her vacation comes in three parts: two of white Arnel sharkskin, one in a gay rose cotton print. The white sleeveless top comes straight to the hipline, has a round cardigan neckline which takes to bright scarves and jewelry; the skirt is classic and slim. Together Barbara finds them ideal for shipboard. She can also mix them to add a vacation mood to separates from other months.



Parties on ship or shore . . .
Barbara wears her white lace dress, bought last November. This and her red flower-print dress purchased in April are her two dressy costumes.

SEPARATES BY DOROTHY KORBY



Halfway there.
Last summer's pink shorts, her new white top . . . or her pink check shirt or new print blouse.

M. MacGowan

Vacation fashion $'s

White sharkskin "suit"	$12.95
Print blouse (to make)	3.28
White linen pumps	6.95
TOTAL	$23.18

Last-minute memo....

Be sure summer basic (red dress bought last month) is clean and hanging neatly in the closet to be worn upon return.

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FACE OF THE TIGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

Lou had had an early introduction to Mrs. Gifford when Miss Patton, the major's secretary, had asked her to meet the train Mrs. Gifford was arriving on. "Know her?" repeated Miss Patton. "Oh, you'll know her all right. She'll be wearing moth-eaten minks and a nice fresh snarl, and she'll have that enormous child with her. But we love her," said Miss Patton, growing brisker, "because her husband is Gifford Valves."

Lou wrote a memo about the heater and dropped it into the wire basket on the edge of her desk. The Coastline Club could not have functioned without that basket; it housed the station-wagon keys, notes from Miss Patton and Lou to Max about things that had to be done instantly, occasional sharp retorts from Max. Somehow everything, or almost everything, got taken care of.

The pile of menus beside Lou's typewriter mounted. The distant sounds of breakfast in the dining room died away, knots of people formed and dissolved in the deep cool lobby. A golf foursome departed, two women in shorts and sunglasses strolled into the drawing room opposite the office and out again. They were evidently waiting for someone, and scraps of conversation penetrated the clatter of the typewriter:

"Fat? My dear, a balloon on legs."

"Doesn't she diet?"

"Well, she says she's on grapefruit, but she must be swallowing them whole."

And then all at once they were talking about Dana Mallory, Mrs. John Mallory. Lou listened unabashedly, because it was Mrs. Mallory who had got her this job.

"Have you seen Dana yet? Two heart attacks, and she turns up looking marvelous."

"She and John are such a wonderful couple, aren't they?"

"*So* Darby and Joan. It's really touching."

There was a pause and a small laugh. "Maybe if you had a heart attack Hal would stay home nights."

"It's sweet of you to think of it, but we couldn't possibly swing it this year."

The two women wandered into view, and Lou fitted carbons and paper into the typewriter and began to type again. She had known about Mrs. Mallory's initial heart attack because it had been in the newspapers—Paige Cracker Heiress Stricken—and she had wondered whether she ought to send flowers or a note. In the end, reasoning that Mrs. Mallory had probably forgotten all about her, Lou had done nothing at all.

Mrs. Mallory hadn't forgotten her. Only the day before Lou had met her in the driveway outside the house the Mallorys had taken for the summer, and Mrs. Mallory, walking slowly with a gray-haired nurse who was pushing a carriage, had stopped and smiled and said, "Hello, Miss Fabian, how are you? Have you met Richard?"

Richard was not acknowledging introductions at the moment; he slept in the carriage under a featherweight of blue wool. Dana, smiling at him, glanced up at Lou again. "As soon as we get a little more settled, you must come and see him when he's awake."

One of the waiting women in the lobby said impatiently, "Where in the world ——" and turned her head. "Oh, there she comes. By the way, did I tell you I had a card from Maude Heffernan? They were in Barbados."

Lou typed blindly, and then shut her eyes tightly and opened them again on the windows, the sunlit terrace with pale spilling petunias along the edge. It was no good; windows and sunlight and stilled typewriter keys played a cruel trick of memory. Her wrists hurt flashingly under the wide leaf-thin silver bracelets, and that was another trick. Scars couldn't hurt after a year.

She was tense and trembling, even though her fingers lifted and fell, making a swift competent clatter. Above the noise, someone said patiently, "Any mail for Ingalls?"

How long had he stood at the barrier, watching her? Lou sent a brief glance at his face, said crisply, "Just a minute, Mr. Ingalls, I'll see," and walked to the rows of little boxes.

There was nothing under "I" and she said so, realizing that his eyes on hers were absent and puzzled. They lowered to her hands and flickered up again. "While I'm here, is there anything for Mallory?"

Lou hesitated. The man at the barrier said, "It's all right. I'm a cousin of Mrs. Mallory's. I'm staying at the house." He nodded invitingly at the switchboard. "Call, by all means."

Lou felt as foolish as she had been intended to feel. There were two letters for the Mallorys and she handed them over in silence. Ingalls thanked her and went out.

Lou went back to her typewriter and inserted fresh paper and carbon. Voices drifted into and out of her consciousness until five minutes of eleven. She was aware of the time because Major Soames and Miss Patton generally came into the office at eleven, and the major was irritable about desktops. His own and Miss Patton's were bare and shining; Lou swept pencils and memo pads into her center drawer, stacked the completed pile of menus. She was trying to strike a nice balance between neatness and what looked like complete inactivity when the switchboard rattled.



IN 1957:

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FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

The orange light was in the top row, which meant it was the kitchen or one of the outbuildings, the annex or golf shop or the locker rooms. Lou opened the switch and said, "Hello."

What came over the wire was scarcely more than a whisper. It said, "I know who you are, Miss *Fabian*. Does Major Soames know?" and then the receiver went down with a very gentle click.

The pink house, the club's only accommodation larger than a cabin, stood on a knoll between the curving arms of the great Y the driveway made as it neared the cabins and ultimately the clubhouse. Stone steps had been set into the sloping bank at the front and a small lawn carved out of the woods at the back; otherwise it was screened by pines and beeches. Glimpses of the Sound were visible from its black-shuttered upper windows.

Ingalls returned to it wondering idly about the girl in the office. She reminded him of a charcoal drawing, done with the lightest of touches, except for her eyes, so vividly colored that they drew the gaze involuntarily when her lashes lifted. He had seen her before somewhere, but those eyes had come as a distinct shock. A newspaper reproduction, then? Ingalls put it hopefully out of his mind, but he knew it would come back.

He didn't particularly like country clubs. But then he hadn't expected to like it; he was here paying a debt to his conscience.

He was only Dana's third cousin, but they had seen a lot of each other in the course of growing up and his adult life had been studded with wires and telephone calls and cables from Dana. She liked excitement and dramatics and hair-tearings. All her colds were pneumonia, a fit of depression was a nervous breakdown. She read great hidden tensions into the few calm people among her acquaintance, and when all else failed she espoused a spectacularly lost cause.

There had been widespread consternation when Dana married John Mallory two years ago. Everybody liked John Mallory; it was impossible not to. He was ten years older than Dana, and if he had a sense of humor it was a well-kept secret, but he was quiet and calm and completely normal. It had been a surprisingly successful marriage to date. At least Ingalls heard that it was; some Puritan streak had kept him from seeing much of his cousin since he had taken over as advertising manager of Paige Crackers. He had been godfather to the child who was presently born, and he had spent a long weekend once at the house on Long Island.

And now there was this heart attack. John was in Chicago—for only four days, but things could come up, planes got delayed. Dana, telephoning Ingalls, had said simply, "Sam, could you come?"

Ingalls had taken the next train.

She was better now, of course, but as he mounted the stone steps with her letters in his hand he wondered uneasily how much better. She still lived in a carefully insulated world, and took an afternoon nap as religiously as her anticoagulant. What worried Ingalls was the docility with which she lived. That was Dana, aware of her heart's functioning, probably quieting the little flutter of panic that came from the very awareness, assuring her heart that she wasn't going to give it anything extra to do.

She was in the living room when he came in, reading. The dark hair that grew back in a widow's peak was smooth and shining, and her skin was luminous. She was only three years younger than Ingalls, but shell glasses that kept sliding down her nose gave her the air of a child pretending to read. Ingalls handed her the letters.

Dana glanced at them and made a face. "Thank you for nothing."

Ingalls poured himself a cup of coffee. "Who's the girl in the office?"

"Miss Fabian, I think her name is. Attractive, isn't she?"

"Very," said Ingalls equably. "I've seen her before somewhere."

Dana glanced sharply at him. She said with an air of discovery, "That Massine chalk of mine, in the living room at home. She's rather like it, isn't she? I think that's why I ——"

Ingalls returned the sharp look.

"—— think she's attractive," said Dana lamely. "Where is that idiot, Miss Rockett?"

"Take a letter, Miss—er—take a letter," said Major Soames.

In a dream, not even worrying about her shaky shorthand, Lou took out her notebook and a sharp pencil. *Does Major Soames know?* It was somehow incredible that he did not; he had come into the office just as Lou snatched the line out of the switchboard, and the whisper that it had carried seemed to her to fill the office.

She thought, but she was not quite sure, that the jeering, menacing call had come from the golf shop. If she had placed the light more accurately, if she had not disconnected the call so blindly, if Miss Patton and Major Soames had not entered the office just then ——

Beyond the windows cars, mostly station wagons, jockeyed out of the parking space and filtered down the drive. Guests strolled slowly across the grass. Keep looking at them while the major composed his thoughts, keep the sick churning down; if worse came to worst, look at the major.

In his late sixties, Stephen Soames still retained his massive shoulders, most of his height, and just enough straying gray hair, rooted in black, to make a cunning display under his senatorial hats. When in residence at the club he leaned heavily toward suède sports coats, gray flannels and the latest, loudest thing in vests; on his periodic trips to New York he was garbed in such sober splendor that taxi drivers and hotel employees cowered instinctively. There was an almost Dickensian amount of chicanery and guile behind the eyes under the tufted and graying brows.

"To the Whitehall Painting Contractors. Gentlemen," said Major Soames musingly, and embarked on what seemed to be an arbitrary withholding of fifty dollars from the sum owed on the painting of the club outbuildings. Lou's fingers steadied as she wrote.

With the letter finished, Major Soames grew good-humored. He passed Lou's desk on his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

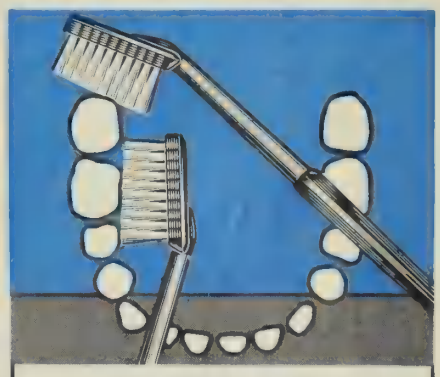


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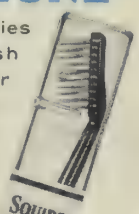
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

way out of the office, said appreciatively, "What charming bracelets," and had sauntered off down the lobby before she was fully recovered.

That was the end of the late-morning lull. Miss Patton came in to sit on the edge of Lou's desk and go expertly through the contents of the wire basket. The major's secretary was that total anomaly, a tall willowy blonde with languid blue eyes and a shrewd, sure intelligence.

She said when she came to the note about Mrs. Gifford's heater, "She does it every year!" and paused reflectively. "Call the Sewards; they've got one."

Lou had to think hard to recollect the Sewards, a pleasant fiftyish couple in Cabin 3. "But won't they mind?"

Miss Patton turned on her way out of the office. "Not if you tell them it has to go for repairs," she said reproachfully. "I'm in the kitchen if the major wants me."

The Sewards parted innocently with their heater. Max, entering the office by the back way, had to be persuaded to pick it up and deliver it.

The clubwomen were beginning to arrive. Miss Patton covered the switchboard while Lou had a sandwich and coffee in the supply room at the back of the office.

It was a narrow slit of a room, its shelves stacked with boxed paper and envelopes, old addressing-machine files, cartons full of dusty documents. There was a curtain at the door over all this chaos, and Lou, eating her rapid lunch, felt as though she had gone to cover.

Uselessly, though; the whisperer had made that clear.

Who?

Not Dana Mallory, who knew the whole story. That would be pointless in the extreme. Her cousin, the man who had stood at the barrier—Ingalls? Mrs. Mallory would have told him, of course, but he hadn't looked like an anonymous phone caller. On the other hand, people who dealt in secrecy didn't go around placarding themselves.

Did her own face, thinner now and stripped of its unthinking confidence, carry a courtroom stamp? Lou got up to look at herself in the mirror, hung crookedly at the end of the supply room, but it told her only that her lipstick needed repairing.

At the doorway, Max put his head around the curtain. "Did you take a reservation for Smithwick, supposed to come in tonight?"

"Yes," said Lou. "Are they on the phone? I'll be right out."

At four o'clock she was free, her time her own until eight the next morning. Every day, unless it was actually pouring, that had meant the beach. Today was hot, and the morning's blue sky had turned glaring and no-colored, but there was something to do before she went swimming, before she did anything.

Lou had been given a cabin of her own, which had surprised her until she discovered a number of obvious reasons why. It was the farthest from the clubhouse, almost a quarter of a mile down the wandering elm-lined drive. A tree had gone through the roof during last year's hurricane, and there were water stains on the ceilings and walls. And it was next to Cabin 11, customarily allotted to people with small children, in this case the Damons.

Apart from the water stains, and furniture which had been juggled out of other cabins as replacements were made, Lou's was a replica of the rest. Wooden steps led up to a tiny screened porch, and the little living room beyond held a small-scale couch, two chairs, a grass rug and an occasional table. Beyond that were the pine-shaded bedroom and bath. Double cabins, like the Damons', were equipped with a tiny kitchenette.

Lou used her key and went straight into the bedroom. Its window looked out on the square of grass behind Cabin 11, where Mrs. Damon, her blond hair falling beside her face, was bending over a bassinet. Lou got her bathing suit and threw her toweling robe on the bed beside it, and then went to her suitcase and took the newspaper clippings from their hiding place among the pages of an old Atlantic Monthly. The Atlantic Monthly would not be apt to interest the maids.

It wasn't morbidity that had made her keep the clippings, but a stubborn feeling that someday she might have a use for them. Lou studied the two blurred reproductions of her own face. One profile, one three-quarter view, with the hair that she had worn differently then changing the molding of forehead and cheeks.

No. It was a certainty. No one, a year later, could have identified her positively with that pale bewildered face. Whoever had called her from the golf shop had been told—or had been there.

What to do now? Wait and see?

A ten-minute walk took her to the club beach. It was a deep crescent of sand, protected by land at one end and a breakwater at the other; toward the breakwater, and away from the striped cabanas, the sand gave way to stones. Lou liked that end; there was nothing sticky about the clean heat of the stones when she came out dripping, and even the water had an air of privacy.

It was shockingly cold when she dived in; by the time she had surfaced and begun to strike out her skin felt cased in silk. She swam easily and well, the sweep of her arms economical, her kick steady and controlled. Tension slid away. Fifty yards out, she turned and suspended herself in the water, looking back at the pale-gold beach. From this distance, the clubhouse was a child's model perched on a green swell of lawn. A sea gull swooped for a closer look at this invasion of its territory, and Lou, mocked by the lazy liquid curve, followed it as far as the breakwater.

It wasn't full high tide, and the rocks were slippery where they reared from the water. Lou, winded from her short fast pursuit of the gull, took without question the hand that came helpfully over the edge of the rocks to grasp hers. She found a foothold and swung herself up, breathless.

It was Ingalls who had watched her approach and who now, somehow, held both her hands. He had been swimming earlier, and he looked tall and surprisingly dark against the sun-blanched sky. Lou blinked the water from her lashes and saw that he was staring at her wrists.

Her hands went stiff in his, but she made no effort to release them. The chill of the water had deepened the color of the scars that her bracelets hid when she wasn't swimming or asleep.

Ingalls dropped her hands and met her eyes calmly. "You're Louise Royce," he said.

"Yes." She looked directly into Ingalls' grayish eyes, and heard her own voice, clear and detached as a stranger's. "Yes, I'm Louise Royce. Is it all coming back to you now, Mr. Ingalls?"

She was Louise Royce, but she couldn't remember ever having been called anything but Lou. Her mother had died when she was in high school; she was twenty-three when her father suffered the stroke that forced his retirement from a professorship at a Massachusetts university.

The move to New York had seemed logical. Money was going to be of the essence, and Lou would have to earn more than she did as society, obituary and features editor of the local newspaper. She had never had business training, but she had typed so many papers for her father that she had taught herself the touch system out of self-defense. When they had been in New York a week she put a boldly glowing ad for her services as a manuscript typist in the Times.

The responses came down to two in the end. One was an elderly roué at the Waldorf who was considering his memoirs; when he caressed Lou's hand lingeringly, as though in search of invisible typing muscles, she fled. The other was Mrs. Harmon Heffernan, who turned out mildly torrid romances under the pseudonym of Elinor Saint.

The Heffernans lived on Long Island, which meant a longish way to commute, but the salary was surprisingly good for a part-time job. The household consisted of Mrs. Heffernan, her husband, an even-tempered, chalk-striped banker, their infant daughter, a maid and a cook. The house was in Watermead. The winged white-brick, with its lawn and shrub-enclosed garden behind, had a pleasantly leisured air, and the study where Lou was to work was a constant dapple of sun and shadow.

Mrs. Heffernan herself was a small, untidy fortyish woman, almost as sweet as one of her own heroines. She lived in a state of placid contentment with her husband, the child she had never expected to bear, and her current work in progress: Lila's Way. She was instantly contented with Lou. "I know we're going to like each other, Miss Royce. I could tell the moment you walked in the door."

And Lou did like Mrs. Heffernan. All in all, it was a pleasant job, and it went on that way until the tenth of June.

The tenth of June turned out to be the Heffernans' twelfth wedding anniversary, but it was also a Thursday. The servants were off that day. There were a number of telephone calls for Mrs. Heffernan, which Lou answered in the maid's absence, and at almost twelve o'clock Mrs. Heffernan appeared in the study.

She said, "I do hope it isn't an inconvenience for you, Miss Royce, staying with the baby this afternoon. I'll tell you what, I'll fix us both a nice cold martini and then we'll have ——"

Lou could not help looking blank. Mrs. Heffernan said reproachfully, "But I told you yesterday, don't you remember? Some friends are driving us up to Connecticut for dinner, for our anniversary, and as Martha doesn't get back until six you said you'd stay until then. If you've made other arrangements —— Oh, dear ——"

There was nothing to do but submit, although her father was in the hospital and she had planned to make her usual visit. Lou hated martinis, but she drank one anyway, because Mrs. Heffernan seemed to be watching her anxiously for signs of sullenness and she didn't want to spoil an anniversary. After a chicken sandwich and strawberries in the dining room she went back to the study and Lila's Way.

At two, Mr. Heffernan arrived home from his Manhattan bank; at three, Mrs. Heffernan put the baby out in her carriage in the garden and came back into the study. "She's had her applesauce and her bottle, Miss Royce, so she shouldn't let out a peep while you're here, and Martha will be back at six. If you could just watch and see that she doesn't get in the sun —— Oh, and if anyone calls, we'll be back this evening. Why don't you take a book and stretch out in a chair on the lawn?"

And then they were gone.

Lou did not stretch out in a chair. As soon as the Heffernans had departed, she went out and looked gingerly at six-month-old Amy, who was sleeping peacefully under the mosquito netting. The house when she went back to it seemed eerily quiet, echoing to the sound of the typewriter, and she was glad when she had finished the last of the pages.

She looked at the baby again, and moved the carriage out of the sun and into the shadow of the lilac hedge. The study could stand tidying and she occupied herself with that for

NEXT MONTH

"Come quickly—please!"

Young Dr. David Blair answered that frantic cry for help in the dark hours of the night and found that it led to a trap that could mean death for five people—one of them the girl David loved. There was one hope, a slender thread of telephone wire, and the wit and courage of the girl who answered the

NIGHT CALL

By CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG

Novelette complete in the July JOURNAL

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a while. At a quarter to five there was nothing to do but—what?

Lou went out and looked at Amy. The afternoon was soft and blowy. The Heffernans' friends obviously knew that they were not home; the door chimes and telephone were silent. Birds sang, underlining the human silence, and there was smoke curling gently out of a window at the corner of the house.

Even then, her heart stunned with alarm, Lou remembered to look at the baby. Amy slept under her pale-pink coverlet, and Lou's flying legs carried her on into the house.

There was just a whiff of smoke in the study. It deepened as she ran through the dining room and living room to the long windowed porch in the other wing of the house. And here were the flames, with a sound more vivid than their coloring. Traveling up the banked curtains, licking thirstily out through the open windows—to catch the sun-dried ivy, the shutters, the roof? There was a telephone on the desk at the end of the porch. Lou seized wildly at the curtain that was aflame, and her grip brought the rod with its burning valance down squarely across her wrists. She heard herself scream even before her brain registered the full measure of pain.

But she reached the phone. She was crying soundlessly by that time, and the linen skirt she had swept out of the way of the flames was like sandpaper on her burned flesh. She gasped the necessary words into the telephone, and then it crossed her whole body like a fresh sear that a burning leaf, or a spark, might have drifted to the mosquito netting that covered Amy Heffernan.

She needn't have worried. By the time she had reached the lawn, with the distant sound of sirens in her ears, Amy Heffernan was gone.

"The Heffernan case, Mr. Ingalls. Surely you remember that? Everybody does."

"But they caught the kidnaper," said Ingalls. "Veuchen. He went to the chair two months ago."

The kidnaper, Peter Veuchen. He turned out to be, as kidnapers so often were, a casual and almost invisible agent, a delivery man for the Marvel Cleaners. He was a naturalized citizen, thirty-two years old, with a recently acquired wife and a handsome, cheerful face. He was also, the presiding judge said, one of the few genuinely amoral people within the memory of the court. Confronted with the remains of Amy Heffernan, who had died of exposure in a Long Island swamp, he had looked and then glanced coolly away. Queried as to motive, he had shrugged in real puzzlement; wasn't seventy-five thousand dollars enough?

Harmon Heffernan swore that he had paid the seventy-five thousand, in unmarked fifties and twenties and tens, to a person purporting to be the kidnaper. Veuchen swore that the sum had been incomplete, but this was discounted at once. As the death sentence was mandatory, Veuchen had nothing to gain by being helpful, and nothing to lose by the arrogance which he clearly enjoyed before lapsing into an even more arrogant silence. Forty thousand dollars of the ransom money was eventually discovered at his brother-in-law's farm.

Had there been a payoff to an accomplice? Even apart from the actual mechanics of the crime, it was odd that the Heffernans, who lived well but not lavishly, should have been picked as victims. The maid and the cook, both of whom had been in the household for a number of years, were investigated and found to be blameless. The typist, perhaps?

Veuchen seemed in some twisted way to insist on all the credit for the crime. But Louise Royce, young and single, made interesting copy, particularly when the elevator operator in her building remembered that she had gone out late the night before the kidnaping, although it had been pouring rain.

There was no way of proving that worry and depression about her father had driven her out of the silent apartment, that she hadn't gone to meet Peter Veuchen. And Mrs. Heffernan, bewildered with grief, kept repeating that of course Miss Royce had known they were going to be in Connecticut that Thursday, they had discussed it the day before.

The single martini that Mrs. Heffernan had coaxed upon Lou became, when the newspapers were through with it, an orgy indulged in when her employers had left the house. Her family finances were gone into. Money had been an anxiety, hadn't it, even before a second stroke had sent her father off for an expensive stay in the hospital?

There was no official accusation, but under the pressure of public opinion the hospital finally disclosed that the day before Veuchen's arrest, an envelope containing five hundred dollars in fifty-dollar bills had been dropped through its mail slot. A typed message on cheap white stationery said merely, "Enclosed for the account of Mr. Gregory Royce."

Both note and envelope had been handled past the fingerprinting stage, and were of the kind sold widely in drugstores and five-and-tens. The type didn't match that of Gregory Royce's ancient Underwood, or Mrs. Heffernan's new pale-gray Royal, but then that would be the most elementary precaution.

Lou's burns saved her, and—the bitterest thing of all—the fact that her father died while undergoing surgery. Sympathy shifted. There was no proof that the bills received by the hospital were part of the ransom money. And Veuchen had admitted to studying the house, kidnaping the child, and later abandoning it because it cried. A watch was kept on Veuchen's apartment for a few months, in the hope of uncovering something that would lead to the rest of the ransom money, but officially the Heffernan case was closed.

Ingalls was frowning a little. He said, "So that's that. You got your name dragged into something you had nothing to do with, and you got a very dirty deal, but it's over with."

"It isn't over with," Lou said flatly. "People remember kidnapings and everybody connected with them long after they forget other things. I've found that out. And everybody wonders if there was someone behind Veuchen." She looked dispassionately at her scarred wrists. "So do I, for that matter. You've been wondering yourself, haven't you, ever since your cousin told you about me?"

"My cousin didn't tell me, as it happens. I was there one day in court, with a friend who was covering the trial. Dana may not have all the virtues," said Ingalls brusquely, "but she doesn't break trusts."

Lou's head snapped up. "I'm very grateful to your cousin, Mr. Ingalls, but if you had any idea how I loathe being a trust!"

She fastened the strap of her bathing cap again and dived from the edge of the rocks, knowing and not caring that she had been indefensibly rude. Behind her, she heard Ingalls say something short and explosive, and then she was in the water and swimming.

A huge bright beach ball skidded across the water as Lou's feet touched sand, and Mr. Appleford, of Cabin 5, came splashing noisily in its wake. Mr. Appleford was the kind of guest who promptly cast off upon arrival whatever repressions bound him the rest of the year; he was undampened by his cold, dark-haired, well-modulated wife. He was usually in the clubhouse before anyone else, ready to organize golf foursomes or tennis doubles or water games. He twinkled at Lou, said, "Hello there—oops!" and retrieved his ball and splashed off again.

Had it been a man's voice that whispered at her, or a woman's?

Lou put on her robe and sandals, picked up her towel and started back to her cabin. It was going to rain tonight; the sky was tarnishing, the golf greens glowed in the subtle change of light. Mrs. Damon was feeding her little pink baby on the cabin porch. She stood up as Lou approached, waved the empty bottle triumphantly, and disappeared inside.

She had gone in because it was time for the baby's nap, of course. Not because Louise Royce was coming.

And this, Lou thought clearly, was exactly how she had been intended to feel: stared at, recognized, recoiled from. She knew the feeling well, because she had lost two jobs before she met Mrs. Mallory on Eighth Street. The first was in a bookshop; it was three months before a very good customer complained to the owner that she hardly felt safe, browsing around while her small daughter was in another room under the eye of Louise Royce. The second was in a publishing house, where, almost instantly, knots of girls formed at other desks and rumors wreathed the air like smoke. The office manager had been apologetic but firm.

John Mallory had had a business acquaintance with Harmon Heffernan, and Mrs. Mallory was therefore on the interested fringe. She had insisted on taking Lou to lunch and asking questions. "Can you take shorthand? Because if you could, or if you could learn —— Better give me your telephone number."

That was where the Coastline Club job had come from. She took ten hours of shorthand instruction, enough to give her a kind of bemused mastery over it, and sublet the tiny Morton Street apartment.

She didn't discover until she had been at the club for a few days that Dana Mallory's father had put up a good deal of money for it, but a number of other things about the place were quickly apparent. It was a relatively new club, frankly and naïvely snobbish. The majority of its one hundred members were from New York or New Jersey; the rest comprised the odder element of the town, like the fashionable psychiatrist who could often be heard making waspish diagnoses in the lobby. Theoretically there was a committee to pass on applications for membership, but the committee was Major Soames, who relied on his own keen nose for money, and Miss Patton's shrewdly assessing eye. There were golf memberships and tennis memberships and golf-and-tennis memberships, but what kept the club going were the full memberships, including the facilities of the beach and the children's pool, and the profitable rental of the cabins.

Lou liked it, on the whole—but somebody wanted her out of here. The whisper that had cut through her changed appearance and her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

mother's maiden name had been more than personal. It had been, in a dreadful way that she had always foreseen, intimate.

She spread her bathing suit out on the tiny patch of grass behind her cabin and carefully avoided looking at Mrs. Damon hanging out baby clothes on the little wooden rack that was the club's nearest concession to a clothesline. Rosemary Damon seemed scarcely more than a child herself, but it was obvious after even the briefest conversation with her that she had read every baby book ever published and took them all quite seriously. She was earnest and pretty and totally without humor.

Lou was turning back into her cabin when a voice sprang out of the lazy late-afternoon silence. "How *is* the baby, Mrs. Damon? Better, I hope?" Mrs. Gifford's voice, edged as usual and full of injury.

"Oh, she's fine, she just drank all her ——" Mrs. Damon's eager voice stopped short, and there was a silence that sounded as though she were flushing. "I think she's trying to get a tooth, that's why she's been crying at night. I hope she hasn't disturbed you ——"

"I'm a very light sleeper," said Mrs. Gifford, sounding somehow proud of it. "And in the country, of course, one expects —— Have you tried paregoric?"

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Meddling, Lou thought, going back into her cabin, and, now that she had her fought-for heater, looking for something else to complain about. The Giffords' cabin was on the far side of the drive, so that Mrs. Gifford couldn't hear the small-hours wailing nearly as clearly as Lou did. And a light did go on at once; Lou could imagine the grumbling of Mrs. Damon's black-browed husband.

Could it possibly be Mrs. Gifford who had called her?

She couldn't, Lou realized, judge voices by the way they sounded now or might have sounded over the telephone in Mrs. Heffernan's study. Mrs. Gifford, for instance: the woman ordinarily used her voice as a weapon, but how might it sound if she wanted to be pleasant and cajoling? What if Mrs. Damon were angry or frightened? The Sewards, in Cabin 3, were so mild and complaisant that they could hardly be said to have voices at all, but undoubtedly they did. And there had to come a time when Mr. Appleford was not playing games, and Mrs. Engstrand was not preserving her empresslike silence. If it came to that, there was Mrs. Engstrand's companion, Mrs. Ames, who was plainly what was called a lady in reduced circumstances, and there was Miss Lovett, who was staying at the clubhouse.

Miss Lovett was a plain and ruddy forty-five at least, dowdy and talkative and instantly likable. Lou, who automatically endowed people with backgrounds, gave her two old Beacon Hill aunts who would presently die and leave Miss Lovett a half million each.

One of them? Or, on an outside chance, one of the club's floating population of sunburned young women and men who came as guests of members to golf or play tennis or swim? The telephone call had come at five minutes of eleven, and the drifting golfers usually arrived after lunch. Greens fees had to be paid at the office, and no one had come to pay a greens fee. Still, Lou lifted the phone, heard Miss Patton's nasally lilting response, and asked for the golf shop.

Mr. Thurston, the golf pro, said that he had been in or about the shop all morning and nobody had come by who didn't belong there.

Which meant, as of the moment, the Sewards, the Applefords, Mrs. Gifford and her daughter, Miss Lovett, Mrs. Engstrand and her companion, the Damons, the two unidentified women in the lobby, and, on an unlikely perimeter, Dana Mallory and her cousin, Ingalls.

There was a possible way to narrow it down.

"Help?" said Miss Patton gratefully at eight o'clock that evening. "Well, if you're sure you don't mind. . . . The Smithwicks are coming in tonight. Max is down at the station now. They've got"—she picked a card out of the file on Lou's desk—"Room Eleven. If anybody wants the major, take a message; he isn't to be disturbed. I'll be in the kitchen."

The office was startlingly different at night. It had a holiday, work-is-over atmosphere. The switchboard was silent, the drawing room empty. Lou lifted the composition barrier and walked rapidly out through the lobby and up the stairs.

The bookkeeper's room was directly ahead of her, on the first landing. She had been interviewed here, in spite of the fact that her job was already assured, and spent the first day typing the roster of the club's membership. She had been introduced to last season's files, and remembered that to each card was clipped a duplicate of the season's charges.

She had the names ready in her mind: Appleford, Damon, Engstrand, Gifford, Lovett, Seward—and to be cold and scrupulous, Mallory.

The tenth of June, when Amy Heffernan had been kidnaped, wasn't important; whoever had been behind Veuchen would have been very careful about just that date. But the ransom money had been delivered on June twelfth, and if all these people had been here at that time, mightn't there have been a long-distance telephone call, duly recorded on the charge?

Startlingly close to Lou, over the distant sounds of a table-tennis game, a door came lazily open. A woman's voice said, "But you can't be sure, Mrs. E."

"Don't be more of a fool than you can help," said a sharp answering voice. "She answered the telephone there, didn't she? And listened in half the time, I dare say. We'll be in a pretty pickle if —— Would you be good enough to close the door, Mrs. Ames, if you can possibly spare the time from your nails?"

Mrs. E. Benevolent old Mrs. Engstrand, with her several chins and lazy turtle-green eyes and endless loops and tangles of beads on her massive bosom, who had a whiplike voice in private. Lou's skin prickled faintly. The door closed and there was nothing more to hear. It was then ten minutes of nine.

"How do I look?" said Dana Mallory, pivoting for the inspection of Ingalls and Miss Rockett. She wore gray chiffon, cool and still as water until she moved and the chiffon broke into floating movement. Her dark hair shone. She didn't use rouge, and her lipstick looked defiantly bright against her too-white skin.

"Fine," said Ingalls falsely, and in the same breath Miss Rockett said bluntly, "Not so hot."

Dana turned her mouth down. "My nightly fling," she said. "One watery highball up at the clubhouse, and I really believe you two would do me out of it if you could. Poor Sam, you're getting fed up with nursemaiding, aren't you? Never mind, John will be home the day after tomorrow."

Any man worthy of the name is only too willing to make a fool of himself for the sake of a woman.

FRANK RICHARDSON

She picked up her handbag, and Ingalls rose. Miss Rockett said briskly, "Not so fast," and handed her a small glass of orange juice. "Your drops."

Dana drank the orange juice and shuddered, handing back the empty glass. "They were all at the bottom. Well, I'll be back in an hour or so. How's Richard?"

"Asleep," said Miss Rockett economically. She had come home from the hospital with Dana after Richard's birth, and she was that rare thing, an unsentimental baby nurse. She didn't like Dana's transparent pallor, and she exchanged a worried shake of the head with Ingalls as she stood aside at the door.

The night was oppressively hot, holding its breath before the rain. Dana had got used to walking slowly; Ingalls had to remind himself to match his pace to hers.

Halfway to the clubhouse they met Lou Fabian. Ingalls recognized her before Dana did. They all halted fleetingly. Dana said, "Miss Fabian, do they work you day and night?" and Lou Fabian shook her head and smiled dimly. "I don't know whether you've met my cousin ——"

Lou said crisply, "Yes, I have. Hello, Mr. Ingalls. It's going to pour, isn't it?" and then they were going in different directions.

It was certainly going to rain, Ingalls thought. His inexorable imagination presented him with Dana soaked to the skin, doctors shaking their heads. He said gloomily as the terrace lights washed out to meet them, "I'm going back to get you a coat. I'll see you in the bar."

It was Ruth Ann Gifford, suitably enough, who found the body in the woods.

Mrs. Gifford had instructed her daughter well in the privileges that go with money. At thirteen, Ruth Ann was a replica of her mother, with a precocious arrogance behind her broad white face and bored dark eyes, but she had a further weapon, a gift for mimicry. She could limp like Bert, the oldest of the clubhouse waiters. She could tremble and clutch her braids like the terrified maid Mrs. Gifford had dismissed for some imagined sin.

At eight o'clock on that rainy morning, Ruth Ann told her mother that she was going bird-watching. She then set out on her own private diversion, which was spying on the cabins from the woods.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

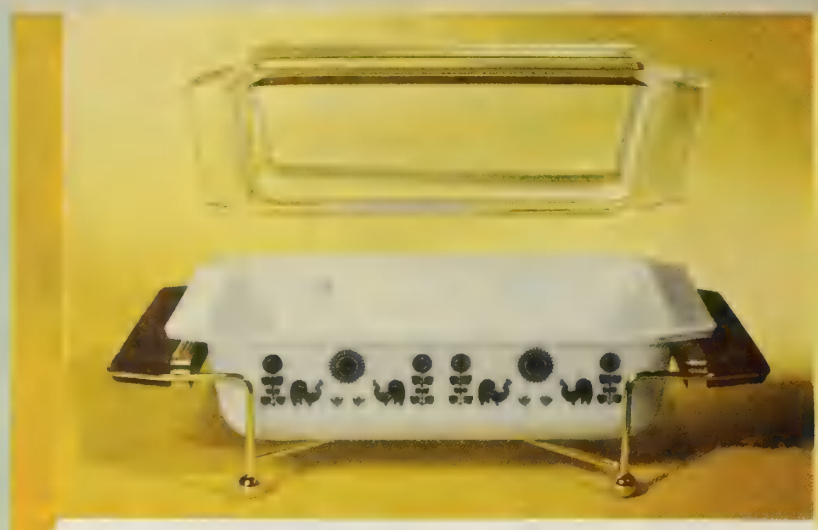


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

She hardly knew herself what she expected to find. She was prepared to say, if Mr. Ingalls so much as looked at her, that he had asked her into the pink house and tried to give her a drink, but Mr. Ingalls couldn't seem to tell her apart from a tree. The Sewards were too old to be interesting, and Mr. Appleford so friendly that there was no sport there. She speculated about Miss Fabian. Mrs. Gifford had said charitably, "Dear, Miss Fabian is attractive in her way, and she's quite fortunate to be working among nice people. The thing is that most people *have* to work for a living, and it's what they're best at."

Ruth Ann had tried to reconcile this with Miss Fabian's cool and piercing eye, and couldn't; that was why she always gave that cabin a special inspection.

There was nothing to see this morning. The curtains hung still, the doors stayed closed. Things might be better at the Damons', and she started there, keeping cautiously inside the line of trees. Her rubbers went down on the spongy pine-needled ground, a fallen branch, and then, because she was watching ahead for a vantage point, something that gave unpleasantly underfoot.

A hand, the fingers spread gropingly. Attached to that, an arm. Ruth Ann said, "I *beg* your——" and then she screamed like any thirteen-year-old and spun and slipped and ran screaming away.

Lou showered and dressed hastily, because she had overslept. She walked up the drive, crossed the wet terrace and let herself into the lobby. She went on into the empty dining room, asked Bert for tomato juice and coffee. At eight-thirty she entered the office.

Miss Patton was at the switchboard. She said, "Good morning, Mrs. Gifford," and appeared to listen blankly. "Bird-watching, did you say? . . . Are you sure?" Miss Patton was demanding intensely. "Yes, I'll call right away." She severed the connection. Then, while Lou stood staring at her, she rang Major Soames.

Someone on the stairs said, "What a foul day. I wonder if the mail is in yet?" and Lou moved toward the barrier, instinctively guarding it. Behind her Miss Patton, back turned and head bent, said into the cupped receiver, "—— the Gifford child, just a few minutes ago. . . . From the description, I'm afraid there's no doubt. . . . Apparently behind Miss Fabian's cabin."

"What a day," said Mr. Appleford zestfully at the barrier. He looked wet and exhilarated. "Mail in yet?"

"It'll be in about nine," said Lou, tautly aware of the silence behind her, and Mr. Appleford sauntered off.

Miss Patton said in a flat low voice, "There's a dead woman in the woods behind your cabin. Ruth Ann Gifford found her a little while ago."

She went rapidly into the supply room and emerged in a raincoat. "Where's Max? Don't breathe a word of this until you have to, Miss Fabian; it'll be all over the club soon enough. There's a police lieutenant on his way and I'm meeting him at your cabin. Tell the major"—she was through the barrier flap now—"that I've gone down, and get hold of Max. He'll have to drive the major down, it's pouring."

There might have been more; if there was Lou missed it. After her first shocked realization, there wasn't time to think. The switchboard bristled with calls: Miss Lovett wanting the time, the Sewards inquiring innocently about their heater, Mrs. Engstrand demanding room service. Max called; Lou told him he was needed to drive the major.

Major Soames came down immediately after that. Presently the station wagon drove up through the rain and he departed.

People came and went in the lobby; apart from a slight impatience over the delay of the mail and the morning papers, the tempo of the club was unchanged. At about nine-thirty Miss Patton came striding through the lobby and into the office. She looked pale and her blue eyes were shadowed, but because a little group of women had gathered near the barrier she merely nodded at Lou and said that Max was waiting. Lou put on her own raincoat and went out and got into the station wagon.

"They want you to look at her," Max said.

The police car was pulled up in the grass-grown driveway beside the cabin. As Lou got out of the station wagon a uniformed officer appeared on the porch. "Miss Fabian? I'm Lieutenant Corey. If you'll come this way——"

It wasn't a long walk. The lieutenant entered the woods and did some polite holding back of branches. Then he was saying, "I'm sure you understand that this is necessary, Miss Fabian. Do you know this woman, or have you seen her before?"

Lou looked; like Ruth Ann, she was astonished at having come upon violence so suddenly. She said instantly, "No, lieutenant."

A number of people—photographers? other policemen?—had been here very recently; there were squashy heel prints beginning to fill with water. They had turned the dead woman on her back. Her body was a thin girl's and her face a bitter, knowing child's. Black hair lay about it in soaked points. Brows and lashes were only a little darker than the crescents of weariness under the closed eyes.

Lou turned away. The lieutenant said, "Are you sure, Miss Fabian?"

"Positive." The individual features weren't startling, the bitterness was. "Who is she?"

The lieutenant shrugged. "Nobody, yet. She doesn't look like a member of the club?"

The gray chambray dress, cut by the tens of thousands, the white beads at throat and wrist, the pin on the shoulder, the black sandals already beginning to come apart in the rain—— Lou said troubledly, "No. I don't think so."

"Somebody looking for a job, maybe?"



MARK SHAW

the well-fed Bridegroom



STUART

Way to a husband's heart: spicy chili, crisp tossed salad, oven-hot bread, fruit.

Margaret Williams, whose first book is a cookbook, The Well-Fed Bridegroom (Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, N.Y.), was born in New York City. She now lives in New Orleans, runs a gift shop, helps cater Mardi Gras balls and, in addition, manages to keep her own large home running smoothly.

© 1957 by Margaret Williams

By MARGARET WILLIAMS

What's a bride to do if she can't cook? And what is a new homemaker going to do if she *thinks* she can cook, but *knows* she needs some expert advice on the subject? Here's one thing both can do: plan a meal like this one, relatively quick and easy, and then rest assured that theirs are truly well-fed bridegrooms.

The essential know-hows of the kitchen which the experienced cook takes for granted—and often forgets to explain to the greenhorn—are explained in this meal plan. Just follow the steps, then set before your husband a meal hearty and handsome.

Quick Chili
Hot French Bread
Spinach-and-Cauliflower Salad
Apple-and-Cheese Board
Coffee

This chili you can make in little over half an hour. Furthermore, it cooks by itself so that you'll have plenty of time to get on with your meal preparations. No need to hurry.

FOR THIS MEAL YOU'LL NEED: 1 pound lean ground beef, 1 green pepper, 1 No. 303 can kidney beans, 1 No. 2 can tomatoes, cumin seed, lettuce, cauliflower, 1 carrot, 1 pound fresh spinach, ½ cup slivered almonds, 1 loaf French bread, fresh fruits—apples, bananas, or your own favorites—and an assortment of the cheeses you like.

YOU SHOULD HAVE ON HAND: Butter or margarine, onions, garlic, chili powder, bay leaves, salt, cayenne pepper, salad dressing (the kind your husband likes best) and coffee.

TO PREPARE THE MEAL:

1. For the Quick Chili, ask your butcher to grind 1 pound lean beef. You don't *have* to have the best, but if it's to be really lean, ask for top or bottom round.

Quick Chili: Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine (and bacon drippings are especially good) in a Dutch-oven-type kettle over a low heat. Chop 1 large onion, mince 1 clove garlic and shred (that means the thinnest "sticks" possible) 1 green pepper. (Cut the pepper in half lengthwise, remove veins and seeds, and shred the pepper the long way, not in rings.) Sauté the onions, garlic and green pepper gently for 10 minutes. Onions and garlic can burn easily, so give them an occasional stirring. Don't let them brown. Now add the ground meat and brown for about 1 minute (this doesn't mean dark brown). Add the contents of a No. 303 can kidney beans, drained, and lower the heat. In another pan, mix together 2½ tablespoons chili powder and ¼ cup cold water. Stir in 1 cup drained, canned tomatoes (save the juice for a breakfast beverage). Season with 1 bay leaf, crumbled, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon cumin seed and a dash of cayenne pepper. Bring to a boil and then pour the mixture over the meat and beans. Cover closely and simmer on top of the range for 30 minutes. Serve in individual bowls. Makes 2 ample servings (and enough for seconds too).

2. While the chili simmers, toast a few slivered almonds (about ½ cup) on a baking tin in a slow oven, 300° F. Watch the nuts carefully and stir them frequently. They'll be golden and crunchy in 15 to 20 minutes.

3. Here's a green salad with a new combination of tossings. To be sure that it's perfect, see that it is crisp-fresh. No good salad looks handled, just lightly tossed with a good dressing—and at the last minute.

Spinach-and-Cauliflower Salad: Wash well 1 pound fresh spinach and remove stems. Crisp in ice water along with ½ head lettuce, broken up into bite-sized pieces. Using a vegetable peeler, peel 1 carrot, then shave off slivers into the ice water. Wash 1 small cauliflower head well, break off and slice enough flowerlets to make ⅔ cup. Crisp. Just before serving time, drain the vegetables well. Break up spinach leaves and toss together with other vegetables in a large bowl. Top with your favorite dressing and toss again, lightly. Sprinkle with ½ cup toasted almond slivers. Makes 2 to 4 servings.

4. Just as you're beginning the salad, the French bread, sliced to—and not through—the bottom crust, should go into a moderate, 350° F., oven. Plain or garlic-buttered before it's heated, French bread is perfect for a chili dinner. Keep an eye on the oven, though, when the bread's in. It warms quickly.

5. It's time now to put the coffee on. Then it will be steamy-fresh when you're ready to serve the dessert course.

AND NOW FOR DESSERT: A cheese board combining the sharp and bland cheeses (hickory-smoked Cheddar and Gruyère, Roquefort and Camembert, Swiss and mild Cheddar). You choose the combination. Then add an apple—or other fruits in season. What a simple and satisfying way to round out the chili dinner.

Inexpensive and uncomplicated, the meal comes colorfully to the table, a happy combination for a hungry groom.

She said, "I'm afraid I can't help you there, that wouldn't be in my department. If that's all?"

Before the lieutenant could answer, a voice behind Lou said, "This is Mr. Ingalls, sir. Pink house, on the way in."

"How do you do, Mr. Ingalls?" said Lieutenant Corey pleasantly, and introduced himself. "Ever seen this woman before?"

Ingalls walked silently into Lou's vision and looked down. "No, I've never seen her before, lieutenant."

Lou walked away. She met the Sewards being shepherded by the patrolman. The Sewards barely grazed her mind, because she was still full of astonishment at the thing the lieutenant, busy giving orders, apparently hadn't seen. It was hardly definable—a too-steady gaze? a tensing of the muscles beside his mouth?

Ingalls knew perfectly well who the dead woman was.

There was no sign of Max and the station wagon. Lou started back at a fast walk that broke into a little run now and then. She was shocked and shaken. It was going to begin all over again now, the police, the newspapers, the unmasking—because that was what it would look like—of Louise Royce. The sensible thing to do would be to return immediately and tell the lieutenant herself, before anyone else could. Still, suppose someone was already confessing to the killing—that happened, not often but sometimes.

The sound of her name called was like an authoritative tap on the shoulder. Lou stopped reluctantly and turned to watch Ingalls walking rapidly toward her. He said with a startling casualness, "Dana seems to have picked up a cold last night. She's in bed today. She asked me to ask if you'd drop in and see her this afternoon if you have time."

Could that really be why he had called her name in that sharp urgent way? Lou said stiffly, "I'd like to."

Ingalls said rapidly, "If I were you, I'd go over the cabin before the police do."

Lou felt herself color incredulously. "Why?"

"Call it a hunch," Ingalls said. Then, in a tired, patient voice, "Or don't search the cabin. Either way."

The sudden indifference was stinging. But then, Lou thought, he was altogether a different man than he had been yesterday; older, colder, his face tight and bleak. Lou said rashly, "You recognized her, didn't you?"

Ingalls said with a deadly politeness, "No, I didn't. Did you?"

Major Soames, plunged into gloomy rage by the unorthodox goings-on in his woods, had reckoned without his guests. When Lou reached the clubhouse the lobby and drawing room were full of a mild, pleasurable excitement.

The club's publicity woman had been summoned and was established at the desk in the far corner of the office. The switchboard was rattling. A Bridgeport newspaper was on the line and Lou gave the call to the publicity woman, who presently introduced herself as Jane McNamara. It rattled again to announce Mrs. Gifford, insisting that Ruth Ann's name be kept out of the newspapers. Lou said that everything possible was being done to keep publicity at a minimum, and hung up to find Jane McNamara regarding her with amusement.

"Same old lovable bunch," the publicity woman observed dryly. "How's Mrs. Engstrand—been climbing any curtains lately?"

Lou registered that with a mild shock. "I didn't know she climbed curtains. I've only been here two weeks."

No man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truly knows another.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

"I thought you looked rather new and unbruised," said Miss McNamara, surveying her critically. "She's mad as a March hare, if you ask me, but she can afford a companion instead of a keeper. Well, it's an ill wind. The publicity ought to be good for Old Mother Kildoon."

Lou's fingers went still on menu paper and carbon. "Who?"

"Mrs. Seward," said Jane McNamara, eying her curiously. "Don't you listen to soap operas? Mrs. Seward used to be Old Mother Kildoon, Young Mrs. Kildoon's Understanding Mother-in-law, until the sponsor ordered her written out of the script. She used to be quite a trouper, they say, although you'd never know it to look at her."

Sandy, middle-aged Mrs. Seward, looking like something on a pancake-mix label. And, in a far-off echo, Maude Heffernan saying to her husband, "Harmon dear, surely you can do something about that poor woman on the Kildoon program? After all, you're a member of the board."

Lou's skin prickled, as it had the night before. The files had told her that the Giffords and the Sewards and the Applefords had been at the club last year during the week of June tenth. And in the telephone charge book were the carbons of three New York and New Jersey telephone calls on June twelfth, when the ransom for Amy Heffernan had been paid.

The numbers were on a slip of paper in Lou's pocketbook, and the exchanges equally etched in her mind: Algonquin, Longacre, Trenton Fields. In all probability, the calls were as casual as they seemed to be.

Still, wouldn't Veuchen's shadowy instructor have been anxious to learn whether or not the ransom money had been collected as arranged?

The persistent image in Lou's mind for over a year had been the flower-rimmed window in Mrs. Heffernan's study, the quiet sunlit grass, the baby carriage. Now, in a transparent overlay, there was the face of the dead woman in the woods.



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The club station wagon drove up in a spurt of gravel and deposited the Applefords, Mr. Appleford looking unwontedly pale and his wife completely unruffled. It took a small delegation to convince Mrs. Engstrand that it was necessary for her to view the body, but eventually a voluminous raincoat was produced and she was zippered and buttoned and tied into it as carefully as though she were being sent somewhere by parcel post. Miss Lovett, already raincoated, regarded the procedure with interest. Mrs. Ames clutched a sweater about her shoulders and the convoy moved out to the waiting station wagon.

Would any of them recognize the woman in the woods—or, recognizing her, admit it?

Lou plugged in an outside line, asked the operator for long distance, and took the slip of paper from her purse. She started with the Longacre number, making out a charge slip meticulously while she waited. Miss Patton had put this call through for Mrs. Seward on June twelfth last year.

A female voice answered the faraway phone. Lou said at random, "Is Mrs. Brisbie there?"

"Who?" The voice sounded elderly and a trifle deaf. "You have the wrong number, young woman. This is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seward."

Had she really expected anything else from the mild, kindly Sewards? Without waiting for the charge operator's automatic call back, Lou started on the Algonquin exchange. That was the Applefords, also on June twelfth.

A child answered. No, the Applefords were not home. They would be in Connecticut for another two weeks. Was there any message?

Lou realized all at once that she was proving nothing at all. If one of these people had been in touch with Veuchen, it would have been prearranged, and the message relayed, perhaps unknowingly, by an intermediary.

She didn't know exactly when she became aware that someone had been watching her. She closed the charge book as though it had burned her and turned to face Ingalls at the barrier. He was blank and polite as a stranger. He said, "Is the mail in yet?"

"No ——" Foolishly, Lou blundered into explanations. Max had been ferrying people between the clubhouse and the woods and hadn't gone into town yet.

Ingalls cut her off with a remote nod. "Shall I tell Mrs. Mallory you'll be in to see her this afternoon?"

Not "Dana" or "my cousin" as before. Lou flushed very faintly. She said evenly, "Yes, Mr. Ingalls. Just as soon as I've searched my cabin."

She did that, grimly, at a quarter after four, shifting cushions and pulling open drawers, certain, from Ingalls' manner, that there was something to find. Even with all that preparation she was somehow astounded at the gun in the linen cupboard.

It was a very small gun. It looked, if anything, all the more deadly for the fact of being in miniature.

But the woman in the woods had not been shot. She had been struck with something, on the back of the head.

Lou tucked a towel back into place around the gun. She hadn't touched it; she had been very careful not to. After a moment of staring blankly at the closed cupboard door she went back into the living room and opened the telephone directory.

The police would have to know about the gun, and the fact that she was Louise Royce; not to tell them would be like walking into clearly charted quicksand. Lou lifted the telephone, gave the number of the police station.

Lieutenant Corey wasn't there. Lou made herself ask when he would be back, was told in about an hour, and left a message that she had called. Then she showered, changed into a thin cool silk dress, put on her raincoat and went to see Dana Mallory.

The tall nurse met her at the door of the pink house and conducted her silently to Mrs. Mallory's first-floor bedroom. Disapproval surrounded her like a cloud, and Lou, who hadn't wanted to come in the first place, felt herself growing edged and a little angry.

Dana Mallory herself, propped against pillows under a green satin puff, was warm and apologetic and talkative. "It was awfully kind of you to come—do you mind if I call you Lou?—and such a horrible day, I thought we might cheer each other up. Don't come too close, I've got a deadly cold. I certainly didn't do very well by you, did I? Out of the frying pan into the fire."

It took Lou a moment to realize that the other woman was talking about the murder in the woods, and a further moment to wonder why she had put it in just that way.

"I mean ——" said Dana Mallory, and broke off as the nurse came purposefully into the room. "Not again, Miss Rockett?"

"Again," said the nurse brusquely. She crossed to the bureau, took a thermometer from its bath, shook and read it, and advanced on the bed. "You've had pneumonia twice, remember? You've got a baby to think about now, so let's be on the safe side. And such a night as I put in with you, coughing your head off ——"

Dana Mallory opened her mouth obediently; she said, just before the thermometer went in, "What do they think about all this up at the clubhouse?"

The room had been lighted against the dripping afternoon, and apple blossoms came softly to life on the walls. The tufted rugs were pale pink, dressing-table skirt and draperies matched the wallpaper in fresh polished chintz. It was a protected room for a protected woman, and Lou, looking at the white expectant face against the pillows, kept her account light.

The first reports of the murder, she said, had had Ruth Ann Gifford struck down while bird-watching, and an unidentified voice from the bar had been heard to mumble, "Terrible thing to say about a kid, but she was sure asking for it." No one knew who the dead woman was, although there was a theory that she was a maid from one of the summer places.

Dana Mallory crooked her dark brows at that, in what might have been disbelief, and the nurse advanced and took out the thermometer. She read it, and handed it silently back.

"A hundred and two? That's not so much," said Dana, but she sounded faintly alarmed. "What about the baby, Miss Rockett? Do you think I ought to call Doctor Crandon in New York, just in case ——"

"The baby's fine," said Miss Rockett crisply, "and sleeping like an angel. What you need, Mrs. Mallory, is aspirin and fluids and *rest*."

She looked hard at Lou as she said it, and Lou registered the message. There was something about the dead woman that Dana mustn't know. A shadow moved in the doorway. From the bed, Dana said, "Sam, dear—with news, I hope? But first make Lou—Miss Fabian—a drink."

"I really can't ——" began Lou, and was cut off immediately by Dana Mallory's "Of course you can," and Ingalls' "Scotch or rye?"

Lou said, "Scotch then, please," and thought that the nurse's face relented a little in understanding. Ingalls went away and came back with two glasses.

The nurse disappeared. Dana said to Ingalls, "Don't keep us in suspense like this; what have they found out?"

"Not very much," said Ingalls. He was sitting in a green slipper chair and plainly finding it inadequate. "They recovered the woman's pocketbook, and there's nothing in it to say who she was. It looks as though somebody hit her too hard, and then made a clean sweep. Probably a petty crook who never had a thought of killing her."

His face, Lou thought, looked bored and idle. From her bed Dana couldn't see the hand that gripped the underside of the slipper chair, the knuckles showing white.

Dana Mallory said, "But you haven't told me anything—was she young, for instance? Pretty?"

Lou said, "Well, young," and was made to remember the face against the sodden moss. With that very dark hair and clear pale skin, the dead woman had probably had brown

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eyes. It all depended on the eyes, because faces with the lids down lost nine tenths of their identity.

She hadn't answered the other part of Dana's question, but neither of them seemed to notice. Lou put down her drink and stood up firmly to say good-by, and was dismayed when Ingalls insisted on accompanying her to the door.

The nurse was nowhere to be seen. Ingalls went with Lou through the tiny flowery hall and out onto the grass between shielding cedars. He said abruptly, "Did you ——" and Lou said, "—— search my cabin? Yes, I did. There's a gun."

"A gun?" Ingalls looked surprised. "What did you do with it?"

"I didn't do anything with it. I called Lieutenant Corey, but he wasn't there. He will be in about fifteen minutes."

"In that case"—Ingalls was very casual—"do you mind if I have a look at it first?"

There was nothing to say to that, even if Ingalls had been waiting for an answer. He wasn't. He walked silently beside her through the soft and now-invisible drift of rain. She led the way up the cabin steps and he waited attentively while she unlocked the door. Inside Lou could feel him looking at everything in a curiously reconnoitering way. She opened the door to the linen cupboard, and he was at her shoulder when she lifted the tucked-under folds of towel.

"Well, well," he said softly, and reached in and picked up the gun. He examined it for what seemed to Lou an interminable time.

But surely, Lou thought, *the police should be doing all this?* She said involuntarily, "Should you ——" and Ingalls glanced up abstractedly. "You certainly don't think anybody put this in here with fingerprints on it, when the point was to implicate you? Which," he said thoughtfully, "it will."

"Oddly enough," said Lou edgily, "I had thought of that. Still, under the circumstances I've got to ——"

"Why?" asked Ingalls simply. "Theoretically only two people know anything about this gun—you, and whoever put it here. If you don't go to the police about it, how can he? He might suggest that they search your cabin, but he can't very well be surprised if they don't find a gun which has nothing to do with the case anyway."

Hasn't it? thought Lou. She said nothing, partly out of indecision, partly because of the peculiar tension that was suddenly present.

Ingalls said softly, "Look. The police have a dead woman on their hands and they don't even know who she is. They'll find out in a day or two—they have ways—but in the meantime they have to have something to tell the newspapers. You'd make pretty good copy with a gun you can't explain."

In the living room, as though it had been stage-managed, the telephone rang. Lou turned instinctively toward the telephone and then checked herself; she said, "Why don't you want the police to know about the gun, really?"

"Oh, because I'm so chivalrous," said Ingalls, watching her tensely. "Won't that wash, for the time being?"

His eyes were imploring. Lou walked away and picked up the receiver. "I have a message that you called," said Lieutenant Corey's voice. "Is there something we can do for you, Miss Fabian?"

"Well, I . . . wondered if you'd found out who the woman is," said Lou, but try as she would she couldn't make it sound like a valid reason for having the lieutenant return her call. She added, "With the woods and everything, I can't help feeling nervous about tonight."

"We're working on the identification," said Lieutenant Corey, sounding as though his attention were already elsewhere, "and I've told Major Soames we'd have a man in the grounds tonight. If that's all ——"

Lou hung up, feeling ignominious. Ingalls had come quietly close. His hand dropped as she turned; had he been going to touch her shoulder? He said abruptly, "I've got to get back. Can I owe you a drink?"

And an explanation; his tone implied it. But Lou resented the exact price for what she had just done, and she shook her head.

"You can't be bribed, is that it?" said Ingalls, and his flicker of amusement only emphasized the underlying bleakness. He stared at the gun in his hand. "This ——" Something seemed to check him sharply. He lifted his dark head again, said briefly, "Thanks," and walked to the door and was gone.

With the gun in his pocket.

There was no use rationalizing what she had done; it was irrevocable. Lou wandered nervously around the cabin. Had she stood just here, perhaps, while not twenty yards away ——

A sudden urgent tap at the door flooded her with panic. It was Rosemary Damon, who had come shyly and apologetically to drop her bomb.

It was now Thursday. Early on the preceding Tuesday evening, the dead woman had been seen emerging from the back of Lou's cabin.

Rosemary Damon, round blue eyes anxious, explained at length. She had taken Betsy out in her carriage and when she got home the silver rattle that dangled from a string tied to the carriage hood was missing. Her husband had been in New York that day, and when he returned she went out again to look for the rattle. She had retraced her steps as far as the pine-needled path bordering the golf course above and behind the woods when she met Mr. Thurston, the pro. They were standing there talking when, distantly visible, the woman appeared at the door of Lou's cabin.

"Of course we paid no attention—I thought it was you," said Mrs. Damon. "But then, after I saw her this morning, I remembered about the pin."

Pin? Lou's mind was blank and stupid with shock; slowly, laboriously it translated what this earnest girl in pink-and-white-striped cotton was saying. Pin, yes; a novelty-shop rooster contrived out of glass and tin, fastened to one shoulder of the soaked gray chambray dress.

"My husband," said Rosemary Damon confidentially, "said that I'd have to tell the police, but you've been so nice that I wanted to tell you first. Would you have a safety pin, by any chance? I told him I came over to borrow one."

Going to look for the safety pin, and clinging to the detachment, Lou felt amused at and a little sorry for Mrs. Damon, who had to placate her husband with such excuses and was very faintly proud of it.

She found a safety pin and gave it to Rosemary Damon, who stood up in a crisp rustle of skirts and went to the door. She paused to say curiously, "Do you suppose she was a thief? Looking for jewelry or loose cash in the first cabin she came to?"

It was true, Lou thought, that a stranger couldn't have known that one of the cabins was occupied by a club employee. She said to Rosemary Damon, "I have no idea, but thank you for letting me know," and then, with a vast effort, "How is Betsy; has she got her tooth yet?"

"It just came through," said Rosemary Damon, smiling. "Shall I bring her over some afternoon when you're not busy?"

"Do," said Lou. "Did you ever find the rattle, by the way?"

She might have imagined the very faint sharpening of the round eyes. "Mr. Thurston was practically standing on it," said Mrs. Damon, and went down the steps and disappeared.

What could the dead woman possibly have wanted here? The telephone rang while Lou was trying to remember whether she had locked her cabin when she went up to the clubhouse for dinner the night before last. It was Miss Patton, tired and cajoling. "If you haven't any other plans, could you give me an hour or two after you have your dinner, Miss Fabian? I wouldn't ask, but I'm about to tuck straws in my hair."

The emotional temperature at the clubhouse had changed sharply. A number of things made the evening difficult. Mrs. Severn, one of the two talkative women in the lobby, grew weepily drunk on Major Soames' shoulder. Mrs. Gifford called up to say that if Ruth Ann's name appeared in the newspapers she would sue; whom she would sue was not made clear. Major Soames managed to shake off Mrs. Severn, who went damp-eyed into the drawing room and melted on Miss Lovett's shoulder.

Miss Patton was holding the fort in the bar. With her were the Applefords, Mrs. Engstrand, Mrs. Ames, and the confused and bewildered Smithwicks. For all their surface assurance, these people were nervous.

"Coastline Club," said Lou mechanically at the switchboard, and connected an outside call to the Mallory house. The Sewards' light flashed a second later: could they expect police protection tonight? Lou repeated what Lieutenant Corey had told her, and hung up.

"Miss Fabian," said Major Soames, and Lou jumped slightly. She hadn't heard him come in the back door of the office, followed by Albert, the chef, and Oleg, the plump blond headwaiter. "You can help us by taking some notes, Miss Fabian."

At first glance, settling at his massive glass-topped desk, the major looked benign—except for his eyes. A wedding reception had already been canceled. While Albert and Oleg stood at uneasy attention and Lou waited with her pencil poised, Major Soames said, "We'll have—let me see now—we'll have a Hawaiian night. Eh?"

Albert and Oleg nodded disjointedly. "Plan it for next Saturday night. We'll have a *luau*, set up tables outside. Lots of rice," said the major firmly to Albert, "and . . . sliced pineapple You know the kind of thing."

Albert, who had weathered Mardi Gras and Riviera nights, gazed hopelessly out the windows. Oleg, who was new, looked consciously intelligent.

"We'll decorate with grasses, palms. Leis for the women. Go easy on the gardenias; you can consult Miss Patton or Miss Fabian about all that. Miss Fabian."

Lou jumped again uncontrollably.

"Take this down," said Major Soames pleasurably. "Aloha there—the Coastline Club takes pleasure ——"

Albert and Oleg melted away. Lou took a number of notes and a memorandum for Jane McNamara, and kept thinking all the time about the dead woman's inexplicable visit to her cabin—and the gun. The gun had a different aspect now.

Major Soames yawned, consulted his watch, said good night and sauntered out into the lobby. Lou was surprised to find that it was only a little after eleven o'clock. There was a murmur of voices in the lobby, and then Miss Patton appeared at the barrier, exhaustedly pale in the yellow light that gilded her hair and threw shadows under her eyes. "You're an angel," she said, "and I promise you this won't happen again. Leave a note that Max is to drive the major into New York in the morning, will you? To see about hula dancers. And then tell Max to drive you home, you must be ——" She didn't say "dead." She nodded at Lou and turned away, and a moment later her ascending footsteps were swallowed up in silence.

In a twinkling, everything was different.

Max must have been somewhere in the kitchen regions, but his presence did not impinge on the sleepbound, almost spellbound quality of the clubhouse at this hour of the rainy night. Her typewriter would clatter like

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

NEXT MONTH

YOU CAN BEGIN THE NOVEL EVERYONE WILL TALK ABOUT

"Women and Thomas Harrow," by John P. Marquand, is a man's-eye view of three marriages and the women who were important in the life of a famous 54-year-old playwright. "When you first saw a girl you loved she created an impression that nothing could ever change." First of five parts.

MEN BUY JEWELS WORTH MILLIONS FOR THE WOMEN THEY LOVE

Thirty-six women in the United States own jewels worth at least $1,000,000. Among them a single pearl costing $50,000; a 130-carat diamond pendant: the largest sapphire in the world. Most were "gifts from men who loved the women who wear them." Laura Date Riley describes the gems and their owners, "America's Most Fabulous Jewels and the Women Who Wear Them."

"I HATE BEING PREGNANT AND I HATE SEX . . ."

She is 27 years old, mother of three children. "Husbands have all the privileges, wives have all the obligations," says this young wife, blaming her husband for every unhappiness. Dr. Clifford Adams discusses symptoms and help for those "Totally Unready for Marriage."

IF YOU'VE EVER FALLEN OFF A DIET, LISTEN TO HELEN FRALEY

Mrs. Fraley, who once weighed 295 pounds, slimmed to a glamorous 135. Then, alas, she regained 110. Now, in 10 months, she has lost 100 pounds and attained the 145 her doctor approves. Dawn Crowell Norman tells how in "Hurray for Helen!"

YES, THERE'S A NEW SILHOUETTE IN SUMMER FASHIONS

The prettiest evening dresses at parties ahead will be fragilely lovely—as unexpectedly different as a violet chiffon with a balloon skirt . . . the trapeze look in white organdy, embroidered with topaz-yellow roses . . . or American Beauty taffeta with Empire waistline and small, pointed train. Color photographs and five pages of fashion news.

WHO PUT THE BB SHOT IN THE GARBAGE DISPOSER?

The JOURNAL homemaking staff has been calling on housewives to find out how they keep their household equipment in good working order. How long should a range or washer give service? What should you do when the repairman won't come? Margaret Davidson gives the answers in "Breakdown—Woman at Work."

Also a complete novelette: five "Enchanting Bedrooms," including Mr. and Mrs. Gower Champion's: the menu and recipes for a "Patio Party"; Dr. Spock's page for mothers, and many, many other features, all coming

IN THE JULY JOURNAL

NEW IDEA! Add flavor to your favorite foods with KRAFT Jellies and Preserves!

Use them as ingredients to add true flavor of fresh-picked fruit, captured the special KRAFT way!

New Kraft Jellies and Preserves are the ones to use —because they're *made* to be extra flavorful. Even when Grandma made her wonderful jelly, much of the good fruit flavor boiled away. But Kraft makes jellies and preserves a new, flavor-saving way. They're "*cool-cooked*" . . . at temperatures 'way below boiling . . . to *keep* the flavor and color of the fresh-picked fruit! Doesn't using new Kraft Jellies and Preserves as *ingredients* sound delicious, and easy? They come in all your favorite varieties.



PEACH MELBA For each serving, place a scoop of ice cream on a drained canned peach half. Spoon Kraft Pure Seedless Black Raspberry Preserves over the ice cream.

Wonderful for serving at graduation parties, showers for brides-to-be, and for other occasions.



PINK PARTY CAKE Prepare 1 package white cake mix as directed on package, adding ⅔ cup Kraft Pure Strawberry Preserves with the first addition of liquid. Pour into a greased and floured 13 x 9 x 2 inch pan. Bake according to package directions. Frost with Strawberry "Philly" Frosting.

STRAWBERRY "PHILLY" FROSTING Place one 3-ounce package Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese in a bowl, and cream it until soft and smooth. Add 2½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar, blending it in well. Add ¼ cup Kraft Pure Strawberry Preserves and mix again.



BLACKBERRY ELEGANCE For each serving, place a scoop of ice cream in a meringue shell. Spoon Kraft Pure Blackberry or Red Raspberry Preserves over the ice cream.



TEA TIME TREAT Spread slices of white bread with Parkay Margarine and cut in half, some diagonally, some lengthwise. Spread half of the pieces with deviled ham, half with Kraft Pure Apple Jelly.

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Nutmeg • 9 peach halves, fresh or canned

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2. Stir gradually into eggs. Stir in salt and vanilla extract.
3. Pour mixture into unbaked pastry shell. Sprinkle top with nutmeg.
4. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20 minutes. Reduce oven heat to 325° F. and bake 15 to 20 minutes longer, or until knife inserted in center of pie comes out clean. Cool. Garnish top with peach halves. Eagle Brand makes desserts so smooth!



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

a machine gun in this silence and Lou was reluctant to touch it; still, her shorthand was not of a caliber to endure overnight, and she bent her head to her notes. "Bananas"—had Major Soames really said something about bananas? She typed it tentatively, and finished the rest of the notes. She had been listening unconsciously for Max's jangling approach, and she heard the harsh catch of her own breath when a voice out of nowhere said quietly, "Miss Fabian."

Lou's chair spun back with a little crash as she stood up.

"Sorry if I startled you," said Ingalls. He was leaning against the barrier. "Would you know where that call to the house came from, at about nine o'clock?"

Lou looked automatically at the switchboard. She said, pinning down a memory, "It came through on one of the outside lines."

"Outside," repeated Ingalls. His gaze went narrow. "How"—he jerked his head in the direction of the alcove under the stairs—"does the phone in that booth work? What would happen if I dialed the club from there?"

"It's a different number," said Lou. "It would show up on the switchboard as an outside call."

She didn't ask why, and Ingalls didn't appear to notice that she hadn't. He said softly, "All right, then. Who ——" and the back door of the office opened and Max stumped in.

He was taken aback at the sight of Ingalls. He said stiffly, "I thought everybody was gone," and turned to Lou, elaborately excluding Ingalls. "Ready? I'll drive you over."

Lou put her typed notes in her desk and snapped off her light. Ingalls said pleasantly, "Mind giving me a lift?" and Max grunted. When Lou emerged from the supply room with her raincoat they were both waiting in the lobby.

Max sent a final combing glance around the office and switched off the overhead light. The lobby was already dark. He said gruffly, "All set," and they went out into the rain.

The station wagon was parked at the foot of the terrace steps. They got into it in a silence that lasted all the way down the drive. Lou, sitting between the two men, felt like a hostage.

The cabins on this side of the drive were all dark. At Lou's cabin Ingalls got out and held the door.

"I'll wait," said Max.

"Don't bother, I'll walk," said Ingalls.

Lou intervened. "It's all right, Max, thank you. Oh, you're to drive Major Soames into New York in the morning. I left a note in the basket."

Max gloomily drove off.

With Ingalls beside her, Lou walked up the steps of her cabin and used her key. *If Mrs. Gifford could see this*, she thought disconnectedly—but even Mrs. Gifford would be aware that there was no frivolity about this midnight visit.

"I've got to trust you," said Ingalls abruptly. "You really didn't recognize that woman, did you? She was Veuchen's wife."

Veuchen's ——

Lou's fingers stopped on a raincoat button. She didn't know whether she had repeated the name aloud or whether the echo was in her own brain. Veuchen, and the fire, and the empty baby carriage on the shadow-drifted lawn —— She went on staring at Ingalls, trying to reject what her shocked and pounding heart knew he was going to tell her.

"That call tonight was instructions for me," said Ingalls. "Richard Mallory was kidnaped last night. He's been gone for twenty-six hours."

Lou took her hands away from her face and lifted her head, her eyes mutely inquiring. Ingalls said in the same taut, quiet voice, "Dana doesn't know yet. We've got her thinking she's sick and might infect Richard. Miss Rockett keeps the thermometer in warm water instead of alcohol—well, you saw." He rubbed his forehead. "It might not kill Dana, but her husband ought to be here when she finds out. He's due in New York tomorrow morning, he ought to be here before noon. I'll have instructions about the money by then; I'm to go to the post office at ten o'clock. In the meantime," said Ingalls grimly, "I'm doing exactly as I've been told. So is Miss Rockett—and we've been warned to keep the police out of it."

The kidnaping had taken place, he said, at about ten o'clock the night before. Any bystander could have set his watch by Dana's nightly visit to the clubhouse; she went up at nine, and was back before eleven. Last night Ingalls had returned for her raincoat, and when the nurse heard someone outside the house at close to ten o'clock she had assumed that they were back early. When no one used a key, or even knocked, she opened the door, called out inquiringly, and then took a step outside. Something had struck her from behind, but she had felt arms catching her. Nearly blacked out, she had heard the close sound of a car's motor. She had regained consciousness on the floor of the little hall inside and had fumbled her way upstairs to find the baby's crib empty except for a note.

The note had said to destroy it at once and to inform no one if they wanted the child back. Miss Rockett, dizzied, had copied the note and then destroyed it; she told Ingalls later that she hadn't dared not to, even in the empty house. She had then dressed the cut on

SUDDENLY IN SUMMER

By BARBARA SHOOK

Suddenly in summer,
First love song is spun,
Light as children's laughter
And August-slanting sun.
Its kiss will live long after
Wiser loves are won.

her head, wound a turban around it, and sat up to wait until Dana Mallory was safely in bed and she could get to Ingalls.

Rain spattered against the cabin windows in a sudden shift of wind. Ingalls said steadily, "That's why the police mustn't know about that gun. It'll be traceable, in one way or another. I think it belonged to Veuchen, and that his wife was out on her own private man hunt, and that's why the gun was planted on you. Because if you'd been in the Heffernan business with Veuchen, and his wife found proof of it after he was executed ——"

"She might have come after me, and I might have killed her," said Lou. She was beyond anger or surprise or even fear. "Yes, I see that."

"But then you wouldn't have given me the gun," said Ingalls, smiling very faintly at her mildness. "You might have hidden it as though it had been planted, but you wouldn't have let me walk off with it. And you wouldn't have placed those telephone calls from the office."

So he had been listening.

He said quietly, "They may identify the woman at any time. There's nothing we can do about that. But the gun —— Once the name Veuchen is out, the lid is off. The kidnaper panics ——"

Like Veuchen, who hadn't liked hearing Amy Heffernan cry. Lou shrank tightly and defensively away from that, and Ingalls, on his way to the door, looked down at her "Somebody's got to pick up the ransom money, maybe tomorrow night, maybe the next. You're in a position to know who's where, and when."

Of course that was why he had had to take her into his confidence. Lou said woodenly, "Are you sure you trust me?"

"Trust you?" said Ingalls with the first violence she had seen in him. "I'm trusting you with Dana's baby!"

Lou went to bed as soon as he had left. She realized, with rain pattering on the window sill and a cool draft of air brushing through the dark, that she had forgotten to tell Ingalls that Mrs. Veuchen had been seen leaving her cabin, and she had neglected to ask what the voice, giving instructions over the phone tonight, had been like. But then she knew what it had been like—a whisper, harsh, carrying, sexless.

What had Ingalls implied? That Veuchen's wife might have found proof of collusion, and taken his gun and come up here to make her own reckoning with whoever it was who had persuaded him into the Heffernan kidnaping, collected half the ransom money and gone scot-free. But she had been reckoned with instead; she had been bludgeoned into permanent silence.

That must have been on Tuesday evening. And the next night—because plans had gone too far to be called off now?—her killer had gone boldly through with the kidnaping of Richard Mallory.

Lou stared at darkness. She thought quite clearly that she would have to start remembering—now, this minute—every word, every phrase, every telephone caller at the Heffernan house. There was the sun-and-shadowed study, the telephone on the edge of her desk, and then, as though she had taken a bludgeoning of her own, there was sleep.

"Dishwasher," repeated Lieutenant Corey into the telephone at nine the next morning. His hand wrote the facts on the pad before him. "Joseph . . . Pavlow. Fired on Tuesday afternoon, after a drunken quarrel with a pot washer. Last address 261 Atlantic Avenue. Thank you, Miss Patton, we'll look into it."

Lieutenant Corey took out the preliminary autopsy findings that had reached him that morning. The woman had been dead for at least twenty-four hours, possibly thirty-six. The murder weapon was the usual blunt instrument, probably a rock, although they might be able to narrow that down. She had evidently been taken by surprise, as there were no indications that she had struggled with her assailant. The only other mark of interest on the body was an abrasion on the third finger of the left hand, as though her killer had tried to remove the band of gold lace there.

It had since been removed by fingers with more time than the killer had had. It was an unusual ring, possibly designed to order, and initials or a date inside had been filed off. A description of the ring had been sent out through the usual channels.

Robbery with violence, Corey thought with remote disappointment. The time of death fitted in with darkness sometime during Tuesday night and the woman might well have been mistaken for a guest, worth robbing. The would-be thief could have had no way of knowing that the dead woman had carried her money crushed haphazardly into a side compartment of the purse, twenty-three dollars and eighty-one cents in all.

There was no actual proof of a wallet, but it was hard to believe that any woman traveled around completely without identification. In the lieutenant's mind there were three possibilities: the woman had chosen to be anonymous for reasons of her own; her killer had snatched out the hypothetical wallet hastily, in the dark, made an attempt at the ring and found himself later with only a handful of identifying papers; the identification had been removed deliberately, and the ring wrenched at for the same reason.

Lieutenant Corey already knew, from a telephone call late the preceding afternoon, how the woman had arrived at the Coastline Club. A driver for Breen's Taxi had picked her up at the six-o'clock train from New York Tuesday afternoon. She had carried neither gloves nor luggage of any kind, and she was hatless.

She had seemed flustered when she hailed the taxi—"kind of . . . I dunno," said the driver baffledly, and it was clear that any sharper definition would stay locked forever in his brain. Part way up the club drive she had stopped him, paid, and got out. As he drove away she was still standing there, poking about in her purse.

The woman wasn't, after a check with Missing Persons, anyone on their list. Neither had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

she been registered at the Hotel Standish or any of the larger guesthouses.

Lieutenant Corey pocketed the address Miss Patton had given him and was on his way out of the office when his telephone rang. It was a Mr. Charles Damon at the club, to say that his wife and Mr. Thurston, the golf pro, had seen the dead woman emerging from the cabin next to theirs early Tuesday evening. . . . Yes, that was Miss Fabian's cabin. . . . Damon, whom the lieutenant remembered as a dark-haired and rather surly man, sounded stubborn, as though someone had tried to talk him out of making this call.

Miss Fabian would be the girl in the office. Lieutenant Corey wrote down names, thanked Damon, said he would be at the club later that morning, and left the office to go and see the dishwasher who had been thrust so opportunely into the case.

Joseph Pavlow, jarred out of a peaceful and alcoholic sleep in the shabby rooming house on Atlantic Avenue, was instantly familiar to Corey. Pavlow, who worked where and when he felt like it, was picked up routinely on charges of drunkenness and disturbing the peace.

Pavlow admitted that he had been fired on Tuesday for getting drunk and quarreling with a pot washer. "I take a little nip now and then, for my liver," he said. "And then this pot washer—now, there's a real stinker. Ever meet him, lieutenant?"

Lieutenant Corey said frostily that he had not. He said sharply, "All right, you left the club drunk and you got even drunker. Do you remember meeting a woman when you went back?"

The cunning elision of circumstances escaped Pavlow at first. He said gropingly, "No, I don't remember no ——" and then, with instinctive fright, "Who says I went back?"

"The pot washer says you threatened to come back and settle with him. A woman was killed in the grounds on Tuesday night. Somebody tried to rob her, and bungled the job."

Pavlow's eyes were no longer wistful, but full of a helpless panic. "I swear I didn't —— Look, I know I got a record but I'd never ——"

Would I? his eyes begged pleadingly of himself, but there was only a blank to answer him, a number of hours that his brain couldn't account for. Corey, knowing that, said crisply, "Better get yourself cleaned up," and Pavlow looked wretchedly around the untidy room, located a razor, and went obediently out and up the hall.

Corey searched the room, quickly and competently. He found nothing, as he had expected, but he could not ignore, he never ignored, the other side of every coin. The neat smiling housewife who made a neat little hell for her family, the pitiful young girl who pleaded rape and made a profitable business out of it. The beguiling drunk, whose blood chemistry might have changed for just a twinkling.

And besides, there were the newspapers.

Lieutenant Corey took Pavlow in, and heard with displeasure Sergeant Ennis' jovial greeting. Then he started for the Coastline Club.

Just as he left the town on his way out to the club, he passed a man walking rapidly along the tree-lined road. Something about his height or stride, or the fleeting glimpse of his face, was newly familiar. Lieutenant Corey looked into the rear-view mirror.

Mr. Ingalls, he thought, *the wealthy Mrs. Mallory's cousin*, and drove on.

Ingalls walked rapidly because action of any kind helped to slacken the tautness inside him. He was going to the post office, nothing more; he was deliberately not looking one inch beyond where he had been told to look. Rebellion could very easily result in the death of Dana's baby.

Dana had been pettish and difficult this morning, in spite of the false thermometer reading. "You go in and out of here," she had said indignantly to Miss Rockett, "and you must be absolutely crawling with germs. I don't see why I couldn't just hold Richard for a while. I'm perfectly willing to wear a mask."

"We're going to have to tell her," Miss Rockett said grimly to Ingalls, "or get a doctor and have him put her in the hospital for a couple of days."

Ingalls seriously considered taking a doctor into their confidence; telling Dana that her child had been kidnaped was her husband's decision, and John Mallory would be there in two hours. Women traditionally weathered shocks that would kill men, but Dana had suffered two coronary attacks and there were no statistics to go by there.

Ingalls got rid of three extra minutes by examining the posters at the local theater, and it was ten o'clock when he entered the little red-brick post office as instructed.

At one of the two grilled windows a woman in a bright print dress was dispatching a package—up the Yalu River, Ingalls thought presently, by the time she was taking. He waited, growing stiff with irritation. The transaction was eventually complete. Ingalls approached the window, where the clerk was shutting the money drawer and pushing the scales aside, and said casually, "Anything for Ingalls?"

The clerk looked at him. "Got a box here?" he asked.

"No."

"I'll check," said the clerk doubtfully, and went off into the back regions. He returned presently with an envelope, reading its address aloud: "'Mr. S. Ingalls, town. Please hold until called for.' That be it?"

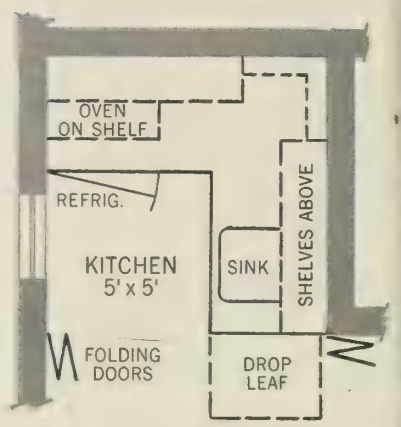
"That's it. Thanks very much," said Ingalls, and took the envelope and walked out of the post office.

Open it here and now, in the sunlight and random traffic? Something close to superstition warned him against it, but by that time he had absorbed all that the envelope could tell him. Cheap paper, the address typewritten. The postmark was local, and the stamp had been canceled at four P.M. yesterday.

The tension in Ingalls was too strong to listen to reason or unreason. He held the envelope up and tore off one end.

Just 5'x5'

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor



STUART



For using plug-ins, generous counter is added to by 18″ drop leaf. Refrigerator is new and space-saving, takes only 24″, fits snug in corner under counter. Sink is stainless, has single-handled faucet. Between refrigerator and sink is base cabinet with turnabout shelves.

Though there are many little closet kitchens, few function as delightfully as this one does. It has a flair for the dramatic—does its work without a range, using only portable appliances.

Look first at how little housework there is to it. You stand, center of the room, and pivot to an undercounter refrigerator on your left, sink on your right, shelves on both sides. And up on Cloud 9 is the skyhook, a clover-leaf fixture holding any small aid you want to find at hand—an easy reach for a 5′ 2½″ wife but it clears the head of her 6′3″ spouse. Underfoot is a blue-black floor in vinyl tile, in 6″ squares to key with the kitchen's small scale.

A blue plastic counter, 6′ long in all, stretches on to include a drop leaf at the sink. The broiler-oven has its own sliding shelf at eye level, so counter below it is always free. Cabinets are limited, but one in the corner is a rotary model made with $5 worth of hardware. Inexpensive open shelves are more than handy; tableware is prettily displayed. Staples and spices meet the eye, but food in packages is stored behind sliding doors made of thrifty pressed wood.

The big helpers here are the appliances. A broiler-rotisserie bakes too; an electric saucepan makes full dinners; an electric fry pan is temperature controlled—and together they price-tag at about the cost of a small range. Teamed with an electric percolator (or teakettle or hotcup) and toaster, they do almost anything from snack to party dinner in a kitchen too small for a range. They need 120-volt outlets with plenty of power for appliances, not just for lighting. But three-wire circuits are not needed.

Shutter doors close off the kitchen as you go to the dining area. Graceful chairs, marble table, party dishware wait fresh as a garden. And all the kitchen aids go automatically on at work while you dine—and are close at hand for encores.

Small—but the ideas work just as well in *big* kitchens.

Tires suddenly swished to a stop beside
m, a voice called out, "Give you a lift, Mr.
galls?"
It took Ingalls a blind moment to identify
e voice as Max's, and the station wagon as
e Coastline Club's. Mrs. Seward sat with
ax in the front seat, and there was someone
se in the back.
Mustn't look odd, Ingalls thought rapidly.
his was new, too, the watchdogging of every
sture. Jason Appleford, who occupied the
st rear seat with Ruth Ann Gifford, opened
e door hospitably. Ingalls said, "Thanks
ry much," and climbed in.
Max drove with bored and practiced ease,
he red-furred hand on the wheel, the other trailing down from the elbow cocked at his window. Appleford caressed a canister of tennis balls; Ruth Ann Gifford licked lazily at a pair of ice-cream cones, strawberry and vanilla, her meager tan pony tail bobbing. Mrs. Seward, after a smiling greeting for Ingalls, watched the road as intently as though she were driving.

They were halfway to the club when Miss Patton's voice, nasal and bright, said, "Good morning, Coastline Club."

There was a moment of shocked silence. Max's short thick-fingered hand went tight on the wheel, Appleford burst out laughing, Mrs. Seward turned to Ruth Ann Gifford: "But that's remarkable!"

Ruth Ann tossed her head a little, and a large drop of vanilla ice cream rolled down Mrs. Seward's neck. Mrs. Seward reached up patiently and wiped it away. "I could be on the radio, I guess," said Ruth Ann carelessly, "but nobody listens to the radio any more."

Mrs. Seward's smiling profile didn't alter by a hair, although she said gently, "Well, hardly ever." Her own voice was remarkable, thought Ingalls; she had the actress' trick of aiming it, so that with no increase of volume it went where it was intended.

"Do me," said Appleford invitingly, and Ruth Ann turned and inspected him at length. "I could if I wanted to," she said finally, "but mother says it isn't tactful."

Mr. Appleford darted sharply after a spray of strawberry ice cream on his immaculate pale gray knee. Mrs. Seward murmured, "Mother is so right."

Max sent the station wagon splashing through the shadows on the driveway and drew to a stop at the pink house. Ingalls thanked him and got out, and the station wagon drove off. When the sound of the motor had died Ingalls was alone in the sunlight. He took the letter from his pocket and unfolded the single sheet of paper. His fingers and even his glance were clumsy with haste, so that at first he raked in random words that jumped falsely and senselessly together. It was his brain that needed steadying, and it obeyed him just as the door of the house behind him opened with an urgent sound.

The body of type fell away, leaving the words that mattered in the sieve of Ingalls' straining attention, ". . . $100,000 . . . tomorrow night . . ."

The sound of the opening door came tardily into Ingalls' consciousness. He pocketed the letter before he turned.

"You'd better get in here right away," said Miss Rockett. Her capable face looked helplessly frightened. She gestured with her head at the silent house. "She knows," said Miss Rockett simply.

Lieutenant Corey came thoughtfully away from his interview with Thurston. He had learned something; exactly how much remained to be seen.

The golf pro had little to add to Mr. Damon's bare statement over the phone. A man in his late forties, attired in flannels and an open-necked shirt that showed just the right amount of wear, he had an expensively weathered look.

Lieutenant Corey found him on the small practice tee behind the golf shop, where a large motherly looking woman was trying out what was obviously her first set of clubs. As the lieutenant approached, she planted her feet sternly, arranged her elbows, addressed the ball as though it might explode, and finally swung. Thurston watched with a kind of fearful fascination. The club descended jarringly a few inches away from the ball and another ragged clump of earth sailed off to join its fellows.

"Head *down*, Mrs. Vence," suggested Thurston politely. "You can't very well keep your eye on the ball when you're looking to see where it will go, can you? Excuse me a minute ——"

Mrs. Vence continued to tear up the practice tee. Thurston, who had not been at the club the day before because of the rain, studied the mercilessly clear photo Corey showed him and nodded; it was, he thought, the woman he had seen coming out of the secretary's cabin. Not that he had actually seen her emerging from the back door—it was motion glimpsed from the tail of his eye while he was talking to Mrs. Damon—but he had thought at the time that it was Miss Fabian. "Who was she, lieutenant?"

"We don't know yet." Corey had watched the brown face as the golf pro examined the photograph, and found nothing there but curiosity. "Where did she go from there, Mr. Thurston?"

Thurston shook his head. He had been talking to Mrs. Damon and at the same time casting an eye over the near greens; the lieutenant would be surprised at how often total strangers got onto the course. Why, only the other day ——

Mrs. Charles Damon was evidently not so civic-minded as her husband; although her story was only a barren repetition of Thurston's she looked stiff and inimical, as though she resented telling even that much. Seated in one of the cane chairs on the cabin porch, she shook her head when the lieutenant asked her about the woman's further movements. "I only saw her for a second, and that was because of the light on that pin she was wearing."

He asked Mrs. Damon if she had noticed any of the golfers on the near course that day, and she wrinkled her forehead thoughtfully. "Mr. and Mrs. Seward. Miss Lovett, I think. And ——" She frowned a little and shook her head. "Nobody else that I remember."

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It sounded doubtful; Corey waited a minute and, when she shook her head again, stood up. "On your way back here, Mrs. Damon, do you recall meeting anyone who wasn't a member of the club?"

He didn't specify a man, and a man obviously the worse for wear; he was being scrupulously fair to Joseph Pavlow. Rosemary Damon looked up at him with her round blue eyes. She said hesitantly, "If I did—would that mean ——"

"We're checking all possibilities," said Corey pleasantly.

"I did meet a man," said Rosemary Damon slowly, "but he was more funny than anything else; I mean you could see that he was quite tight. Not in an ugly way at all. He seemed to be a workman or something."

Pavlow.

Robbery with unpremeditated violence, after all? A pocketbook swinging invitingly from a wrist, the dishwasher thinking that a guest in this place wouldn't really feel the loss of whatever cash the pocketbook contained? Pavlow had no record for violence, which would make him all the more panicky at a scuffle, the beginnings of a scream ——

This passed like a crackle of lightning through Lieutenant Corey's mind. Mrs. Damon, queried as to whether she would recognize the man again, said that she thought she would. Corey asked if she would be available a little later on, and went back to the clubhouse to talk to Miss Fabian.

She stood at the barrier talking to a ruddy-faced woman in a dark silk dress. She was smiling, but in spite of the smile she looked tenser than yesterday. Her glance at the door made the other woman turn, and Lieutenant Corey found himself facing an animated Miss Lovett.

"Did you want me, lieutenant? No? Oh dear, that's disappointing. I've always wanted to see how the police work. I don't know what I could tell you, frankly, but I would if I could."

Lieutenant Corey thanked her politely. He wondered, as she strolled off down the hall, what there was about her that gave the impression of solid wealth. He said to the girl who had remained at the barrier, "There are one or two questions, Miss Fabian. Is there somewhere we could talk without being interrupted?"

"Just a second," said Lou Fabian, and went to the switchboard, plugged in a line and pulled back a key. She said, "Is Miss Patton busy? Would you ask her to come into the office, Bert?"

Three minutes later, following her through the empty drawing room, heading for the television alcove as Miss Patton had suggested, Lieutenant Corey took automatic stock of his temporary quarry. In her middle twenties, a little on the thin side, wearing a slender dress that looked like black-and-white tweed but was cotton on closer inspection. Something about the straightness of her walk suggested a good background, just as the wide silver bracelets on both wrists —— Corey pulled up the years-old memory: a young girl who had attempted suicide by slashing her wrists, and wore bracelets later. Not so expensive as this very thin chased silver, but similarly covering.

Lou Fabian sat down in a cherry-colored chair and looked expectantly at the lieutenant. Yes, Mrs. Damon had told her about having seen the dead woman near the back of the cabin, and naturally she had looked at once to see if anything was missing. Nothing was—not that she had anything to tempt a thief. Had the police discovered the woman's identity?

Lieutenant Corey was irritated at having to say no for the third time that morning, and the irritation gave an edge to his voice. "She wasn't the person you were expecting, then?"

"I wasn't expecting anybody, lieutenant."

"You weren't? Then it was just an impression Mr. Thurston had," said Corey. "He had an idea, when you called him yesterday to find out if there had been any visitors at the golf shop, that you had someone specific in mind. He said you seemed quite anxious."

Lou had forgotten all about that call to the golf shop, made in the foolish hope of identifying her own caller. She felt her color change vulnerably.

"Oh, it's so silly." She managed an embarrassed smile. "There's a man I've been seeing quite a lot of, in New York, and he said he was going to come and look me up during his vacation. I thought if he got here in the afternoon, and didn't see me in the office, he might just have gone out looking for me. I hope this doesn't have to go any farther," said Lou primly, "because obviously he had no intention of coming and I'd look like a fool."

"I see," said Lieutenant Corey, and there was no telling whether he had swallowed that or not, but the interview was over and Lou was free.

Not really free. She went back to the office. Miss Patton rose thankfully, but her blue eyes narrowed a little. "What in the world did he want with you? They've arrested Pavlow—the dishwasher. He was drunk at the time, and furious about being fired. If Mr. Appleford wants his golf trophy, tell him it's at the engraver's." It was, Lou knew, up in Mrs. Engstrand's room with her birthday roses in it. "Mr. Mallory is due in today. Heaven send," said Miss Patton, casting her blue glance piously upward, "that he takes a taxi."

Lightening the boat, Lou thought detachedly, not listening to the last of that. Pavlow had been tossed overboard; she wo certainly be next. The switchboard buzzed she glanced at the orange light and plugge a line and lifted the receiver.

"Miss Fabian?" It was the pink-ho phone and it was Ingalls' voice. Without wa ing, there was another voice, dead and very close to the phone. "Call her by her name. Royce, Royce, *Royce*."

Dana Mallory's voice, like a lifted kr Lou gripped the edge of the switchboard pa with her free hand, and Ingalls' dim turn away voice said, "Dana, for God's sak Then with that same sharp quiet, "Is there way of meeting Mr. Mallory's train? It's in fifteen minutes."

Max—but Max had gone to drive Ma Soames to New York. In search of hula da ers. Lou said without further thought, "Y we'll meet it." She heard the start of sor thing, "*How* you can trust her ——" and that, gently, she hung up.

"Well, you'll have to go," said Miss Patt and plucked the station-wagon keys out of wire basket. She glanced at Lou. "What's matter, Miss Fabian? If you aren't well ——

"I'm all right," Lou said shortly, and to the keys and went out, through the din room and the kitchen, and down the woo back steps to the station wagon.

Only a handful of people got off the tra Lou's coldly sinking stomach identified Jo Mallory even before he recognized the stati wagon and started toward it.

He opened the door of the station wag glanced smilingly in, said, "Well, this is welcome sight," and got in beside her.

A welcome sight. And afterward he wo remember every glance, every syllable she tered. But she would have to say something only "Hello, Mr. Mallory," or "Was it hot New York?" Lou opened her mouth and dry tight throat betrayed her; only an ind tinguishable croak emerged.

"New York was like an oven," John Ma lory said kindly, covering up her croak. was almost professionally tactful. "I imagi the club's pretty busy?"

A woman murdered, his own child ki naped. . . . Lou, not wanting to go on reco with this of all questions, produced a mumbl sound that was open to any interpretation ar swung the station wagon out onto the road.

Let him think her surly, or self-conscio with men; the main thing was to get this i terval, every second of which was a betraya over. Mallory turned his head, seemed abo to speak, and didn't. A sudden sense of u gency brought Lou's foot down on the accele ator, and she sent the station wagon skimmi under the elms. The pink house was in sig when Mallory said in a thoughtful voic "Something's wrong. Isn't it?"

Lou said nothing, but the station wago gave a small startled leap. He said sharpl "It's—is it my wife?" and there at last, like painfully held breath expelled, was the pin house.

She realized that John Mallory was starin at her, waiting for her to answer. She brake so sharply that they both rocked forward little; she said helplessly, "I can't ——" an stopped, shaking her head. By that tim Mallory had the car door open and the slammed behind him.

And the pink-house door had opened, an Ingalls was coming out. Lou put the statio wagon into gear and swung away, not want ing to look at him again after that one flashin glance, because something inexplicable ha happened to her in the course of it. It wasn any pounding of pulses or, for that matter, an sudden physical awareness; it was a devastat ingly simple desire to get out of the car an go to Ingalls and—what an old-fashioned wor it was—comfort him.

The afternoon was keynoted for Lou b Ingalls' call for a taxi at twelve-thirty, les than an hour after John Mallory had reache the pink house. Ingalls was to have receive ransom instructions at ten o'clock, and sh knew from that one glance at his face that h had. One of them, probably John Mallory, would be going somewhere to raise the money

It was somehow incredible that the leisurel country-club routine proceeded as idly an

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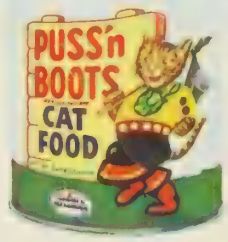
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nnily as though nothing at all had hap-ned. It was a little like being the only one a picnic who saw the tiger watching from e grass.

At four o'clock Lou left, and at about eight nutes after four she met Ingalls. He was iting in the driveway, not ten yards away m the pink house but screened from it by e trees.

"I'm sorry," said Ingalls abruptly. He mo-ned at the pink house with his head. "About ana."

("Call her by her own name," Dana had id in that harsh cold voice. "Royce, Royce, *yce.*") "It doesn't matter," Lou said, keep-g her eyes carefully away from his. "It's ly what anyone would think."

"Not anyone. Not I," said Ingalls; "but then 'm not a hysterical mother. . . . John's gone r the money."

Lou looked at him speechlessly.

"A hundred thousand," Ingalls said softly. He's in charge of a division at Paige, and he's t Dana's power of attorney. He'll get the oney from here and there. It's to be turned er at nine tomorrow night."

Ingalls' eyes were hard. "Somebody's got pick it up. Somebody won't be here tomor-w night at nine. If you were in the office we uld do a certain amount of eliminating—r later," he said, making the vague word olid. "In the meantime ——"

He broke off. Lou could see his attention go way from her. She stared at the golf course, ondering if he had been instructed to de-ver the money, not wanting to ask.

"Dana's right about one thing," said Ingalls ddenly. "You do know who he is. I mean ou know of him. You ust." He was gazing at er with full attention now. le said, "There's a cross ference somewhere. There as to be."

Lou had known it from he moment of the whisper ver the phone, but she had ever put it quite so clearly o herself. "Cross refer-nce" was exactly the hrase. Was there someone who, last sum-ner, had been only the flicker of a skirt, he back of a head, a hand holding a ocktail? Lou had worked at the Heffernan ouse for two months, and it seemed in-redible that someone intimate enough with he household to know that the Heffernans ould be in Connecticut on that particular hursday would not have obtruded himself on er consciousness during that time.

The phone, for instance, that she had an-wered sometimes when the maid was occu-ied. Lou's voice was not unlike Mrs. Heffer-an's, and occasionally a caller had said, "Maude, I wanted to ask you about ——" before Lou could interrupt.

Was that why she had been whispered at, because she knew what telephone transmis-ion did to this specific voice?

Last summer her father's death had over-shadowed everything else, and there was the offsetting factor that Veuchen had confessed o the kidnaping and abandoning of the baby. The police had been equally stopped by the completeness of Veuchen's confession, and by the fact that no motive for collusion, if there had been collusion, seemed to exist within the small, moderately wealthy circle of the Heffernans' close friends. As for acquaint-ances—clients at Harmon Heffernan's bank, people on a first-name basis who dropped in now and then—they were too numerous and random to begin to go into.

But who, Lou thought, quickening, could look so wealthy and secure as someone on the brink of financial ruin? She realized with sur-prise that she didn't know the first names of half the people here, nor what they did when they weren't vacationing. She could find those things in the files tonight; Miss Patton was grateful for the extra help and had stopped be-ing surprised when Lou turned up after dinner.

And when she did find out, some of Mrs. Heffernan's friendly chatter might fall into one small slot. If only it could happen before tomorrow night, because ransom money, once delivered, was no guaranty of anything at all.

"Yes," said Rosemary Damon unhappily after Pavlow had been returned to his cell. "But I hate to ——"

"You've identified him as having been in the club grounds at approximately seven o'clock on Tuesday night. Nothing more," said Lieu-tenant Corey. "Thank you for coming in, Mrs. Damon. Sergeant Ennis will drive you back."

There was as yet no fingerprint identifica-tion of the dead woman, nor had the teeth turned up anything. There was still the ring, so at odds with the cheap little glass-and-tin rooster pin; because it was the only distin-guishing factor they had to work with, Corey had widened the circulation of the ring's description.

At five o'clock that afternoon the ring was identified.

The report came in from Boston. The ring had been stolen two years previously from Mrs. Gillis McGivern, of Marblehead Neck. It had been made by a Boston jeweler; the en-graving inside had consisted of the McGiverns' initials with a tiny heart between.

Marblehead Neck. Lieutenant Corey placed a long-distance call with his usual deliberation.

The chief of police in Marblehead was dis-appointingly brief. Mrs. McGivern was a widow, in her fifties. No investigation of the theft had been made at the time because Mrs. McGivern herself had insisted that the whole affair be dropped. She was going abroad to join a daughter, and she did not want to be pursued across the ocean by inquiries concern-ing a ring. She had evidently decided to stay abroad, because the house on the Neck had been sold a year ago.

Lieutenant Corey said sharply into the phone, "What about the servants? You'd have a record of their names?"

It seemed that they had not. "The housekeeper, though, hold on a minute," said the distant voice in Marblehead, and Lieuten-ant Corey listened tensely to a confused jumble in the background. The police chief came back on. "Housekeeper was a Mrs. Stavely. She's running a rest home or something down near you—Bridge-port. She'd be able to tell you about the others."

At a little after six-thirty, Lieutenant Corey walked up the wide wooden steps of the Pine-dale Rest Home, on the outskirts of Bridgeport.

The pines were few and scraggy, the house itself an ugly peeling white although, Corey knew, all such places took in a surprising amount of money. A clatter of silver and china from somewhere behind open windows in-formed him that he had arrived at Pinedale's dinner hour.

The woman who answered his ring was ob-viously Mrs. Stavely herself; no one else could have worn her air of authority and impor-tance. She was a small, thin woman, heavily rouged, with ruby-colored hair in bangs above little black eyes that snapped with shrewdness. She was about sixty. Corey, introducing him-self, had the uncomfortable impression that the bangs and rouge had been adopted for this new position in life, in an effort to create an appearance of amiability.

Mrs. Stavely, full of curiosity, ushered him into her sitting room. She remembered at once about the affair of the ring, because the maid, Jenny Harris, in tears at being suspected of theft, had promptly resigned and gone back to Nova Scotia. "I always thought," said Mrs. Stavely, "that it was the chauffeur, and that's why Mrs. McGivern dropped the whole busi-ness. She never could resist a handsome face."

The mild spite with which she delivered this commentary colored the rest of her account. The chauffeur had been hired on a temporary basis to drive Mrs. McGivern in the evenings; she normally drove herself but was suffering from an attack of bursitis.

The chauffeur had been driving Mrs. Mc-Givern for about two weeks when, a day or so after she had worn it last, Mrs. McGivern found the ring missing. The chauffeur had been in her bedroom on at least one occasion, when he had carried up a suitcase. She had a

I have no technical and no university education, and have just had to pick up a few things as I went along.

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considerable amount of jewelry and, with her departure for Europe drawing near, she had taken it from her safe-deposit box. There were diamonds that would choke a horse, Mrs. Stavely said, but the gold-lace ring was the only thing missing.

Odd, Lieutenant Corey thought; it suggested a specific end for the ring. Not for pawning purposes, because it was of relatively low value and much too easily traced. Had the ring been a gift to the woman who would be buried tomorrow? Had it been, in fact, a wedding ring?

Lieutenant Corey asked Mrs. Stavely for the chauffeur's name and description, and found himself balked again. Mrs. McGivern had referred to him as "Peter" and presumably he had come from an employment agency in Lynn or Boston. Mrs. Stavely thought he was about thirty, not tall but solidly built. She couldn't answer for his eyes, but he was fair-haired. "I don't like a blond man," said Mrs. Stavely forbiddingly, out of some reminiscence of her own.

A good-looking blond man of about thirty, Christian name Peter: it wasn't much of a description to circulate among Boston employment agencies after a lapse of two years. Lieutenant Corey was at the door when Mrs. Stavely's voice stopped him.

"Now that you mention it, I'm almost sure I've seen him recently. Or was it a picture of him? I remember thinking," she said slowly, "that he'd had his hair crew-cut. Now where ——"

Her eyes flickered around the crowded little sitting room, the magazine rack bulging with confession magazines and old newspapers.

Lieutenant Corey waited.

"I'll let you know," said Mrs. Stavely with an alert cock of her head. "It will come to me."

At first, Lou Fabian put down to pure nervousness the feeling that she was being watched. The membership applications were filed in the short back L of the office, and most of them provided some sort of background for the member in question; occupation was listed, and other clubs. Was there, put down unguardedly long before the kidnaping of Amy Heffernan, some small identifying fact?

The random activity in the drawing room, which Lou had noticed absent-mindedly when she came in, began to take on a purpose. The tennis table was requisitioned from the game room and draped in white. Alex appeared with trays of canapés and cocktails and lastly a cake with a single candle. A great basket of white roses was installed in the center of the table.

Somebody—Mrs. Engstrand, because it was her birthday—was giving a cocktail party. And anyone in the drawing room would be able to look directly into the office for as long as the party lasted.

The switchboard was quiet and blank. Lou went to the back of the office and pulled open the dusty file drawer.

Allen, Ansterly, Appleford. May, 1953. Jason E. Appleford and Miriam A. Occupation: tax consultant, office address on Wall Street. Two children, Arnold and Cecily. Other clubs: Bankers of Manhattan, Metropolitan.

Lou's memory flickered over something—but then it would, under the circumstances; it was a part of the hopelessness of what she was attempting. Even supposing she was able to nail down a reference to one of these people by the Heffernans, she had to remember that their acquaintance had been large and various, and that only one of that assemblage had been responsible for the kidnaping of Amy Heffernan.

She put the Applefords mentally to one side and pulled out the Damon application. It was dated June of this year, and it held no surprises: Charles L. Damon and Rosemary P. Occupation: commercial artist. One child, Elizabeth. No other clubs. Home address, Terence Drive, Bronxville.

What had she hoped to learn from this? Lou felt tense and so nervous that her fingers wanted to curl up in her palms. Still, she had started, she might as well finish. Engstrand ——

"Terrible," said a mild voice at the office barrier, "and a mistake from start to finish."

Lou slid the file drawer in with a small hurried crash and went back into the front of the office. Someone had left a Bridgeport evening paper on the barrier, and Miss Lovett had folded it to the blurred photo of Joseph Pavlow. Lou had already seen it. "Dishwasher Held," said the caption, and the cut line: "Joseph Pavlow, discharged kitchen employee at the Coastline Club, currently detained in connection with the slaying of an unidentified woman in the club grounds on Tuesday. See story, Page 3."

Joseph Pavlow peered mournfully out of the grainy black-and-white. "You can't tell me," said Miss Lovett definitely, "that's the face of a killer. Do you believe it, Miss Fabian?"

"I don't know much about it," said Lou carefully, "but I don't suppose killers always look like killers."

Miss Lovett gave her a long bright stare. "Perhaps not," she said briskly, "but this man ——" She tapped a finger on Pavlow's nose. "Never. Drink, women, petty larceny, but never murder."

Behind her in the drawing room, the cocktail party was in progress. Mrs. Engstrand wore gray lace with her usual collection of necklaces. Mrs. Ames wore blue lace and false pearls. Mr. Seward was concluding a gallant toast, and Miss Lovett returned to the drawing room to raise her glass with the rest.

Lou went back to her desk. She made a neat pile of papers that didn't belong together, and pretended to look for something in her center drawer. She did not return to the files; she sat at her desk and exposed herself, testingly. The whole plan, the kidnaping of Richard Mallory, had been built around the presence of Louise Royce. One of these people knew her pretended absorption, at this instant, for exactly what it was.

The cocktail party lengthened. Mrs. Severn tucked her hand protectively inside Miss Lovett's arm as though Miss Lovett required steadying, and the two moved off to the powder room next to the office. The back door of the office opened inquiringly and then fell shut. Mr. Seward, glass in hand, wandered amiably across the lobby, and gave Lou a kind, nearsighted beam.

"I see Mr. Mallory isn't here," he said in his gentle, considerate voice. "I hope that doesn't mean that Mrs. Mallory isn't well?"

Unlike Miss Lovett's, his eyes were not even remotely shrewd. "Mrs. Mallory's had a cold," said Lou, "but I believe she's better now."

Mr. Seward's eyes sparkled with interest. He was obviously a connoisseur of colds. "I had one myself at this time last year, and do you know it was October before I was rid of it." Mr. Seward, shaking his balding head at the mere memory, walked away.

Perhaps five minutes after that the cocktail was sent across from the drawing room.

It was a martini, and the gesture was unmistakable.

The newspapers had made much of that one martini a year ago, putting the "one" in quotes. Lou, her face colorless, only flicked a glance at the glass which Alex deposited on the barrier. "Who sent that, Alex?"

Alex opened his mouth and then stopped, puzzled at her tone. "One of the boys was supposed to bring it over, he said, but he forgot. I suppose Mrs. Engstrand ——"

But at that moment Lou caught Mrs. Engstrand's eye, and surely Mrs. Engstrand, before her face settled into benevolence, had looked faintly surprised?

"Would you ask him, Alex?" said Lou, and picked up the glass and sent a last glance into the drawing room before turning away. It was something of a shock to find herself staring squarely at Charles Damon.

Alex would not find out who had sent the drink, because the bus boy wouldn't remember.

Why had it been sent? A warning? A reminder that she was Louise Royce and, at least until the Mallory baby was returned, lay in the palm of someone's hand?

Lou poured the martini into the pot of ivy on her desk and went back to the files.

At eight o'clock Major Soames returned from New York, elated with the success of his hula mission. He had culled three authentic Hawaiian dancers. Large glossy photographs tumbled out of his attaché case, the display stand in the lobby was set up and adorned with three large dark women in grass skirts and flowers. Albert was summoned from the kitchen and asked about his preparations.

Lou lifted the barrier flap and came face to face with Ingalls and Dana Mallory.

Ingalls looked completely casual, except to an eye that had foolishly and helplessly memorized his face; Lou could see that under his idle air he was as rigid as iron. Dana looked much too gay. Her make-up was like a cry of despair in itself; she had cloaked her pallor with rouge, and a corner of her mouth showed blue against her lipstick. As a gesture, her appearance at all called for a salute; as a show of strength it was pitiful.

When you find a great man playing a big part on life's stage you'll find in sight, or just around the corner, a great woman. Read history! A man alone is only half a man; it takes the two to make the whole.

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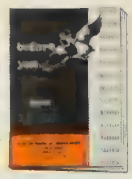
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Lou might have been a transparency; Dana's blank glance went deliberately through her.

Major Soames said cordially, "Mrs. Mallory," and let himself out into the lobby. "Off the sick list, eh? That's the way. How are you, Mr. Ingalls? I've been waiting for you people to join me in a drink."

Lou went back into the office, where Miss Patton was tiredly going through the wire basket. She said without any preface, "What's Mr. Gifford like?"

"Gifford Valves," said Miss Patton.

"I know, but what's he like himself?"

"Well, he's ——" Miss Patton paused considering. She said with an air of surprise, "I don't know. I've never met him."

"But you've seen him."

"Come to think of it," said Miss Patton cheerfully, "I've never seen him either."

"The Giffords have been coming here for five years," said Lou persistently. "Has *anybody* seen Mr. Gifford?"

"I suppose he goes back and forth to New York a lot," said Miss Patton vaguely. "And he does sign the checks for the cabin. They want to leave the day after tomorrow, by the way. So do the Damons and the Sewards. It's funny, when one goes the others start packing, but the major is going to try and persuade them to stay on for Hawaiian Night."

The day after tomorrow. The ransom would have been paid by then, and the child delivered. Or not delivered. In either case the hue and cry would be on, and the police would be informed about Louise Royce. Where, in the confines of a country club, would you conceal one hundred thousand dollars in cash?

Unless you didn't have to use the country club at all. Given a blank identity, like Mr. Gifford's, or a double identity—a few regular appearances under another name at one of the rooms let to summer people in the town—you would have a place for the child and the money. You could depart without undue haste, from the country club one day, after you had been thoroughly investigated, from the rented room the next.

"You look exhausted," said Miss Patton. "You'd better not come in until ten tomorrow. I'll cover here."

Lou thanked her and walked back to the cabin. She wasn't physically afraid, because she was important to the kidnaper's scheme of things, but she searched the cabin as she might have searched it for a poisonous snake. There was nothing out of place, nothing added.

In the next cabin Betsy Damon, having cried several people awake with her first tooth, commenced on a second. Lou woke in the night, hoped lucidly that Dana Mallory could not hear the crying, and went back to an uneasy sleep.

A number of things happened the next day. The dead woman was buried anonymously, at town expense, in the local cemetery. Lieutenant Corey attended the brief services. No reports had come in from the Boston employment agencies, which was not surprising, but Mrs. Stavely called triumphantly to say to Lieutenant Corey, "It began with a *V*, I'm sure of it. Peter . . . Vincent? No, not Vincent, but a *V*. It will come to me."

John Mallory drove back up from New York in his wife's white Jaguar; they hadn't foreseen the necessity of a car when Dana and Miss Rockett and Richard had been driven up in one of the Paige Company limousines. He carried the leather case that he was seldom seen without, and Dana Mallory—if anybody had been watching—met him smilingly at the door of the pink house and never looked at the case in his hand.

The heat that day seemed to color the air, to burn through shadows and collect in little buttery pools on the terrace. The silent tennis court shimmered in the sun, the golf course was deserted. Tempers rose noticeably. Major Soames spent a glowering hour at his desk and then went back up to his room. Max was savage, Miss Patton only slightly less so. Of them all Lou, being new, was expected to be helpful and uncomplaining.

At four o'clock she left the office. At four-thirty, her face buried gratefully in the cool water, she was swimming out toward the line of rocks at what she had come to think of as her end of the beach.

The other end was crowded. Towels and brilliant suits and a few huge peaked straw hats made a shifting pattern of color against the sand. The pattern dwindled as Lou took a final long stroke and grasped one of the rocks that formed the breakwater.

Somewhere close to her, Ingalls' voice said irritably, "Where have you been? I've been swimming up and down this beach for twenty minutes waiting for you, and now"—there was a necessary pause for breath—"I'm completely winded."

Lou could almost have laughed at the crossness of his tone. She said meekly, "I'm sorry. I just got here."

Water sloshed between them, a gull mewed overhead. Ingalls said rapidly, "We ought to be able to make some sort of check tonight. Is there anything you could logically be calling these people about at nine o'clock?"

How fantastic it sounded in the sunny air, above the slap and sparkle of water. "Fire extinguishers," Lou said; she had been wondering about this herself. "Every cabin has one, and they must be checked sometime or other. If they've already been checked this summer I can always say I found an old memo."

More water drifted in and out of the rocks while Ingalls inspected that. "Good girl," he said at last to the back of her white-capped head. "Do you want to go in first, or wait until I get out of here?"

"Going," said Lou. The whole conversation had consumed only two minutes, so that to anyone watching from the other end of the beach she had been only taking a breather.

Nine o'clock, she thought. Over four hours, time to be pushed back as purposefully as the water against her cupped and reaching palms.

But there was another and important deadline that she knew nothing about. Ingalls met it, as instructed, at eight o'clock.

"It's seventeen minutes of eight. Call it a quarter of," said Dana Mallory, and stared at



Ingalls. Her voice had the tense and lashed-down quiet that hadn't altered in two days, her eyes were wild. "Do we have to ——"

Ingalls put down his fork and looked wearily across the table at John Mallory. He felt like a man trying to steady his aim on a target while someone pulled angrily on his arm.

"Yes," John Mallory was saying flatly. "We do have to. And Dana, you must eat something. You'll—we'll all ——"

Need it, his tone said, *before the night is over*. Because it was going to be a very long night.

Thirty-six hours had made a sharp change in Mallory. Ingalls supposed that the lines in his face had always been there, smoothed over by calm and confidence and cheerful diplomacy. The sudden defining of them gave him the look of a man who was actually and visibly cracking apart.

Ingalls glanced at his watch below the edge of the table. Dana said in the sheathed voice that was rubbing all their nerves raw, "I never want to see that girl again."

Ingalls was surprised at his own immediate anger. "I doubt that she'll ever want to see any of us again either," he said sharply.

"Really? It's twelve of eight," said Dana.

"If only I could remember," said John Mallory, "who it was who mentioned Miss Royce to me this spring. Somebody said, 'Awfully hard on the secretary. She'll be a long time living that down'; I remember that. Although I don't suppose that necessarily means it was ——"

"I do," said Ingalls in a hard voice, and Miss Rockett brought in coffee.

Ramshackle arrangements, he thought on his meticulously timed way up to the clubhouse: a message here, another there, more like a paper chase than the usual economy of ransom plans. But was it ramshackle or intentionally misleading?

First the penciled note, which Miss Rockett had obediently destroyed. Then the harsh whisper over the phone—not repeated, so that there could be no comparison by way of afterthought, but leading to the typewritten instructions he had picked up at the post office. Was it the typewriter used in the Heffernan case? Almost certainly not; type was too easily identified. Presumably the first machine had been safely disposed of, and it wasn't difficult, here on the edge of the Sound, to imagine what had happened to this one.

Then the post office discarded as a vehicle, nothing used twice.

Ingalls walked up the terrace steps and into the clubhouse. There was no one in the lobby. In the drawing room, Ruth Ann Gifford fiddled with the record player. Ingalls walked to the barrier and met Lou Fabian's eyes.

Ingalls said, "Did I leave an envelope around here this afternoon by any chance?"

Cool, impersonal, as though he shared nothing at all with this girl whose face had grown perceptibly thinner. It was necessary, as was Lou's polite "I'll see. . . . Would this be it?"

It was a white envelope like the others, unaddressed. "Thanks," said Ingalls, feeling the heaviness in one corner of the envelope, and took it and walked away. Foolish to think of this as a minor betrayal, except that he had asked something of Lou—a good deal, in fact—and kept this back. But he had been warned not to mention it to anyone.

Under the first street light on the driveway he tore off one end of the envelope and tipped the contents into his palm.

It was a key, a straight old-fashioned-looking key. The oblong of yellowed cardboard attached to it said, "Patonket Beach, Locker 6, Bathhouse C." There had been a name, but it had been rubbed out.

Ingalls walked back to the pink house. John Mallory was ready with the money in bundles of ten thousand dollars each in a Manila envelope, wrapped around with a striped beach towel. Ingalls took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves like a man feeling the heat, and tucked the towel under his arm. It didn't look like ransom there; it looked like a casual evening swim.

John Mallory said tautly, "Good luck, Sam," and rubbed blankly at his forehead. Dana, unsmiling, said, "Have you got everything?"

"Everything" was the money, the key, and matches. *(No flashlight.)* Ingalls nodded and walked off into the dark.

After he had reached the club gates and the main road, it was a further fifteen minutes to the public beach. There were other strollers in the warm still night—a boy and girl with hands laced tightly together, an old man with a cane, two towel-slung boys whose laughter crackled around them like lightning. Cars went by at intervals. There was a kind of terrible normality about the whole thing.

Water appeared suddenly on his right, the Patonket yacht basin. Fifty yards beyond that was the entrance to the beach. The drive was a long narrow U, and the long sprawl of blackness on the water side was the line of bathhouses.

There were the usual parked cars, and a few flickers down on the sand that looked like a beach party. Ingalls walked off the drive and onto shell and stones that crunched underfoot and gave presently onto a boardwalk.

Bathhouse C. He was reluctant to light a match here in this exposed place, although the beach party seemed merry and preoccupied. If the three boardwalks angling down to the water on his right were any indication, his goal was at the far end.

Ingalls reached the third boardwalk, and paused. He had been right; a white placard in the mouth of the entrance bore a large black C. He hadn't long to wait, because just after his eyes had deciphered that, chimes somewhere in the town began to strike nine.

Dana heard the chimes. Sitting rigidly in the living room, she said, "He's leaving the money now. . . . He's left it."

She had willed Ingalls all the way to the beach, counting his footsteps with every beat of her heart; now, fiercely, she began to will him back.

The sudden peal of the telephone was shocking, even though it was much too soon to be the only call that mattered. John Mallory ran to the table under the stairs and picked up the receiver. Dana heard him say calmly, "This is he. . . . Yes, I've got that."

The receiver dropped back into place. John Mallory appeared briefly in the doorway. "That was—sounded like—Sam. I don't know why, but I've got to get over there. Be right back."

The screen door bounced once. The Jaguar burst into sound that dwindled and died.

Something had gone wrong.

Stiff, sleepwalking, Dana moved to the phone and picked it up. She knew and didn't care that the voice that answered was Louise Royce's. She said stumblingly, "That call you just put through here, was that ——"

The greatest happiness that love can yield is the first pressure of the hand of the woman one loves.

STENDHAL

Queerly, she couldn't get it into words. She knew that what seized her suddenly was sheer fright, constricting her lungs, producing a sick feeling of weight in her chest. She replaced the receiver very gently, and sat down on the lowest step of the stairs. The weight eased a little, the deafening, indignant pounding in her ears began to slow. After a time she even dared to lift her voice.

"Miss Rockett? . . . Miss Rockett!"

But no one answered.

Lou disconnected the pink house and heard the rubber line rattle back into its socket; she felt numb with alarm. Still ringing in her ears was the call just before that, the bright automatic voice saying summarily, "Mr. Sam Ingalls, please. Western Union calling."

Maybe it was Western Union, and maybe it wasn't. Lou thought rapidly that she couldn't be presumed to know that Ingalls wasn't available, and she had connected the call to the pink house just as the nine-o'clock chimes finished echoing.

Nine o'clock. Zero hour. No, zero hour minus one, or two—or how many until Richard Mallory was brought back?

Lou had watched helplessly while at about eight-thirty, after Ingalls had picked up his envelope and left the clubhouse, a beach party developed. Not at the club but at Patonket, the public beach where there was driftwood for fires. Lou couldn't tell where the suggestion had come from; it seemed suddenly full-fledged. The lobby echoed with voices: "You come in our car." . . . "No, we're taking ours anyway, come with us." . . . "Are we really going *in?* I mean should we bring towels and things?" So that none of them could be pinned down at the specific hour when the ransom was delivered.

Grimly, Lou tried anyway. She didn't have to ring Mrs. Engstrand's room because Mrs. Ames came by to say that her employer had gone to bed early, and if she woke and rang the office would Lou please say that Mrs. Ames had gone for a stroll?

Mrs. Severn had joined the beach party. So had the Applefords, and Miss Lovett, and the docile Smithwicks and a noisy couple who seemed to be Mrs. Severn's guests. Ruth Ann Gifford, who had not been allowed to go, was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

sulking over television in the drawing room. Lou, moving the inside wire mechanically from cabin to cabin on the switchboard, finally roused Mrs. Seward's pleasant, friendly voice. "Fire extinguisher? Of course, you're quite right, those things ought to be checked. Hold on." Lou listened. Mrs. Seward's voice came back cheerfully. "Ours seems to be fine."

There was no answer at the Gifford cabin. This was clearly hopeless. Lou was about to attempt the Damons when the annex light flashed on, and Miss Patton's voice said:

"Miss Fabian, have Max go down to the station right away. It's the nine-fifteen train, and the Duhamels are on it and they'll have fits if they aren't met."

How had Miss Patton been got at? Because this was what Lou had been unconsciously waiting for, a sudden errand away from the club at just this time—at, to be exact, ten minutes after nine. Nobody ever knew where Max was between eight-thirty and midnight.

"Max isn't here," said Lou steadily.

"Then you'll have to go. Take the station wagon. I'll be right over to cover the office." The phone went down.

Take the station wagon, go off into the night after some nonexistent people, try to explain that absence later . . . no, Lou thought. When the kidnaping was made public, when Louise Royce's name re-entered the newspapers and last year's speculations were dug up, would Miss Patton admit or even remember that she had been deceived?

The station wasn't open, but the taxi office across the street was. The train was on time. At eighteen minutes after nine Lou called and asked if there had been anyone for the Coastline Club. There had not, and the platform was bare.

She had known the Duhamels to be a name and a pretext, but the confirmation of it was peculiarly shocking. It felt dangerous, somehow, as though she would be paid back for this. Lou rested her face briefly on her hands, but a tangle of things kept on shifting behind her closed eyelids and shielding palms.

Mrs. Engstrand, saying to her companion, "We'll be in a pretty pickle." Miss Lovett: "You can't tell me that's the face of a killer." Something remembered about wool—"You can't pull the wool over my eyes"? No, that wasn't it. Rosemary Damon, complacent: "My husband has an awful temper."

The switchboard rattled. Rebelliously Lou rubbed the aching back of her neck before she lifted her head.

It was the pink house. And the sheerest chance did what scheming had not been able to do; after a single moment of listening, Lou was out in the dark and running.

Mrs. Stavely flogged grimly away at her memory. She felt flattered and important at Lieutenant Corey's interest.

Peter V—— With dinner for twelve women to supervise, Mrs. Stavely was slow in realizing that she must have seen the name and the face in print. How else, never having heard the man's last name, could she have arrived at the certainty of that *V?*

Her eyes were not what they had been, so that if the chauffeur's face had caught her eye on a printed page it hadn't been one of a row of tiny faces, but large and easily visible. His photograph would hardly have been in a magazine. A newspaper, then?

At eight-thirty, the maid was dismissed for the evening. The ladies looked at television and Mrs. Stavely went to her own room to write a bill to Mrs. Geary's nephew for one broken water pitcher and glass. There remained only the laundry, which had failed to return a sheet, and then Mrs. Stavely was free to take out her hoarded tabloids.

They made a steep and yellowing pile. They went almost three months back. Somewhere in here the chauffeur was hiding, like a cobweb or a spot of tarnish. Mrs. Stavely began to turn the pages.

The door of the pink house stood a little open. Lou pushed it wider in her headlong entrance, and the echoes of its crash bounced around the striped and empty hall and eddied into the living room.

Dana Mallory lay on the couch, her profile blank and colorless. At the head and foot of the couch, like guardian statues, John Mallory and Miss Rockett had turned to stare at Lou, standing transfixed in the doorway.

"I thought ——" Lou began breathlessly and then flushed deeply, and anger added itself to the charged atmosphere. She had run heedlessly out of the office and down the dark driveway because she had thought, from the barely breathing quiet of the open telephone line from this house, that Dana Mallory was stricken and possibly dying. Now she had to explain to these hostile faces that she was not a kidnaper's emissary.

And where had they been? Something had certainly happened to Dana; she had fainted, at the very least. Miss Rockett stirred. She said in a voice that was little more than a hoarse mumble, "I thought I heard him—crying, somewhere outside ——" She shook her head dazedly. "A cat, could it have been?" she asked.

No one answered Miss Rockett's question. John Mallory said stiffly, "There was a telephone call ——" and Dana Mallory turned her head very slowly on the couch and looked at Lou.

"Where is he, Miss Royce?" The whisper was as shocking as a shriek. "Where is my baby? The money wasn't marked, I swear it. I won't prosecute, I'll ——"

I. My baby, as though the man standing at the foot of the couch did not exist. No one, thought Lou, should look at another human being as Dana Mallory was looking at her. She said curtly, "I have no idea where your baby is, Mrs. Mallory," and would have turned

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

go except for the sudden awareness of some-e behind her.

Ingalls said quietly over her head, "Who is the phone call from, John?"

Mallory's face was tight and expressionless. ou, all at once unable to take even a moment ore of this clamped-down hysteria, bent her ad and brushed blindly past Ingalls, feeling e light detaining touch of his hand on her re arm.

"Wait," said Ingalls.

"No," said Lou, and pulled the front door en and then shut behind her.

She felt, walking rapidly back up to the ubhouse, as though she had shed a clinging, nothering coat, and could now fight back hampered. Caution, yes, because now—the nsom money delivered and the child still in e kidnaper's hands—was the most danger-us time of all. But not any more of the passive aiting; she was through with that.

Miss Patton was at the switchboard when e entered the office, saying, "Yes, major," d "No, major," and finally hanging up. She ve Lou a severe glance. "When it's necessary r you to leave the office, Miss Fabian ——"

But Lou, in the hall of the pink house, had opped being a dutiful employee of the Coast-ne Club. She said crisply, "Who told you at some people named Duhamel were com-g in on the nine-fifteen train, Miss Patton?"

"Duhamel?" Miss Patton's white brow crin-led blankly. "I never heard of any Duhamels. eally, Miss Fabian, you must be ——"

But Lou was out of the office, walking the ngth of the drawing room to the leather cur-in that screened the al-ove. The television set as on, with a quiz show progress: a wildly beam-ng master of ceremonies ried excitedly to Lou's set ace, "An automatic wash-r-dryer, a complete fall ardrobe, a three-thousand-ollar mink stole—all for ucky, lucky *you*, Mrs. George Linsey of Smallwood, Pennsylvania!"

The room was empty, the window not quite losed.

Lou snapped the set off and went back to he office. Miss Patton had evidently had time o remember that Lou's presence at all was npaid overtime; she said almost apologeti-ally, "Major Soames always has a fit if the ffice is left —— What *is* it, Miss Fabian?"

Lou had turned her back, plugged in an in-ide wire, and was pulling violently on a key. She said, "Is Ruth Ann there, Mrs. Gifford?"

"My daughter has gone to bed," said Mrs. Gifford frostily. "May I ask who ——"

"Lou Fabian, at the office. I'd like to speak o Ruth Ann please, Mrs. Gifford. It's quite mportant."

"Really, Miss Fabian. My daughter came in exhausted, and I'm sure that whatever it is will keep until morning. Perhaps you didn't real-ize that it's nearly ten o'clock?"

"I know it is, Mrs. Gifford, but I don't think Ruth Ann could be asleep yet."

"You don't think! I don't know that I like your tone, Miss Fabian."

"I don't know that I like having tricks played on me," said Lou, equally cold, "or rather, I do know that I don't. That's why I want to talk to your daughter."

There was a gasp. "In all the years I have been coming here," said Mrs. Gifford meas-uredly, "I have never encountered such—such ——"

"Unwarranted impudence," said Lou head-ily. "I know how you feel. I've never come up against a girl like Ruth Ann before either."

This time there was a paralyzed silence. "Connect me with Major Soames, please, at once," said Mrs. Gifford, breathing hard.

"No," said Lou, and hung up.

Go to the Gifford cabin? Rout out and con-front Ruth Ann? No one else at the club had her powers of mimicry, but certainly her mal-ice and pride in her own accomplishments had been directed; the time factor could not be a coincidence. On the other hand, Mrs. Gifford was probably interrogating her daughter at this instant, and receiving a tearful denial which they would both back up to the hilt.

Show me a family of read-ers, and I will show you the people who move the world.

NAPOLEON

The whole incident would become, later, an attempt on the part of Louise Royce to throw suspicion on a child of thirteen.

And how could she explain her insistence on this point without explaining why it mattered? This was the weaponless time, this was when Veuchen—the ransom collected and counted—had become bothered by Amy Heffernan's crying, and left her to die in a swamp.

What, thought Lou, staring at the switch-board in a flash of panic, what, just possibly, had she done?

"Veuchen," chattered Mrs. Stavely's ex-cited voice into the telephone. She had been interrupted by a number of things in her search of the Sunday tabloids, and although she wasn't used to staying up until after ten o'clock triumph had conquered fatigue. "V,e,u,c,h,e,n, Peter Veuchen. He's got his head down but I know it's him. The haircut must have put me off before. I suppose they did that in prison. And do you know," said Mrs. Stavely, her voice mounting into italics, "what he was in prison *for?*"

Lieutenant Corey knew, after a single echo of the name in his brain. It was the Long Island kidnaping case of a year ago, and the child had died. He wasn't familiar with the details of the case, beyond the fact that Veu-chen's conviction and execution were not, in the opinion of some people, the complete wrapping up that they might have been. And there had been a widow, above suspicion for a number of carefully documented reasons. Hence no fingerprints ——

Corey hung up at last. He looked calm and methodical, but his hand was damp and cramped from its grip on the receiver, and excitement was building up inside him.

That Veuchen had left a widow was a matter of record. So was the theft of the gold-lace ring, worn on the dead woman's wedding finger. Looking carefully in all directions; Corey jumped to a conclusion.

Once he had jumped, he abided by it. Why hadn't Mrs. Veuchen been missed from her apartment or rooming house? It was axio-matic that in large cities no one cared whether his neighbor lived or—in this case—died. The dead woman had appeared on the station platform without baggage, without even hat or gloves.

The absence of hat and gloves had at first indicated someone already in the town, going hastily to the station to meet an incoming train. In Mrs. Veuchen it would indicate—what? A spur-of-the-moment trip, just as she was. Very possibly, something more concrete than the vague official feeling that her husband might not have been the sole or even the pri-mary agent in the Long Island kidnaping. A remembered profile glimpsed on the street, or a voice overheard at a newsstand or a ticket window, and followed instantly, out of a bit-terness that could only be guessed.

Whatever she had planned at the end of the chase had to be done in secrecy, because at least two hours had elapsed between her arri-val at the station and her death in the woods. Had she spent it waiting at the back of more than one cabin?

And what was her quarry doing at the Coastline Club? Relaxing on the never-discov-ered share of the Long Island ransom money? Or ——

The Mallorys. Moneyed, the wife an invalid. Parents of an infant son.

It was Ingalls who met him at the door of the pink house. He looked over the lieuten-ant's shoulder and said, "Turn that thing *off!*" and at the explosive quiet of his voice, without waiting for the lieutenant's nod, Ser-geant Ennis went back to turn off the beacon-ing red blinker.

"Well, that's done it," said John Mallory dully, behind Ingalls. "That's—done it!"

They were to have waited, Corey discovered a few minutes later, for a telephone call which would contain instructions for picking up the child. It wasn't likely, with the police car flashing its way up the driveway at just this



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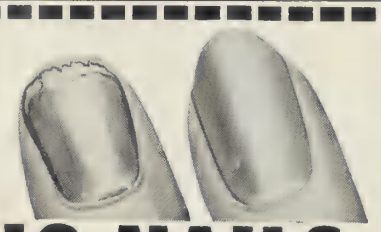
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hour, that the call would be made. It was much more likely ——

Dana Mallory went completely out of control. The nurse put her to bed and administered a hypodermic. Lieutenant Corey, feeling as cold as he looked, called the Byfield police in the next town and requested men. Having come at all, he would have to come in force. There was still a chance that a disaster could be turned into a coup, that at—he glanced at his watch—a little after eleven o'clock arrangements for the return of the Mallory baby had already been set in motion, and could not now be stopped.

That done, he went out to join Sergeant Ennis in the dark sedan which, its blinker silenced, was just another car in the hot black night. It was time to see—the name burned angrily in his mind—Louise Royce.

Louise Royce wasn't in her cabin, although the lamps were lit and there was a general look of occupancy. She was, seconds after Lieutenant Corey's knock, a white face turned up to him in the grassy lane between her cabin and the Damons'. She said in a dazed voice, "They've—I think they've gone."

Lou had had a visitor after her return to her cabin at a little after ten-thirty. She felt not so much tired as stunned. She had done all she could, and there was nothing to do now but wait for what, as soon as the baby was returned, was certainly coming. Until then she was helpless.

Sleep was out of the question. Lou turned on lights, and jumped tensely at the sound of feet mounting the cabin steps. A timid rap at the door followed.

It was Mrs. Ames, gentle and distressed. She entered hesitantly and said, "I beg your pardon, but it was you upstairs the other night, wasn't it, when Mrs. Engstrand —— I mean, the door *was* open."

Mrs. Engstrand's whiplike voice came back, saying, "She answered the phone there a lot of the time, and we'll be in a pretty pickle if ——"

"I want to assure you," Mrs. Ames was saying firmly, "that they're quite safe. I realize how valuable they are, and I know Mrs. Engstrand can be . . . forgetful, but I do think that at her time of life, to tell her that pearls she's worn since her marriage are now a part of the estate and that she mustn't wear them any more but turn them over to the bank, is ——"

Something of Lou's total blankness penetrated. "Mr. Heffernan is one of the executors, but of course you knew that, didn't you?" said Mrs. Ames uncertainly. "Mrs Engstrand was so sure you knew all about that family fight over the pearls, she insisted —— Oh, dear. Dear me. What have I done?" she asked in a faint voice.

It was what Lou had so recently asked herself. She told Mrs. Ames that she had never noticed Mrs. Engstrand's pearls, wouldn't care if she had, and had already forgotten the conversation. Mrs. Ames fluttered gratefully out the door, and put her head back in to say surprisingly, "They're quite right, you know, she really shouldn't wear them. She's a bit ——" tapped her temple significantly, and vanished again.

The night pulsed with crickets, an innocent country sound which would always, for Lou, be a counterpoint to dread. She turned off the lights and lay on her bed in darkness, staring at the faint drift of black leaves against the screens. After what seemed an indefinite and almost dreaming period, she was staring at light instead.

The light was trembling and uncertain, in the Damons' cabin. It was more like lightning than any steady glow, leaving intervals of blackness between the flickers. Lou, propped on her elbow, realized that it must be a loose connection in, from the way the cabins were laid out, the Damons' bedroom. Odd that hadn't waked them.

It was mild wonder one moment, a formless alarm the next. With the peculiar clarity that invests such moments, marking them out for memory later, Lou watched herself turn on a lamp in the living room, felt the door wrench open under her hand, listened to the tap of heels on the wooden steps. The Damons' station wagon, usually parked on the far side of the cabin, was gone.

Had they taken Betsy out for the evening? It wasn't really late, not much after eleven—still, there was Rosemary Damon's round-eyed solemnity over naps and bottles, never early, never late. Lou went back to her side of the cabin and stood on tiptoe at the bedroom window. The ground sloped down there, and she could just see over the sill.

Had the lamp bulb died, or worked itself loose? It trembled on so suddenly that Lou, unprepared, caught only the most fleeting glimpse of the empty disordered room inside. Moments later she was saying to Lieutenant Corey's hostile face, "I think they've gone."

Corey looked coldly at her, started to speak and stopped himself. *He knows who I am*, Lou thought, but that was submerged in the new and shapeless dread. Corey moved past her in silence and shone his flashlight through the window; he walked from there to the living-room window. The woods behind the cabin gave surprised and leafy stir and a few drops of rain began to fall in the waiting stillness.

"Ennis," said Lieutenant Corey, "go up to the office and get key."

The police car departed with a roar. Another drove up immediately, white-lettered in the half-lit dark: "Byfield Police." Lieutenant Corey went to talk to the man who jumped out of it. There was a rapid exchange of short questions and shorter answers. The door slammed, the Byfield car shot up toward the clubhouse.

They must have the baby back, Lou thought wildly, *because otherwise no one would risk this. No one would willingly panic a kidnaper*. Somehow she got the question out, and Lieutenant Corey whirled and said in a flat, hard voice, "No, Miss Royce."

There wasn't time for more than that. Ennis came back with the maid's key to the Damons' cabin. With the door open Corey said in the same hard voice, "Coming, Miss Royce?" and Lou, filled with a sick dread that had nothing to do with the police, went obediently inside.

Panic, she had thought, and this was panic made visible. Not so much in the living room although a pink baby blanket was stuffed into a chair and an ash tray had been upset on the rug, as in the bedroom and kitchenette. The beds were tumbled, bureau drawers had been stripped and left half open. The closet was empty. On the floor in one corner was a stack of clean gauze diapers.

The sink in the kitchenette was piled with dirty dishes. On its edge, with an ounce of milk still remaining in the bottom, was a baby's feeding bottle.

Lou looked again at the drainboard, stared through the window over the sink, and ran into the bathroom. There was a white diaper can there, as there had been at the Heffernans', with a plastic liner, and when she lifted the lid with the glass deodorant dispenser clamped inside, she saw a huddle of used diapers in the bottom.

Lieutenant Corey was at the telephone. He must have had knowledge to add to this, because he was finishing crisply, "—— wanted for questioning. . . . That's right. They'll have a baby with them."

"I don't think they will," Lou said.

Lieutenant Corey said something sharp into the telephone and looked coldly at Lou. "They've left a baby bottle," Lou said over the ache in her throat, "and one of those divided

In the matter of food, people are particularly apt to be conservative, and for the most irrational reasons. Frederick the Great had to persuade his peasants to eat potatoes by sending uniformed gendarmes among them. Count Rumford, head of the army of the elector of Bavaria, had to force soldiers to cultivate and consume potatoes, so that they acquired the habit and took it with them among the people after they left the army.

ASHLEY MONTAGU
Man: His First Million Years
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not plates that you put cereal and fruit in, and a little spoon. They've left a little coat and bonnet, and even the bassinet they brought her in. It's out there on the lawn in the r-rain."

Uncontrollably, out of forty-eight hours of unremitting strain, Lou burst into tears. Corey watched her expressionlessly; Sergeant Ennis, kind and horrified, said, "Well, here now, here," and led her to a chair.

"Let's have a look at that bassinet," said Corey.

Lou watched from the window. She had stopped crying, but her cheeks and eyelids felt stiff with the tears she hadn't wiped away. Sergeant Ennis had maneuvered the police car almost onto the tiny patch of lawn behind the cabin, and the brilliant headlamps lit it up nakedly against the dark backdrop of the woods. Neither man, she saw, touched the bassinet. Both of them bent to look at something in the grass beside it; their heads turned very slowly, as though they were trying to follow the progress of something live.

Whatever it was wasn't there. Ennis took a flashlight and went to the edge of the woods, sending a strong circle of gold on the ground before him. Corey straightened suddenly and impatiently and his hip hit the bassinet. The bassinet rolled slowly and lazily for perhaps a foot and a half on the uneven grass, its rain-wet pink plastic skirt swaying.

Corey bent, his new attention visible even ten yards away through the rain-dribbled glass. He went down on his haunches, probing with his hands, and then he called sharply to Ennis.

No. *No!*

Ennis came out of the woods and went back to the cabin at a run. From somewhere—under the porch?—there were muffled sounds. Ennis reappeared, nodded at the lieutenant, and went back to the police car. He drove off with jack-rabbit speed toward the clubhouse; in an incredibly short time he was back, with the headlamps and now the searchlight spewing gold across the grass.

He didn't rejoin Lieutenant Corey at once. Lou listened uncomprehendingly to his noisy progress around the cabin. When she opened the door, he was holding a shovel. He said awkwardly, "If you don't mind, miss, the lieutenant would like you to come out a minute." Steadily, drained dry of any emotion at all, Lou walked ahead of him out into the rain.

It was clearly a grave, the sod cut and lifted and replaced, with only a dark dribble or two of earth to betray the fact of digging at all. Both policemen had treated the bassinet with instinctive care, and if Corey had not bumped it its skirts would have concealed their secret until morning.

Lieutenant Corey was doing the digging, shallowly, cautiously. Lou listened to the steady probe of the shovel and kept her gaze fixedly on the woods. She allowed nothing to come between, not Ingalls' face—how long would she carry that?—nor Dana Mallory's, nor even small sleeping Richard's.

The shovel paused. Sergeant Ennis sucked his breath in, said, "Oh, my God, sir!" and turned away. Lou could sense the violent movement of his shoulders. Slowly, helplessly, her own gaze shortened until she looked at gilded grass, a pile of patiently scooped-out earth, a shadowed hole, a small bent arm and part of a little face.

Lieutenant Corey got down on his knees and used his hands, and the night split open around Lou.

Betsy Damon. Crying monotonously in the night, kicking in her bassinet, draining the last drop from the bottles her mother held up so triumphantly. Not very visible in the tender cradle of Rosemary Damon's arms, but omnipresent in the twice-a-week diaper delivery, the miniature wash.

Betsy Damon was, and always had been, a twenty-four-inch pink vinyl doll, and her voice lay around her in the jagged black pieces of a shattered phonograph record.

Once the fact of the doll was established, a further conclusion was almost inescapable. The Damons—although it was to be doubted now that that was their name—had been the instruments and not the agents of the plan. They would not have panicked otherwise. They would have collected the ransom, swaddled the doll the next day when the rent of their cabin was up, and gone quietly away to disappear at their leisure.

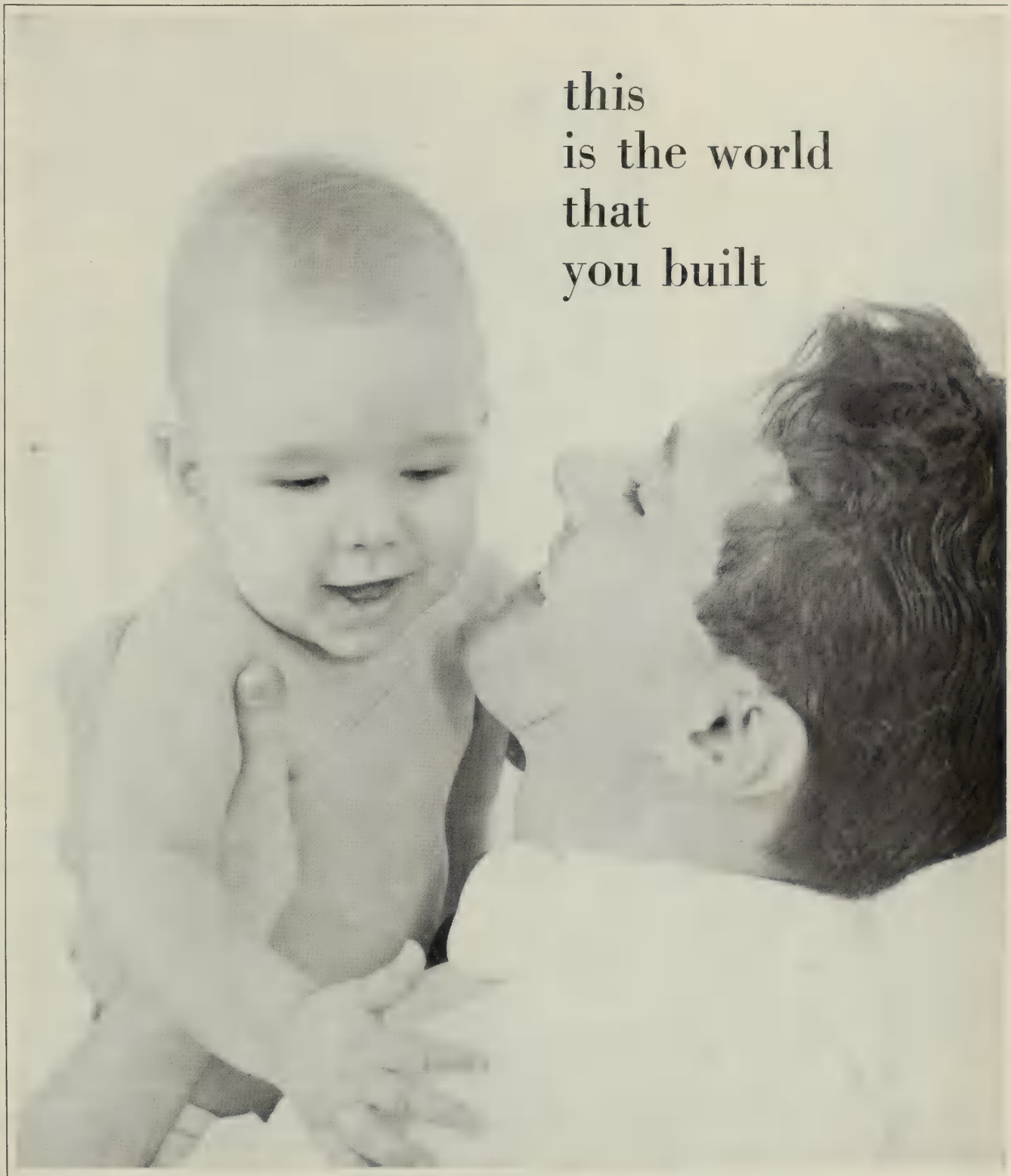
It must have been presented to them as being temptingly simple and comparatively without risk. The big hurdle in kidnaping was the concealment and well-being of the child, and what safer hiding place than a cabin not three hundred yards away from his home, where there was known to be a baby and a doting young mother? With Mrs. Mallory recovering from a heart attack, the Mallorys would be doubly sure not to contact the police, and in the unlikely event of anything's going wrong the baby could be spirited back in a matter of minutes.

The plan had a dazzling boldness to recommend it, but like everything else it was subject to chance. Out of a combination of circumstances Mrs. Veuchen had turned up and had had to be silenced at once. Perhaps murder hadn't come along in the bargain. Certainly, upon the lieutenant's call to Rosemary Damon to make doubly sure of her identification of Joseph Pavlow, the Damons had lost their heads.

Judging by the milk in the nursing bottle, which had not yet formed a hard line around the glass, the Mallory baby had been in the Damon cabin until an hour or so ago. Where was it now?

Corey was desperately worried about the baby because it would be said that by his headlong arrival at the club in a police car he had forced the kidnaper's hand. This was the kind of case that came along once, and made or broke a career man. No one would remember that the killing of Veuchen's widow had been solved; if the Mallory baby died on this rainy night it would go down in the annals as typical police blundering.

Louise Royce was pale and steady under his questions. She said at last in a voice so des-



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Cashmere Bouquet TALCUM POWDER

The Fragrance Men Love

perate as to sound earnest, "Look, lieutenant, *I* don't know where the baby is, and you don't know and, even if you arrest me first, hadn't you better start looking for him? Somebody"—her voice began to shake—"*somebody's* got to."

Lieutenant Corey drove her up to the clubhouse under the usual warning. There was no book to follow here. Besides the baby, there was the ransom money; the Byfield police car had stopped on its way to the club and the towel-wrapped envelope was gone from the bathhouse locker. The money was not in Louise Royce's cabin. They had already taken that apart.

Corey had no search warrants, but he made a short incisive speech to the people assembled in the clubhouse. He said that the Mallory baby had been kidnaped and the child was believed to be on the grounds. Routine demanded that the cabins be checked before the wider, grimmer search began. He made no response at all to the babble of questions that broke out after an interval of shock and disbelief.

With Louise Royce safely under the eye of Sergeant Ennis in the drawing room, Corey collected keys from the stunned Miss Patton, recruited Max and the two men from Byfield, and went out into the rain.

Now that it had come, and it was so exactly what she had expected it to be, Lou felt unnaturally calm. As soon as the baby was found, she would be arrested. She would repeat her own story over and over. and how thin and unbelievable it would sound; somehow people insisting that they were the victims of a plot were suspect, like people who always thought they were being followed.

Oddly, no one seemed to miss the Damons. Everyone else was here, in the drawing room or lobby or bar; only Mrs. Gifford and Ruth Ann were absent. And they all wore the same degree of reaction, even their voices queerly alike.

They drifted into the drawing room as though drawn by Lou, who as an insider might have more information. Miss Lovett, her ruddy face solemn; Mr. Appleford, looking appalled, his wife imperturbable as usual. Mrs. Seward, with a handkerchief pressed to her mouth and her husband's arm anxiously about her; Mrs. Engstrand, whom the excitement had awakened, vast and animated in gray lace hung with wood and glass and china and the defiantly worn pearls. Mrs. Severn appeared to have been shocked sober.

Miss Lovett, as spokesman, was saying, "When was the child kidnaped, Miss Fabian, do you know? There can't be any harm now ——"

Lou shook her head without speaking.

"Sergeant?" persisted Miss Lovett. "Surely we have a right to know."

Sergeant Ennis said woodenly, "You'd have to ask the lieutenant, ma'am."

"You certainly don't still suspect that poor creature you have locked up, do you? But I'd have to ask the lieutenant that, too, I suppose," said Miss Lovett tartly, and turned away.

Rain washed against the drawing-room windows and splashed on the terrace. The police would soon have finished with the cabins; the baby would not be there, nor would the ransom money. The police were not dealing with a criminal pattern, but with a brilliant amateur who was probably improvising as he went along.

She closed her eyes briefly. With the windows and doors shut against the rain and people milling around, the inevitable scents were bottled up and strengthened. Cigarette smoke, and the strong, almost rank fragrance of the carnations. A man's hair tonic, a number of conflicting perfumes.

And something else, something alien.

Kerosene?

No, but something close to that. Lou had always been blessed, or cursed, with an acute sense of smell, and this was as warning in its way as smoke. Whatever it was, it took her back again to remembered terror. Lou could feel her heart beating fast and urgently, because inevitably the scent would lose its sharp edge and thin away beyond recognition, and the moment when she could have reached her hand out and touched a kidnaper would be gone.

It was going already because the lobby door opened and then closed again as someone came in.

It wasn't Lieutenant Corey. It was Ingalls, walking directly up to Lou. He said, "That telegram for me ——"

His voice stopped. Lou followed his cold stare to Sergeant Ennis, standing at one of the tall windows a few feet away.

Ingalls said, "Is Miss Fabian under arrest, sergeant?"

"No, sir. Not ——"

Ingalls made an exasperated sound, took Lou's hand and pulled her with him into a corner of the room, not heeding her resistance.

He had to get back, he said, his voice low and rapid, but first he wanted to explain —— Lou didn't care what he wanted to explain, all her senses were tingling with effort. She realized only later that he had said the telegram was in answer to one of his to a Chicago hotel; he had even checked up on John Mallory's whereabouts the night the baby was kidnaped. And Mallory hadn't been there; he had run across a woman he had known before he met Dana and they had spent the evening together. His hotel reservation had not been held for him, Mallory said, but there had been a vacancy at the woman's hotel and he had stayed there.

"—— their own problem, and none of my business," Ingalls was saying. "John didn't think it was just the time to have Dana find out about it. That's why he took off for the nearest phone ——"

Cleaning fluid, Lou thought, clinging blindly to her own thread. And under it, sharp and unmistakable when you knew what it was —— Why had no one else noticed? If she were wrong now—but she wasn't, she couldn't be. It was all at once like a picture drawn for children, with trees and clouds and clumps of grass that, looked at with preknowledge, concealed the shapes of cats and dogs and owls. And this was the tiger. Meek, sleek, as companionable as in the most frightening fairy tales. Not looking at her now; the only one, in fact, who wasn't.

"Not wool," Lou said in a clear and wondering voice, "*fleece*. The golden fleece, Mr. Heffernan said, so you did know them, or they knew you. Something to do with tax returns, was it?"

The beaming gaze stilled on her face. "Mr. Heffernan? I don't believe I know ——"

"I think you do," said Lou. She was unable to listen longer because the lobby had begun to quake goldenly around her. "*The baby has spat up on you, Mr. Appleford.*"

Out of a blur of uncertainty after that, Lou remembered isolated things.

At some point Ingalls hit Jason Appleford, not expertly but very hard. Miss Patton screamed. The glass doors opened to let in Lieutenant Corey and Max and the men from Byfield, and Appleford's light gray sports coat was politely requested of him and passed from hand to official hand. Ennis, the father of five, moved his large nose seekingly, halted, rubbed a thumbnail very gently against the nap of the wool, and murmured to Corey.

There wouldn't be much, after the hasty operation with the cleaning fluid, but Lou knew from experience at the Heffernans' that a single drop of regurgitated milk was equal in power to a flood of almost anything else. Chemical analysis would prove it without doubt—and Appleford would know that.

Lou found that she didn't want to look at him; when he snapped his fingers suddenly, she did. Appleford said concentratingly, "I'm just trying to think how —— Of course! That young girl with the kid that we gave a lift to this afternoon—you remember, Miriam ——"

And Miriam Appleford, moving a little farther away as though to avoid a spot on her impeccable white linen dress, looked at her husband and said in her cool, uninflected voice, "Don't involve me, please, and don't expect me to lie for you."

That was when the shouting began, not inside but outside. A police reporter making a late routine check of Corey's office had evidently followed him here, and from somewhere

he had recruited a photographer. The lavender-white explosion of a flash bulb caught a fat triumphant bus boy with a small inert bundle in his arms.

Richard Mallory wasn't dead, although at first glance he seemed not to be breathing. Still wearing the blue cotton sleeping bag in which he had been lifted out of his crib, he had been found in one of the tarpaulined playpens under the picket-fenced elm. Nobody had thought to look there until the enterprising bus boy did, because the tarpaulin came only halfway down the sides of the pen and showed, in the light from the street lamp near it, a sodden Teddy bear. In the far corner Richard Mallory was as still as the shadow cast by the tarpaulin because, the doctor said just before he bustled him off to the hospital with Miss Rockett in attendance, he had been given a large dose of what seemed to be paregoric. In the final bottle the Damons had given him, and which he had thrown up in a kind of infant vengeance on Mr. Appleford's shoulder.

Dana Mallory had also been taken to the hospital, as a precautionary measure and to be near her son.

It was after one-thirty when Lou went to bed. Ingalls had said he would call and let her know how the baby was, and he did. Her phone rang at about two o'clock, when the doctors had concluded their examination, but the sentry in her mind had gone off duty for the first time in seventy-two hours, and at the sound of the phone she turned peacefully over on her face. At the other end of the wire Ingalls smiled, hung up and left the hospital and went back to bed.

The police had banked on the fact that Appleford would not have had time to make any elaborate disposal of the ransom money, and they were right. By nine o'clock the next morning it had been discovered in the non-allergic pillow the Applefords had brought with them, the foam rubber evidently gouged out in readiness and then stuffed back in. The Damons' station wagon had been found in the parking lot of a Bridgeport factory, and the description of the man and woman who had posed as the parents of a doll extended beyond the state.

Lou learned all this from the reporters who arrived in a swarm. One small link with the Heffernan case had already been established: one of Peter Veuchen's numerous temporary jobs had been as elevator operator in the building that housed Appleford's office. A cable had been sent to the Heffernans in Havana, and they would undoubtedly be returning.

Appleford's financial situation was disastrous under a sunny surface. All the answers were necessarily conjectural at this point, but his very occupation of tax consultant was suggestive. Clients with income to conceal could be and often were milked, and Appleford had apparently set up a false standard of living for himself and his cool, expensive wife. Irony lay in the fact that although Heffernan had obviously heard rumors of these activities he had done nothing beyond shunting his own friends away and dropping the Appleford acquaintance.

Appleford must have all but forgotten the existence of Veuchen's widow when, being met by Max at the train, he saw her on the station platform, watched her follow in a taxi, and guessed at her intention. The element of surprise was gone now, and the advantage his. Had he cut in back of the cabins near the woods and allowed himself deliberately to be glimpsed? Certainly the golf pro had seen the woman there and would mention it; Rosemary Damon, instinctively frightened at the appearance of a stranger, had made the best of a bad situation by remarking that the woman had just left Lou Fabian's cabin.

Opportunity for the murder of Mrs. Veuchen had always existed for most of these people; now that a relationship and a strong motive had been established, the building of a case against Appleford would commence.

If the police instead of Lou had found Veuchen's gun in her cabin, and Richard Mallory had not disgorged the milk; if the Damons had not improvised about Pavlow and forced the second inquiry which precipitated their flight ——

Reaction had set in, for Lou, which only went to show how thankless people were. A week ago, even three days ago, she would have said that to have the sword of doubt over her head removed, to have the small specter of Amy Heffernan dim a little with her real killer identified at last, would set her life completely to rights. Now it had happened, and all she felt was a bottomless depression. Some part of the last three days had not been nightmare, and the sudden and total release was not all bliss. It was like getting off a jet and climbing onto the corner bus.

Major Soames, urging his Hawaiian Night on any reporter who would listen, seemed dreamlike; so did the prospect of staying here at all. It might have been ten-thirty when the glass doors opened and three people came into the now-deserted lobby: Max and Ingalls and a small worried-looking man in a wrinkled brown suit.

Ingalls established himself against the far wall of the lobby and leaned there deliberately, gazing at Lou. He was smiling a little, and there was a faint flush across his cheekbones. Lou knew magically that when Max and the other man went away he was going to walk up to the barrier and say, as he had said that first time, "Anything for Ingalls?" but that this time he would not be looking down at her wrists.

Max, at the barrier, was scowling urgently at her. Lou, full of a happiness so sharp and sudden that it gave her goose flesh, went obediently forward. The frightened-looking little man was evidently an arriving guest; he was surrounded by a vast collection of expensive luggage, all of it initialed ——

Was it possible? It was, Lou thought, meeting the timid deerlike eyes and having trouble with the corners of her mouth, not only possible but inevitable. On the very edge of her vision Ingalls had folded his arms and composed himself to an unflickering gravity. She would not, could not look at him now.

"How do you do, Mr. Gifford?" she said.

END

UNFORGOTTEN

By JESSE STUART

What are the dreams within his white old head
Tottering down the street, tapping his cane
Where leaves are drifting golden, yellow, red?
Does he dream of a long-forgotten spring?

He must dream of a honeymoon long past,
Of her, red-lipped, blue-eyed with autumn hair;
He wonders why their springtime could not last
And why she had to go who was so fair.

Gone is her song and laughter he has known,
Her touch of hand and softly spoken word,
Each one a yellow leaf in the wind's wild moan.
Another spring returns now, he has heard

The sweetest sounds this side of paradise
Within the confines of his little world;
He stumbles on, for warm tears blind his eyes,
Another autumn leaf blown on the world.

Your hair has hidden highlights only egg can reach



Sense something healthy happen as your fingertips feel this protein-fresh lather – that's the first luxury of egg.



Only SHAMPOO PLUS EGG can give lather like this – lather that rinses instantly, completely, leaves hair radiant.



Feel first day control – no more "fly-away" hair! A touch of egg restores natural oils other shampoos strip away.



Know an inner glow of beauty – a radiance less luxurious shampoos can't match! It takes the magic touch of egg.



Hidden highlights come to life—a thousand thousand natural highlights yours only with the protein-fresh lather of Helene Curtis SHAMPOO PLUS EGG.



Gold Medal – the "flower" of the wheat – makes a "Flower" of a Pie!



Betty Crocker
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New and very special! Betty Crocker's double-decker pie shows off two golden pastry shells . . . one filled with ice cream, one with strawberries. To be sure of tender, flaky crust . . . make it with dependable Gold Medal, the flour that always helps you bake it better, because it's the "flower" of the wheat . . . the finest part.

Pastry

- **1 1/2 cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour**
- **3/4 tsp. salt**
- **1/2 cup lard (or 1/2 cup plus 2 tbsp. hydrogenated shortening such as Spry, Crisco, Snowdrift, Swift'ning)**
- **3 tbsp. water**

Heat oven to 475° (very hot). Mix flour, salt. Cut in shortening. Sprinkle with water; mix with fork. Round into ball. Divide into two parts . . . ⅔ in one part, ⅓ in other. Roll larger part 1" larger than inverted 9" pie pan; smaller part ½" larger than inverted 6" pan. Ease into pans; flute and prick pastry. Bake *8 to 10 minutes* or until golden brown. Cool.

Filling—Spoon 1 qt. softened ice cream into 9" baked pie shell. Make slight hollow in center. Place 6" baked pie shell securely in hollow. Fill with strawberries, sweetened to taste. Serve immediately.



Bake it Better with Gold Medal – the "Kitchen-tested" Flour

"...Between Jobs"

HOW AMERICA LIVES



1939. Kathy was a starlet. Hugh began his career with $25-a-day bit parts.



Hugh, out of work, got a part as Kathy's movie "husband" shortly before their marriage.



Hugh starred in 25 films—mostly B pictures, crime shows and Westerns.

"I'm a 'working actor,'" says Hugh, "not a big-name star." Kathy gave up acting when their first child arrived.

The Beaumonts of Hollywood suffer from the actor's chronic complaint: dry spells between movie, TV roles.



Hugh has appeared in many teleplays, and one—for the Loretta Young show—he coauthored.



He had feature billing in such pictures as The Blue Dahlia. Many of his old movies are shown on late TV.



"Right now, I'm the father in Leave it to Beaver. I'm proud to be part of this kind of entertainment."

By GLENN MATTHEW WHITE
and HUGH BEAUMONT
Photographs by DON ORNITZ

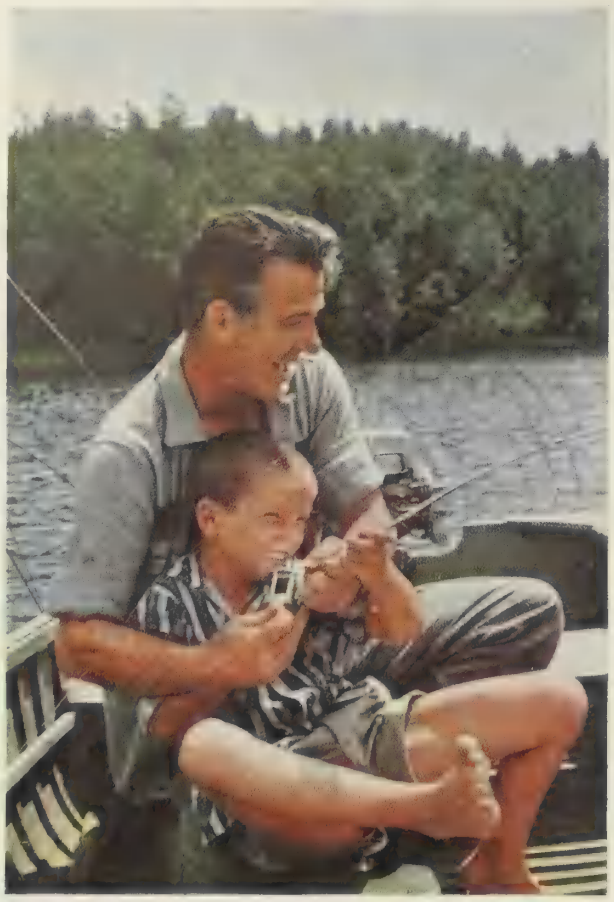
Here is Hollywood from a working actor's point of view—Hugh Beaumont speaking:

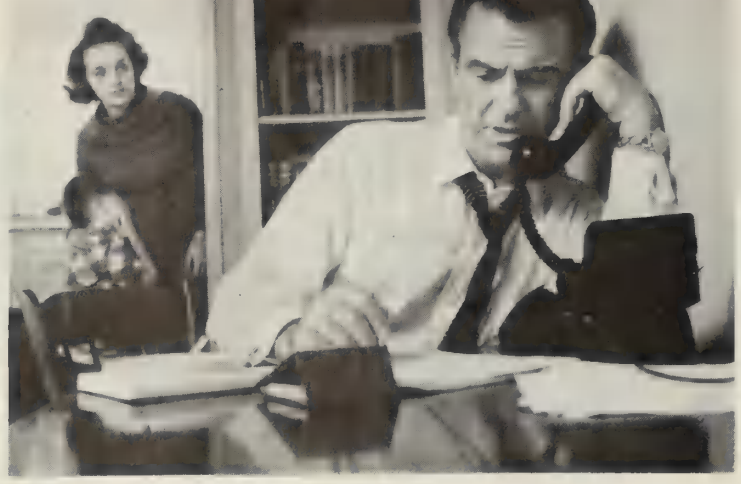
"We live in a ranch-type house that includes three bedrooms and a den, which we use as a fourth bedroom. We have three children—two boys and a girl. We drive two cars, one of them a two-year-old Chrysler station wagon, the other a seven-year-old Plymouth.

"My wife teaches part time in a most unusual private school, chiefly because she wants a wider range for creative expression than housework allows her. She thoroughly enjoys teaching when I am busy. She is miserable when I am not working because she is afraid I will become depressed sitting about the house alone.

"But no one is more miserable when I am not working than I myself. Actors have invented some nice phrases for it—we're 'at liberty,' or 'between jobs.' But the words don't conceal the problem. This is the time when you prowl the house, decide to write a novel, groan, and, if you're not careful, begin to snap at your wife and children.

"That was what I was doing just this time last year. Right now, of course, I am completing a thirty-nine-week contract as the





"I'm unbearable when I'm waiting for the phone to ring, waiting for a new part." However, Hugh writes in some dull periods. He's also licensed to preach, and occasionally substitutes for a local minister.

"We would probably have a lot more money in the bank if we stayed in Hollywood instead of cavorting off to Minnesota."

"We can't really afford to stay up in Lonesome Water without an income, so we've started a Christmas-tree business. It should help pay for the children's college educations, and when they are grown, it may then support Kathy and me."

father in Leave it to Beaver, the TV show. The show is fun to do, and I am proud to be part of this kind of entertainment. If the welcome the show has received this year is any gauge of my fortunes, I should count on its going on forever. But I know that someday I'll be 'between jobs' again.

"Last summer, before my role in the Beaver show was certain, we set off for Lonesome Water, our haven in Northern Minnesota. Lonesome Water is a cottage, thirty by thirty-six feet, unfinished inside, on ninety-three wooded acres with frontage on two lakes in Itasca County. That's how it might be described in a real-estate ad. But to us it is much more than that. It is our refuge from Hollywood, our place for getting down to earth, for fishing and swimming and trying to be our true selves.

"Toward the end of the trip last July, I wondered how many jobs I was missing—whether it was all worth while. After twenty-five hundred miles of driving, my eyes were hot and heavy with fatigue.

"Then Kristan, aged eleven, spoke in her soft little voice: 'There's Porcupine Corner.' A moment later, Hunter announced



The rush to school and work starts at 6:30. Kristy and Hunter leave first; Kathy takes Mark to school later. When Kathy has time between their departures, she often meditates, dipping into a small book of prayers.

"Hollywood is a poor place for us to grow in resourcefulness and self-reliance."





Kathy has taught to provide tuition for the two youngest Beaumonts at a nearby private school. She, too, has preached—at 13 took her father's sermon notes and conducted the service for him.

"We want our children to grow up knowing how to live without the artificial stimulus of TV, parties, paid amusements."

in a voice that still cracks at times, 'There're the Three Sisters.' He pointed to three lofty Norway pines that stand in a clump by the side of the road.

"Mark, aged eight, said, 'Don't forget—it's my year to tell the turn.' He paused, forefinger raised high. Suddenly he lowered it. 'Right there!' he said, and pointed to a little side road that wanders off into the pines.

"When we reach that point, we top a last rise and enter a clearing. One lake lies to the left, another to the right, joined by a lazy, winding little stream that meanders through a meadow.

"Mark, the family extrovert, is nearly bursting with excitement. Dark-haired Hunter, our serious teen-ager, already has collected his possessions, has one hand on the door. Kristy, usually the quiet one, now with eyes shining, brown hair flying, hangs precariously from a car window. She points to the cottage eaves. 'Daddy, oh, daddy, look! The swallows! Dozens of them. They've built their nests up there. We can't pull them down!'

"We know that for the next few weeks the chatter of swallow family life will shatter the cool, gray quiet of the morning. Dreams





"We believe that we are body and spirit, and to develop both must live in a world of people, but we also must withdraw from time to time to feed the spirit. This was our reason for acquiring Lonesome Water."

"Kristy looked at the rough cottage, then at the lake. 'You know,' she said, 'I not only don't miss TV up here, I wouldn't want it at all. It would sort of spoil things.'"



"I've worked in many films I consider worthless. But I've found satisfaction in performing as well as I could, and in being able to provide for my family."

HOW AMERICA LIVES

"This is the place where I've seen Hollywood producers reduced to the size of normal human beings. . . . God doesn't measure us by the stardom we achieve."

"We've never wanted merely to live a normal life in Hollywood, but to achieve a unique life. We have, of course, failed more often than we like to remember. I know I am not a good man. I just try to be one."

of sleeping late vanish in the whir of swallow wings. It would be unthinkable to destroy the nests until the baby birds can fly.

"No matter about the swallows; or that the house sits too high off the ground; or that the storm shutters on the windows give it the appearance of being blind; or that the grass is knee high. One glimpse of Lonesome Water and all doubt is gone. We know that it is worth all effort."

The Beaumonts recognized their need for a place like Lonesome Water eleven years ago. Hugh explains it this way: "We believe that we are body and spirit; to develop both, we must live in a world of people, but we also must withdraw from time to time to feed the spirit. This is an essential part of our family philosophy, a so-called 'principle of alternation,' which I first read in a book by Dr. William Ernest Hocking when I was studying for the ministry."

Shortly after his marriage to Kathy in 1941, Hugh decided upon a drastic change in profession—to become a minister. He had had only one year of college. He knew he could not give up acting completely for the six undergraduate and postgraduate years which ministerial studies would take. So he attended classes at the University of Southern California, continued acting, and for four years served as pastor of the Vincent Methodist Church in Los Angeles, in one of the oldest, toughest neighborhoods of the city. He was supposed to do nothing but preach, but he found that stained-glass windows were being broken and Sunday-school children frightened away by gangs who waylaid them.

Hugh felt the answer would be to get the antagonistic groups together and show them there was no good reason for fighting. He organized athletic clubs for the boys, interest groups for the girls—basketball games, boxing, camera clubs and, of course, drama classes. At one time he had over 150 children in these youth groups.

He managed to juggle a heavy schedule of acting assignments, schoolwork and church work for several years. As the clubs grew, the load became too heavy, so he hired a seminary student to assist him and paid him his own $70 monthly church salary.

Even with this assistance, he began to have dizzy spells. While driving, he often had to pull out of traffic and stop the car in order to recover. His doctor warned him to stop trying to spread himself so thin. He was forced to give up the church work and, later, to withdraw from graduate school.

"I don't know whether I would have made a good minister," Hugh comments. "I like to remember, though, that in those years from 1943 to 1947 some boys under my direction began to play with basketballs instead of switchblade knives, and learned that color of skin has

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132



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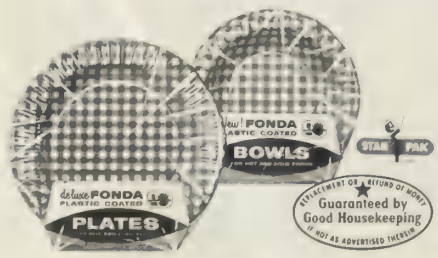
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FONDA PAPER PLATES



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

nothing to do with a person's being a good teammate."

He says, "I also preached a great many sermons, and I'm sure I learned more in the process than did any of my congregation."

Chuckling, he recalls one deeply serious sermon he preached during the war to a congregation made up largely of elderly women. He was decrying the fact that, in his opinion, "too much of modern-day Christianity had become a lavender-scented, pink-tea affair. The day of the Christian martyrs was gone!" "If a Nazi barricade were set up at the end of this block," he asked them, "how many of us would walk through the gunfire if this were necessary to prove our faith? Probably not one!"

Afterward, a little old lady, with birds perched on her hat, came up to shake hands. In a thin, fluttery voice, she asked, "Mr. Beaumont, how do you *know* we wouldn't face those guns?"

Suddenly Hugh could see her, bird-trimmed hat and all, tripping straight down the street into gunfire, like an elderly Pied Piper, closely followed by the other courageous, elderly women. The thought was tremendously humbling.

"I believe they'd have done it too!" he exclaims.

Many times he regrets that he did not finish his graduate work and become an ordained minister. He still holds a license to preach in the Methodist Church, and often does so when a minister is ill, or out of town on vacation. "There are few satisfactions quite as deep," he says, "as that when a listener comes up and says, 'Thank you, I needed that. I hadn't thought of it that way before.'"

Hugh began what he hoped would be the climb to movie stardom at the lowest rung short of extra, with $25-a-day bit parts. Slowly he progressed to longer and better roles. "I've been starred in at least twenty-five full-length films—most of them B pictures, crime shows and Westerns," he estimates.

"Many of them are still shown on late, late television, but I get no income from the TV rights. They are the sort of films almost everybody sees, but nobody notices." He had feature billing in such pictures as The Last Outpost, The Fallen Sparrow and The Blue Dahlia. Among his starring roles was that of Michael Shayne, detective, in the series by that name. The year before he was cast as the father in Leave it to Beaver, he had a role in Night Passage, with Audie Murphy and James Stewart, and in several other less notable films. He also appeared in teleplays—and one, for the Loretta Young Show, he coauthored.

Like all young actors, he approached his career with dreams of becoming a great star. He does not feel he has made it. "I have worked in many films I think are worthless," he admits. "This has been hard to accept, and yet I have found real satisfaction in performing as well as I could the parts that came my way and in providing for my family."

Kathy is his real-life star. Movie stardom never especially enticed her. She didn't want to come to Hollywood in the first place; she stayed most reluctantly.

They both laugh when they recall their first meeting. Each was a regional winner in the 1939 Gateway to Hollywood contest, a nationwide talent search for young people to appear on a C.B.S. network radio show. They had arrived for two weeks in Hollywood, all expenses paid: she, from St. Paul, Minnesota; he, from New Orleans, Louisiana.

They saw each other for the first time in the opulent surroundings of a Hollywood producer's office: deep rugs; a highly polished desk the size of a Ping-pong table; two impeccably dressed producers, one complete with a cigarette holder. In a very large chair sat Kathy. She was wearing a brown tweed traveling suit and brown pumps, one of them dangling loose from her heel. Sunlight streamed through the windows, turning her blond hair into gold. But otherwise Hugh thought she looked like a kitten that had been left out in the rain. Her complexion was greenish: she had come direct from the train, on which she had been thoroughly trainsick. Her first impression of Hugh was that he looked like a hick. "Probably," Hugh defends himself. "But I was smart enough to lead you down an aisle to the altar two years later on an Easter morning."

Kathy had never heard of Gateway to Hollywood until the head of the drama department at Hamline University, where she was a student, chose her to represent the school. To her great astonishment, she won in the St. Paul area. Only eighteen, she didn't feel she was ready for a screen career; she thought she ought to finish college first, but everyone told her this was her Big Opportunity. So she took the train to Los Angeles.



- *DAVE, 29, loves to sail.*
- *HARRIETTE, 27, loves to swim.*
- *BABY PAUL, 21 months, loves their undivided attention.*

They run a marine service in York Harbor, Maine, work while everyone else sails and swims, "and don't get a good look at the baby until Labor Day!"*

The Sea, the Sky AND $75 a Week

By EILEEN SHARPE and ARTURO F. GONZALEZ, JR.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

in the July JOURNAL

*They love the business they're in.—ED.

One of the producers of Gateway to Hollywood introduced them. "We're pairing you two on the show," he said. "I hope it's all right with you?"

"It's all right with me," Hugh said. "What's the reason?"

"Oh, we're pairing boys and girls from opposite regions of the country."

"That's a good region," Hugh answered thickly. "I mean reason," he amended, when Kathy, not smiling, turned gray-blue eyes on him.

She said it was all right with her, without enthusiasm.

Although they were finalists on Gateway to Hollywood, they weren't top winners. Something more important happened. They discovered they had many mutual interests besides acting. After their performance—a little horror play with Boris Karloff—Kathy was adopted as a protégée by the late Gregory La Cava, a well-known director in Hollywood. Upon his recommendation, she was signed by R.K.O.

Her first picture was Fifth Avenue Girl, with Ginger Rogers. Later she had a minor role in The Hunchback of Notre Dame and appeared with Joe Penner and Kay Kyser in their movies. When her contract with R.K.O. expired, La Cava recommended her to Universal, and she had parts in several Deanna Durbin films, a dozen or so B pictures, and in John Barrymore's last movie.

But Kathy didn't conform to the Hollywood pattern for starlets. On one occasion, bored cooling her heels while waiting for an important audition, she wandered off to play tennis. She was gaily batting balls when she heard herself being paged. She strolled to the set, perspiring slightly, still wearing soiled tennis shoes and a rumpled tennis costume. She didn't get the part.

When Jesse Lasky beamed on her and asked how she liked Hollywood, she answered honestly, "Not very much. I think I ought to go back to Minnesota and finish school." On several occasions she told producers they were making a big mistake buying trashy scripts when they could get many great classics absolutely free.

"Gee, you're lucky it's La Cava who's interested in you," another starlet told her. "At least he's a gentleman, not a wolf." Having been brought up in her father's parsonage in Crookston, Minnesota, Kathy was puzzled, but she could depend upon Hugh to supply all answers. "What kind of man is a wolf?" she asked him. She really wanted to know.

Kathy's career prospects were decidedly brighter than Hugh's when they decided to marry. He was broke, "between jobs" and without prospect of any. He had a mother and sister to support. Kathy's mother opposed the marriage (her father had died five years before). Nevertheless, they were determined to prove that "love is the most irresistible force in the world."

At the time Kathy had the role of a bride in a movie starring Irene Dunne. La Cava suggested, "Let's give Beaumont the part of the groom. Get a license and make it for real. We can advertise the picture as the first in which a real wedding ceremony takes place." The producer thought this was a terrific idea. Besides the part for Hugh, a gala wedding and the bride's trousseau, they would get "a lot of priceless publicity."

The proposition filled Kathy and Hugh with a kind of cold horror. They refused without a second thought. They were married before a small group of friends in the Mount Hollywood Congregational Church. They named their first child for the officiating minister, the Rev. Allan Hunter.

After the wedding, Hugh received a long letter from Kathy's older brother, a minister in Canton, Ohio. Among other things, he wrote: "Kathy has been reared in a deeply religious, *not* a pious home." Hugh, who had turned away from his own rigid fundamentalist-church upbringing, was deeply impressed. "It was Kathy who taught me that laughter, joy of living and even gaiety could be one with religion. Her God had no long face, no knobby forefinger.

"If I can put into words what this has meant in our family life," Hugh says, "it is that we've never wanted merely to live a normal life in Hollywood, but to achieve a unique life. Needless to say, we have failed more often than we like to remember.

"Hunter was the youngest atheist I ever knew. Almost from babyhood, he was asking difficult questions. 'Where is God?' And to the answer, 'Everywhere,' he asked, 'Then is He in the grass?' and to this answer, 'Yes, everywhere,' Hunter reasoned, 'Well then, we're walking on God when we walk on the grass.' At the age of eleven he had progressed to agnosticism and was still pretty doubtful, not only about God but about the entire field of Christian ethics. But last year after our long, exhausting drive home from Minnesota, it was Hunter who asked, 'Will one of you wake up to drive me to Sunday school in the morning?'"

Mark is still at an age when he needs parental reminders that the world of films and TV is not real life. He came in for dinner one day,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134



EGGS produced by chickens weren't very popular in America until around 1825. In fact, our forefathers preferred the eggs of wild fowl. Chickens were raised primarily for their feathers, which were used to stuff mattresses and pillows. When wild fowl became scarce, chicken eggs became popular. Today, eggs are so popular that Americans eat 168 million of them a day; and like most of the foods we enjoy, eggs taste even better with Morton Salt.

Any egg worth its salt is worth Morton's



When it rains it pours



New! Flip-up shaker top added
Now shakes and pours.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

breathing hard, followed by Miskie, their fat black Labrador retriever. "I just had a big fight with Alan," he announced loudly. "He started it, and I finished it."

Neither Kathy nor Hugh said anything.

Mark breathed harder and louder. "He started it, and I finished it!" His posture defied anybody to deny it.

"So what happened?" Hugh asked.

"He took Miskie's ball and wouldn't give it back—that's what happened." Miskie, lying in the center of the kitchen, raised her head at the mention of her name.

"Is that all?"

"Yes. He got 'gressive, so I got 'gressive back—just like you said," Mark told his parents.

Kathy couldn't suppress a ripple of laughter. It was a line Hugh had in the Leave it to Beaver show they had watched the night before. In the scene Beaver—who is just Mark's age—had a black eye. Father, obviously pleased, told him the only answer to aggressiveness is aggressiveness in return.

"Alan got 'gressive *first*," Mark pointed out, "then I got 'gressive."

Mark was making such a big production of this, Hugh wondered if Kathy put him up to it. She certainly had not, she said.

"You know, Mark," Hugh said, "there's nothing smart, nothing real great, about fighting, don't you?"

"Yes," Mark said, subdued.

"Almost always there is a better way?"

"Yes."

Kathy interposed: "And you don't think what your father does in films is really real-real life, do you?"

"Of course he doesn't," Hugh said. "I've explained it to him several times."

"Yes—but I want to make certain he knows that you don't necessarily mean what you say on television. You understand he doesn't mean what he says, don't you, Mark?"

"Course he doesn't," Mark agreed, sidling out with Miskie trailing him.

"You can't blame Mark particularly," Hugh admits. "In my Mike Shayne detective series I ate peanuts in almost every scene. I had to eat peanuts during rehearsals, blocking, takes, retakes and close-ups too. I ate an awful lot of peanuts. When I met people who knew I played the part, they invariably asked, 'Do you really like peanuts so much?' Why should I like peanuts? I hate peanuts. But I'm still not sure anybody believed me when I told them so."

When it's practical to do so, the Beaumonts believe in sharing problems with the children. All three youngsters realize that the Beaumont phone is a business instrument, for example, and that they must keep telephone conversations short. Fifteen-year-old Hunter calls his close pal, Bob: "Hi! Can ya come over? . . . Yep! . . . Yep! . . . Naw. O.K. See ya. Gubbye!"

The children have well-defined responsibilities—making their own beds, keeping their rooms straight and sharing the dishwashing. To avoid arguments, they have evolved a system of their own, working separately, one clearing, one washing, one wiping. This also permits each to view his favorite TV show.

Hunter keeps the lawn trim. Kristy sets the dinner table, makes the salads and is learning to cook. Each feeds the dog, one week at a time, and all are expected to help with any given family project, such as putting in a new lawn or cleaning out the garage. They are not paid for these chores. They do get a regular weekly allowance—two dollars for Hunter, a dollar for Kristy, and twenty-five cents for Mark—but the work they do is a contribution to the family as a going concern.

Kathy at 6:30 in the morning is first out of bed. Wrapped in a housecoat, her hair pulled back in a pony tail, she pads into the kitchen, busies herself cutting grapefruit, making coffee, frying bacon and eggs.

Hunter, in yellow cotton shirt and bright blue slacks, emerges, his hair sleekly brushed. Kristy, wakened by her own chiming alarm, has dressed, knotted a little blue scarf around her neck to match her blue skirt and to set off a clean white blouse. They eat their breakfasts on the pull-out shelves from the ash-wood cabinet counter. Different buses will pick them up at the corner, Hunter at 8, Kristy at 7. Mark goes to Oakwood School, where Kathy teaches; Kristy goes to junior high, Hunter to Van Nuys Senior High School.

The hour between 7 and 8 in the morning is Kathy's quiet time. Hugh may depart at 7 if on early call; if not, he can sleep till 8. Kathy often uses this interval for a bit of ironing, but oftener she reads and meditates, dipping into her collection of prayer books.

Then she calls Mark and dresses herself while he scrambles into his clothes. While he prepares his own school lunch, Kathy cooks his breakfast. He eats and returns to pull his bedclothes into place. The surface effect, at least, is smooth. On the days that Kathy does not take her turn driving in the school car pool, Mark is picked up at the house by another school mother.

On other days, Kathy departs with him on a pickup round. She may leave a few of the dishes for Hugh to wash on his "late call" or free days. No matter when Hugh rises, he has only one request: "Don't talk to me. I don't want to talk!" In a semicoma, he takes his plate of breakfast to the dinette table and buries himself in the paper. He estimates he needs an hour and a half to wake up.

Kathy gave up her acting career without regret when Hunter arrived in 1943, but she did regret not finishing college. So when Mark was school age, she tucked her textbooks under her arm too. Teaching credentials, she thought, would be a kind of insurance, although she didn't expect to begin teaching immediately. But shortly after finishing her college work, Kathy became interested in Oakwood, a nearby private school. When she was asked to teach English classes there part time, freeing the director for administrative duties, she took the opportunity to earn tuition for Kristy and Mark.

The Beaumont home, on a narrow lot in North Hollywood, is twenty-five years old and vaguely ranch house in style. They bought it in 1949 for $9900. Hugh was "between jobs" at



SPAM ITALIAN LOAF. Hot 'n' hearty! *Cut* into slices but not way through, loaf of french bread. *Butter* every 2 slices. *Sprinkle* SPAM slices with garlic salt, oregano; *top* with slices of Mozzarella cheese. *Thrust* into loaf to form sandwiches. *Spoon* tomato sauce over SPAM and cheese. *Heat* loaf in 400° oven 15 to 20 minutes.



SPAM-BOATS. Fun to launch at a party! *Slit* unsliced wiener buns lengthwise, across top. *Butter* . . . then tuck in all kinds of good things: cheese, egg slices, lettuce frills, tomato quarters . . . and of course, rosy triangles of tender SPAM, the meat that gives you sweet juicy pork and mild tender ham in a matchless blend.

Which SPAMwich is top winner?

These are the three winning SPAMwiches, as indicated in a recent survey. But which one ranked first? (Answer below)



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THE WINNER: flavory "Spam Italian Loaf" was first, followed closely by perky "Spam-boats" and then by Danish-inspired "Smörgåsbord Spamwich". Three good ways to enjoy a Spamwich. Try them all!

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the time, but managed to borrow $1500 from a bank without collateral to make the down payment. Three years ago, between jobs again, he started a do-it-yourself remodeling project on the house that got completely out of hand. Kathy's brother, a contractor, came to his assistance. With some hired help they stripped the house, wrapped it for stucco, installed forced-air heating and new plumbing, converted three small bedrooms into two large ones and a bathroom, made the living room larger by enclosing the front porch, added 500 square feet comprising two new bedrooms, a breakfast room and a second bathroom, and changed the den into a kitchen. Kathy and two sisters-in-law did all the scraping of woodwork, papering, painting and finishing of cabinets—a six-week job.

"With the help of neighbors and several interested bystanders, we poured sixteen square yards of concrete to make a patio in the back yard. Our do-it-yourself project cost nearly $11,000. I spent $2500 in cash and borrowed $8000 to do it, and I'm not going to do it again," Hugh declares.

"If I suddenly made $100,000 we wouldn't live much differently than we do now, except that I would like to buy an island in Minnesota we saw for sale at $16,500. And I'd build a house somewhere for my mother."

No one has a right to say to another: "Because we belong to each other as we do, I have a right to know all your thoughts." Not even a mother may treat her child in that way. All demands of this sort are foolish and unwholesome. In this matter, giving is the only valuable process; it is only giving that stimulates. Impart as much as you can of your spiritual being to those who are on the road with you, and accept as something precious what comes back to you from them.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER
Memoirs of Childhood and Youth
Published by The Macmillan Company

A working actor's income seesaws dizzily, as much as from $5000 a year to $50,000 the next. Hugh's income dipped low in 1948 when TV was in its infancy and the motion-picture industry, frightened by box-office drops, curtailed production. Even now, Hugh's annual income may be doubled or halved from one year to the next.

"Such variations are partly the result of a kind of tightrope-walking act in which the free-lance actor must constantly engage. If he sets his minimum salary too low he may work a lot for a time and then suddenly find himself unemployed because he has become an 'old face' [seen too much]. On the other hand, if he demands too great a salary, he may also find that he has priced himself out of the market," Hugh says. "I found, a couple of years ago, that a thousand dollars a week with a three-week guarantee was about right for me."

Another difficulty for an actor is the fact that when he is not working, he can do nothing but wait for a call from his agent. "All casting," Hugh explains, "is done through licensed artists' representatives, or agents. This arrangement is a matter of practical necessity. A single agent may represent from twenty-five to, in a few cases, a hundred clients. Anyone casting can consider in the course of a few phone calls literally hundreds of actors for the parts he has to fill. Though of obvious advantage to the casting offices, it is a short road to insanity for the actor who has unaccountably 'hit a dry spell.'"

This year, with a part in a weekly TV show, Hugh will wind up in a high-income bracket. Last year, income was discouragingly uncertain. Because of these variations, the Beaumonts have a system rather than a budget. One inviolable rule: they buy nothing on time, except house and car. They live in a house which they can afford, considering taxes and mortgage payments as well as upkeep. Since taxes, insurance and Hugh's agent's fees consume almost 30 per cent of their income, this rule makes sound and sobering sense.

When they have more money, they can spend it on "less necessary things"—on music lessons for the children, fancier meals, clothes and entertainment. Hugh provides his own wardrobe while on a job. Suits must be good ones that cost at least $125, even if he can't afford them.

This past year, more flush, and with more partying required because of Leave it to Beaver, Kathy has spent $500 on clothes. But she still looks for bargains at good neighborhood shops and was delighted to find "a little basic black" suit-dress with huge white faille collar, reduced to $40. She splurged $69.95 on a red lace evening dress for a gala Christmas function (it served all through the holidays), and $12.95 for evening pumps. She bought in all, five pairs of shoes costing from $6.95 to $12.95, at the outlet store where she buys all her shoes—"Not this season's, but still nice."

Her new black wool cape that cost $69.95 attracts more glances in Hollywood than mink, which she can't afford. The $500 total included everything from hosiery, belts, scarfs to sweaters and skirts and a $20 bathing suit for Hollywood pools. She never goes to a hairdresser.

Every week Kathy cashes a $40 check at the supermarket. Out of this she buys weekly groceries, the gas for her car, gives Hunter and Kristy lunch money (35 cents a day apiece), and all allowances. A monthly $30 for eggs and milk is over and above this. Telephone bills are high, $16 to $20 a month. Utilities are moderate.

But financial uncertainty is the lesser of the problems the Beaumonts face "between jobs." Hugh's main concern is what to do with his time. Among other things, he has tried writing—with remarkable success.

"Thousands of words—I have no idea how many—went into the wastebasket before I made my first sale, to The Saturday Evening Post," he recalls, "and more uncounted thousands went the same way before I had the thrill of seeing my story, A Thing to Remember, in



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2 tbsp. Sucaryl solution
¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla
1 square (1 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
¼ cup boiling water
2 egg yolks
½ c. nonfat dry milk solids
½ c. ice water
⅛ tsp. cream of tartar

Brush 8-inch pie plate with oil; coat sides and bottom with coconut. Set aside. To cold water, add gelatin, Sucaryl, salt, vanilla; set aside. Melt chocolate in double boiler; add boiling water; cook and stir until smooth; remove from heat. Add unbeaten egg yolks; stir until blended. Add gelatin mixture; stir until smooth. In chilled bowl, beat milk solids with ice water and cream of tartar on high speed until stiff peaks form. Add chocolate mixture slowly while beating on low speed. Pour into pie plate. Chill until set. Serves 6.

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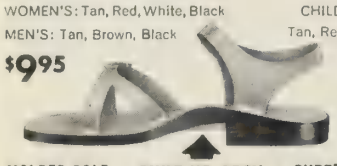
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VCA LABORATORIES, LOS ANGELES AND NEW YORK

the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in January of this year. Although I have many more rejections than sales, I keep trying to write when I have the time—not much, recently."

Fortunately for Hugh, Kathy, an experienced actress, fully understands that movie acting is hard, demanding, nerve-racking work—enough to produce neuroses if the waiting between jobs doesn't do it. Hugh answers "seven-thirty calls for eight" these days, which means he must be on the set in wardrobe and make-up by 8 o'clock. Shooting goes on some days until 7 in the evening. And it's a long tense day, the director barking orders, the stage crew bustling, muffed lines, nerves on raw edge, tempers sometimes flaring, even among the amiable Beaver cast and crew. With one day for reading rehearsals, one day for line rehearsals and blocking out action (fixing positions from which lines will be spoken), and three days of shooting, it takes a week to film a twenty-six-minute Beaver episode.

"We hope Beaver lasts for years," Hugh says, "but we don't know that it will. Our child star, Jerry Mathers, will grow up. And after Beaver, what? That is the gamble every actor takes. Kathy and I have never attempted to draw a blueprint of our future, saying, 'In five years we will be at this point; in ten years, this is our goal.' Instead, we try to look around us and say, 'What values are at hand and what can we do with them?' We remind ourselves that money is a means to an end rather than an end in itself.

"The real end is growth through an increasing awareness that God lives both in and around us. This conviction is strengthened and deepened for us in the beauty and peace of Lonesome Water.

"It is here that the children have learned to listen to a different kind of music than they hear in the city . . . the wind playing on its great pipe organ of pine trees. Here I have watched Kathy return from an early-morning walk with the natural beauty of her face enhanced by an inner light . . . she has seen a scarlet tanager and it spoke to her. This is the place where I have stood upon a crude log bridge and, in the mellow green water beneath, have watched until I have seen time stand still and Hollywood producers shrink to the size of ordinary human beings. 'Between jobs' becomes a very different thing at Lonesome Water."

COOK, FREEZE AND TREASURE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

to taste—enough sauce for one loaf. But don't try to freeze the sauce—the mayonnaise will separate. Each loaf makes 10 servings.

"The eye, can it feast when the stomach is starving?
Pray, less of your gilding and more of your carving!"

Fortunately, for all its "gilding," this **ROAST DUCKLING PIQUANT** needs no carving at all—it is quartered *before* it is roasted, and comes to the table all ready to serve to a crowd. The secret of its goodness is simple: while it roasts, you prick the skin with a fork, freeing golden juices to bubble out and baste the bird, and pouring off excess fat as the meat cooks down to lean, savory tenderness.

Have your butcher quarter 3 young ducklings. Arrange in an open roasting pan and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1½ or 2 hours, depending on the weight and the youth of the birds. Turn frequently and prick the skin even more frequently to make sure all the fat gets out. While the ducks are roasting, cut up 3 green peppers, 3 carrots and 3 stalks celery. Sauté about 3 minutes in a little fat you have poured off the ducklings. Then add 8 or 9 sprigs parsley, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 4½ cups consommé and 18–20 fillets of anchovy, drained. Cover and simmer until vegetables are tender, then strain them from the broth. Remove ducklings from oven and drain on absorbent paper toweling. Thicken the broth with 6 tablespoons cornstarch moistened with a little water, and, if you like, flavor with cognac. Taste for salt—though we think the anchovies will season it enough. Place ducklings in the sauce and cool. Pack in 2 large containers or in a large casserole, and freeze. This recipe will serve 12.

On the afternoon of the party, take the duck from the freezer, place it in a foil-covered pan, and let it thaw in a slow oven while you run errands or polish silver. When guests arrive, simply remove the foil and turn up the heat for final crisping and browning. (Since cornstarch sauce thins slightly on freezing, you might want to thicken it a little when reheating.) If there's any duck left over—and frankly, we doubt it!—you can reheat it deliciously in its sauce for the gourmets in your own family.

Many people believe that a dusting of curry powder, all by itself, makes any dish a "curry." Not true of this tempting **MEAT BALL CURRY**—six aromatic spices give it a truly exotic Indian flavor. Because it freezes wonderfully and is such delightful party fare, we suggest making it as often as possible.

Chop 1 onion fine, and brown in 3 tablespoons shortening or salad oil in a heavy skillet. Mix 3 tablespoons curry powder with ⅛ teaspoon each of the following spices: coriander, cumin seed, dry mustard, ginger, mace, cloves; and 1 clove garlic, crushed or finely minced. Stir in ¼ cup water to make a rather thin paste, and add to the onions. Stir constantly to prevent burning, but let the mixture get nice and brown before you scrape it from the skillet and set aside.

For the meat balls: Crumble 2 slices bread into a little water. Squeeze out excess water and add to 2 pounds ground round beef. Season with 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Mix thoroughly and shape into 36 small meat balls. Brown well on all sides in hot shortening or salad oil. Then add one 8-ounce can tomato sauce, 1½ cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, and the browned spices and onions. Blend until smooth; cover and simmer about an hour. Add a little water occasionally so there will be plenty of gravy, since you will be serving the curry with rice. Cool well before packing into containers to freeze. *To serve:* Thaw partially at room temperature, and reheat in a covered double boiler—or use a covered roaster in a slow oven, stirring occasionally.

The curry is wonderful served with currant rice—just steam and plump a handful of currants and toss them in with freshly cooked rice. You can let your imagination run wild in dreaming up various interesting condiments for the curry. We like chutney, toasted coconut chips or shreds, and chopped egg mixed with minced green onions and crumbled bacon. Makes 5 servings.

Nothing shall be impossible to the woman who knows how to cry in the right way, in front of the right man. WINIFRED V. KNOCKER

If you own a freezer, the chances are you keep a supply of commercial ice cream on hand. But for extra-special occasions, it's much more fun to make an ice cream or sherbet yourself—perhaps a smooth-textured pineapple dessert, delicately balanced between sweetness and tartness.

FROZEN PINEAPPLE DESSERT: Beat 3 egg yolks with a dash of salt and ½ cup sugar until light, thick and lemon-colored, adding the sugar a tablespoon or so at a time and beating well after each addition. Drain the juice from a 9-ounce can crushed pineapple. Mix the syrup with 2 tablespoons lemon juice and add to egg and sugar. Heat in the top of a double boiler over gently simmering water, stirring until it coats the spoon like any custard. Add the crushed pineapple and cool. Make a meringue with 3 egg whites and 2 tablespoons sugar; beat 1 cup heavy cream until smooth and glossy. Fold the cream into the custard, then fold in the meringue. Pour into freezing trays and freeze until firm, then pack in containers and store in the freezer. This makes 1 quart.

The old-fashioned jelly roll has turned fancy in recent years—and perhaps the very fanciest variation on the old theme is this dark, rich chocolate roll, dusted with powdered sugar and filled with frothy chocolate mousse.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE ROLL. First make the mousse filling. In the top of a double boiler melt 1½ cups semisweet chocolate bits with ⅓ cup sugar and ¼ cup water. While it melts, stir until smooth and free of lumps. Remove from heat and cool, stirring from time to time. When cool, add the yolks of 5 eggs which have been beaten until thick and lemon-colored, as for sponge-cake. Stir in 2 teaspoons vanilla. Beat the 5 egg whites until stiff enough to hold a peak when the beater is withdrawn. Add the chocolate-egg mixture to the whites and beat with a rotary beater just long enough to incorporate all the whites. Chill to spreading consistency in the refrigerator—about 3 to 4 hours.

For the roll: Sift together 3 times: 6 tablespoons cake flour, 6 tablespoons cocoa, ¼ teaspoon salt and ¾ teaspoon baking powder. Separate 4 eggs, and beat whites until they form soft peaks. Fold in ¾ cup sugar, a tablespoon at a time. Now beat the 4 egg yolks until very thick and lemon-colored. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and fold in the egg-white-and-sugar meringue. Next, carefully fold in the sifted dry ingredients. Grease a shallow jelly-roll pan 10″ x 15″ x ½″. Line with greased waxed paper. Pour in batter and spread out evenly; bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 13 minutes. Turn out on tea towel sprinkled with confectioners' sugar. Quickly cut off crisp edges of the cake. Roll up. Cool on rack. Unroll and spread generously with the chocolate mousse. Roll up again. Chill in refrigerator 1 hour before wrapping in aluminum foil and freezing. Before serving, thaw in refrigerator 2–3 hours—and remember that the roll slices better if it is left in the refrigerator until just before serving time.

You may have made the distressing discovery that your favorite desserts made with gelatin—Bavarian creams, blancmange—simply can't be frozen successfully. If so, our luscious orange cream will prove a fine surprise: it's delicate and fluffy, and guaranteed to unmold in perfect form!

ORANGE RICE RING. Cook 1 cup rice in boiling salted water until tender, about 18 minutes. Stir gently from time to time, using a fork instead of a spoon. Drain well. While the rice is cooking, mix together in a saucepan ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, and 1½ tablespoons grated orange rind. Stir in the rice, and heat together gently until the rice has absorbed most of the liquid, stirring now and then. This takes 15–20 minutes. Beat 3 eggs slightly and spoon a little hot rice into the eggs. Then stir this into the remaining rice, and heat for about 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool 1 hour. Whip ½ cup heavy cream, add 1 teaspoon vanilla, and fold into the cooled rice mixture. Pour into a 1-quart mold. If the mixture seems too thin at this point, let it stand at room temperature awhile longer. Wrap well in aluminum foil. Freeze. Before serving, thaw slightly—then dip quickly in warm water and unmold onto serving plate. Top with toasted almonds and garnish with fresh orange sections. Makes 4 servings. END





says Betty Himes, housewife

from Birmingham, Michigan . . .

"Picnic foods travel beautifully in Saran Wrap"

"I honestly think I use Saran Wrap* for picnics because I can see what I've packed before I unwrap it," smiles Betty Himes, busy housewife and mother of three. "And, of course, nothing protects foods quite like Saran Wrap. And nothing saves like Saran Wrap, either." *Trademark



"Our picnic favorite—potato salad—stays so fresh and so protected in Saran Wrap. It's a great bowl cover!"



"I make my hamburger patties ahead of time. They won't stick together—if you use Saran Wrap to separate them."



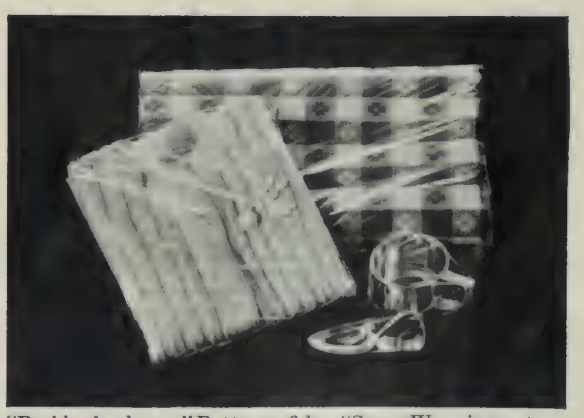
"And deviled eggs never form a crust—even if made the night before. Saran Wrap keeps them beautifully."



"Cheese won't dry out in Saran Wrap," reports Betty, "it's moisture proof. Radishes and celery stay crisp, too."



"Cut watermelon ahead of time. It won't lose its flavor. Saran Wrap keeps it just right! Air can't get through."



"Besides food uses," Betty confides, "Saran Wrap is great for protecting other things like woolens, silver, linens."



DOW

The Dow Chemical Company,
Midland, Michigan





TWO FINE PRODUCTS OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.



The abundance of morning-fresh vegetables and greens offers Kathy a tempting variety to choose from.

ORNITZ

Family Favorites with a difference

HOW AMERICA LIVES

The accent on foreign flavor and emphasis on price.

By JANE ENGEL

From a collection of German and Swedish recipes, passed on to her by her mother, Kathy Beaumont now has an ever-growing "foreign favorites" file.
Here are five tempting ways to bring a foreign flavor to your table.

This "meal-in-itself" dish is spicy and delectable. Both inexpensive and substantial, it is rich with bits of ham and subtle seasonings. Serve it with a crisp, green salad, French bread and a refreshing dessert.

BELLA'S CREOLE BEANS: Wash and pick over 1 pound pinto beans. (If you are a Westerner, use California pink beans. They are not generally available on the East Coast.) Put beans in a large kettle and pour 2½ quarts boiling water over them. Then add 2 pounds smoked ham hocks or a 2–3-pound ham butt. Cover and boil for 15 minutes. Lower heat and simmer for about 2 hours or until beans are tender. In a skillet, sauté until crisp 4 slices bacon. Remove bacon and drain on paper toweling. Set aside for garnish. Add 1 cup minced onions and 3 cloves garlic, minced, to the bacon fat. Sauté until golden. Remove onion and add to beans. If there are not 2 tablespoons fat left in skillet, add a little butter to make up the difference. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour and cook slowly, stirring constantly, until you have a brown *roux*. Add to the beans. Season with ¼ cup chopped parsley, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon thyme, 1 bay leaf and a little pepper. Cook for another 20 minutes. Add more water if it is too thick. Garnish with crumbled bacon. Makes 6 servings.

cost... **$1.18**

A luscious white cake with a "difference," it is baked with poppy seeds throughout. Kathy fills it with a creamy custard filling and sprinkles the top with sifted confectioners' sugar. A Hungarian favorite, it will be special to you too.

POPPY-SEED CAKE (Hungarian): Soak ⅔ cup poppy seeds in ¾ cup milk for 2 hours. Cream ⅔ cup butter until soft. Gradually add 1½ cups sugar, beating constantly. Sift and measure 2 cups flour. Resift with 2½ teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Stir ¼ cup milk and 1 teaspoon vanilla into poppy-seed-milk mixture. Add the flour mixture in three parts alternately with the poppy-seed-milk to the batter, beating after each addition only until blended. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Fold into the batter. Turn into 2 greased and floured 9″ cake pans. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 25 minutes. Remove from pans and cool. Fill with lemon-custard filling and sift confectioners' sugar over the top.

cost... **$1.01**

LEMON-CUSTARD FILLING: Mix 1 teaspoon cornstarch with ⅓ cup sugar. Cream together with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 3 well-beaten egg yolks and ⅔ cup milk. Pour into top of double boiler and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Add a pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Cool. Spread between poppy-seed-cake layers.

cost... **21¢**

Costs based on New York City supermarket prices as of April, 1958.



STUART

Amo's Chinese dish: rich with tender slices of beef, plump tomatoes and green peppers, served with fluffy rice tossed with garden peas, and a crisp salad.

A hurry-up dish certain to please all—Kathy especially serves it on days when she teaches. This recipe, given by a friend, makes an ideal buffet-supper main course—just double the quantity, serve plenty of hot steaming rice, a hearty tossed salad, and pass fresh fruit for dessert.

AMO'S CHINESE DISH: Cut 1½ pounds round steak across the grain in paper-thin slices. This is easier to do if the meat is frozen first. Place the meat in a bowl and pour over it a mixture of ⅓ cup soy sauce and 1 teaspoon sugar. Let it marinate for ½ hour, turning the meat after the first 15 minutes. Meanwhile, cut 3 large, peeled, firm tomatoes into eighths and cut 2 seeded green peppers into julienne strips, about 1½" long. In a large skillet, heat ¼ cup salad oil. Add 1 clove garlic and ¾ teaspoon ginger and cook for a few minutes. Remove the garlic. Add the green pepper and sauté, stirring constantly, for 3 minutes; then the beef and its liquid and cook for another 3 minutes. Add tomatoes and cover. Simmer a few minutes until tomatoes are hot. Blend 2 teaspoons cornstarch with 2 tablespoons soy sauce. Gently stir into the mixture and cook 1 more minute. Remove from heat. Makes 6 servings.

cost... **$1.89**

Toss crisp lettuce with a hot sweet-sour dressing, sprinkle with crumbled bacon and minced egg and you have the Beaumonts' favorite salad—wilted lettuce. An old German recipe given to Kathy by her mother. The secret, she says, is not to get the lettuce too wilted.

WILTED LETTUCE SALAD (German): Hard-cook an egg. Remove shell and, with a fork, crumble the egg. Prepare ⅓ cup minced Bermuda onion. In a skillet, sauté 3 bacon strips, diced, until crisp. Drain on paper toweling. Cool the bacon fat in the skillet slightly. Stir in 3 tablespoons sugar and ¼ cup vinegar. Cook, slowly, until very hot. Immediately pour over a head of lettuce that has been washed and broken up for the salad. Sprinkle with the crumbled bacon, egg and minced onion. Toss and serve. Makes 4–6 servings.

cost... **35¢**

The Swedish call it Kaldolmar—we call it stuffed cabbage. This dish suits the Beaumonts to perfection. With its always-available ingredients and low cost, it has become a much-cherished dinner dish.

KALDOLMAR (Swedish Cabbage Rolls): Gently remove 12 large cabbage leaves from a large head. Simmer in about 2" boiling water, covered, for 5 minutes. Drain. Spread out ready for filling. Have ready ½ cup cooked rice. Mix 1½ pounds ground beef and ½ pound ground pork. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon allspice and a dash of pepper. Sauté 1 onion, minced fine. Add the onion, rice and 1 egg, slightly beaten, to the meat. Mix well. Fill leaves with the mixture. Roll each up and tie securely with string. In a large skillet or deep pan, mix 1 No. 2½ can tomatoes with an 8-ounce can tomato paste. Add 3 bouillon cubes, 1 bay leaf and ¼ cup minced onion. Add the cabbage rolls. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Turn rolls occasionally. Thicken sauce slightly with a little flour-and-water paste. Remove strings, serve sauce over rolls. Makes 6 servings.

cost... **$2.23**

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shine aluminum fast—
give you more free time!



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there's special soap with
Jeweler's Polish in every pad!

No other cleaning product lifts off burned-on grease and scorchy stains faster. And only Brillo contains special soap with Jeweler's Polish . . . to bring back like-new shine at the same time! Results are guaranteed. You get a new utensil free if Brillo fails to clean! Nothing cleans and shines aluminum like New Brillo Soap Pads.

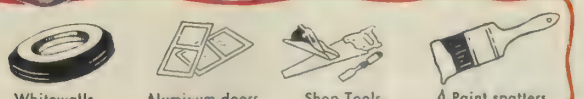
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soap-filled metal fiber pads
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pads plus cake of soap

Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.



THRIFTIER!
5, 12 and 20 pad boxes!

Note to husbands
Brillo does your clean-up jobs faster!



CHILD LOST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

"I just don't want to run off and leave tonight."

"There's a nice sum of money involved for you, Phyllis."

"I'm not worried about that commission. They'll surely take one or the other of the houses." She hesitated. "Fred, could you be able to take them through the Wilson house for me?"

"Sure I could, but I don't know how you've been handling them."

"She wants the house. It's up to him if he's willing to go that high."

"All right," he said. "I can take them over, if that's all it is."

She replaced the telephone. "That's that." As she had said, she wasn't worried about the commission. The Farnsworths had to move on the fifteenth, and they were anxious to buy. Fred always said she had a way of putting over a deal, her feminine touch, he said, but in this case Mrs. Farnsworth was already sold on the Wilson place. There *was* a lot of money involved for her, around a thousand dollars, maybe.

She was suddenly aware of Sam watching her; she said quickly, "All ready but my lipstick."

"What was the tremendous struggle going on inside you?"

"Tremendous struggle?" she said, leaning closer to the mirror. "I didn't notice any."

"You looked as if you were fighting temptation," he said. "What was it, seeing some prospects instead of coming out with us?"

"Believe me, it wasn't any temptation," she said. "I've practically sold the house." Of course something *could* happen; the Farnsworths might stay in a hotel for the winter, they might even rent an apartment. She was shaken for an instant. "I'd hate to lose the commission. Naturally."

"Naturally," he said, grinning. "It would make it an expensive evening."

"And that seems very funny to you."

"Where did you get that idea?" he said, and put his arms around her and rocked her gently in them. "Look, you'll get that commission, if I know you. It's in the bag. Now let's get going and spend some of it. I'm hungry."

Eddie was on the stairs, peering at them through the banisters. "What are you *doing?*" he said.

"Hugging your mother," Sam said. "And you're next on my list." Eddie fled, shrieking, but Sam caught him, and finished carrying him upside down under his arm. He called from the foot of the stairs, "We're not waiting much longer for you."

She smiled to herself, listening to Eddie's squeals of pleasure; hurriedly she smoothed her hair where Sam had mussed it, and followed them down and into the car. They drove to the Marine Restaurant and ate lobster, all three of them tucked behind large starched bibs with red lobsters on them, and afterward they walked beside the deserted beach and the smooth, sunset-stained ocean until they reached the amusement park, and there Eddie drove one of the little cars jerked dizzily around at the end of a long iron bar, and piloted her in a boat on the artificial pond, and rode the merry-go-round.

She couldn't help thinking as she leaned over the railing watching him with Sam that it was going to be harder to buy lobster dinners on Sam's salary alone. True, most of their friends managed on no more, but then they didn't go out to dinner very often either. The cost of a baby sitter was an item to be weighed and reckoned, and as for household help, that was a once-a-week luxury. She would miss Bertha. More than that, she would miss her job, and not just for the comforts and conveniences it provided. With Bertha there, she had been able to go to work with a clear mind, knowing that Eddie would be in competent, kind hands. If only she had had a little more time to spend with Eddie.

She hadn't been with him nearly enough this summer. Financially it had been a good season; nearly everyone in New York seemed to want to escape the heat in an apartment or a house at the beach, and there were some weeks when she had to be at the office at least a part of every day. Luckily Sam had been able to take several long weekends instead of his usual week in August, and he and Eddie had been on the beach a lot, and Sam had taken him on a fishing boat several times. "He sure likes to tag after his daddy," Bertha would tell her, and there were times she envied them their easy, comradely relationship, something she hadn't achieved with Eddie. Maybe that was because she didn't have the time to do many things with him; maybe she was too self-conscious, always trying to make it up to him for her absence.

Well, pretty soon she'd be home with him for a long time. Only he'd be starting school tomorrow—and once the baby came —— She drew a sharp breath. Nothing seemed to be timed right with Eddie: he'd even been born inconveniently, with Sam only a year out of the Army and two more years of law school still ahead of him. Up to then they hadn't been able to put aside any money, and so she had remained at Banner Realty almost up to the week that Eddie had arrived, and she had started back at the job not too many weeks later.

Fortunately they had found Bertha: without someone like Bertha she couldn't have left the baby, no matter how badly they needed the money. Bertha had taken over, baby and household, and Eddie loved her. With the new baby it would be too much for Bertha; besides, it wasn't really necessary for her to keep her job any more. The money was nice to have, but the house was practically furnished now, and Sam's income from his practice was enough to support them, and so she had agreed to stay home. She still must make that definite with Fred; he didn't believe her when she told him she would, but then of course you never knew how things would work out. Bertha would stay at least until the baby came.

The carrousel was grinding to a halt; she looked at her watch: 8:30. They should start for home; there was no sense in getting Eddie overtired for the morning. She glanced meaningfully at Sam; he nodded. "Time to call it a day, Eddie."

"Aaaah. Just once more?"

"You've had three rides. Aren't you dizzy enough yet?"

Eddie careened wildly, staggered against Sam, embracing his legs. "No!"

"Well, O.K., once more, but this will be it." Sam went off to buy two more tickets.

She said, "Tomorrow is going to be a big day for you, sweetie. You don't want to be yawning all morning."

"This is the first time you've come here in a year almost!"

"Not a year, Eddie. Besides, you come here a lot with daddy."

"Not with you."

She couldn't help feeling pleased; she said teasingly, "Don't tell me you have time to miss *me* when you come here."

He hesitated, considering, and then he said seriously, "I *used* to, in the beginning."

Funny that his words should cut so; she watched him run toward Sam, who was waving the tickets at him, she watched Sam lift him on a black horse and take the camel behind him. It *had* been a busy summer; they'd managed to pay off some of the mortgage, and they'd bought the wrought-iron furniture for the terrace they'd been wanting for years.

They drove home in the hazy September dusk. Eddie was still not ready for sleep; he opened his presents and then he packed and repacked his new briefcase with his new pencil box and the crayons, and then Sam had to sharpen all the new pencils and they had to be arranged just so, and then Eddie had to walk up and down from room to room, swinging his briefcase the way Sam did. It was after nine when the telephone rang.

Phyllis answered. "Mrs. Berry? This is Mrs. Farnsworth. I'm so glad you're home. We've been trying to reach you."

"I did tell you I'd be out."

"Yes, and Mr. Banner explained. But Mrs. Berry, couldn't we borrow you for just ten minutes?"

"If it's to see the Wilson house, Mr. Banner can show you through."

"It won't be the same," Mrs. Farnsworth said, her voice sinking to a conspiratorial whisper. "*You* could sell Mr. Farnsworth the house, I'm sure. And I do prefer it to the other one, and I would like him to see it just in the right light, if you know what I mean."

"I haven't even put my son to bed."

"We'll just keep you ten minutes, I promise."

"I know, but ——" She looked at her husband. "If it will just be for ten minutes ——"

She put down the telephone a little helplessly. "Would you mind if I went out for a very short time?"

"That same woman?"

She nodded. "I don't *want* to leave you both."

"If you have to, go ahead, Phyl. I'll get Eddie started for bed."

"Would you? I'll be back before you turn the lights out."

Eddie said nothing, buckling the flap of the briefcase, but she was very conscious of his silence as she found her keys and a sweater. At the door she turned, and found him beside her. "What is it, sweetie?"

"You coming back before I'm asleep?"

"I most certainly am going to try. By the time you're in your pajamas and washed you'll most likely see me looking in your door. And you can wait in bed for me if I'm not there."

"O.K.," he said quietly, "because I might want you to snuggle tonight."

She ran down the steps to the car. She hadn't "snuggled" with him in over a year; it was part of a phase he had gone through, when he had wanted her to lie down on his bed until he fell asleep. She'd yielded to it because she recognized that, for whatever the reason, he needed her there; but he hadn't asked her to stay with him for many months now. Perhaps he was more concerned about school than they had imagined, or perhaps they were wrong to make as much of it as they had: it might have been more sensible to accept it without any special attention, matter-of-factly. In a way they had been selfish, trying to encircle this day in red in their own minds, to arrest this moment in time for themselves. It was momentous, starting school, a beginning . . . and an ending.

She halted impatiently at the red light at the base of the hill. Ten minutes. How could she be only ten minutes? It would take ten minutes just to reach the Banner office and pick them up, and you couldn't rush Mrs. Farnsworth. True, buying a house wasn't anything to be rushed, but why did it have to resolve itself to tonight? Her wheels squealed as she swerved to the curb in front of the office.

Mrs. Farnsworth greeted her eagerly. Mr. Farnsworth said a little heavily, "So you're responsible for tempting my wife with a house she can't afford!"

"Please don't buy it, if you can resist it," she said.

At night the old garden behind the Wilson house smelled rich and sweet, the house loomed large and white and imposing. Mrs. Farnsworth breathlessly pointed out the circular driveway. "Not any of these skimpy little concrete ribbons."

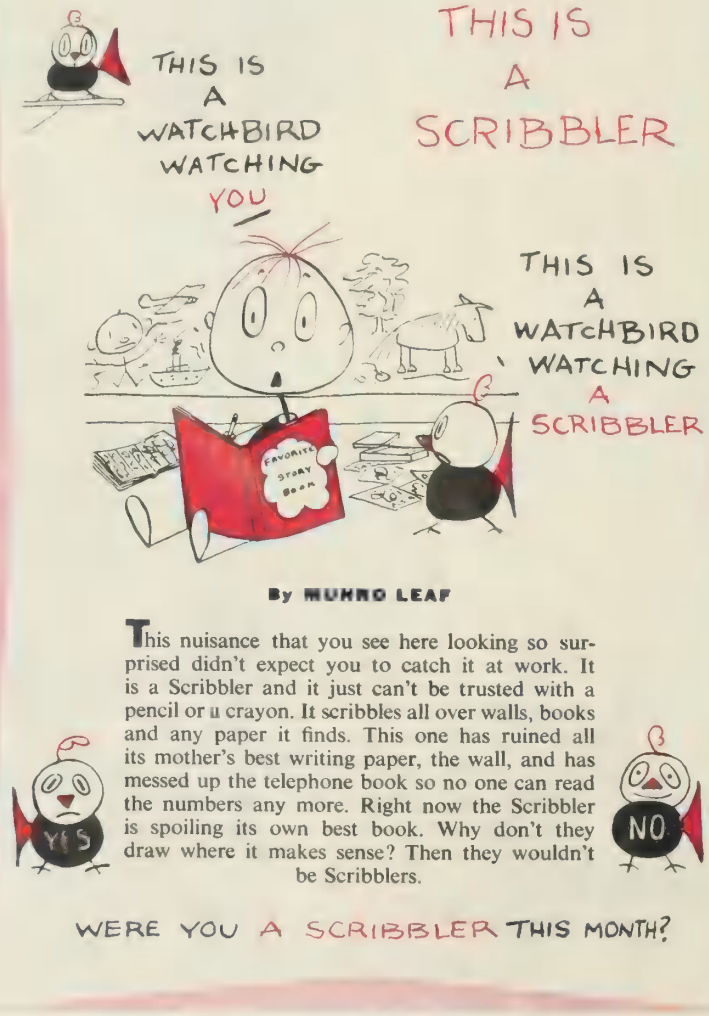
"It's kind of like Tara," said Mr. Farnsworth, trying not to seem impressed.

"Here's where I'd put a large iron carriage lamp," Phyllis said.

"Probably doesn't look half as good by daylight," rumbled Mr. Farnsworth.

She felt obliged to point out that it did need a painting, and that the kitchen would need all new appliances, but it didn't really matter, she could see, because once she had thrown the door open onto the ample center hall with a glimpse of a paneled study beyond, she knew they would buy it. Mr. Farnsworth still felt obliged to inspect the beams in the cellar and rap on the plaster and question her about the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142



1958

Eat Light and Lively!



New recipe for happy summer meals

FRENCH'S Barber-Pole Franks

More fun than a circus for kids and grown-ups—and so easy for you—

8 frankfurters, large size
1½ cups biscuit mix
4 teaspoons French's Mustard for dough
⅓ cup milk
plus enough French's Mustard to fill frankfurters

Place franks in boiling water. Let stand 8 min. Measure biscuit mix into bowl. Blend mustard with milk, add to mix. Roll out into 8-inch square, ¼ inch thick. Cut in 8 one-inch strips. Split franks half through; fill with mustard. Wrap dough in spiral around each frank. Place on greased cookie sheet. Brush with butter. Bake in hot oven, 450° F., 10 to 12 minutes or until lightly browned. Serve hot.

Friendly Warning: Because French's Mustard has a special flavor, texture and color all its own, don't expect best results from this recipe with any other mustard.

New twist on good old hot dogs! Turn them into gay gold 'Barber-poles' with French's new recipe! French's own mustard recipe calls for rare spices, specially grown mustard seeds, and the finest vinegar. That's why more women choose and use French's Mustard than any other mustard.



On food... In food

no other mustard has the light and lively flavor of

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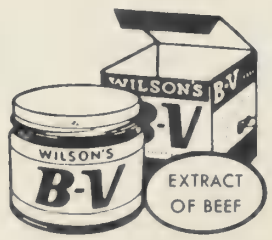
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

expense of a new heating unit, and so it was almost an hour before she drew them back into the car and over to the Banner office, where she left them with Fred.

"You've got yourself a deal, young lady," said Mr. Farnsworth. "I only hope I can catch up on some of the sleep you've cost me on the plane tomorrow morning."

Mrs. Farnsworth gave her hand an extra pressure. "We didn't even dream we'd keep you this long," she breathed, "but thanks! And wasn't it worth it?"

A thousand dollars. Yes, she had to admit that it was; there wouldn't be much more of it in a few months, and it certainly hadn't been hard to earn. And yet she had a lead weight in her chest when she pulled up into the garage: usually she couldn't wait to tell Sam, tonight she didn't want to talk about it.

Sam was reading when she came into the living room. "Take it easy, honey," he said. "You don't have to be rushing around this way."

"Eddie?"

"He was up when I left him," he said. "But drooping fast."

She hurried upstairs to Eddie's room. He was asleep. She sat down heavily on the edge of his bed, choked with disappointment. He was sucking his thumb as he still did once in a while just when he was about to fall asleep; even as she watched him his thumb fell from his lips, and he started, and found it again without waking. If only he would open his eyes, and see her there, and know that she had come, finally. But this was ridiculous: she was making much out of nothing. She would make a point of staying with him tomorrow night. Besides, he'd had a full and wonderful evening, and he must have gone to sleep happy.

She eased the thumb out of his mouth gently; his mouth remained parted, his face deeply submerged in sleep. She bent and kissed him; his dark straight hair was too long, but everyone had been too busy to take him for a haircut. She pulled his blanket a little higher, she picked up a small car from the floor, she put out his clean clothes for the morning, and then when she could find no more excuse to stay she went downstairs.

She sat down close to Sam and put her head back against his arm. "Was he disappointed because I didn't get back on time?" she asked carefully.

"Forget it, Phyl," he said. "I think he was too sleepy to think too much about it. How did you make out?"

"They're buying the Wilson house," she said. No elation at all.

"Bully for you," he said. "What are you going to do with all that money?"

"It will cover the cost of the baby, for one thing."

He said, "I think I can manage to cover the cost of the baby myself."

"I know you can," she said. "I was just being figurative. It's going to come in handy, isn't it?"

"Not *that* handy," he said. "Not that important. Not to either of us any more. There was a time when we really needed it, but not any more, and don't give that to yourself as a reason for working, because even you don't believe it."

"Did I ever say that was the reason?" she said with dignity. "I prefer working, as long as I have the choice. I've been good at my job, Fred's satisfied, I like working with people, I've *wanted* to work."

"That's the way I sized it up," he said. "That's why I've gone along with you. Maybe I'd have liked it if you could have been home the last couple of years, but I'm not one of these *Kinder, Kuche, Kirche* husbands, and if that job makes you a more satisfied woman I'll be satisfied with it."

"Why do you bring all this up now, Sam?"

"Because I've been thinking about you. As I sometimes do," he said, his arms tightening around her. "I was wondering if you'd done the best thing for yourself. For yourself, mind you, not for us."

"Wouldn't I have quit if I hadn't been happy about the job?" She turned, so as to see his face; she tried to laugh. "Ah, tonight isn't fair to judge by. I admit I'm upset about tonight, walking out on the two of you when I wanted to stay." Even speaking about it brought her alarmingly close to tears.

"It's Eddie's starting school that's upset you," he said slowly. "It sort of brings you up short, doesn't it? Makes you wonder about your values, makes you want to stop and take stock of what you have." He pushed her to her feet. "Let's get to sleep, Phyl. Tomorrow's a big day for the family."

Only she couldn't sleep. She read, she turned out the light, she puffed her pillow, and tried to find a comfortable position, but finally she gave up and put on her robe and went into



"I like it."

ldie's room. He was still sleeping soundly, rely stirring. *Am I the only one that's dis-bed by tomorrow?* She went back into her d and carefully lay down. Sam said drowsily, re you still awake?" and flung his arm er her.

"What kind of wife am I, Sam?"

"You haven't heard me complain," he uttered.

"Am I any kind of mother at all?" she nispered.

"Eddie thinks you are. Phyl, *we're* fine, ldie and I. You're going to be home for good etty soon, and then there won't be any more ubts." His words, his voice, the weight of s arm all soothed her to sleep.

•

he morning was a rush, because Bertha dn't come till nine, and Sam's train left half hour before Eddie was due at school. And ere were unexpected labels to be ripped from ldie's new clothes, and points on the new ncils that kept breaking and had to be re-arpened, and spilled orange juice—her own ult, the pitcher had slipped from her hand—hich meant that Eddie's shirt had to be anged and juice mopped from the table and e chair and the floor, but she managed to get m to the station on time, and to get back to t on lipstick and brush Eddie's hair again d buckle the straps of his briefcase again, d finally they were in the car and heading for hool.

She drew the car up to the curb and sat ck, letting out her breath in an exclamation relief: they'd made it. She had registered ldie last week, and they had gone to the ndergarten room and met his teacher. This orning it would be all right for the mothers come and stay with their children as long as e children wanted them, the teacher had id, until they were ready to stay by them-lves. She opened her door. "I think the kids e going in, sweetie. Let's go too," she said Eddie.

He got out of the car slowly. "Mamma," he id, "you don't have to come in with me."

She was taken aback. "But I'd like to, if you ant me to."

"If I'm big enough to go to school, I guess m big enough to go in by myself," he said.

"Well, ye-es," she said. "Yes, I guess you e."

"I guess I'll be too old for snuggling, too, ter today."

"Why, no," she said in consternation, "I n't think there's any connection."

"I think so," he said. "I think I'll be too old ter today. Well, so long."

"Wait," she said. "Are you sure you'll be le to find the room?"

"Sure," he said. "It's the same one we went to that day." He was edging off when she called him.

"You're not too old to give me a kiss good-by, are you?"

"I forgot," he said, and came back and threw his arms around her briefly and brushed her cheek. "They're going *in*," he said in alarm, backing off.

"See you at lunch!"

He didn't turn around, his thin brown legs carrying him very fast, his briefcase bumping beside him. He looked very small as he joined the other children and disappeared through the open doors.

A beginning, and an ending. She went back into the car and just sat there for a while, shaken, assailed by the most unaccountable memories. Eddie as a very small baby lying on Bertha's lap, laughing at Bertha as she patted him dry after his bath. Bertha holding the bottle to his mouth, his small hand curled over Bertha's. The little fire-chief car they had bought for him, when he was still too small to reach the pedals in comfort, and he had called out to her, red-faced and angry with frustration, but she had been late for an appointment and couldn't help him. Eddie carrying his well-worn book to her, leaning against her as she combed her hair to go out. "*When are you going to read it?*" "*When I come home tonight, sweetie. Ask Bertha now.*" A rainy, windy afternoon, so gray that Sam had made a fire in the fireplace to cheer up the room, and then had carried down Eddie, just getting over a virus and wrapped in a blanket, and had bundled him into the wing chair. "I'll be back early," she had told Eddie, bright-eyed and still a little flushed with fever, and she had paused and looked back at them in the firelit room, envying them.

She shut her eyes. She'd had such a brief taste of his first five years, just enough so she could now begin to estimate the extent of her loss. Only it wasn't a loss, actually: she had *given* those five years away, her eyes wide open, she had given them deliberately to Bertha. And now Bertha could tell her all about them, those special and unique and exhausting and distracting and unimaginably wonderful and never-to-be-replaced five years.

The school doors were shut, the schoolyard quiet Unconsciously she had been clasping her arms against herself. *I'm lucky because I'm going to have another chance at reliving what I missed this time.* But it wouldn't be quite the same ever again. Eddie was the first. And today Eddie was beginning school, moving out and away from childhood on the too soon path of growing up, and those first five years were lost forever. Eddie. Eddie. Child lost.

EDUCATING TODAY'S CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

ook, but he must spend hundreds of hours king histories, doing physical examinations, orking out diagnoses before he can apply his eoretical knowledge. He has to study human elings and human relations in theory and in ctual experience with patients. Otherwise he on't be able to understand half the symptoms at are presented to him, and he may not even e able to get along with some of the people ho come to him for help.

In regard to the accusation that education is ecoming too easy and that today children are etting away with murder, it's wise to take into ccount certain aspects of human nature. Here a paragraph from an editorial in a New ork paper: "When we were mere boys, boys ad to do a little work in school. They were ot coaxed; they were hammered. Spelling, riting and arithmetic were not electives; and ou had to learn. In these more fortunate mes, elementary education has become in any places a sort of vaudeville show. The hild must be kept amused and learns what he leases." It is from the New York Sun in ctober, 1902, years before most of the ideas alled modern or progressive had been intro-uced into teaching.

Here is another example: "The children ow love luxury, they have bad manners, ontempt for authority, they show disre-pect for elders, and love chatter in place of exercise. Children are now tyrants, not the servants of their households. They no longer rise when elders enter the room. They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble up dainties at the table, cross their legs, and tyrannize over their teachers." This complaint comes from Socrates in 400 B.C.

I don't give you these quotes to try to prove that our schools are all right, but only to show that there have always been complaints and that they have to be weighed discriminately. There are tragic deficiencies in many, many of our schools: insufficient classrooms, crowded classes, half-day sessions, insufficient teachers, inadequately trained teachers, salaries so low that we are not gaining ground in recruitment despite the fact that the numbers of pupils will continue to mount rapidly. Under such circumstances the best of educational policies will be inadequately applied.

The way to decide about your schools is, of course, to visit them, hear what they are trying to do, see how wisely they are carrying out these aims, hear what their handicaps and needs are. Then you'll have to campaign with them to persuade the community to give them the support that's justified. In a democracy there is no other way.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

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*Suggested fruits: chunk pineapple, sliced bananas, apricot halves, grapes, cherries, plums, strawberries and melons in season.

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*or use double thickness of regular weight



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At home: Husk corn. Brush with melted butter; season with salt, paprika. Wrap each ear in dampened paper towel; place in square of Alcoa Wrap. Double-fold foil around cob, twisting ends tightly.

At cook-out: Grill over medium coals, 20-25 minutes, turning frequently. Serve in open package.





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100 MEN AND THE GIRLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

on the verge of proposing to a girl when a rush of work happened to coincide with a dinner date at her home. "I was late and I got a chilly reception. My job meant nothing—her mother's dinner and the trouble they had gone to for me was all that counted. I began to realize she was not interested in me; I was a convenience, nothing more." There was no proposal.

Consensus (with apologies to Lord Byron): Love is of man's life a thing apart; his job's his whole existence.

"*Girls brag about expensive dates.*"

A phrase I had almost forgotten cropped up often in these interviews: "A good-time Charlie." According to my informants, the unsuspecting male is too often cast in this role. "A girl will sit back with a look that says, 'Well, here I am, entertain me,'" said a young businessman, "and all she wants is the best, no matter what it costs you." Several men who work in large offices told of being unfavorably impressed by the morning chitchat about dates. "If the girls are telling the truth," said one, "they must all know millionaires. I don't know about the other bachelors in the office, but when a girl makes it plain that she's a luxury item my interest is lost before it's well roused."

A newspaperman told me that once, on a date, he had had to settle for a cup of coffee for dinner because the girl, aware that he was broke, had ordered the most expensive items on the menu. And a lanky young engineer new to industry and the weekly payroll confessed that he was spending a disproportionate amount of his salary on dates. "I'm crazy about this girl and I see her as often as possible. Maybe I'm going to marry her. But I wish sometime she would stop and think about what our dates cost me. How can a guy get married if he hasn't got a dime in the bank?"

The girl with a job shows little comprehension of the problem unless she is on her own and coping with a budget, say the men, but as a rule she is less demanding than the girl who has always known financial security. "If a girl's father has never had to worry about money, she takes it for granted that you wouldn't be dating her unless you were well heeled," said one of the few Ivy Leaguers I canvassed.

Whatever their financial status, only a fractional percentage favored going Dutch. The older men were strongly against it—"When the girl's money comes into it, the situation is entirely out of your hands"—but the young dissenters said, "If the kind of evening she wants isn't possible unless you split the tab, and she's willing to do it, why not?"

Consensus: "I'd love to go for a walk" is music to a poor man's ears. He does not hear it often.

"*There's no return hospitality.*"

I asked whether the men were invited to dinner by the girl or her family after a few dates. The answers ranged from a somewhat heated "Never!" to a definitely cool "No, and I prefer it that way. I'd rather not be obligated." The majority seemed more than willing to accept whatever obligation might be incurred. "A man who keeps bachelor quarters gets tired of his own cooking," said one, "but you can't ask a girl why she doesn't invite you to dinner. All you can do is hope that she'll think of it."

It was generally agreed that the girl who has her own apartment, or shares one with another girl, is more likely to show thoughtfulness in this respect.

Remembering with what diffidence I, as a girl (and I was, once), had proffered tickets for

CARPET

● In the beginning carpet was not made exclusively as a floor covering. It was woven to wear, to cover a table or a couch, or to spread before a seat of honor. The art is of great antiquity, being known in Egypt at least 3000 years before Christ. As with other ancient skills, its products were mainly the perquisites of gods and human dignitaries, and the designs used conveyed much religious symbolism. Priceless squares were laid before temple altars and before the thrones of kings. Prayer rugs were small, significant mats on which to kneel on the cold floor of a mosque or temple. It is still a gesture of respect to "roll out the red carpet" in honor of a distinguished guest.

The actual work of ancient weaving was interesting, highly skilled and laborious. On a rude hand loom was strung a durable warp. About each weft thread were knotted small tufts of the long silky hairs of the goat or camel. The quality of the carpet was measured by the number of these knots to the square inch, which number varied from 400 to 1000. After each weft thread had been tied full of knots it was beaten into place and the next one started. So slow and meticulous was the work that a rug, with its pattern, might be handed down in a family and not be finished in a generation. The rug when finished was sheared to a velvet smoothness, and the vegetable dyes used gave a glowing mellowness to the rich varied colors.

The Navaho Indians in America wove rugs and blankets by much the same method, using coarser wools but much symbolical design. Saracen weavers, who came by way of Spain and Italy, were at work in France in the thirteenth century. In 1685 the revocation of the Edict of Nantes scattered skilled weavers all over Europe and soon in England, at Kidderminster, Axminster and Wilton, carpets began to be woven on hand looms. They continued to be so made until in 1839 Erastus Bigelow invented the power loom and carpets gradually became one of the comforts of the ordinary home.

Antique carpets with their mellow dyes and silky pile and almost indestructible quality have become almost priceless "museum pieces." But the softly glowing Persians, symbolical Chinese and primitive Caucasian designs are being copied fairly successfully in modern factories. The making of rag carpet and hooked rugs was a thrifty domestic occupation in pioneer America. A family surplus of sturdy cotton "rags" could be sewed into long strands by the housewife in odd moments and then turned, under the hand of the local weaver, into a cheerful and durable floor covering. Especially when underlaid by a layer of soft straw, it added much coziness to a frugally heated house. The making of hooked rugs, in which fine strips of woolen cloth were hooked in a design through a linen, canvas or burlap base, often developed into a primitive art of genuine originality and sometimes of real beauty. Commercial carpet weaving began in America in colonial times. The first important factory was in Philadelphia in 1798. In 1804 another was opened in Worcester, Massachusetts. Others grew up gradually, utilizing advancing chemical and mechanical science in their processes of dyeing, weaving and marketing.

MARY K. BLACKMAR

a football game or a play to my current romantic interest, I was glad to hear the men speak with approval of this return gesture. "When a girl forks out her own dough for your entertainment," a salesman said, "it counts twice: she's saving you trouble and money, and she's letting you know she likes you. What could be more welcome?" But there was general agreement that it happens infrequently. The suggestion was made by one or two of the younger men that the girl who is dating a man not yet established financially might make a lasting impression by accepting complete responsibility for every third or fourth date. "She could begin by inviting him home to dinner."

Consensus: The man with marriage in mind wants to meet the girl's family. He would welcome an invitation to meet them at dinner.

"*Some of it's our fault.*"

The continuing trend away from the double standard of morals was given serious consideration, and in group interviews the men voiced their opinions readily and listened with interest to the comments of others. I was impressed by their honesty.

"Unfortunately we are all human," and "Sexual appetite is not limited to the male," and "Ideal behavior is not statistical behavior" summed up the general view. But only the cynics (and they were few) were happy with it. There were deeply felt protests.

"It does not matter that I have had someone in my life," said an emotional first-generation American, pounding his chest for emphasis. "I am a man, and man is an animal. But I would not, *could* not marry a girl who was not a virgin—a girl who had belonged to another man."

A physician said, "I believe doctors tend to be more forgiving in this respect; we see people as they are. But in our private lives we are conservative, and the man who wants a really fine wife looks for a girl with self-control and a high standard of behavior."

"When two people are in love," said a thoughtful young businessman, "it is very hard for them to observe the strictures of society." His theme was taken up by a lawyer I talked with in a later interview. "The possibility of an affair becomes more imminent if the engagement is protracted. Then if the couple fails to marry, whatever blame society imputes to their conduct must be shared." He would prefer to marry a virgin, he said, but if he fell in love with a girl who had had an affair he might find it possible to accept her past when he knew the circumstances. "It might have happened against her will, or she might have been too deeply infatuated to realize the significance to herself of such consent."

A difficult problem at best, it was one the men believed must be decided not by rule but by imponderables the heart alone can understand.

In sum, the ideal is still the girl who waited, the girl who does not need to argue her case.

"*Do girls have minds?*"

The college girl took the brunt of the criticism here. "In my experience," a newspaperman said, "the college-bred girl is a strange kind of bore with a great deal of specific information on certain subjects—but as a general conversationalist she is a flop." And a photographer on the same paper said, "They have painfully cliché attitudes toward art, politics and world events. They speak glibly, but if you start to probe they will ease away—and most of the time you find it more interesting to talk to the boys in the bar." I heard variations of this from graduate students, businessmen and doctors, most of whom will probably marry a "college-bred" girl.

"They don't know anything about current events," a businessman said. "After they get out of high school and college they drop all that." As an afterthought he said that he never dated a girl twice if he found she could not hold her own in the talk.

A man whose sister is a schoolteacher told of trying to engage her in a conversation about "this Russian business." "I was appalled by her lack of information." Others said, "The girls have their own little circles and are oblivious of what goes on outside," and, "If you double-date and the girls start talking about clothes, you might as well not be there; it's all they care about."

Some blamed our educational system. But one pointed out, "They don't have to go to college to know how to read a book or a newspaper." Several expressed the opinion that the girl in a job takes a more active interest in world events than the girl who remains the daughter of the house, waiting for marriage.

Consensus: Intellectual companionship is the sex-plus that makes a girl irresistible.

"*On the other hand* ——"

They had words of praise. "The American girl is on top in every way, shape and form," said the chief storekeeper aboard the passenger liner, and he said it with warmth. A physician who had traveled extensively during his Army service said, "When I was abroad I could always pick out the American girl in any crowd. It isn't simply her chic, her style—it's a quality of personality. Our women are more vibrant looking, more dynamic." And a G.I. interviewed at Hickam Field said, "I'll take the home-grown girl every time. She's got everything."

Even the newspaperman most critical of the feminine lack of interest in things intellectual was able to be generous. "The American girl is, by and large, the most charming and intelligent and can hold her own in every way," he told me. He confidently expects to marry one, he added.

There was one interesting aside. "When you call for your girl," a young man said dreamily, "and she comes into the room wearing a lovely dress and looking as fresh as creation, it gives you a lift impossible to describe. It's as though she had brought herself into being just for you." He shook his head in smiling reminiscence. "It's wonderful."

Consensus?

Bachelors are human. So are the girls they admire, criticize and, if they are lucky, marry.

END



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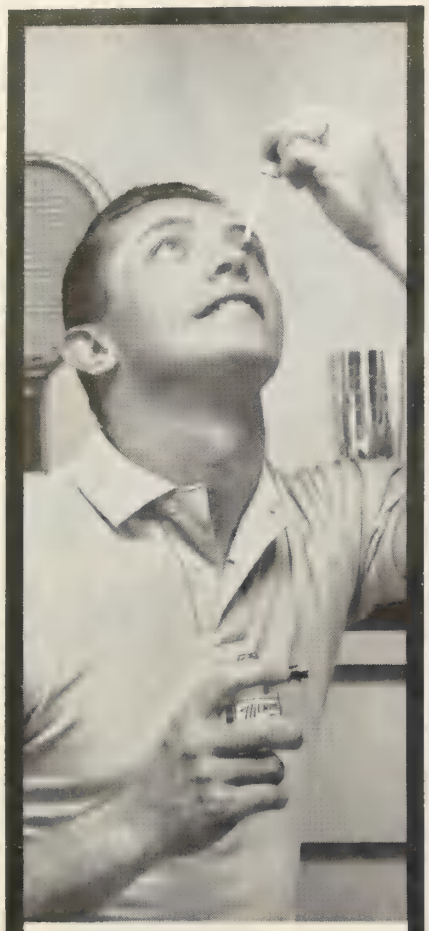
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

candlelight and the illicit sherry parties; Cézanne prints on everybody's walls, and the bullfight posters; that febrile intellectual excitement shaking us all. Somebody had brought in Freud's Interpretation of Dreams; and the names, Spengler. Picasso. Hindemith, flashing like swords in the smoky little rooms, late at night. *Shallow, false, absurd,* Mrs. Brogden thought, *adolescents playing at Bohemia. Good old Rosalie reading all that stodge out of Das Kapital; whatever became of Rosalie Smith?* Mrs. Brogden suddenly laughed out loud.

"What's so funny, mother?"

"Thinking about what it was like at Miss O.'s."

"Oh, that." Ann had been accepted for Vassar in the fall; it was impossible to talk to her, she knew everything.

"Well, she was a . . . character," Mrs. Brogden said, choosing one of Ann's words. "Sanskrit and all that."

"Oh, I know," Ann said.

You don't know at all, Alice Brogden thought: that spare ramrod figure and the blue eyes, remote, dreamy; on occasion so direct, so piercing they stopped you dead in your tracks. *Like the time* —— Oh, there it was again—and she surrendered finally, helplessly, to the thought of Vladimir, whose last name she couldn't even remember, a funny one ending in "ski" or something. Now there was a nice piece of Freudian forgetting for you; but the bold square face came swimming back, and the burning hazel eyes, never really forgotten: Vladimir, who had played for Miss O.'s girls in the chintzy drawing room at Birch Hall and stayed to tea afterward. He was a Russian—a Pole?—all of thirty-five years old, a concert pianist (soloist with the orchestra the week preceding) and Miss O.'s greatest triumph of the season, snared for the school at a nominal fee. *The old girl should have known better,* Alice Brogden thought; Vladimir, for goodness' sake, offered up to a bunch of swooning seventeen-year-olds.

She looked at Ann, pulling the crumpled pack of cigarettes out of her coat pocket belligerently, lighting a cigarette man-fashion, cupping the match expertly in her two hands. Ann wouldn't have swooned, not Ann, who had finished with crooners and movie stars at thirteen, who knew all about atomic-power plants and cutting up frogs in biology class; knew exactly what she was doing and where she was going.

But I was just at that silly pseudosophisticated stage, Alice thought, *a senior and blasé about Chopin. The first thing I ever said to the man was something rude about Chopin*—and she remembered the dress, and the mess of little chiming bracelets she affected that year. There had even been a twelve-inch jade-green cigarette holder involved. *Goodness,* Mrs. Brogden thought, cringing; *why on earth did he pay the least attention to me?*

Mon cher maître, Miss O. had called him that afternoon. Oh, she had fluttered a bit that afternoon, even though afterward she fell back on the expected words: foreigner, adventurer, in a scathing voice. But even she was a little bit smitten by his sensuous, lingering style at the piano. How it had melted them, and his manner, and his eyes. Even the scholarly Miss O., who read Sanskrit, and the sophisticated Alice, who managed Baudelaire in the original French, how they drowned that afternoon in the music of Chopin.

And when he had finished, when the ecstatic hand clapping faded away and he stood up from the piano, black-coated, heavy-shouldered, how enormously masculine he seemed, menacing even, in the pale chintzy drawing room among the applauding swimmy-eyed girls. He had wiped his hands and his mouth on a white silk handkerchief, stepping forward to receive the adulation, the introductions.

Alice was one of the last to be presented to him.

"And this is Alice, *cher maître,*" Miss O. had said and he had tried to swallow her up at once with one look. His hand was very large, very white; he smelled agreeably of bay rum and Egyptian tobacco, and Alice, staring boldly into his extraordinary hazel eyes, had said:

"I don't care too much for Chopin myself; he's a bit too effeminate for my taste."

Silly little thing, Mrs. Brogden thought now; *throwing myself at the man's head and not knowing the least what I was doing. Or did I? He never left my side all afternoon; lapsing into French, letting fall those magic place names. "When I played in Zagreb," Vladimir said, "in Budapest, in Rome, in Vienna." Showing me his ring, the amethyst cut as a scarab, "a present from the Queen of Egypt on the occasion of ——" Vladimir said.*

How I lied, Mrs. Brogden sighed. *It seemed so absolutely necessary at the time, it came off my tongue as easy as —— I told him I was nineteen. From the West. I let him believe father's farm was a ranch, thousands of acres; he seemed to want so much to believe that. It was his first time in America, he had all those funny ideas ——*

Absurd, really absurd, Mrs. Brogden thought and then, dismally reduced to some sort of honesty: *He was charming, and when he left, when he pressed my hand and said good-by and went away into that pale April dusk, I was so shattered with flattery, so dizzy with desire, so lightheaded with love—I flew upstairs and threw up.*

In the morning, early, his flowers came by special messenger, the two dozen pink carna-

By education I mean that training in excellence from youth upward which makes a man passionately desire to be a perfect citizen, and teaches him to rule, and to obey, with justice. This is the only education which deserves the name. That other sort of training which aims at acquiring wealth or bodily strength is not worthy to be called education at all.
PLATO

tions in the long white box and the shiny green paper and all the girls crowding into my room to see, hiding their envy under those shrill little shrieks and screams of female laughter. There had also been the note, the invitation.

"*Bliss . . . in that dawn to be alive,*" Mrs. Brogden quoted to herself, "*but to be young was very heaven!*" . . . *That's a lot of rot,* she told herself sternly, grasping at Ann's language like a drowning man. *No, no, I don't mean that, only that it's so terrible being that young. I've never known anything that hurt so much. Remember that, you old fool,* she said to herself, looking at Ann.

Because without permission, unchaperoned, Alice had gone to meet Vladimir at his Boston hotel. She remembered her heart beating like hummingbird wings, too fast to count, as she stepped into the lobby, her head very high, and Vladimir (what an impossible name) had taken her hand in greeting and said with surprise, "But you're trembling. Come now, please sit down, I won't eat you." And they had sat down, with the utmost propriety, under the potted palms in the hotel lounge, and in that genteel aura of old ladies and airs from Cavalleria Rusticana had drunk tea and eaten toast, stealing sly sideways glances at each other, looking away when their glances tangled.

"Today you are a sphinx," Vladimir finally said very sadly. "And I also, I have lost my tongue." Then in that one strange burst of communication, he said, "Here I am now in America. I talk sometimes very big. Oh, I make a success, yes, but I am always pretending to be very big and, really, you understand, I am only peasant, my mother is old peasant woman back in Poland. Look. Look here at the wrist," and turning back the cuff, he had shown her his strong thick wrist, flexed the big square fingers. "The music is all here, here in the wrist, in the hand made like my mother's hand to dig potatoes. Now I make music with these peasant hands here in America."

Under his burning stare, Alice had actually leaned forward and touched his wrist, circling it part way with thumb and middle finger like a bracelet.

At that, Vladimir said in a choking voice, "Come to New York with me tonight, Alice, come to South America with me next week; I go on the tour to South America, to Buenos Aires, to Montevideo." And Alice, catching her breath, had managed to say, very coolly, "Yes, all right, if you like," just like that, as if it had been an invitation to go for a walk on the Common.

"My valises are packed already, I am going on the train at five o'clock. Here, look," he said, pulling out from his coat pocket the railway ticket, the steamship ticket, as if they were an offering of flowers, of jewels.

Absurd, absurd. "Ridiculous," Mrs. Brogden muttered out loud and glanced up quickly to see if Ann had heard, but Ann, leaning her head now against the cool glass of the window, staring outward to the empty platform in the gray-green March light, Ann was lost in some private dream of her own. Mrs. Brogden felt her knees trembling; she shook her head angrily.

They had actually got as far as New York that night, she and Vladimir, though with every mile on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Alice had begun to feel less sophisticated and more frightened. Stepping off the train at Penn Station, they had walked straight into Miss Oglesby, Miss Oglesby at least ten feet tall, her eyes squinted very small and as hard, as blue-black, as bits of obsidian. With her usual omniscience, she had wormed some of the truth out of Rosalie Smith, the rest from the hotel management, and had flown down from Boston in time to meet them at the station. Alice had never been so glad to see anyone in her life.

"*Mon cher maître,*" Miss Oglesby said to Vladimir, adult speaking to adult over the head of the very young, "I am so sorry that this child has been annoying you, but she is only seventeen years old and unless I get her back to Boston at once, we shall have serious trouble with the police."

Poor Vladimir, he was as frightened as I was, Mrs. Brogden thought, *poor dear Vladimir, such a poor skeleton rattling in the attic cupboard all these years, and yet—after all—oh, dear, if only—but how can you ever know?*

From up the valley she heard the deep lonely cry of the diesel, signaling for the Paw-Paw crossing, and Ann, rousing, was turning to look at her.

"Mother," Ann said, "don't look so flustered, the old woman won't eat you." She whipped out her lipstick and the little hand mirror.

"No, of course not," Mrs. Brogden said. "Here, let me look at myself." She put a hand up to her hair, her hat.

Now the bell at their own Bordeaux crossing began to toll mournfully, the black-and-white-striped gates slanted down across the road, the engine came snuffling round the bend with its orange snout to the tracks.

There was only one passenger off the 4:23 that afternoon, a thin old lady in gray, with a topcoat over her arm. She held herself very erect, though; she came toward them, somehow as knowing, as serene as God Himself, and she took Mrs. Brogden's outstretched hand with a long unsmiling look of inspection. Then, unbending just a little, she said, "Well, Alice, how are you?" as if she no longer needed to ask.

"And this is Ann," Mrs. Brogden finally remembered, turning to look at Ann herself: the wispy Italian haircut, the pert, pale face, the too bright lipstick too thick on the sulky young mouth that was curving now into a polite smile of terribly false cordiality.

"Of course," Miss Oglesby said, softening now, smiling. "But I'd have known this child anywhere. . . . How d'you do, Ann. You're the image of your mother at seventeen, my dear, the very image."

END

Let's have a Chick-n-Que

...barbecued broilers and zesty Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce!

Best thing that can happen to a cook-out! Fix summer's perennial favorite, chicken, this new way. Then pair it with its old friend—cool, smooth and sassy Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce! Ocean Spray brightens *any* meal, indoors or out. And it makes any meal better for you, because it gives you 14 vitamins and minerals—and more natural pectins than any other fruit! Enjoy it any time. With any meat. Keep several cans of sassy, good-for-you Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce in your refrigerator all the time.



MENU

Barbecued Chicken
Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce
Chef's Salad
Potatoes Baked in Reynolds Wrap
Coca-Cola

TO PREPARE SAUCE: Measure ½ cup Mazola Oil, ¾ cup lemon juice or vinegar, ¼ cup water, 1½ tablespoons salt, 3 tablespoons sugar and 1½ teaspoons Tabasco into saucepan. Heat to boiling. Keep hot for basting chicken. Mix thoroughly before each basting. If you prefer a highly seasoned sauce, increase Tabasco and add mustard and Worcestershire sauce.

TO BARBECUE CHICKEN: Select two or three broiler-fryer chickens split lengthwise, quartered, or breast and leg parts. If using halves or quarters, hook wing tip behind shoulder joint onto back. Brush with the barbecue sauce. Place on grate set 12 inches or more from heat—skin side away from heat. COOK SLOWLY until tender, turning frequently and basting each time. Allow 1 to 1¼ hours for total cooking time. Drumstick should twist easily out of thigh joints. If parts are used, thickest pieces should be fork-tender. Just before serving, brush chicken with any leftover sauce or use for dunking.

Excellent results depend on slow cooking...glowing coals (not flame) and proper distance from heat.



JELLIED OR WHOLE BERRY

Serve Ocean Spray® every day— it's the natural mate for every meat!



Make salad dressings to your own taste better, easier, with golden light Mazola Corn Oil

The touch of genius to any salad is your own homemade dressing—what a wonderful variety of dressings you can make with golden light Mazola Corn Oil! Naturally lighter, sparklingly fresh, more delicate in flavor, Mazola blends better with all your zesty flavorings.

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CORN OIL HAS A PLACE IN WELL-BALANCED MEALS

Everybody needs fats in their daily diet—and the *kind* you eat is important. Many well-known nutritional authorities recommend that from one-third to one-half of all the fats we eat should be the "unsaturated" kind such as corn oil. And Mazola is *natural* corn oil, made from good golden corn. You don't have to change your family's eating habits, just use Mazola Corn Oil in your everyday cooking—for frying, salads and baking.

Mazola® CORN OIL

...unsaturated...not hydrogenated

nutritionally unexcelled

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.



FAVORITE SALAD DRESSINGS

BASIC FRENCH DRESSING — Measure into bottle or jar 1 cup MAZOLA Corn Oil, ⅓ cup vinegar, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon dry mustard. Cover tightly; shake well. Chill. Shake before serving. Makes 1⅓ cups.

Variations: *Zesty Dressing:* Add 1 teaspoon minced onion, 3 tablespoons tomato catsup, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire to Basic French.

Roquefort Dressing: Add 4 tablespoons crumbled Roquefort or Blue Cheese to Basic French.

CELERY SEED DRESSING — Place in bowl 1 teaspoon each salt, dry mustard, paprika and celery seed. Add ½ cup KARO® Syrup, Red Label, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 cup MAZOLA Corn Oil and 1 tablespoon grated onion. Beat with rotary beater until blended and thickened. Chill. Shake before serving. Makes 1¾ cups. Poppy may replace celery seed, if desired.

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

get a sitter for the kids and blow ourselves to a restaurant meal and candlelight?'

"John used to turn his back on any responsibility, duck out on the most necessary chores, to fool away an evening on pleasure. When I protested, he would sulk, drive over to see his parents, or—this happened often—he would get sick. When we were first married John could play three straight sets of tennis without being winded; very soon he developed asthma, sinusitis, a dozen allergies and ailments. Any time a little extra work piled up he was almost certain to collapse. But his health improved magically if a dance, a party, a picnic with the children were in the offing.

"Once when I was saving every penny to buy plastic tops for kitchen counters—this was when we were living in a four-room cottage I was desperately trying to improve so we could sell it at a profit—John invested a week's earnings in theater tickets and an evening dress for me. He was terribly hurt when I returned the tickets and the dress and applied the money to the kitchen renovation. In fact, he wouldn't install the plastic, and I had to call on father again for assistance.

"John is an ideal good-times companion, but he is never to be counted on if a companion or helper in the house is needed. That means work. He enjoys eating a fine dinner with the children and me, but he doesn't enjoy pitching in afterward on the cleanup job. What he wants to do is stack the dishes, pack us all into the car and barge off to a drive-in movie. Or visit his family.

"In some ways I like my in-laws better than I like my own parents, but I saw too much of them. Every Saturday all of us used to go to their small cramped house—John's father isn't a money-maker—and every Sunday they came to us. 'God must have created the weekends for my in-laws,' I once said to my sister. 'I spend five days working like a slave to keep John at work, and then we waste the weekends on his parents.'

"My temperament and John's are so radically different it may seem odd we married. To be honest, I guess I did more than my share of the chasing. At the age of eighteen I fell head over heels in love with John. One of the reasons—there were others—was that my mother disapproved of him.

"Mother and I have never agreed on anything. My dad has his faults, but, as a parent, he is a vast improvement on mother. Except for father, I would have had no affection when I was growing up. I think mother was disappointed that my sister Ann and I weren't boys. In public she pretended to love us, but in private she was cold and indifferent.

"I doubt mother ever cared for anybody in her whole life, and that includes my father. She bullied and bossed him and bossed and bullied Ann and me. She bought expensive clothes for us but wouldn't hear of our having regular allowances; she hung on to the family purse strings and forced us all to kowtow to her. At a time father was putting in fourteen-hour days on a big construction job, I can recall mother's ordering him to devote a Saturday afternoon to washing windows. She robbed him of every shred of dignity. Nothing he could provide pleased her for very long. All through my girlhood we moved at least once a year, always to a more impressive house. Ann and I hardly became acquainted in a neighborhood before we had to move. We lost friends so fast it hardly seemed worth the effort to make them.

"Before I was in my teens I was aware mother expected me to marry a rich husband who could shed glory on her. She was indifferent to my hunger for a peaceful, stable, loving home. She pushed me at every young professional man with whom she could scrape acquaintance and embarrassed me hideously by her tactics.

"John was the first man with whom I ever felt serene and comfortable. I met him at a political rally. Both of us were ushers. All the girls were mad for John; he was handsome, he was gentle and quiet-spoken, willing to listen as well as talk. I was pleased and flattered when he asked to take me home, although he told me that he had no regular job and was waiting to be called up by the Army. Very soon we were going steady. In those days I thought John had tremendous strength of character.

"One night he and I were very late getting in from a dance. Mother's light was still burning. The other young men I knew who knew mother would have left me at the door and run for safety. Not John. He took me inside, weathered mother's tirade and stood up for me. Right then I decided I loved him. A few weeks later he was drafted and sent to an Army camp thousands of miles away. I was terrified I would lose him. But then he wrote a letter that was almost, but not quite, a proposal.

"Without anybody's knowledge I took a job outside school hours, worked until I earned the fare and then caught a plane to John's camp. We were married right away. John and I had ten deliriously happy months before he received his sailing orders, the happiest months of my life. The two years John was overseas I lived with his parents—my in-laws and I got along fine then—and I held a job. I banked most of my earnings and my allotment from him. I used the savings to buy a house. When John left the Army he walked into his own paid-for home.

"His first job was selling machinery. It seemed to offer few chances for advancement—the hours were awfully short—and I encouraged him to take on a second job as well. He complained his hours were too long and soon he quit both jobs. He found a third job but was dissatisfied there, too, and so he tried a fourth job.

"For a short while John seemed proud of our home and glad to help me fix it up. But when we sold out and moved to a better house, for months he wouldn't lift a finger to repair a leak in the roof. He wouldn't even help me with the redecorating. As my interest in having a nice home increased, his interest decreased. Progress didn't seem to mean a thing to him. I blamed his parents, his mother especially, for spoiling him.

"When I became pregnant I hoped children would inculcate a feeling of responsibility in John. Personally I felt plenty responsible. I worked straight through my pregnancies and was back on a job or occupied with some money-making activity by the time my babies were a few months old. If I couldn't handle a nine-to-five deal, I sold secondhand cars, peddled beauty creams, sold real estate on commission, that sort of thing. John loved our children even as tiny babies, but in his own peculiar Johnlike fashion. I can remember that the nurses at the hospital teased me about the adoring way he stood at the nursery windows, hour after hour, watching Betty as a newborn infant.

"However, he didn't appear to realize it was up to him as the father to provide his children with advantages. Seemingly he was willing for me to keep on working forever. Before Betty was out of diapers I was worrying whether the poor child would have a pleasant home and pretty clothes when she was high-school age, or would grow up with nothing.

"John continued to drift from one job to another and I could never pin him down to talking about his long-range objectives. If I started a business conversation he would walk away. He quit the best job he ever had—he was assistant to a section sales manager—before I even knew he was thinking about a change.

"Quite early in our marriage I began to wish he would be a lot more practical and a little less loving. It seemed to me he was *too* loving. If I sat down to write a letter, he was likely to sit down near me. If I picked up a book he would turn on the radio and suggest we both listen to a program. If I left a room he followed me. Once I went to my sister's house for the evening and John telephoned three times just because he felt lonesome. Another time I was smack in the middle of painting the back porch and he was all cut up because I wouldn't interrupt the paint job and go inside and make love.

"Personally I'm so fed up and disgusted that divorce seems like the most logical solution to me. But the children miss John terribly. Betty has nightmares about her daddy and every evening the twins post themselves at the door in hopes he might visit. For their sake, I decided to gamble that professional counseling might persuade John that he should straighten up, accept his responsibilities and behave like a man. He has long since stopped listening to me."

John Tells His Side:

"The night Sari and I separated I was at the lowest period of my life," said broad-shouldered thirty-seven-year-old John. "I'd been sick for weeks with a sinus headache I couldn't shake. The tensions in our home were getting to our kids; they were screaming at one another the way Sari screamed at me. I'd just lost my business—a business I'd been pushed into by Sari, but it was a livelihood—and she had deliberately ignored my wishes and moved us into a two-family house in need of major repairs. These repairs I was supposed to carry out under the direction of Sari's father, with her on hand to command and instruct us both.

"Sari seems to get a special bang out of running me down before my father and mother. This is particularly disturbing to me, since I often wonder whether my piddling achievements haven't disappointed my mother as well as my wife. Mother and dad are wonderful people—I don't recall them ever criticizing my brother or me—but I have a sneaking hunch mother probably expected me to do better in the world than dad has done. Not that she has ever spoken a single, solitary word about it. Proud as mother is of Ted—he won a full scholarship at Johns Hopkins—she boasts as much about me to her friends as she boasts about him.

"I'm so proud of Ted myself that I bore people on the subject. My family is different from Sari's family. The four of us are congenial, companionable. I have an indescribably deep feeling of kinship with my brother, my father, my mother. My first memory, a very early memory, is of myself lying warm and safe in a blanketed crib with mother's face bending down from above as she leaned to kiss me.

"Mother encouraged me, just as later she encouraged Ted, to make my mark in the world. She worked from dawn until dusk to keep a spotless house and stretch dad's dollars to the limit—throughout my childhood she cooked for a dozen boarders—but she always found the time to go over my lessons with me, praise my good grades, try to help me boost the low grades. I just wasn't very scholarly.

"What I hoped was that someday I could make a big career in selling. I can still recall how I used to lie in bed at night, wide awake and worried, wondering about the future and whether my accomplishments as an adult would fall short of mother's great expectations. Years later, after I married Sari and was in the Army overseas, I lay awake in the same anxious way, wondering if I could measure up to the task of supporting a wife and children.

"My first job after my Army discharge was as a salesman. I like people and I enjoyed selling. I did well for a novice, but that shop operated on a six-hour day. Sari simply couldn't stand for me to have that much idle time. The first crack out of the box I was holding a second job, too, and was so overworked I eventually flopped at both. In addition, of course, Sari always kept dozens of chores lined up and waiting for me at home.



"Still love me?"

"Year after year she pressured me to work harder, make more money, buy a flossier automobile, finer furniture, a bigger house. We never bought a house that was satisfactory as it stood. Sari always wanted papering, painting, plastering, the works; then when the job was finished she wanted to sell and move on. If we got a new washing machine we immediately needed a new freezer; a new dishwasher called for new cabinets that required new counter tops. Actually I didn't fare too badly financially—most years I averaged five thousand to six thousand dollars—but no amount I earned ever fetched me any kudos. Sari could always point to more successful men. 'Onward and Upward' was her motto. In her scheme of things there was no time to admire and appreciate the possessions we had. No time for enjoyment or rest. No time to entertain friends, unless those friends offered the possibility of financial gain.

"When we moved into our two-family house, Sari was objecting furiously whenever we saw my parents, although she had been happy, during the war, to be their long-time guest. On the other hand, Sari's father, for whom she has very little real affection and for whom I have no respect, became a part of our daily

existence. Why? Sari found him useful. It almost seemed he had supplanted me as the head of my own family.

"One evening I came home to discover that a crew of his workmen had built a high brick wall around our back yard, thus cutting us off from our neighbors. I made friends with neighbors. Sari seldom considered any neighbor of ours rich enough or clever enough for friendship.

"Another evening—this occurred the day before my brother's wedding and I was dead tired from running family errands—I found my father-in-law had unloaded a truckful of young trees in our back yard. There were twelve of them, carefully laid out on the grass in the spots where he and Sari figured they should be planted. My spade was also laid out. In the kitchen, my father-in-law was drinking a cup of coffee and waiting to superintend my gardening operations.

"Well, I walked into the house and on through the kitchen without a word. I went into the bathroom, climbed into a hot tub, and I soaked there until bedtime. I never did tell Sari what was eating me. But those twelve trees, which I didn't plant and didn't discuss, had quite a bit to do with my decision to move out on her and the kids. For days after I left I sat in a room by myself feeling numb.

"But I missed my children and on my weekly visits I could see they were suffering from the separation. Bob, our sensitive twin, went to pot at school; previously he had read and spelled like a Quiz Kid. Jim, the other twin, turned surly and impudent. And my daughter—well—Betty plain broke my heart. Last Saturday night Betty cried when I said good-by. She ran after me and caught hold of my coat. I had to pull her fingers loose before I could get free. Fifteen minutes later I was still so shaken up that I jumped a red light and wrecked the car I was driving. It wasn't even my car; it belonged to my brother. Ted had lent it to me so I could leave our car for Sari.

"The accident last Saturday was convincing evidence to me that divorce is not the answer for Sari and me and our children. I'll do anything within reason to glue our marriage back together.

"Sari complains that I don't talk enough, although her method of inviting me to join a conversation is to start a flood of criticisms the minute I walk in. Frequently her nagging gets me so riled I don't speak to her or anybody else for hours. One time I went four days saying only 'yes' and 'no.' Even on the occasions Sari isn't critical she talks such a blue streak that I sort of automatically shut my mouth and my ears and reach out for a newspaper, as my father does when mother rattles away at him while she continues bustling around the kitchen with her mind on a thousand other things. If Sari will agree to listen once in a while, I'll gladly postpone my newspaper reading and do some talking.

"If Sari could bring herself to push and prod less, I think my business record would improve. Her pushing isn't helpful to me. She takes away any feeling of pride I have in myself. Several years ago I landed as assistant sales manager under a boss I admired and who admired me. One night I drove him to our house to dinner, foolishly neglecting to notify Sari. Mistaking my boss for an ordinary friend and determined to clear the house of his presence, Sari handed me a pair of clippers along with instructions to clip our back-yard hedges. To avoid a scene I meekly followed orders. The boss followed me. Almost immediately there was a phone call from the office for him. Sari came rushing out, covered with blushes, confusion, apologies, a completely different character.

"All through dinner—a too elaborate dinner ordered in from a restaurant—she shone and twinkled like a Christmas tree. In her efforts to sell me as a genius she oversold herself as the wife of a genius. To the best of my recollection she described every job she ever held. Whatever Sari may have told you about her own career, I can tell you that her many and varied jobs have seldom amounted to much more than stocking money, if that. My boss was embarrassed by the exhibition, and I was so humiliated that I quit the job the next week.

"Sari hotly denies it, but the fact is she is now the spittin' image of her own pretentious, quarrelsome mother. I used to feel that she was on my side and standing back of me. If only she could change, get rid of her bossiness, restlessness and materialism, I believe we could be happy."

The Marriage Counselors Say:

"Sari has a quick intelligence, but she was much less responsive and intuitive than John," said one of the counselors. "She fancied she could read John like a book. In fact, his hopes and dreams, his fears and anxieties were unknown to her. She had no idea that John might feel doubtful and insecure, that he needed building up. Her serene assumption was that his hesitancy in advancing himself in business was based upon nothing more complex than laziness.

"Sari was deficient in sensitivity. Her ability to sense the feelings of others, her capacity to give and receive affection were blunted in her childhood. She had a cold, imperceptive mother, who gave presents but withheld affection, convinced her child that material things were the equivalent of love. Then, too, in her youth Sari's family moved so often that she had no friendships. She lost interest early in trying to understand and feel close to other people.

"Sari scoffed when John remarked on her strong resemblance to her mother. But it wasn't difficult to establish this resemblance. Her own description of her actions and feelings pointed up the deadly parallels. Sari definitely didn't want to be like her mother. Once she peered into the psychological mirror, she undertook the laborious task of changing her personality. She catalogued the undesirable qualities in her mother which were repeated in her own personality and went to work to eliminate them. This project, I might say, required many months. Sari tried with all her might to become more aware and more observant.

"Naturally she used her observation and awareness in studying her relationship with John. On evenings when he appeared to be tired—previously she simply hadn't noticed—she refrained from requesting that he hustle outside to paint the garage or weed the garden. She also refrained from calling in her father to pinch-hit. She acknowledged that playing off her father against her husband had been not only unkind but unsuccessful. When she stopped enlisting her father's assistance,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

What does the Gardener do in Summer?

Various ways to outwit the weeds and other unwanteds

By THE GARDENER'S ASSISTANT

Do you see what I see happening to the once peaceable pursuit of gardening? I get the feeling that it is fast assuming the character of chemical warfare, being waged bitterly between property owners and pests, both animal and vegetable. Garden stores look more and more like arsenals, with their stock piles of death-dealing devices, while garden literature grows more and more aggressive, concentrating increasingly on all manner of direful compounds and massive retaliation techniques that are lethal not only to weeds, worms and blights, but to some of gardening's best friends, such as ladybugs, and, what's worse, to ourselves. I am tempted at times to take the vows of organic gardening (the way people are impelled to become implacable pacifists), and I would, if to do so I didn't have to become so dedicated to the idea.

Now don't be suspicious. I'm as alert as anyone else to the menace of crab grass. My record will show that I have always been against allowing crab grass in the lawn. What I'm saying is simply that as far as the encroachments of crab grass and other subversive plants are concerned, I am inclined to blame our own incompetence and carelessness. If our lawns had been properly prepared in the first place, and then properly cared for, there would be no crab grass, plantain or dandelion problems now. As I hope in a month or so to go all out on the subject of lawns, I will only point out now that in a tightly integrated turf the lawn is as safe from attack, almost, as though the millennium had arrived.

Let us leave the loathsome subject of crab grass for a paragraph or two and consider some of gardening's other nuisances. Weeds have been defined as unwanted plants, and pests as undesirable animals. Yet I must admit that I am devoted, for instance, to both dandelions and deer. Where we live, the deer in the spring devour the tender sprouting leaves of the tulips as fast as they appear above the ground. Yet when I suggest to the gardener that we spray the tulip leaves with something which is supposed to make the deer spit out the leaves and go shuddering away, she won't hear of it, even though the label assures us that the contents of the can are harmless. Instead, she plants the tulips closer and closer to the house, where the deer's timidity prevents its approach.

Suburban and rural gardeners are well aware that rabbits adore petunias and are nearly as fond of geraniums as I am of rabbits. For these irresistible pests we have discovered a remarkably effective deterrent. It comes coiled in a can with its name in large letters, and is called Repellent Rope. It is treated with creosote, and you lay it along the edge of the flower bed, where it is quite inconspicuous, at least to the eye. Don't throw away the can. Left casually in view, it makes a momentary conversation piece.

Now that the nuisance insects are raising their resistance to poisonous powders and sprays, requiring these preparations to be made more and more potent, it is a pleasure to report that by reverting last summer entirely to rotenone products, which are perfectly harmless except to their specified particular prey, we were able to keep everything in the garden as well under control as anyone but an out-and-out fanatic could want. What's more, you can still buy rotenone preparations at the store. And you don't have to keep them out of reach of the baby, the puppy or the kittens either.

Dent de lion it was called by some Frenchman who thought the leaf looked like the teeth of a lion. I have eaten the dandelion's tender spring-green foliage in salads and have had it prepared à la spinach, and I like it both ways for its fine astringent flavor. And of course, when given the opportunity, all children delight in picking the dandelion's delicate seed puffs and blowing the downy fluff to fly in a hundred harmful directions. Then only recently I read that in the fall the roots can be cut and dried and sold for medicinal purposes in drugstores. Yet an awful lot of lawn lovers look down upon the dandelion with inordinate disfavor. All right, let them lean down instead, for the dandelion is much too smart for the lawn mower, and with a long-bladed knife let them carefully release the root entire from the earth. If they don't want the salad or the "greens" or even the medicine, at least both the lawn lover and the lawn will have benefited from the bending.

If you prefer, you can spot-kill dandelions, plantains and the like with one neat injection each from what might be called a hypodermic cane, and the risk you run with the poison is inconsequential as far as your other plants and pets are concerned. But when it comes to crab grass and its crawling companions, the only reasonably likely way to rid your lawn of these really irritating intruders, apart from pulling them out by hand when the ground is soft enough to let go of their roots, is either by taking the trouble to provide some kind of shade (crab grass hates the shade) or by spreading or spraying a chemical application over the whole infected area. Now I know it is an unpopular opinion to hold, but I still would leave herbicides to expert appliers who are willing to guarantee the success of their operation. Without experience, you run too many risks of failure and disappointment.

Outwitting the weeds in the garden is nothing compared with the lawn; it's so easy to get at them. Weeds will grow wherever the ground is uncovered and uncultivated. If you don't care to keep constantly cultivating the ground, then cover it with a mulch. One of the best mulches I know, and certainly the neatest and most attractive, is buckwheat hulls. You buy them in 100-pound bags, which is enough to share with your neighbors, and you'll find they last for years. They save watering as well as weeding.

If you want to know about organic gardening, why ladybugs are good for us, where to get buckwheat hulls or Repellent Rope and what garden sprays are harmless to humans and animals, send a stamped addressed envelope to me at the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Garden Project, Frenchtown, New Jersey.

If there are any other animals that annoy the gardener, repellents are obtainable now for each and all, as the catalogues and garden counters attest. Yet a good garden game can be played without repellents. It is called matching wits with a mole; much better than poison bait or traps, if you have any compassion for your pets. You place a chair across the mole's run and sit there quietly with a sharp spade poised ready to slice down ahead of him as he comes crawling along like an egg in a stocking. He is easy to catch alive. The real question is one for your conscience: On whose land to leave him?

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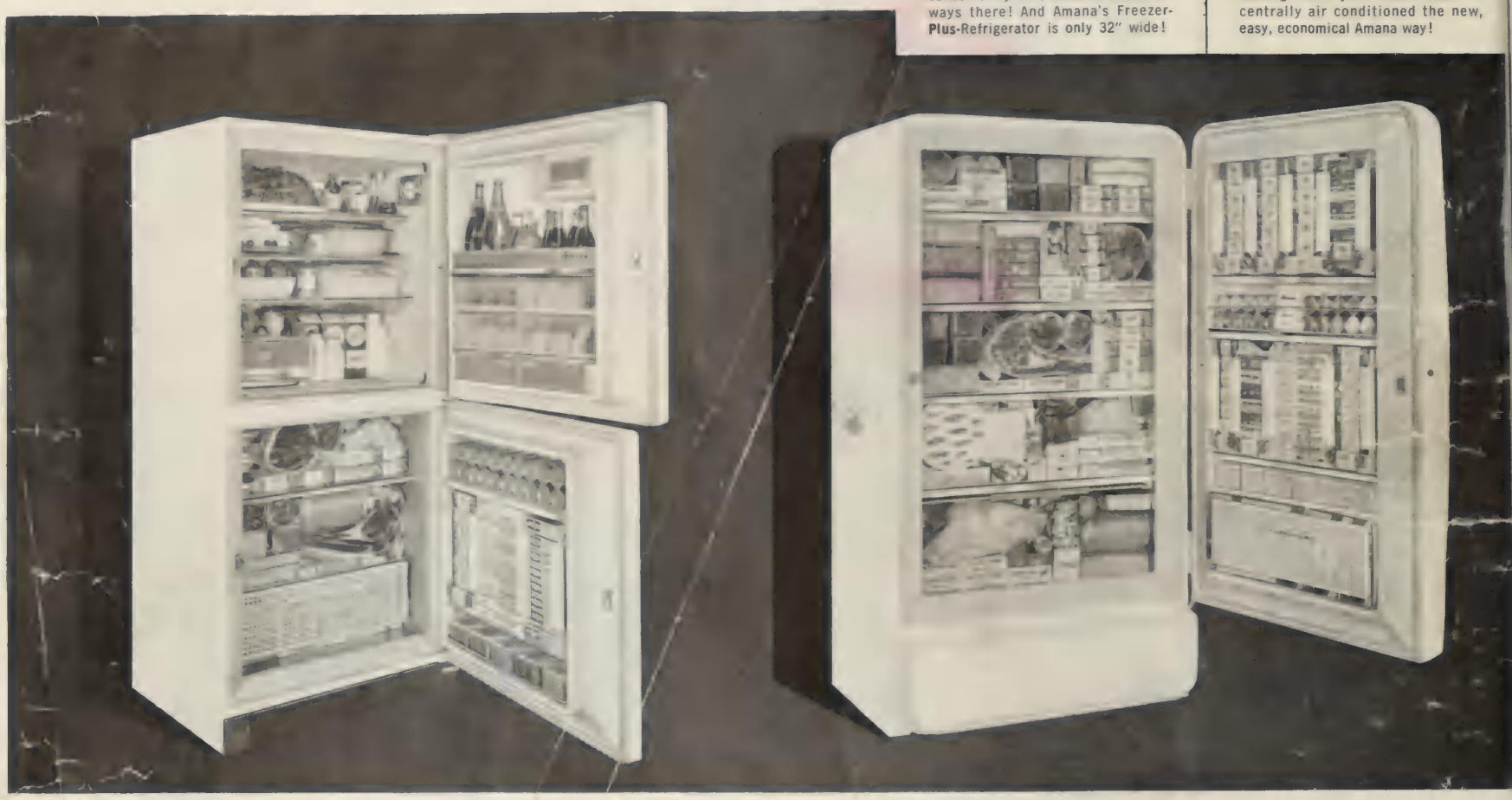
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

John's interest in co-operative chores gradually revived."

"When John was less harassed by visits from his father-in-law," said the other counselor, "he felt less need to turn to his own parents for emotional support. He and Sari had been seeing too much of both sets of in-laws. They began saving their weekends for themselves, dedicating those precious hours to fun and recreation and never mind the chores. Sari stopped feeling sinful about having a good time, another heritage from her mother. She and John profited from their leisure, developed a closer association with their children and became better parents.

"The fact was, as John had detected but vainly pointed out, a good bit of Sari's frenetic energy was expended on mere 'busy' work. Like her mother, Sari had regarded temperature-running activity as a virtue in itself. Few of the jobs she took during her marriage were financially productive. Her practice of choosing a home with the idea of remodeling the house and then selling it for a higher price (her mother's practice) had also been unprofitable. Sometimes she and John made a little profit, but the real cost was great. They never had a feeling of peace and permanence.

"In the course of our counseling, John put the two-family house on the market. When it was sold he and Sari invested in a house that suited their needs, pleased them both and required very few repairs. They intend to remain in their present location indefinitely and to put down roots. Nowadays Sari isn't snubbing her neighbors but is trying to befriend and get along with them.

"John's business difficulties began to clear up even before the unsatisfactory house was sold. He reluctantly awoke to the realization that his warmhearted but ambitious mother, who had stimulated and inspired his younger brother, had depressed him and made him feel unsure of his abilities.

"Because of his fondness for her, John hadn't realized that his mother had been the dominant and dominating member of his family. Once he understood this, he perceived that he had almost automatically yielded to Sari, allowed her to push him around and make decisions, because, as a child, he had become accustomed to yielding to the female—his mother—in the house. After talking many hours together—John put forth the effort and did talk—the couple agreed they must smash their old patterns.

"John's habit of falling into stony silence, unconsciously adopted from his patient father, had neither checked Sari's angry criticisms nor quelled their battles. On the contrary, his silence had quite often driven her into a hysterical frenzy of frustration and rage. If John was honestly seeking peace, he was assuredly going about it the wrong way. It would be better for him and Sari, for their particular personalities and particular marriage, they both agreed, if he removed the padlock from his tongue and emotions, communicated his thoughts and feelings and let fly with heated words when justifiably angered. Sometimes anger can clear the air.

"Slowly Sari's attitude toward John changed. She decided he was a good husband and that she was not a paragon as a wife. Her aggressiveness, she realized, had damaged both John and herself. She told John that she intended to stop working and to depend on him to be the breadwinner—and she was as good as her word. She didn't fight his decision to seek a selling job. She encouraged him. John's psychosomatic illnesses vanished.

"Nearly two years ago John found a job he still holds. Nowadays, more often than not, he talks to Sari about his business problems. She keeps her suggestions to a minimum. Since John enjoys selling and has a definite talent at public relations, he is doing unusually well. Sari has almost forgotten that she once put John under intolerable pressures. She and John are happy in themselves and with their children, satisfied with what they have and content to live in the now."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

GROWING UP TO BE KING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

last autumn, but the queen did ask special permission for his one real chum, David Daukes, to visit Windsor Castle with Charles for Sunday midday dinner. Ten-year-old David—whose father, Col. John Daukes, is attached to N.A.T.O.'s Paris staff—sat between Charles and Princess Anne across the dining-room table from the queen and Prince Philip to eat roast beef and Yorkshire pudding in the castle's Oak Room. Then they all tramped the grounds in rubber boots before the boys were driven back to school.

The little prince is now used to the uneasy distinction of being held on a tighter financial rein than most other boys. His parents keep him to the twenty-five-shillings-a-term pocket money (roughly $3.60, or thirty cents a week) that the school recommends. Some of the chaps tease him about this "stingy" allowance being "all wrong for the future king of England."

The pinch of poverty was briefly interrupted by his first registered letter, delivered shortly before his mother and father left for their transatlantic trip. At Cheam, a registered letter before parents go abroad usually means extra spending money. It did in this case. Charles and David were allowed a mild celebration.

They took off for the tuck shop, known as "The Bank," which is a small pantry off the kitchen. "The Bank" is presided over by good-looking, thirty-year-old Margaret Cowlieshall, referred to behind her back by Charles and his fellows as "Slim." She stocks the pantry with candy and chocolate, which are sold on a credit, not cash, basis, and all tuck boxes sent in by parents must be stored there. Each Wednesday and Saturday, every boy is allowed to buy a four-ounce ration of sweets. At term end if anything is left of the boy's allowance, "Slim" returns it to him in cash. Any refund for Charles is unlikely. Like his mother and grandmother, Queen Mother Elizabeth, he has a weakness for candy.

In her pursuit of his happiness, the queen has put a stop to any further instruction in "being royal." As a ten-year-old, she had to study the three R's; the British Constitution; the history of the British monarchy, Commonwealth and the United States. Queen Mary familiarized her granddaughter with all the branches of the family tree, and George VI kept his daughter beside his desk whenever he could as his working apprentice.

Charles will be free of extracurricular studies at least until he goes to a British public school at twelve or thirteen, perhaps until he moves on to a university five or six years after that. He will also take no more lessons standing up. This novel educational hazard was dreamed up for him and his sister, Anne, in his Buckingham Palace schoolroom days. The theory was that as a man he would be forced, like all British royalty, to spend so much time on his feet that he should be trained by standing at his lessons for twenty minutes every day.

The list of changes ordered for Charles against the advice of most members of her court adds up to a break with her own past as well as with British traditions. Until she decided to give her son opportunities she'd never had, Elizabeth had usually asked herself and her advisers, "How would my father have handled this?" She was unwilling to do anything he hadn't done. Yet, discovering that life can hold more than duty and destiny, she wanted to spare Charles the isolation and loneliness of her childhood.

The bubbling-up kind of happiness most children know eluded the little princess from the day her father became king and she his heiress presumptive, aged ten. She was raised in a tradition which held that royal children must be secluded from the world and drilled like Life Guards for future tasks. Not until she had a family of her own did she recognize some flaws in her own upbringing. Then her eyes were opened to danger signals in Charles.

At eight, he was a thumb sucker; she had been a nail chewer at ten. He frowned too much and smiled too little. He was lonely in the palace, which is more a museum than a home. He had no friends outside the tightly restricted court circle: Lord and Lady Rupert Neville's children, Guy and Angela; the sons of Lady Margaret Hay, who is one of the queen's ladies in waiting.

His mother is probably the only fellow mortal who can appreciate the special problems of being Prince Charles. "I know how he feels," she has often said, "because I feel that way myself." He has inherited her amiability, tension and innate shyness. The usual, close mother-and-firstborn relationship is shadowed by the macabre truth, which will inevitably dawn on him as it once overwhelmed her, that only the death of his parent enables a sovereign to succeed to the job he is trained and educated for.

Up to the time he went to prep school, there was growing criticism among many Britons of Charles' upbringing. The queen was blamed for submitting him so strictly to protocol that he was forbidden to run in public to hug or kiss her. His manners were ridiculed as being a fop's, his haircuts as being girlish. He lived, the complainers said, in a world of women—nanny, nurses and governess. He was treated, grumbled the influential left-wing weekly, the New Statesman, "as if he were a race horse in training for the Derby instead of a normal little boy."

It remained for Lord Altrincham, in his pungent commentary on what he called the "priggish schoolgirl" aspect of the queen's personality, to demand: "Will she see to it that Prince Charles is equipped with all the knowledge he can absorb without injury to his health and that he mixes during his formative years with children who will one day be bus drivers, dockers, engineers, and so on—not merely with future landowners and stockbrokers?"

Philip diagnosed his son's most pressing need: he was starved for companionship of his own kind. That could be remedied by putting him into school. The queen reluctantly agreed it was worth trying. Though it ranked as a family decision and therefore not subject to anybody else's approval, the old guard at court was dismayed. Royal children had *always* been tutored at home before.

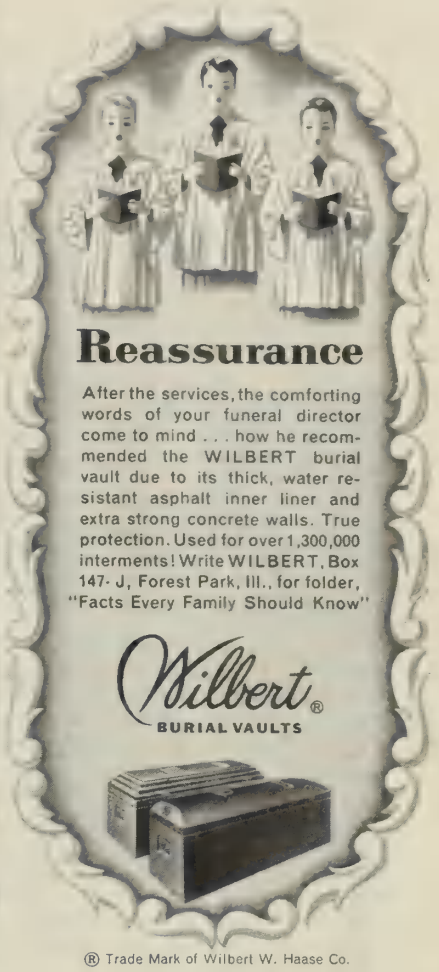
ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE

By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

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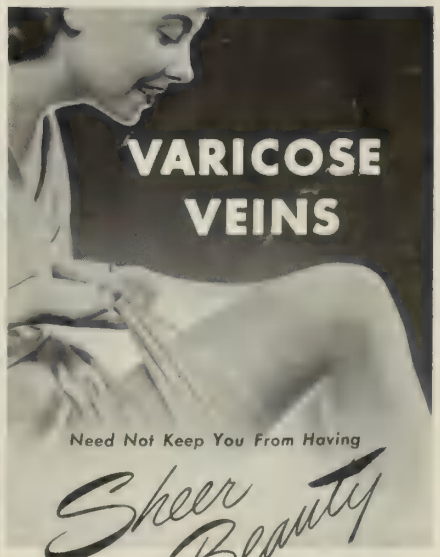
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The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman



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She found what she wanted in a small, new, private day school, the Hill School, in Knightsbridge, a short drive from the palace. The headmaster gave her the assurance she needed: "The most important thing at the start of his school career is that a boy should be happy. This is a very happy school."

In his busier, fuller days as a Hill schoolboy, Charles improved visibly. His mother was ready to be persuaded by Philip to take a second long stride toward providing Charles with an average childhood. He could be emancipated completely from the atmosphere of nursery, nannies and cambric tea, and entered for Cheam.

He found a difference as drastic as an ice-water dunking. Instead of being ushered to bed by a nanny, he now sleeps with eight others in one of eleven uncarpeted dormitories, on a battered century-old wooden bedstead. A hard, unsprung flock mattress covers unyielding wooden slats. With no servant to help him do anything, he has acquired the knack of making his own bed as soon as he leaves it at 7:15 A.M. weekdays, 7:45 A.M. on Sundays. He scrubs himself, unsupervised, clean enough to line up for hands-and-ears inspection from the matron, who signifies a passing grade with a brisk, "Good morning, Prince Charles," and a handshake.

After prayers in their classrooms, the boys file past the headmaster to shake hands again before going in for breakfast. Peter Beck, boyishly jovial at forty-eight, is a great believer in handshaking. "It gives the boys confidence," he says. "It does them good to be looked in the eye and addressed for a change by their Christian names." The young prince, lacking a surname for everyday purposes, is waiting to have a nickname tagged on him.

At eight o'clock sharp, he tackles breakfast in the dining room, sitting at a bare wooden table under the glassy stare of three stags' heads and one fox mask mounted on the walls. A typical start to the day consists of hot porridge, steamed fish, bread and butter, marmalade or jam.

Four hours of lessons fill the morning. Now that Charles and his eleven fellow mealy eyes have settled in, Latin is being added to the basic curriculum of elementary French, English, arithmetic, mathematics, history and geography, taught by a staff of nine masters, a governess and an art-and-music mistress.

One-o'clock luncheon is the day's big meal, served from the old-fashioned, well-scoured kitchens, which cater to hearty appetites rather than fussy eaters. After hot soup comes what the school's private vocabulary calls "Cheam stew," consisting usually of meat, boiled potatoes and two other vegetables. This is followed by "Cheam stodge," describing any kind of hot dessert. Charles' favorites are treacle duff and rice pudding.

Afternoons are taken up by games and two more lesson periods, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, which are given over wholly to sports. The prince has made a name as a useful soccer fullback. Thanks to his father's home coaching, he is also a fair hand at cricket and swimming.

Six-o'clock tea puts bread and jam, cake and cocoa on the tables. On really cold days, hot soup and rolls are added before the boys climb upstairs to bed on a timetable that sends the youngest up at 7:15 P.M., which is Charles' bedtime. He sleeps like a log on his planklike bed, though some British mattress manufacturers have protested that flock paillasses are too Spartan for the royal heir.

The dormitory is unheated throughout the winter. During afternoons, the door is left open so that warmth from the corridor can raise the temperature a few degrees, but at night the windows must be left open, no matter what the weather outside. Nobody gets a hot-water bottle.

Like his mother and father, Charles is a television fan. Cheam's common room houses a set, but programs are limited to sports and education—no Westerns, not even "Robin Hood." Also in the common room he can read three carefully selected comic books—and Punch.

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The prince's social life takes him on regular visits to the kitchens to call on Mrs. M. E. Cauillard, the cook. "Have you a few bones," he pleads, "so I can have a game?" The game is the ancient school pastime of knucklebones, predecessor of jacks. Five small pig's bones are held in your palm and tossed in the air with the aim of catching as many as possible on the back of your hand. Bones are frequently mislaid, accounting for Charles' courtship of the cook. He has outgrown the tamer games of snakes-and-ladders, ludo and draughts, which he used to play with his family in Buckingham Palace.

Twice a week he changes socks, shirt and underwear after taking the prescribed hot bath in the school's only bathroom. It measures a meager nine feet by fifteen feet and contains four small tubs under a wall sign commanding, "Silence in the Bathroom." With four small boys soaping and splashing simultaneously, the sign is extremely ineffective.

The bathroom was the scene of one battle royal which has noticeably raised Charles' social stature. During an afternoon visit by the school barber, who calls every three weeks and works in the bathroom, an older boy pushed Prince Charles' newly clipped head under a cold-water faucet and turned it on. Anguished shrieks reached clear to the

BACK VIEW, SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE PATTERN ON PAGE 92

Vogue Design No. 9485. "Easy to Make" blouse, 10–20 (31–40). 60¢.



dormitories—when he finds his voice it shakes the rafters, though he is inclined to mumble shyly in class. The two boys wrestled while the cold water filled the tub. Then Charles with a sudden heave managed to shove his persecutor into the bath—and fell in after him. They both escaped with a warning because Christmas wasn't far off.

At end-of-term celebrations, Charles chanced his luck again. With three friends, he clambered up on top of the pipes in the drying room to ambush any schoolmates who passed below by dropping raincoats over their heads. As half-smothered boys struggled to get free, Charles and fellow conspirators jumped down and rushed out into the corridor. A master who was hurrying up to investigate narrowly escaped being run down.

News of her son's latest Tom Brown-style cutups sometimes comes to the queen by way of the seven morning newspapers she scans at breakfast. Some of those newspapers are speculating about the day he will first be summoned to Mr. Beck's study for the supreme penalty. He will certainly be caned if he deserves it, the headmaster has said. The queen would welcome a lot more privacy and a lot less public attention for Charles. With her blessing, the headmasters recently appealed to newspapers and sight-seers alike: "We ask very earnestly that you leave us alone. . . . Let us get on with the job of educating ninety little boys, which is a fairly full-time occupation."

The steady besieging of Cheam by curious citizens for private or professional reasons has persuaded the royal family to cling to one custom of the past which they'd hoped to discard. Charles still has his own "private eye," middle-aged Detective Sergeant Reginald Summers, who is uncomfortably quartered in an ancient, sparsely furnished cottage with a

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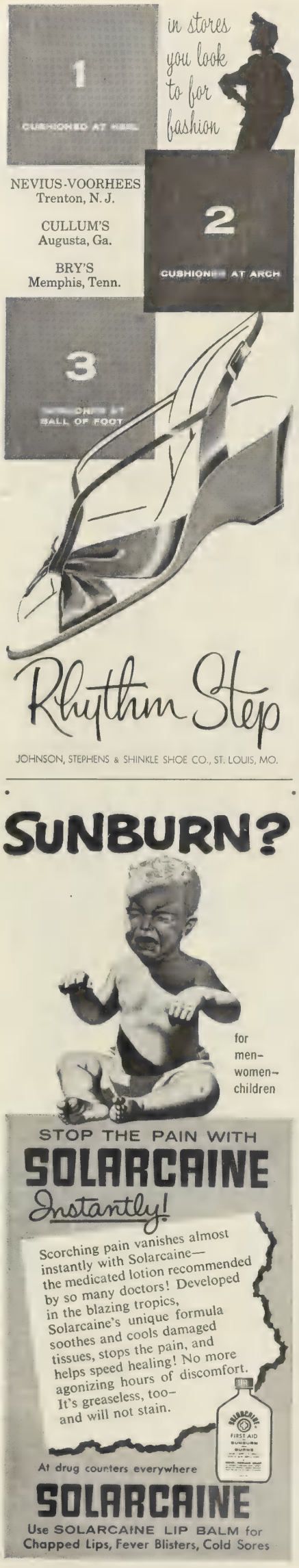
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stone floor, at the back of the main buildings. While his ward is in school, Summers patrols the grounds. At the Christmas concert, he lurked in the hall while Charles, on stage with his cap jammed over his ears, sang carols with the choir.

Charles' antics have become a sort of national joke, which is told freely even in the presence of his parents and royal relatives. At a Windsor Castle staff party, Princess Margaret watched a professional ventriloquist make his dummy, decked out in Cheam cap and blazer, weep and wail, "I'm sorry my end-of-term report was such a shocker, but I did jolly well at sports, didn't I?"

At the Royal Variety Show, a gang of slapstick comedians kept the London Palladium rocking with laughter at a Prince Charles skit. When one of them, dressed as a Cheam schoolboy, complained in a thick cockney accent about his bed, three planks were flung out into the orchestra. When Elizabeth and Philip arrived, a bulbous-nosed comic in mortarboard and gown was gravely introduced as "the headmaster." "Looks just like him too," grinned Philip. The queen turned on her warm smile.

Though his skirmishes as related by the newspapers have taken on some of the flavor of a continuing comic strip, Britain has become a nation of affectionately critical aunts and uncles where Charles is concerned. He is a kind of national sporting hero, and the only public criticism you hear centers on his haircuts, which are still considered "sissy" by some parents. Adverse comment about the queen has at the same time faded to a whisper.

But Charles' rough-and-tumble education remains a sore point with most members of the court. Philip in particular is blamed for changing his wife's attitudes toward herself and their children, for allowing their son to be brought up so much in his father's footsteps. It seems likely that she cannot make many more changes in their family life, cannot "streamline the monarchy" as Philip would like her to, without running into respectful resistance from the Establishment.

The Establishment is a vague but powerful grouping of the right-wing peers, 90 per cent of the court, the Church of England's dignitaries, and the universities. As Britain's stronghold of traditionalism, the Establishment regards any discussion of change in the monarchy outside its own tight circle as wellnigh treasonable.

The Establishment's acknowledged leader is Robert Arthur James Gascoyne-Cecil, fifth Marquess of Salisbury. This aristocrat of aristocrats has been the greatest single influence on Elizabeth as queen in the past, in contrast with Philip's influence on her as a woman, wife and mother. Salisbury, known as "Bobbety" to his intimates, is a Cecil, a member of that family of blue bloods which has been putting its stamp on British affairs ever since Henry VIII granted them a fat share of lands he had confiscated.

Bobbety made his power keenly felt after Princess Margaret had set her heart on Peter Townsend. Salisbury had turned his somber face against any such marriage from the start of the romance. The end came—and the Establishment wholeheartedly approved—with Margaret's forlorn announcement: "I would like it to be known that I have decided not to marry Group Captain Peter Townsend."

When Elizabeth and Philip made up their minds on marriage, George VI looked to Salisbury for advice. The marquess shared the king's initial disapproval for this landless Greek prince. It took the combined efforts of the now Queen Mother Elizabeth, Queen Mary and Philip's uncle, Lord Louis Mountbatten, to convince King George that the marriage would work.

Lord Salisbury, a director of the Westminster Bank, has valued his family's worth at more than $15,000,000, securely diversified between banking, brewing and luscious real estate. His address is Hatfield House, Hertfordshire, a red brick Elizabethan palace set in a great deer park; its gallery, armory, library, chapel and endless corridors bulge with historical records and relics. The marquess was young enough at seventeen to serve as train bearer at George V's coronation, mature enough in his early forties to have a leading part in forcing the abdication of Edward VIII.

A palace observer, in a moment of frankness recently, said, "Lord Salisbury always had tremendous influence over the late king and the queen mother. He was always the most influential person at court. His advice was always sought by King George the Sixth. Quite naturally, the present queen fell under his spell."

In conversation, he is amiably sarcastic and sufficiently unbending to lend credence to the London legend that "a Cecil never smiles except when another Cecil enters the room." By birth and marriage, he is related to half the nobility of Britain—he married Betty Cavendish, niece of the Duke of Devonshire—and six relatives are to be found in Harold Macmillan's present Cabinet. Salisbury was called in by the queen as her first adviser—the second was Sir Winston Churchill—on whom she should name as successor to Sir Anthony Eden as Prime Minister. When the country was certain "Rab" Butler was the inevitable choice, Salisbury spoke for Macmillan, and Macmillan got the job.

Bobbety has made enemies with his aloof air of knowing indisputably what is right for his queen and country. When he resigned as the government's Leader of the House of Lords last summer, his opponents speculated that his influence over Elizabeth might be eclipsed by the Mountbattenites.

The leader of this faction is the man both the queen and Philip call "Uncle Dickie"—Earl Mountbatten of Burma. As a schoolboy, Philip adopted his dashing, charming, ambitious relative as a father. Dickie Mountbatten was the last great-grandchild born during the lifetime of Queen Victoria. Legend says that he first showed his disregard for convention by knocking off her glasses during his christening at Frogmore House, in the grounds of Windsor Castle.

Like Salisbury, Mountbatten has been adviser to kings. He was an intimate of Edward VIII and one of the "King's Party" which regarded abdication as the wrong solution to the problem of Mrs. Simpson. Yet only months after George VI had been enthroned, Dickie Mountbatten was readmitted to the inner court. Whereas Salisbury has been a matchbreaker, Mountbatten was a matchmaker. He saw to it that his handsome young ward, Philip, met Elizabeth as a child, and he fostered their romance. On a personal level, Uncle Dickie and his forward-looking wife, Edwina, are probably closer to the queen and Philip than any other couple in England.

A British commentator recently singled out the weakness of the ultraconservative Salisbury as a future influence on Eliza
"What is perhaps least certain about h
whether he has an idea of what Britain's
should be in the world in contrast to Bri
place in the world as it was."

On the other hand, the Mountbattenite
joy two great and growing advantages.
understand, in the words of a veteran Lo
observer, "that royalty is no longer a wa
of power in an age of mass production,
information and mass voting, and
come to terms with the masses and
governments." They also have a repres
tive at court in Philip.

The Mountbattenites interpret Charles'
ing to school as a commoner as a great vi
over the tyranny of tradition. They wan
see the queen popularize the monarch
much the same way as she handled the
lenge of bringing up her son—by letting
breath of change blow away some court
webs.

The picture that palace officials try to p
of the royal family is distasteful and potent
dangerous, in the Mountbattenite view,
cause it portrays the queen and those cl
to her as puppets, not people.

Here is Charles, no paragon but a not
ticularly talented, noisy nine-year-old. I
is his sister, Anne, a tantrum child wi
temper needs improving. Here is Elizabeth
distantly regal figure but a shy young wo
who is discovering how to be a happy qu
though her old nervousness and tension
show in telltale gestures as she chews her
fiddles with a necklace, twitches at a g
"She loves to laugh," said one British rep
after a close study, "she loves to tease, an
wants gay, happy, frank young people ar
her."

Philip would like to see her steer her r
along a middle course between traditiona
and the opposite extreme of Scandina
where a king can casually ride a bus
bicycle without comment from anyone.
moves to deglamorize their queen would
totally unacceptable to the present Bri
mood—and probably to Elizabeth he
in her newly found enjoyment of people
pageantry.

Because British ways are set and cha
usually comes slowly, Queen Elizabeth's
emancipation from the past may not be c
pleted in her lifetime. But both husband
wife want to make sure their son inherits h
piness as well as a crown.

A few days before Cheam starts its sum
holidays, the morning mail at Buckingh
Palace will bring another report card
Charles for his parents' inspection. By ev
indication, his studies will still show "ro
for improvement." But the queen proba
won't mind that too much.

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